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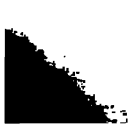

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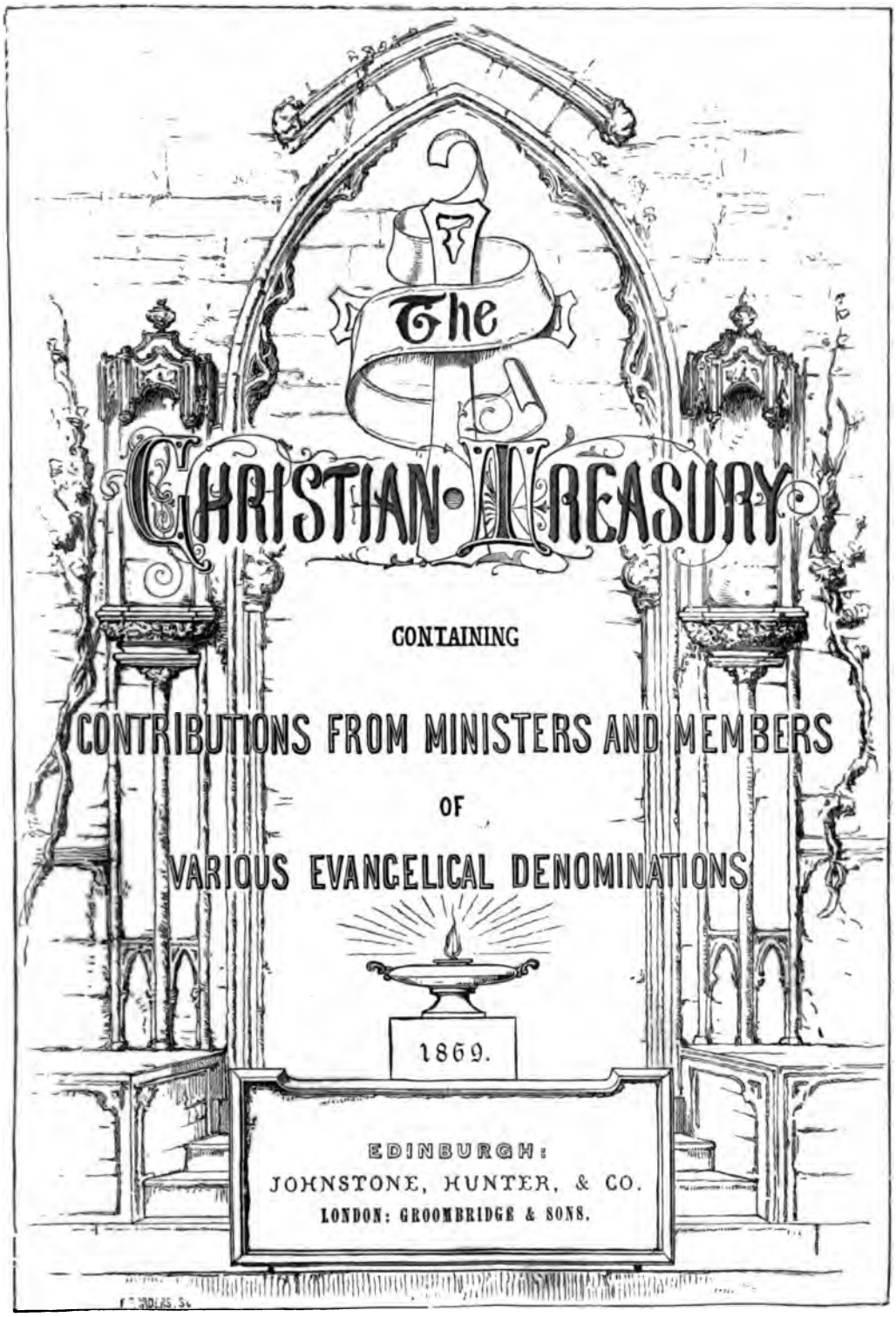
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Timme, Thomas
Traill, Robert

Vines, Richard

Watson, Thomas
Wedderburn, Alexander
Whittier
Willes, Thomas
Wilson, Mary
Wilson, Rev. J. H.

The CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

CONTAINING

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF VARIOUS EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS.

WINTER.

TLINE OF A DISCOURSE BY THE REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., PHILADELPHIA.

ie giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?'—Ps. CXLVII. 16, 17.

OD hath spread before us two volumes —the book of nature and the book of revelation; both in harmony with and illustrative of each other. We should study the book of nature lded in the mountains and valleys, the the ocean, and admire the majesty and the Creator as displayed in the work of ls.

especially should we peruse the volume ation, and learn his moral character, our to Him, and the way of pardon and n. In the nineteenth Psalm both these s are referred to: 'The heavens declare y of God. The law of the Lord is per- nverting the soul.' This effect is not l to nature. Conversion, and the other here enumerated, flow from the word of Nature, however, has her lessons; and sent season of cold and dreariness fur- nteresting instruction.

us dwell upon four thoughts suggested er.

ie winter affords evidence of the *divine es.* We see in it the *infinity* of God. finite; and such is the limited nature of ilties, that he can produce but a single t a time; but the effects of the divine anship are multiform, and scattered over ation. The crisped grass, the sparkling he ice-bound river, the feathery snow- the shortened day and prolonged night, ier effects of winter, declare his wonder- working skill. And as the relative position of the sun and earth produces one result on our planet, it produces other or similar effects on other planets; and the productions of Jehovah at one time fill the vast system of worlds, of which the sun is the centre.

The *wisdom* of God is manifest in the beautiful arrangement of the seasons, rendering the changes of temperature conducive to animal health and the growth of vegetation; nurturing the herbage of the field with a covering of snow, that it may come forth in spring with fresh beauty and fruitfulness.

His *goodness*, too, is visible; for though winter may be desolate and dreary to us, yet our winter brings genial summer to those who live on the opposite side of the globe, and thus we are brought into communion with them, and made to share in common comforts and trials.

The *power* of God: 'Who can stand before his cold?' I think of the poor shivering in the piercing wind, and of the mariners toiling in the storm with icy ropes—as toil they must, or perish,—and of the vast glaciers and snow-capped mountains in regions of perpetual winter, and stand in awe of the power of the Almighty.

And his *faithfulness.* Through all the centuries since God said to Noah, 'Seed-time and harvest, summer and *winter*, shall not cease,' his covenant has been faithfully kept; and this should encourage our confidence in the covenant of grace, and all the promises which the God of grace has given for our comfort.

2. The winter affords an illustration of human life.

Not long since the earth was carpeted with grass. It covered the hills, and adorned the valley, and beautified the lawn. But now it is gone, and the trees stretch out their leafless branches, and all nature looks sad. So man has his spring-time of joyousness and his summer of prosperity; but the winter is coming, when snows will whiten his locks, his spirits lose their animation, and his limbs their activity.

3. The winter furnishes occasion for admonition.

(1.) It is our duty to make provision for the temporal wants we may experience in the winter of age, if God should spare us. Any teachings of our Saviour or the apostle, that would be regarded as opposed to this provident care for the future, is wrongly interpreted. No person is required to contribute of his substance to charitable objects so lavishly as to interfere with this obligation; nor is a man justifiable in giving to his children so liberally as to impoverish himself, or prevent his making provision for his comfort in old age, if God should permit him to live thus long. Parents in their kindness have done so, and lived to regret it.

(2.) Make intellectual provision for the winter of age.

I am induced to think that the fretfulness, discontent, and querulousness which often characterize old age, are owing to the want of mental culture. Young persons are naturally buoyant, and conversant with the companions and scenes of the outer world. They possess a joyousness of spirit which enables them to battle with the ills of life. But old people are to look within themselves for enjoyment; and if conversant with books, if familiar with the thoughts of the mighty dead, if their minds have been stored with knowledge, they have resources of happiness within themselves, and may retain their vivacity and cheerfulness to a green old age. A Christian lady was in the habit of committing to memory numerous sacred hymns, giving as the reason, that when sickness or old age came, she would not be able to read, and that these sweet hymns would be a source of comfort and enjoyment.

(3.) Be admonished to make provision against the winter of death.

This is the spring-time with many of you; but, my young friend, it will not always be so. Winter is approaching; and if you would be happy in declining years, and enjoy a hope of eternal life, sow the seeds of piety, that you may reap a harvest of joy.

Oh! how great the folly of neglecting this preparation for the future, ye men of business! Ye are wise and prudent in worldly interests; ye provide abundantly for your families; ye surround yourselves with every comfort; but ah! will ye see death coming, will you follow the footsteps of those who have gone to the grave, and hasten to another world, never to return, and yet make no provision for the wants of your soul? This is the greatest folly of which a rational being can be guilty.

4. Let the winter awaken our sympathies and benevolence toward those who are in poverty and wretchedness. The streets may look gay; and the fleet vehicle and lively bells, speeding smoothly over the snow, may be highly invigorating and inspiriting; and cheerful faces and abounding comfort may greet us in our pleasant homes; but ah! many are pining in want, even in this great and wealthy city. Go in person to these children in want, visit the hovel of penury, and convey to the suffering poor these gifts of charity, that will alleviate their wants and shed gladness over their hearts.

Modern Poetry Tested by Scripture.

RETURNING to this country after many years spent in far distant lands, I have been much struck with the influence which some writers seem to exercise upon the minds of the educated classes of my countrymen. One of these writers is the poet-laureate. I had lately, for the first time, read through his most reputed poem; and as the subject of it pre-eminently claims to be tested by the revealed word of God, I read it in that connection, and noted down the results of my study. Since then I have met a recently published volume, entitled *A Study of Tennyson's Works*, which is chiefly laudatory of the said poem. I would also venture to offer my 'study' of it to such as wish to try things by the light of the gospel.

Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, consisting of 130, or rather 132 cantos, is written in memory of a very dear friend, A. H. H. (Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian), who had been his college friend, had entered the profession of the law, had become engaged to his sister, and had died in Vienna in 1833, when his remains were brought home to lie in the family burial-place.

I like the poetry, and fully sympathize with the poet's feelings of deep sorrow, but miss altogether the manly Christian spirit of vital scriptural faith and hope in these pages.

Canto 1.—If he means by 'strong Son of God, immortal Love,' the Lord Jesus Christ, it is well. But he says he does not know '*why*' man was made, and he only '*thinks*' he was not made to be annihilated. Why not, then, *ask* the Lord, and

im speaking by his word, which is his voice, be sure, and be satisfied? There we find y, the *whence*, and the *whither* of man very revealed; that God made him to be per- be useful, to obey and glorify Him, and oy Him for ever. As to the present life, ch passages as Gen. i. 26 to end, ii. 15–17; . 18; Isa. xliii. 1, 7, 21; Mic. vi. 8; Eph. iii. 9, iv. 24; Col. i. 16, iii. 10; Rev. iv. s. cxlvii. 11; Rom. i. 25; 1 Pet. iv. 19; i. 10, 11; Isa. i. 3; Hos. viii. 14; Isa. , xliv. 21, 24, li. 13; Deut. xxxii. 18; Jer. l; Rev. xiv. 7; Rom. iii. 23, xi. 36; 1 Cor. Eccles. xii. 13; 2 Tim. iii. 15-17; Phil. Titus ii. 11 to end. As to the future life, ch as Job xiv. 14, 15, xix. 25-27; Eccles. ; Heb. ix. 27, 28; 1 Cor. xv. 42–58; John 29; 1 Thess. 4, 13 to end; Rom. viii. 17; iii. 16; Rev. vii. 15, xxi. 4.

en he adds 'we have but faith, we *cannot* (see also canto 123), he surely is unreason- for how can there be faith or belief in any without some knowledge of the person or believed in, and how any *love* for Him whom ow not? So again, as to knowing God, hearken to our Lord speaking in John xvii. iv. and xv.; Matt. xi. 27; 1 John v. 20; viii. 11, and many other passages which been referred to elsewhere in reference to inions of another 'leader of public opinion.' et has a 'poetic licence' in such a subject: s revealed belong to us and to our chil- (Deut. xxix. 29), and they are of no 'private retation' (2 Pet. i. 20). It seems the most presumption in us to say to God, We *can- ow* Thee, though He reveals himself to us, lls us that the Son came for this very pur- –viz. to give us an understanding to *know* 1 John v. 20), and when the knowledge of s the blessed gift of God to sinners, and tely necessary to their salvation (John 3). At the end of the canto, the poet asks 'orgiveness' of the 'strong Son of God;' gives no revealed 'reason' why he should given; he pleads not 'the blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin,' or 'for me's sake' (1 John i. 7, ii. 12).

nto 14 is very beautiful, though he makes end a demi-god—'the man I held as half ;' and the prevailing tone is too much the ssion only of that 'sorrow of the world worketh death' (2 Cor. vii. 10). See 48.

nto 27.—The following is very fine:

> 'I hold it true, whate'er befall;
> I feel it, when I sorrow most;
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.'

nto 31.—He says if Lazarus had told e' he was those four days of death, it l explain 'what it is to die,' and would added 'praise to praise.' But our Lord 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, r will they be persuaded though one rose the dead' (Luke xvi. 31). Then, why us any more than the widow's son of Nain, r' daughter, Dorcas, etc.? Or *rather, why* not the Lord himself, who 'both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living' (Rom. xiv. 9), and who has told us many things about 'what it is to die?' He said the repentant thief was *that day* with Him in paradise. There are those who are 'asleep in Christ;' the 'dead in Christ' 'sleep in Jesus;' and they 'rest' and are 'blessed,' happy. Thus, 'to die is gain;' for it is to be with Christ, which is far better; 'they are as the angels;' and 'God is not the God of the *dead*, but of the *living*.' 'Whether therefore we live or die, we are the Lord's' (1 Cor. xv.; 1 Thess. iv.; Rev. xiv. 13; Phil. i. 21, 23; Mark xii. 25, 27; Rom. xiv. 7-9).

Canto 33.—'Whose faith has centre everywhere;' or, as the proverb says, 'everywhere is *no* where.' Not so Bible faith: 'We believe and are sure;' 'one thing is needful;' 'this one thing I do.' It is, I suppose, a poetic haziness of view,—nothing tangible, nothing definite; so also in the verses which follow the above, about 'sacred flesh' and 'the law within,' and 'even for want of such a type.'

Canto 34:

> 'In some wild poet, when he works
> Without a conscience or an aim.'

This is just poor S. now; and of old, poor Byron and Burns. 'What, then, were God to such as they?'

Canto 36.—I don't admit 'truths deep seated in our mystic frame,' like 'furniture in a house' (Mill); but the rest is good, if he mean the Bible 'wisdom' and 'word.'

Canto 38.—He thinks if his friend can care now for him, his songs about him are somewhat grateful to the dead. Now, if his friend be one of those 'asleep in Christ,' we know his mind will be like his Lord's; and the mind of the Master we know distinctly from the word, 'the holy Scriptures.' When, then, these 132 cantos seem scarcely to reflect, to echo anything of the Lord's mind and voice, so far from being pleased with them (if he knew), he would deplore them; he might even think that they show a waste of talent, of time, of thought, and, above all, of *feeling*. And since 'for every idle word we shall give account' (Matt. xii. 36), how great the responsibility of *publishing* such words as lead others to cherish unprofitable sorrow for the dead! how if the loved queen of these realms has been thus influenced by her poet-laureate, till her people have had to sorrow for the sorrow so sadly cherished! . . . In the poet's case, even the dead would tell him (if the dead 'know anything' of our affairs, Eccles. ix. 5), that his absorption of soul in A. H. H., and his high exaltation of him, is such as should only have been directed to Christ his Lord. But I think we have no warrant in Scripture for believing that the dead know what is taking place here while they await the 'coming of the Lord.' Even in the parable of the rich man in hell, he seems to have referred to his unbelieving brethren, whom he had just left on earth, not as if he was then in view of them (Luke xvi. 28).

Canto 40.—The poet doubts 'that I shall be thy mate no more:' then why not ask the Lord for that mateship, fellowship, oneness, which

He speaks of in John xvii. 21 to end, and in 1 John i. 3, also in Heb. xii. 23?

Canto 42.—He hankers after earthly love in heaven; but so far as this love has nothing to do with Christ, does not centre in Him, flow in and through his Spirit, it is not spiritual or eternal, but purely of time, and will cease with the timeous life, will 'perish with the using.' God is Spirit; heaven is spiritual; we shall be 'as the angels;' *spiritual love* is such as God's to us (John iii. 16), as Christ's in Mark iii. 33-35, as ours to believers in Christ (1 John iii. 14, v. 1). When we read—'In that very day his thoughts perish' (Ps. cxlvi. 4); 'The wisdom of this world comes to nought' (1 Cor. ii. 6); 'Knowledge shall vanish away' (1 Cor. xiii. 8); 'The dead know not anything; also their *love*, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun' (Eccles. ix. 5, 6, 10; Job xiv. 19-21; Isa. lxiii. 16)—we need not build on or expect the continuance of earthly love, or wisdom, or knowledge in that future life. *N.B.*—Heb. xii. 1, 23 teaches us that the earthly life of departed believers surrounds us with a cloud of witnessings, and that we are in company with them in Zion, in Christ, in spirit, spiritually.

Canto 43.—He seems to think the dead '*forgets* the day before,' for which there seems as little Scripture warrant; most certainly, so far as the spiritual of the former life is concerned (and the spiritual interpenetrates all), there is no forgetfulness. But the poet thinks his 'guardian angel' will tell his friend all about him. True, angels are 'ministering spirits sent forth to minister *for* them who shall be heirs of salvation' (Heb. i. 14; Matt. xviii. 10; Luke xv. 10, xvi. 22; 1 Cor. iv. 9; 1 Tim. v. 21; Heb. xii. 22; 1 Pet. i. 12; Eph. iii. 10).

Canto 44.—I don't quite follow his metaphysics here; but he seems to say that as a baby learns gradually to know 'me' from other things, so our present life prepares for the future (surely the analogy ought to be between life in the womb and after birth, as compared to life in time and life in eternity), otherwise he thinks it were 'fruitless' if 'man had to learn himself anew, beyond the *second* birth of death' ('Blessed is he that hath part in the *first* resurrection,' Rev. xx. 6). I don't see why 'fruitless.' Even *if* man lived not again any more than the beasts, his existence, even temporally, would be to the glory of God; but as man *does* live beyond this life, that life would not be 'fruitless,' even if he had to 'learn himself anew' in the future life, for that would not be worse than the angels when first created in a spiritual sphere; but again, man's use of the present life is to be disciplined, educated, prepared, by a quickening and sanctifying process in his *spiritual nature* for the *spiritual* world.

Canto 46.—He can't bear the 'vague and unsweet faith' of man's soul 'remerging in the general soul,' but is sure an 'eternal form' shall belong to the 'eternal soul' of his friend, 'and I shall *know* him when we meet.' Did the poet think of the 'spiritual body' which 'shall bear the image of the heavenly' (1 Cor. xv. 44, 49); 'A building of God eternal in the heavens—earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven—that being clothed we shall not be found naked—that mortality might be swallowed up of life' (2 Cor. iv. and v. 16, to viii.); and as to knowing: 'Now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I am known' (1 Cor. xiii. 12); 'We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is' (1 John iii. 2)? The poet anticipates in heaven an 'endless feast' of 'enjoying each the other's good.' Now this may or may not be true; but we don't find that Paul, or Peter, or John, or Stephen thought or spoke of such a *feast* with and over one another; they did look and long for the feast of being present with their Lord: 'In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore' (Ps. xvi. 11); 'Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb' (Rev. xix. 7, 9, xxi. 1-7, xxii. 1-5).

Canto 48.—Poor fellow! 'sorrow deepens down,' and 'drowns the bases of my life in tears.' See note on canto 14.

Cantos 49, 50, 51.—This sorrow makes him say hard things of 'men;' but he asks his dead friend, 'Be near me' in times of sickness, trouble, and death (pity, when he might have the Mighty and Holy One as his 'friend who sticketh closer than a brother'). But he suddenly bethinks himself that he would not like a human friend to know all his secret thoughts, and spy out all his ways; however, he comforts himself that the dead are like God, 'with larger eyes than ours;' they 'make allowance for us all.' Then his dead friend answers that he will not move from his side; and as to *sins*, they are mere *flecks*, spots, streaks in the *shell* of the *pearl*.

> 'So fret not, like an idle girl,
> That life is dash'd with flecks of sin:
> Abide; thy wealth is gather'd in,
> When time hath sundered shell from pearl.'

This dead one's eyes don't look upon sin as God does. Hear what the holy God says of sin: 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die' (Ezek. xviii. 4); 'In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die' (Gen. ii. 17); 'For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one, he is guilty of all' (Jas. ii. 10); 'For if God spared not the angels that sinned' (2 Pet. ii. 4); 'Stand in awe and sin not' (Ps. iv. 4); 'For the judgment was by one to condemnation, but the free gift is of many offences unto justification' (Rom. v. 12, 16); 'Sin reigned unto death' (Rom. v. 21); 'The wages of sin is death' (Rom. vi. 23); 'The sting of death is sin' (1 Cor. xv. 56); 'He that committeth sin is of the devil' (1 John iii. 8); 'Your iniquities have separated between you and your God' (Isa. lix. 2); 'All have sinned and come short of the glory of God' (Rom. iii. 23); 'That sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful' (Rom. vii. 13); 'Christ hath suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God' (1 Pet. iii. 18); 'He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only,

but also for the sins of the whole world' (1 John ii. 2). And so on with numberless passages, to show us the terrible nature and guilt of sin, of one or of many; and that only the death, the bloodshed, the life given of the Son of God, could atone for and cleanse us from it.—Prov. xiv. 9, 34, xxiv. 9; Heb. i. 9, iii. 17; Ps. xcvii. 10, li. 4; Matt. v. 19; Jas. i. 15; Eph. i. 2; Isa. liii.; 1 Cor. xv. 3; Gal. i. 4; Heb. i. 3, ii. 9; 1 Pet. ii. 24; 1 John i. 7, 9, iii. 5.

Now, Tennyson, man to man, face to face, let us reason together over it. Does not the word of God pierce through and expose as vain imaginations the ideas herein quoted from your poem; and can you think they will not shrivel up and burn as 'wood, hay, stubble,' at the fiery trial of the last day? (1 Cor. iii. 10-15.)

(*To be continued.*)

The Child Samuel.

HUSH'D was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh! give me Samuel's ear!
The open ear, O Lord;
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word:
Like him, to answer at thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh! give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in thy house Thou art,
Or watches at thy gates:
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

Oh! give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

—*Anon.*

Early Years of the late Rev. John Milne.*

WITHIN six months of each other died three men whom the church could ill spare, and whom some of us will long miss and mourn.

On the 27th of November 1867, died James Hamilton; on the 4th of April 1868, died William Burns; on the 31st of May 1868, died John Milne. Twenty-nine years ago they were fellow-labourers in Scotland, and 'true yoke-follows.' Their after-work drew them into different fields; their later life was spent in different lands; and their graves are far asunder. London holds the first, Newchwang the second, Edinburgh the last.

Along with the above, I would name other four who left us many years ago, but who were at one time associated with these three in heart and work; I mean Robert M'Cheyne of Dundee, Daniel Cormick of Kirriemuir, William Hewitson of Dirleton, and Patrick Miller of Newcastle. As St. Augustine said of his early friends, so I

* From *Life of the Rev. John Milne*, by Horatius Bonar, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co.

may say of these seven: 'Me multum diligebant .... et ego illos, propter magnam virtutis indolem, quæ in non magno ætate satis eminebat.'

'These all died in faith,' resting from their labours. The work of each was a true one and a great, though not very long. Their lives were not failures, bringing forth nothing; nor contradictions, one part neutralizing the other. They were debtors to the age while in it (Rom. i. 14); and now the age is their debtor. The period which, by their holy bearing and bold testimony, they helped to mould, is a very notable one in the history of the church of God. The work they did was real, and their footprints are still visible. They so lived and spoke as to tell upon the world; giving a deeper tone both to the religion and the theology of their time. They were men of 'large views,' in the sense in which the Lord and his apostles were such; seeking to be neither narrower nor broader than they. They were men of progress; 'adding to their faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness' (2 Pet. i. 6). They knew what they believed, and they believed it nobly; nor did they find any necessity to unsay or undo, in their later years, what they said and did in their earlier. They died as they lived, tenacious of the old gospel, suspicious of 'advanced theologies,' and jealous for the divine accuracy of the Scriptures.

Christianity has no weak points. Other systems have. It has none. In the inconsistencies of Christians some have professed to see the weak side of Christianity. But the lives of Christians are not Christianity. Yet, in the cases above noted, Christianity was not put to shame by its friends. Their light shone steadily to the last. It did not wax dim with years, nor hide itself in mist. Living in an age that is oscillating between universal belief and universal unbelief, they were not ashamed of having a fixed creed, and a Bible that never grows old.

John Milne was born at Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, on the 26th of April 1807. He died at Spring Valley, Morningside, near Edinburgh, on Sabbath the 31st of May 1868.

His father held office in the Custom-house at Peterhead. He was sent, when a boy of five years old, to school in his native town. On his first school-day he met with a serious accident, which told upon his whole after-life, and which for a time threatened to prove fatal. The school was held in a room above the Tolbooth, and there was a long outside stone-stair leading up to it. At the close of school-hours the children poured out in a mass, to get to play, or to get home as quickly as possible. In the rush John was thrown down, and fell the whole length of the stair, striking his head severely. He was taken up and carried home insensible. After some little time he recovered, and returned to school; still, for many years the pain in his head was so violent, that he was obliged, by medical advice, to keep it shaved.

His physicians, in after years, traced to this fall those fits of depression into which he sometimes sank. The brain had been injured, and the effects of the concussion never entirely disappeared; or rather, they reappeared at certain intervals, sometimes producing lowness of spirits, and a feeling of unfitness for work, and sometimes leading him to act fitfully and wilfully; yet never betraying him into inconsistency, nor into timidity; for he was throughout, not only one of the most consistent, but one of the *boldest* of men,—a man utterly devoid of fear, and insensible of danger in any shape; a man who would have led a forlorn hope up the breach as calmly as he would have ascended his own pulpit steps, or climbed Kinnoul Hill. In this perfect fearlessness he had only one equal that I knew, and that was William Burns. 'Had I been a worldly man' (I remember Mr. Milne saying one day as we were wandering over Dunsinnane Hill), 'I would have certainly been a soldier; and nothing would have given me such delight as charging at the head of my regiment the very thickest of the enemy.' He suited the action to the utterance, and showed how he would have done.

The school to which he went at Peterhead was taught by a Mr. Donald, who afterwards became minister of the parish. It was his church that John attended, till he left his native town for Aberdeen; and he does not seem to have found interest or profit in what he heard. I never heard him speak specially of his minister; but I remember him referring more than once to the religious dreariness of these times. Not many days before his death, he came along from Morningside to call for me at the Grange. After some pleasant conversation in the house, we went out together for a walk; and as we sauntered along Strathearn Road, he alluded to his boyhood. He asked me about Edinburgh days some forty or fifty years ago, congratulating me that I had enjoyed such a ministry as that of Dr. Jones. He referred sorrowfully to his own religious training in Aberdeenshire, and spoke as one who throughout life had been feeling the evil influence of these bleak and barren years.

Mr. Donald was succeeded in the school by Mr. Imrie, and under his teaching John made great progress. His health continued to improve, and he was able to study more than he had done. He was generally first in every class; and often, when his companions were at play, he was found busy at his books. He was always a thoughtful, good boy; and from his childhood he expressed a wish to be a 'minister.'

When about thirteen, he was asked by Mr. Imrie to give some assistance in the school. This he did for some little time; and when he left for college, Mr. Imrie made him a present of a small sum, the first money he had earned. At this time he does not appear to have had any deep religious feelings, though morally correct and pure.

In 1821 he left Peterhead for Aberdeen; entering Marischal College, and continuing in the undergraduate classes for the usual four sessions. He used sometimes to mention an impression made on him the first night of his arrival in Aberdeen. Having gone to stay in the house of Mr. Edmond, he remembered that, when in

room, Mr. James Edmond said to him, ‘ hoped he was not afraid nor ashamed his prayers.’ The word was not lost, it issued in nothing at the time. It is ly not out of one word or one impression, ay, and these often at intervals, that the f God brings about the great decision.

llege he distinguished himself highly in t departments of study, especially mathe-

Dr. Cruickshanks, who was his professor branch, speaks of him as one of the best s he ever had. In the junior mathe- class he gained the second prize in session). Next session he gained the first prize senior mathematical class, which that as one of considerable value, being given Lord Rector of the University. He also d, by competition, Gray’s Mathematical r of £30 a year, for two years, the highest which the College then had to bestow.

competition day he lost his portfolio, l the notes and papers requisite for his and did not miss it till he was in the om, and the doors shut. To most, com- in such a case would have seemed s. But having obtained paper from the and being thoroughly ‘read up’ in his s, he set to work, wrote his ‘versions,’ and e prize. This he used to refer to in after wondering how it was that he succeeded. low-students speak of his extraordinary- rance and application, by means of which tered everything that was given him to his indomitable determination was one characteristics through life. He went a with everything that he set his face to. spoken of also with much love by those ew him then, as gentle and kind in man- olite and affable even from his youth.

ook his degree of M.A. in March 1825, I am not aware that he was in the habit nding it to his name.

ng part of his university course he lodged ie celebrated Latinist, Dr. James Melvin, as afterwards rector of the Aberdeen ar School. His own attainments in Latin nsiderable; and his classical predilections s decided as his mathematical. His ready y supplied him, in after years, with many c and Latin quotation; and often, when ct word escaped him, his accurate scholar- pplied its place with some equivalent he knew how to insert, without any breach ody or grammar. Dr. Longmuir of Aber- who was one of his class-fellows, mentions when separated during the long summer ns, a pretty regular correspondence was p between the two students in Latin; Mr. letters being dated from ‘Petri Promon- ,’ the classical designation of his native ‘Peterhead.’

as during his stay at Aberdeen that he e acquainted with the Rev. Andrew Gray, as in subsequent years his co-presbyter uch esteemed fellow-labourer in Perth. ny aspects these two were unlike each yet, in spite of dissimilarities, few men o thoroughly appreciated each other’s worth. Mr. Gray was the year before Mr. Milne at Marischal College; and they, after their graduation, attended the same classes at the Divinity Hall.

Having completed his theological course, he left college, and went as tutor to Mr. Irvine of Drum, where he remained several years. A brother of Mr. Irvine was the first who spoke to him directly about his spiritual state; and in 1856, when that gentleman died, Mr. Milne, on hearing of the death, wrote thus respecting him: ‘He was the first that ever spoke to me about real religion. I was then as blind as a beetle, yet I remember it. He gave me Guthrie’s *Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ*.’

From Drum he went to Hatton Castle, and was licensed while there by the Presbytery of Turriff.

In 1834 he went to England, where he taught, first in an academy, and afterwards in a private family, though longing all the while to enter on his proper work. The following extract from a letter of his to Francis Edmond, Esq., Aberdeen, dated Lower Dunstable House, Richmond, October 1834, will show his state of mind at this time:—

‘I have been living here for some months as tutor in the family of the Rev. Mr. Snow. The situation is tolerably comfortable. Mr. S. is a good preacher, and an extremely pious man. I feel it a very great advantage to enjoy so much of his society. I remember complaining of it to you as a great misfortune, that from the circumstances of my life I had been unable to fix upon one particular thing, and devote myself entirely to it; but I would fain hope that religion is now beginning to assume such a place in my heart and thoughts as will probably move me by and by to give up everything here, and seek for usefulness in any sphere, however humble, connected with my profession.’

It was under Mr. Snow’s ministry that his impressions grew deeper; and it was at Richmond that he passed from darkness to light. It was one special verse of Scripture in which he found the light and peace which he had been for some time groping for: 1 John iv. 10, ‘Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.’

For the first year after his conversion he read no book but the Bible. All relish for other books seemed to have left him. With a *divine* volume lying beside him, *human* writings took an inferior place; or rather, at first, no place at all, till he learned, as he did soon, that all which is *true*, whether in a divine or human volume, is precious, and ‘nothing to be refused’ (*οὐδὲν ἀπόβλητον*, 1 Tim. iv. 4), but only to be kept in its proper level. With his mathematical tastes and classical accomplishments, he could have ‘kept abreast’ of the age; but the higher relish absorbed the lower. He dreaded the distracting influence of excessive secular reading; and when he did engage in it, he was always on the watch for something to illustrate Scripture or help his preaching.

Though his theological training had been

Presbyterian, yet he does not seem at first to have been very decided in his ecclesiastical views. At one time he thought of entering the English Church. But being led from circumstances to study the subject of church polity, he became a very decided Presbyterian, and began to turn his eye back to the land of Presbytery.

Yet he did not in after years forget the land in which for a season he had been a stranger, nor the church with which, through one of her many good men, he had been brought into fellowship. Writing to a servant in England, who had formerly been a member of his congregation in Perth, he thus speaks:—

'Oh, do not think that our heavenly Father neglects his children, or that our brother Joseph forgets his brethren and sisters. You must not despise the Church of England. If I know the Lord at all, it was in her that He was first revealed to me. You are kindly remembered by many friends here. I have a letter from Mr. Burns. He is still at Newcastle, but finds himself much opposed; but he is persevering in the work of the Lord. He seeks to be remembered before the Lord.'—*Perth, 20th Sept.* 1841.

He was appointed lecturer on the Sabbath evenings in Gilcomston Church, Aberdeen, of which the late Dr. Bryce was at that time the minister. After he accepted, but before he entered on his duty, he became depressed in spirit, afraid to undertake the work. It was with great difficulty that he was persuaded to go on. But when fully commenced, he proceeded vigorously, and gave great satisfaction to all concerned, especially as a visitor. He remained there till he went to Perth; and on leaving Gilcomston he received a handsome testimonial in token of esteem and gratitude. It was during this period that he had a severe attack of typhus fever, so that his life was despaired of. But many years were before him, and much work for God, though at that time men knew it not.

Mr. Milne left Aberdeen in 1839, and was settled in St. Leonard's, Perth, on the 7th of November of that year. In that settlement no one rejoiced more than his old friend Mr. Andrew Gray, who, at the first meeting of Presbytery after the return of the Palestine deputation in the end of the same year, introduced him to my brother of Collace, with the remark, 'Now, I'm sure you two will be friends.' And so indeed they were from that day forward. In a letter, some sixteen years after, from India, which will be found in full in another place, he refers to this: 'I still remember our first meeting in the Old Presbytery, and where I was sitting when you came in and shook hands; and then R. M'Cheyne and you coming in to me at 14 Rose Terrace, and laughing at my *carte blanche* to Miss —— to collect a staff of lady Sabbath-school teachers; and then our next meeting in the vestry of Kinnoul Street Church.'

The following letters, as having reference to this period, may be quoted here, as giving us a glimpse of himself by himself:—

'*Perth, 2d Oct.* 1839.—My dear Sir,—I have only this moment received your letter, having been for a few days in the country. I am ashamed to think that I should have been so long in writing to you. But this arose in some measure from the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed. On arriving here, just a week ago, I found my friends waiting for me, and expecting me to go before the Presbytery; which I did, and went through this part of the customary trials, and had this day fixed for the remainder. I then took up my abode with Mr. Gray, with whom I lived till Sunday, when I went out to officiate for another Aberdeenshire man, Mr. Noble of St. Madoes. I did not come to town till to-day, which was the reason of my not getting your letter sooner. To-day I met the Presbytery, and finished my trials, when they fixed the 7th of November for my ordination. It might have taken place sooner, but I rather wished it be put off till after the Sacrament, which takes place on the 3d of that month. I am sorry to say that, till to-day, I gave way too much to the unhappy depression under which I had so long laboured. It was very foolish, for I found every one here very kind. I have just been looking for lodgings, but have not yet fixed upon a place, though I shall probably do so to-morrow. It would not, I find, answer to take up house at present, as the expense of housekeeping would, I fear, be more than my income could well afford. I think it will be better, therefore, to get rid, as soon as possible, of the furniture which I have in Aberdeen. Perhaps you will add to your many former kindnesses, that of assisting my aunt in doing so, and in getting my books packed and forwarded as soon as possible. I shall not feel at home till I have them about me. Mr. Gray, who is now sitting beside me, says he will call upon you when he is in Aberdeen, whither he is going to assist at Mr. Primrose's Sacrament. I shall expect to hear from you by him, or sooner if convenient. The truth is, I am almost ashamed to write, after all the sin and obstinacy and absurdity of which I have been guilty. I must endeavour now to redeem the time, and by diligence and devotedness to make what amends I can for past unstedfastness and vacillation. I had sat down to write to you this day week, but was called away to something else; and on the following day I felt again so dispirited, that I put off writing from time to time.—Believe me, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,—John Milne.

'*P.S.*—You were right in thinking that preaching would do me good. I have felt better ever since, and now hope that all will go forward prosperously.

'Francis Edmond, Esq.,
Advocate, Aberdeen.'

A few weeks later, he thus writes to the same esteemed friend and correspondent:—

'*Perth, 14 Rose Terrace, 30th Oct.* 1839.—My dear Sir,—I was duly favoured with your letter in immediate answer to my own; and I feel ashamed when I think how long a period I have suffered to elapse without answering it. You are, however, aware what a dilatory correspondent I am, and will find an explanation, if not an excuse, for the delay, in my perverse and inveterate habit of procrastination. I have heard

lly from my aunt, and have learned from kind regard which you have expressed and the great trouble which you have bout my affairs; and when I add to this kindness I personally experienced before away, I feel myself at a loss how to my thankfulness. I shall only say that duct which you have on this occasion towards me makes me think better of amon nature, and also strengthens my the love of God; for if we receive such t and ill-requited regard from the crea- ay we not expect as much from Him who o all liberally, and upbraideth not? I at what has passed between us will lay ndation of an intimate and abiding iip. I am now settled in Rose Terrace, amily of a Mr. M'Naughton, and think I id myself very comfortable. The situation ink, the best about Perth, facing the nch; and you will be delighted with the t from the windows. I received my books y, and have to thank you for your kind getting them packed and forwarded. I her at a loss till they arrived. I have wever, been doing much in a ministerial r since I came here. It was only last a that I began preaching in St. Leonard's, hitherto been engaged in officiating for ntry brethren. I have, however, visited the congregation, and found them ready ve me with a hearty welcome. I have met with any of those difficulties which a alarmed me; and I cannot help looking pon this part as on a troubled dream, in of which I find it difficult to explain. Let me remind you that my ordination lace on the 7th November, to-morrow when I expect to have the pleasure of you, notwithstanding the doubt which ressed regarding it.'

days after his ordination, he thus writes ame:—

proceedings of Thursday went off very ably. The ordination service was con- by Mr. Duncan of Abernethy. His text Cor. iv. 5, "Ourselves your servants for sake." The sermon, though long and heavily delivered, was faithful, for he is a good man. In the evening a large party met, and spent a very pleasant evening. There was a great deal of speechifying, and I am happy to say that our Aberdeen friends made a very favourable impression on the people of Perth, by the displays they made of this kind of eloquence. Yesterday Mr. Bryce and I preached; and now I trust I have plain sailing before me, save that I must look for the usual difficulties from without, incident to this office, and the peculiar hindrances which I know I shall experience from my own indolence and unbelief. It is, however, as you have often told me, a good work; and I trust we shall have no reason to regret what we have done: you, that you have urged me to enter upon it; and I, that I have yielded to your entreaties—let me add, your tears. My dear sir, my heart will always warm at the thought of you, and I hope we shall soon have the pleasure of meeting.—*Perth, 11th Nov.* 1839.'

The depressions referred to in the above letters seem to have rather increased in intensity as he grew older; as ministerial work pressed upon him; as annoyances troubled him, or sorrow weighed upon his tender and loving spirit. During his first residence in Perth they were of frequent occurrence (sometimes brought on by very trivial causes), but not to such a degree as afterwards. After the death of his first wife and second child, he sank much; and then came the thought of India. In India he had occasional depressions; but none very severe till 1856, when alone. In 1857 one seemed coming, but passed off. That in 1859 was very severe; but when it passed off he had not another, not even in the slightest degree, till the last in 1867, which was the severest of all. Mysteriously did that stroke upon his head in boyhood develop its effects in his subsequent life. How it told upon his mental energies and spiritual health, is difficult to determine. How it helped or how it hindered; how it roused or how it paralyzed; what it made him learn or unlearn; how it softened and subdued, and moulded and mellowed, can only be known hereafter.

(*To be continued.*)

Prayer for the Pulpit.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Grant me what I need the most—
Grace to labour, grace to pray,
Grace to preach thy word to-day;
Grace thy mercy to proclaim,
Grace to glorify thy Name.

Jesus, mine's a pressing case,
Oh! for grace, *more* grace, MORE GRACE!
Thou didst bring to blinded eyes
Joyful light, with sweet surprise,
By the use of worthless clay—
Use me so, dear Lord, to-day!

—*Southern Presbyterian.*

MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

CERTAINLY there is no safer rule of conduct. And at first blush no rule seems clearer of apprehension and easier of obedience. Like all primary laws of human life, it has an interpretation down to the level of the most inferior capacity, so that the feeblest are hourly, in some measure, comprehending and acting upon its meaning; while, at the same time, it is of such wide and varied understandings and applications, that its exact import and fulfilment is the rarest attainment. Why cannot men, why do not men, mind their own business? He is indeed happy who has settled in his own judgment what his work is, and is content to do it, without intermeddling in the affairs of others, or affairs which do not properly belong to him. 'Water is not ponderous in its proper place.' One may be a fool in most matters; yet, if he stick to his own little world, however narrow, his folly will hardly be seen, or, if seen, will be readily tolerated. But the moment he oversteps his own bounds, his folly becomes apparent and contemptible—a reproach and an annoyance to himself and others.

A lawyer who had not been remarkably successful in his profession, nor in any special direction of labour, said to an intimate friend, 'I have never been able to discern my mission in life; my life seems to me a failure, and I am constantly oppressed with this painful thought.' Now, it so happened that this lawyer, though not a man of brilliant parts, was yet a man of great probity, calm judgment, and in all respects of high personal worth. 'Your calling,' said his friend, 'is very clear to me. You are raised up to illustrate *Honesty*. You have a function in the community superior to that of most around you—to show to men what is character.' It was true that there was no man among his fellow-citizens who was more resorted to for the settlement of disputes, and whose judgment and motives were more quoted and trusted. He was a citizen who was content with the duties of his own sphere, and who was free from the suspicion of selfish ambition or grasping, and was consequently respected, and believed to be incapable of partiality. Had he appeared to the community to know more about everybody's business than his own—to be more concerned for everybody's virtues and vices, successes and reverses, than his own, it is hardly likely that such would have been their estimate of his character.

The very harmony of society depends upon the observance of this law. The fruitful source of mischief is in its disregard. Through a corroding curiosity, through an excessive self-conceit, or a morbid sentiment of goodness, multitudes seek to pry into and to manage what is beyond their nearest and most manifest obligations. They are disturbers of the peace. But there is no power by which they can be arrested but an appeal to their self-respect, or by resort to satire, whose keen edge is often wielded to the discomfiture of intruders and pests. Such people fancy they can always rule better than their rulers; can preach a great deal more appropriately, understand far better the wants of a congregation, than their pastors; know incalculably better what other men should do with their money—to what and in what proportion they should give it—than they do themselves. Indeed, such are so absorbed with other people's thoughts, that they have no thoughts left of their own. If they could be shut up in a community or church to themselves, the result would be as with the fabled serpents which, according to Epiphanius, certain Egyptians put into a bag, and when they had opened it, they found that the greatest had eaten up the rest, and half of itself.

Still, it cannot be denied that there is a sense in which this subject is beset with difficulties. It is of first importance to determine what *is* one's own business. Surely one's concernments are not confined to the routine of daily work. His thoughts and affections are not to be so exclusively occupied with self that he has no care for others, or for matters which lie outside of a merely personal welfare; otherwise patriotism, philanthropy, secular and social progress, religion itself, would be an illusion; whereas nothing is more obvious than that these sentiments are realities, binding up, in their intensest meaning and force, by far the largest and noblest duties of man. One may be a merchant, with no aspirations for office, but positive aversion to it; yet it is his business that no violence be done to the person, property, and rights of the humblest citizen. As a lover of humanity, of order, morals, and religion, he has to do with traffics which ruin the bodies and souls of men, superinduce disorder in the community, and retard the progress of religion and morality. It is an old, weak tale, which events have long since exploded, that a man shall have no opinion and utter no voice upon evils for which he is not directly responsible. Remoteness, either in place or in law, can never separate a true soul from its race; else abuses would never be corrected, evils never abated; for the first and clearest discernment of wrong is usually with those who are the farthest removed from participation in it.

Almost everything, in asking here for the right path, the happy mean, depends upon temper and motive. There is somewhere a definite line between our own and the business of others. To the true heart this boundary will disclose itself. We need not be indifferent to the prosperity or the sufferings of others, nor need we be wholly silent about them. There are occasions when we cannot, dare not be. But let us be sure not to go beyond what a conscientious conviction requires, and that we think, feel, talk, and act only as the pure law of charity and discretion allows. The motives with which we look on the affairs of others cannot be too thoroughly and habitually searched and proved. 'Our diligence in our own business is sovereign; but most times poisonous abroad, and dangerous and fatal to ourselves and others.'

Miscellaneous.

Familiar Spirits.—*Ohv* is in our version commonly rendered 'familiar spirit.' That it is a generic name, used of such evil spirits as dwelt in persons who practised divination, is evident from Lev. xx. 27: 'A man also, or a woman that hath an *Ohv*' (literally, when an *Ohv* shall be in them), 'shall surely be put to death.' In this passage, the actual presence and indwelling of an unclean spirit in men and women is recognised as distinctly as it is in Acts, when St. Paul cast out the spirit Pytho from the damsel in Philippi. In *some* passages it will be seen that *Ohv* is used in the plural *Ohroth*. In such cases it appears to denote the persons in whom the demons dwelt, rather than the demons themselves. In the two cases historically referred to in Scripture—namely, that of the witch of Endor, and of the damsel at Philippi—women were the instruments. The Pythoness at Delphi was the great *medium* in the Pagan world. —*Newton.*

Satan's Power.—The application of these awful texts, in their full force, to the spiritualists and necromancers of the present day, will not be questioned by those who believe God's holy word, and who have considered in its light the facts of spiritualism. The history of Paganism might have sufficiently taught men what a terrible servitude, servitude to evil spirits is, and how easily, when God permits it, we may be brought into connection with, and subjection to, the unseen evil spiritual world. But human society at present refuses alike the lessons of experience and the warnings of the word of God, and is blindly rushing on into the positions which Satan intends that his servants should occupy in the last great conflict between Falsehood and Truth. Men are deliberately rejecting the guidance of God and of his word, and are inviting the help of Satan. It is not wonderful that God should give them up to 'strong delusion.' —*Ibid.*

The Fine Arts.—At what period of the world's history have the fine arts subserved the interests of the truth as it is in Jesus? They have abundantly subserved the purposes of human pride and glory. How they have been used to beautify and throw a halo around vice and falsehood, may be seen from the relation in which they have stood to the mythology of Paganism, and the idolatries of Romanism and Ecclesiasticism. They are so employed now. They will be abundantly used to give beauty and attractiveness to that coming period, when the fool shall say in his heart, 'There is no God.' But what is an adorned world without God?—*Ibid.*

A Protest against Dancing.—Religious objections to dancing have little weight with many who are coveting a worldly position; but possibly the opinion of a sensible man, who does not look at the matter in its religious bearings, may carry greater influence. The editor of the New York *Evening Gazette*, which has a higher literary spirit than any of the other New York dailies, says: 'We have no objection to dancing. For young people it is a very delightful and sensible recreation. It is a better thing for children than the stupid games which range from "loto" to "blind man's buff." It is a beautiful and cheerful exercise, and in many ways a beneficial pastime. But for mixed companies of grown *people, we abominate* it. Ladies may like it—some of them evidently do like it. And yet, even they must at times pine for the higher enjoyment of pleasant conversation, which is now so completely exiled from New York society. Gentlemen who go to their home at evening for rest and home quiet, are not always made happy by spending half or two-thirds of the night in dancing. Sensible ladies, who enjoy good conversation, are not especially delighted with a night of tiresome dancing. But he or she who keeps up with latter-day society and customs must join the ranks of the dancers or be blanks. Dancing is the order—and the nuisance—of the day. There is too much of it. All sensible men and women are tired of it. We want conversation in its place. If this cannot be, gentlemen will seek the clubs, and ladies will form themselves into little circles of their own, in which they can find the real enjoyment they desire.'

Singing.—Old Thomas Fuller quaintly says: 'Lord, my voice by nature is harsh and untunable, and it is vain to lavish any art to better it. Can my singing of psalms be pleasing to thy ears, which is unpleasant to my own? Yet, though I cannot chant with the nightingale, or chirp with the blackbird, I had rather chatter with the swallow, yea, rather croak with the raven, than be altogether silent. Hadst Thou given me a better voice, I would have praised Thee with a better voice; now, what my music wants in sweetness, let it have in sense—singing praises with my understanding. Yea, Lord, create in me a new heart, therein to make melody; and I will be contented with my old voice until, in thy due time, being admitted unto the choir of heaven, I have another, more harmonious, bestowed on me.'

The Highland Boy's Faith.—A traveller in Scotland observed some choice and rare plants growing on the edge of a precipice. He could not reach them, but offered to a little Highland boy a handsome present if he would consent to be lowered to the spot by a rope around his waist. The boy hesitated. He looked at the money, and thought of all that it would purchase—for his parents were poor, and had few of the comforts of life; but, then, as he glanced at the terrible precipice, he shuddered and drew back. At length his eye brightened, and he said, with decision, 'I'll go if father will hold the rope;' and he went. 'This boy's trust,' says the Rev. Dr. Wise, 'is a beautiful illustration of the faith which saves the soul; for as he put himself into his father's hands to be bound with the rope and lowered down the gorge to pluck the coveted flowers, so must you put yourself into Christ's hands to be pardoned.'—*Historical Handbills.*

The Majesty of Law.—Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels, and men, and creatures, of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with uniform consent, admiring her as the master of their peace and joy.—*Hooker.*

The Glory of God.—The glory of God must be a silver thread, to run through all our actions.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ACTS v. 30, 31.

HERE is true apostolic testimony,—testimony for Christ, testimony for the risen Saviour, testimony before enemies, the council of the Jews, in the temple, in spite of threats, with death before their eyes. It is brief testimony, but it contains the whole gospel; good news to the sinner wrapt up in a few plain facts, each one of which is as the light of a new sun. Let us take this testimony, as thus given, in the five following parts:—

I. *The death.*—'Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree.' The council would not name his name; they spoke of 'this man.' Peter names Him—*Jesus.* They said, 'Ye intend to bring this man's blood upon us;' that is, 'Your object is to prove us his murderers.' Peter answers, 'Yes, it is; *ye* slew Him, *ye* hanged Him on a tree,—ye who ought to have bid Him welcome as your Christ.' Israel's rulers were Messiah's murderers! Two charges are here against them: (1) They slew Him; they said, 'Away with Him!' they condemned Him; they were guilty of his blood. Yes; He died, and by their hands He died. (2) They hanged Him on a tree; they doomed Him to the worst of deaths, heaping shame upon Him, as the worst of criminals. The great fact is then proved beyond doubt. His friends proclaim it; his enemies admit that they did the deed. Jesus has *died.* On this certainty our gospel rests itself.

II. *The resurrection.*—'The God of our fathers raised up Jesus.' Here we have: (1) *Resurrection*—the actual bringing up out of the grave of Him who went down into it. (2) *The resurrection of Jesus.* Jesus of Nazareth rises as well as dies; the same Jesus—in body, soul, and spirit. It is a certainty, established by infallible proofs. (3) *His resurrection by God.* It is not by chance, or natural laws, but by God. God himself steps in and does the work, that men may know that He acknowledges Jesus as his Son. (4) His resurrection is by the God of Israel—the God of Abraham. It is Jehovah, the Holy One of Israel, that raises Him, and thereby proclaims Him Messiah, the promise and hope of the fathers. What a testimony this was to Israel, and to the whole world: 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!'

III. *The exaltation.*—For Jesus there is more than resurrection. He is not only brought up from the grave, but lifted up on high. He passes from Joseph's tomb to the throne of the majesty in the heavens; from the lowest to the highest place in the universe, with only one intermediate step, viz., his forty days' sojourn on earth. And this exaltation is not only *to* the right hand of God, but specially *by* his right hand. God, the God of Israel, is the doer of it, by his own right hand and his holy arm. It is an act of divine and glorious power. Every part of this work in behalf of Jesus is the doing of Jehovah. He would have it known how He loves and honours, and takes Him to be with Him, like Enoch, 'because He pleased Him.'

IV. *The honour and the title.*—'A Prince and a Saviour.' As a *Prince*, He is Israel's Prince; the Prince of Life; the Prince of the kings of the earth. All power is his in heaven and earth. He is King of kings; for He has overcome, and, as the Conqueror, has received power over the nations. As a *Saviour*, He has deliverance for the lost in his hand. He came down from heaven to seek and save the lost; He has gone up to heaven on the same errand of grace. His name is Jesus, or Jehovah the Saviour,—mighty to save, able to save to the uttermost. 'Neither is there salvation in any other.' The words do not mean that it was by his exaltation that He was constituted Prince and Saviour; they no doubt intimate that this exaltation was his open and visible installation in heaven as such. But they more directly imply that it was in virtue of his being Prince and Saviour that He was exalted. The exaltation owned Him as such already. The honour and the title were his when on the cross and in the grave; and because of this He is exalted to a seat worthy of these. It is with this Prince and Saviour that we have to do. He is able and willing to save. His names and titles assure us of this. Let us learn the meaning of these, and extract from them the good news which they so plentifully contain. This Prince and Saviour is Jesus of Nazareth,—bone of our bones, and flesh of our flesh.

V. *The office.*—'To give repentance unto Israel, and the forgiveness of sins.' He is qualified by his *office*, as well as in person, to do this. God has exalted Him for this very purpose. As Joseph was set next to Pharaoh to distribute Egypt's corn, so Jesus is set on the Father's right hand to dispense all the fulness of God. Thus we have the security of the Father, as well as of the Son, for the discharge of his gracious office. He cannot fail; He will not disappoint. Two things specially He is exalted to give: (1) *Repentance;* that is, a change of mind—the new heart and the right spirit; alteration of views; deliverance from the evil heart of unbelief. He says, *Repent*, and He gives *repentance.* (2) *Forgiveness.* 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' were his frequent words on earth. They are the same still. He pardons, in the Father's name and in his own. 'Neither do I condemn thee,' are the words which sound from the highest heaven to us. His person speaks pardon, his office speaks pardon, his lips speak pardon, and his hands are full of pardon. 'Forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin,' is his character and his prerogative.

It is with this Jesus that we have to do. The thought of this should banish fear and root out unbelief. All that He is and has is at our disposal. Let us go and get it all.

SIN AND FORGIVENESS.

BY THE REV. J. J. BONAR, GREENOCK.

1 JOHN I. 8–10.

OULD you wonder were a holy God never to look at sin, never to reason about it, never even to mention it? —it is to his pure eye so loathsome.

But God does not refuse to deal , neither does He stand afar off from Man averts his eye from the great ion, and hides it in his bosom. God, ther hand, takes up our heart, in all ion, and shows us what a ruin it is. less He, at the same time, offers us help; and if we will only trust our- Him, light will dawn upon our dark-

ed not go elsewhere than to our text to is; for do we not see here, at once, a l hating all sin, and a merciful God very sinner? '*We have sin*,' '*we have* this is our state; and it is wretched '*God is willing to forgive and cleanse*' ; our hope; and it is full of comfort. '—here is our duty; and it is brief and

us notice, first, our WRETCHED STATE, a from these words of the text: '*We ed*,' '*we have sins*.'

ave sinned,' '*we have sins*,' says John; can deny it? God speaks in *conscience;* cience tells us that 'we have sinned.' ks in *providence;* and providence tells we have sinned.' God speaks in *the* nd the word tells us that 'we have

God speaks in *trial;* and trial tells us have sinned.' God speaks in *Calvary;* ary tells us that 'we have sinned.'

nd brethren! open your eyes and see, r ears and hear, lest ye be deceived. w is a testimony against sin; and if I a sinner, God bears false witness re- me, in all the evils that I suffer. The f the sky, and the calamities of earth, stimony against sin; and if sin be no God deals unjustly with this world when ges it. Redemption through Christ is ony against sin; and if there be 'no s, God has shed the blood of his own

Son without a cause. Ah! we are surrounded with a host of witnesses to our sinfulness; and to say that '*we have no sin, would be a lie*,'—a manifold, aggravated, and presumptuous '*lie;*' '*a lie*' against the facts of experience; '*a lie*' against the convictions of our mind; '*a lie*' against the truth of revelation; and '*a lie*' 'which makes God a liar!'

This is sad; but, brethren, it is certain. You may evade the imputation and disown the name; but if you are out of Christ, ye are sinners. You may eulogize your virtues, or extenuate your guilt; but if you are out of Christ, ye are sinners. You may conquer every voice of warning, and remain ignorant of God's controversy with you; but if ye are out of Christ, ye are sinners. You may be well spoken of, and held up as worthy characters; but if ye are out of Christ, ye are sinners. You may be quite serene, and enjoy your corn and wine with a peaceful heart; but if ye are out of Christ, ye are sinners.

And is *this* a name you are content to wear? is *this* a character you do not shrink from meriting? Can you, with the fools, make a mock of sin, as a trifle? Do you really like to be called *a sinner?*

No; it cannot be so. Sin is an awful thing; and you know this. Its defilement is awful; its wounds are awful; its curse is awful. It pollutes and consumes. It robs of God's image, and unfits for God's presence. It had strength enough to cast angels out of heaven, and it has virulence enough to shut us up in an eternal hell. Ah! you know this; but think of it too; and when God says '*that we have sinned*,' remember that it is true; lay to heart that there is cleaving to you what his soul hates; be persuaded that there dwells in you that which, if it goes with you into the world to come, will render your existence a boundless torment!

Such, O unsaved man! is thy lamentable state.

II. But then, in the second place, notice our COMFORTABLE HOPE, as indicated by the apostle, when he says, '*God is faithful and just to forgive*

us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

To meet our case, there must be a double cure, —a cure for guilt, and a cure for sin. But such a remedy is set before us in our text; for in it the apostle points us both to the hope of forgiveness and the hope of cleansing.

A transgressor is '*forgiven*' when his punishment is not exacted, but cancelled; when the debt is paid in full, and the debtor is set free; when the proven criminal is dismissed from the bar, and the rebel is taken back into favour by his prince. But in no other way than this is God waiting to deal with sinners. Unworthy as they are, He has provided for them '*forgiveness*,' and offers to act towards them as if they never had incurred his displeasure. Nor is it only pardon that God vouchsafes, but He '*cleanses*' as well as acquits; and if in the one hand He presents to us the hope of deliverance from *guilt*, with the other He reveals to us the hope of deliverance from '*all unrighteousness*.' Having blotted out 'the handwriting of condemnation,' He then searches the inner man for all its iniquity, and ceases not until He has renewed his own image upon the heart.

The apostle says that God '*forgives*' and '*cleanses*.' But He as clearly signifies that we are 'forgiven' *ere* we be 'cleansed.' And in no case is a sinner 'forgiven' *because* he is 'cleansed;' but he is 'cleansed' in virtue of having been *previously* 'forgiven.' Nothing that human effort can attempt will avail either to the remission of guilt, or the extirpation of sin; but 'forgiveness' must invariably precede 'cleansing.' And though we cannot be 'forgiven' *without* being 'cleansed,' still it is when yet in our trespasses and condemnation that we are invited back to God.

Yet, let it not be supposed that all the salvation which is summed up in '*forgiveness*' and '*cleansing*' flows to us without a days-man and without a ransom; for though we had nothing to pay, our help was laid on One who could give free course to mercy, inasmuch as He was able to satisfy justice. Christ Jesus was the Son of God; his Father's equal and delight. But that we might be '*forgiven*' and '*cleansed*,' this Son the Father sends forth. He sends Him from his bosom; He sends Him from the throne; He sends Him from heaven. Yes; and He sends Him to earth; He sends Him to dwell in our flesh; He sends Him to obey and suffer in our room.

The Son was sent, and He came! The Father's 'well-beloved' came, and died. He died because 'our iniquity was laid upon Him.' He died to attest the displeasure of the Godhead with sin.

It was no easy thing which the Son of God undertook, even for the Son of God; but He achieved what He undertook. He needs to pay down the ransom of those He means to save; and that ransom is his death. But He dies; and by his death He made it not only a practicable but a righteous thing in God to '*forgive*' and to '*cleanse*,' or wholly redeem. By his death the Son of God won for us a 'cleansing forgiveness;' and on the ground of what He endured, God is no longer a mere Lawgiver and a mere Judge of the sons of men, but a pardoning and sanctifying God; a God who does not simply love us, but who can well give effect to his love; a God who does not only seek to bless us, but who has discovered a way along which He can descend to our aid, without impeachment of a single attribute or the compromise of a single claim.

It is even more than this, for our text leads us to understand that the God who '*forgives and cleanses*,' is now '*faithful and just*' in doing so; and that He would cease to be '*just and faithful*,' were He not ready to '*forgive and cleanse*.' Had transgressors been acquitted without a ransom, after all his denunciations of sin, God would not have proved 'faithful' to *himself*. But when He charged our sin upon a Substitute—spotless, divine, infinite, all that He had uttered against sin was impressively fulfilled; and God abides '*faithful*'—'faithful' to his word, 'faithful' to his covenant, 'faithful' to his oath, at the very moment He absolves the sinner He had condemned. Or, had God required no satisfaction when He took the sinner back, He would have failed to be 'just' to *the angels* whom He disinherited because of sin: when, however, He who hung on the cross, bore our penalty, all that was inflicted on devils was exacted of man; and God is '*just*' in his '*forgiveness*'—at once consistent with himself, and impartial to all his creatures.

Beyond even the idea that God is '*just and faithful*' when He saves, perhaps the apostle would hint that God *must* 'forgive and cleanse,' if He would remain '*faithful and just*.' And can we doubt it, if we think either of the ransom which was paid by his own son, or the assurance given to the believer? Only think of *the ransom* paid—how full, and suitable, and infinite,—and say, would it be '*just*'—just to the Son of God —if, after all his travail, 'He should not see his seed?' Then, think of *the assurance* given to the believer,—how he was led to renounce his own merit; how he was told that salvation was finished on the cross; how the Spirit witnessed that he had passed from death into life,—and say, having thus drawn me to rely on the work of Christ, would it be '*faithful*' to cast me away for ever?

Oh no! God must vindicate himself by ab-

nners. Now that Jesus has died, sal- something more than a possibility, an , an offer. The character of God de- ıther than admits of it. The govern- ïod would be stained, not by conceding, ïfusing pardon. God can only be '*just*' n Son, and 'faithful' to the church re- by that Son, when He '*forgives and* them who believe.

ı '*cleansing forgiveness*' of God; and is ost comforting in the hope it brings? ht have cast us away; but instead, He .' And as there is no property of God to the heart of man, so is there no pre- which God more delights to exercise. ıe language of '*forgiveness*' He loves to ; is in the robes of '*forgiveness*' He loves n; it is with the gifts of '*forgiveness*' to walk abroad among the sons of men! Paradise the God of '*forgiveness*' ap- nd whispered in the ear of fallen *Adam*, *ut enmity between thee and the woman, 'en thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise , and thou shalt bruise his heel.*' To ıd unfolds all his perfections; but what t upon was, '*this is my name, the Lord ·ciful and gracious, long-suffering, and in goodness.*' By his *prophets*, too, ares the same truth, and cries loudly, *wicked forsake his way, and the un- man his thoughts; and let him return to who will have mercy upon him.*' Nay, *ess*' lifts up its voice amid the darkness ry, and with his last voice Jesus inter- ɔehalf of those who put Him to death, *forgive them.*'

God,' then, 'there is forgiveness;' and *le* is it! reaching to any depth of guilt, ıg in all mankind. How *free* is it! for ɔ asked to do, that it may be ours, is to t as offered. How *complete* too is it, at it removes every stain! And then, *angeable* it is, inasmuch as God must be ,' that He may remain 'just!'

d, *this* is the 'forgiveness' of our God! t a shelter it is! How open and secured ilt accuses, and sin tempts, and life is nd the shadow of death has touched us! ı reconciled God to dwell with; here is conscience into which to retire; here e of which there can be no end. Only mb this Pisgah of '*forgiveness*,' and I ɔ where the thunder strikes, or clouds ıer. Below me there may be confusion h; but around is the calm serenity of ond, the surpassing firmament of glory. same time, think how *holy* I become ınter the region of '*forgiveness*;' for, ıtored to the favour of God, I am re- newed into his image, and I am '*cleansed*,' be- cause I am '*forgiven*.' To obtain pardon by holiness is impossible; yet, as impossible is it not to be holy if I am pardoned. Only let me feel that I am a ruined sinner, saved by grace, and resign myself wholly up to the consciousness of that Lord who has blotted out my sins for ever, then my heart will rejoice in God, and my life will glorify his salvation.

III. We notice, in the last place, our *obvious duty*, as pointed out by these words of the text, '*If we confess our sins.*'

The common idea is, that in '*confessing*' sin we somehow detach it from us; and having thus made a separation between iniquity and us, we ask God to be favourable to us, not as being at the moment sinners, so much as those who had been sinners once, but have now, by their 'confession,' put away the evil thing. But if I have already succeeded, by some act of my own, in parting with my sins, there would be no place either for the blood of Christ, or the work of the Holy Ghost. No doubt, to '*confess sin*,' implies 'the putting away of sin;' yet not by us, but through the action of *another*. He who wrote our text was an Israelite, and his language, in the words before us, as suggested by Jewish rites, had reference to what was witnessed by him daily, when the priest in the temple '*confessed*' the iniquities of the congregation over the head of the appointed victim. Let us turn to Leviticus xvi. 20–22, and ascertain what was the typical ordinance: '*When Aaron hath made an end of reconciling the holy place, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar, he shall bring the live goat: and Aaron shall lay his hands upon the head of the live goat, and* confess over him *all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins*, putting them on the head of the goat, *and shall send him away by the hand of an appointed man into the wilderness. The goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities to* a land of separation—*a land not inhabited.*'

Here is God's description of '*confession*,' and, as the true law regarding it, we must frame our views in conformity to what it points out. A man has been made to feel that he is a sinner; and he is now looking around for some one who may ease him of the burden under which he is ready to sink. *Jesus* is 'Aaron,' and to this priest he goes with a full detail of his trespasses. But Jesus is not less 'the goat;' and taking the sinner's trespasses from his weary hand, He lays them on the sacrifice He had offered. The transference is complete. The sins which the sinner carried to Jesus as Aaron, are assumed by Jesus as Aaron, and '*bearing these sins*,'

Jesus, as 'the goat,' enters 'the land of separation.' On the cross He is 'forsaken;' He goes down to the grave; He appears among disembodied spirits! Yes; Jesus traverses 'the land of separation;' every region of its darkness—every chamber of its solitude, '*bearing my sins.*'

But He has left the burden in 'the land not inhabited.' He went away from earth through the gate of Calvary, an outcast and an accursed man, because my sins were upon Him and around Him. But He returns through the gate of resurrection 'a clean' and accepted Mediator, to tell me with his living voice—to show me in his risen person—that even as *He* has been acquitted of every charge, so do *I* stand acquitted in his acquittal of all the sins I had '*confessed.*'

So now it is apparent that what is meant by '*confession,*' is nothing else than 'laying our sins on the Lamb of God.' Fain are men to place *the forgiving* virtue of '*confession*' in Him who makes confession; as if the avowal that I am unable to save myself could save me. God, however, places the entire efficacy of '*confession*' in our priest, and his sacrifice—in Jesus, and his substitution. And thus the man who acceptably and effectually '*confesses,*' has, after all, more to do with another than with himself. His eye looks inward, and he is ashamed of what he finds there. But again he looks up; and as now his eye rests on the Son of God, he is at peace.

Ah! friends, the forms of error, the folds of delusion in things spiritual, are endless; and when the devil cannot make us estimate *sin* as nothing, he tempts us to make *confession* everything. But salvation is not wrought out by us, it is offered to us. It is not anything to be created; it is something to be received. And when we '*confess our sins,*' we just ask Christ to answer for them, because we cannot answer for them ourselves. '*Confession,*' viewed in this light, it is obvious, is full of power, not as a work of mind, but simply in its reference to the work of Christ. '*Confession*' expels me out of myself, and hangs me on Christ. '*Confession*' saves, yet not by divesting me of a single sin, but by bringing me as *a sinner*—a sinner utterly leprous, and utterly lost—into the presence of the Son of God, 'who alone has power on earth to forgive our sins,' but who has taught us to cry, 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than the snow.'

We have now seen the three things our apostle teaches—*First*, That we have sin to be forgiven. *Second*, That forgiveness has been brought within our reach. And, *last*, That the way to make forgiveness ours, is by laying all guilt on Christ.

In closing, I would say to *believers*, that it is to you the apostle writes in our text; and the truths he wishes to convince you of, are these two: *First*, That, though regenerated, even believers are ever sinning. And, *second*, That on this account believers must be ever seeking pardon through the blood of Christ. The Antinomian of John's day, like the Antinomian among ourselves, would be ready to maintain that, having been 'forgiven,' he could not commit iniquity as once he did. But in rebuke of so perilous a fallacy, the apostle strongly declares, '*If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.* Nay, more indignantly still he warns, '*If we say that we have not sinned, we make God a liar, and his word is not in us.*'

If, indeed, a believer fix his own idea of holy excellence, he may succeed in putting away the thought either of defilement or imperfection. But in the divine word it is said, even as to them who are reconciled and renewed, '*There is a law in his members, bringing him into captivity to the law of sin.*'

You think, perhaps, that it takes from the work of the Holy Ghost to suppose that your works are not perfect before God. But it must never be forgotten, that the very office of the Holy Ghost is 'to convince of sin;' and that He dwells within us, not because the temple is all in order, but to sweep and garnish it, day by day, till nothing unseemly is to be found therein. He has promised not to slay all at once 'the body of sin,' but only to wither and weaken it, so that it may not reign unto death.

Do you sometimes imagine that not to sin would be the best manifestation of what the blood of Christ can do? In this, however, you would be mistaken; for just as the habitual conviction of sin—of present, actual sin—is interrupted, so will the habitual sense of atonement, in its felt, essential, quickening power, be correspondingly impaired.

Is there, then, no such thing as assurance, you ask, on this side the veil? And we say there is. Assurance is an attainment at once accessible and imperative. Are you not aware, however, that assurance flows not from being without sin, but from knowing that our countless sins are met by countless pardons? It stands not at all in freedom from quiet, but in the enjoyment of daily 'forgiveness.'

And for this enjoyment of 'forgiveness,' what is needed is simply this, '*confess!*' Ah! it is not the fewness of our sins, or their smallness, which can give us peace, but our unceasing transference of them to the head of Jesus Christ. For, be our transgressions however few or small, if we carry them ourselves for a single day, a single instant, they will work darkness in the soul. Whilst, be they never so great or many,

if we only '*confess*' them over the ashes of our slain heifer, we will abide in peace.

It would be no wonder that we recoiled from admitting our continual sinfulness, if we could go no farther. But along with the one conviction there is combined this other, even that the very justice of God is pledged to show us mercy. Our iniquities, who can number them? But we abide in Christ, and know that He loves us; we appeal to the cross, and know that it cannot fail. We are washed in the blood of Christ, and know that it as truly makes 'God a liar' to doubt our pardon, as to deny our guilt.

Yet, on no account is it to be supposed that this doctrine of unfailing mercy, as based on unchangeable justice—based on justice ever faithful to itself—can minister to sin. For our text assures us, that the same attributes of God which render our 'forgiveness' most certain, are equally pledged for our sanctification; so that, even were there nothing in the nature of pardon to heal the soul, it is linked inseparably with holiness by the promise of God. He who '*forgives*' that He may remain 'faithful and just,' must '*cleanse from all unrighteousness*' too, for this same reason, that He may remain 'faithful and just.'

In one word, then, let me counsel the believer, as John used: You are constantly needing forgiveness, because you are constantly provoking condemnation. But with Christ there is plenteous redemption. We stand in our own righteousness, no, not for an hour, but in the righteousness of the Son of God all the day long. And most injurious will it be to our spiritual growth, if we are not alive to our need of Calvary every moment of this earthly sojourn. *Without sin*, let no one ever say that he is. But let this be our warranted boast, '*Accepted in the Beloved.*' '*Found in Christ;*' let this be all our security.

To *the unsaved!* let me now cry, Sleeper, awake! Awake, when awaking will save. Unbeliever, believe! Believe, when belief will bring not remorse, but deliverance. '*All things are ready,*' and even now salvation lies within your reach. The Sin-bearer is here. Gather up all your sins; binding them into one sheaf, lay them on the head of Jesus! He will rise up and go with the sad load to Calvary. One by one, unsaved man, tell your iniquities over the sacrifice God has set forth, passing them on to Jesus, and you are '*forgiven.*' Only look to Jesus as He hangs upon the cross, and you will find a virtue in the sight—a healing in the belief—that will bring you a present salvation, and in the end give you 'an inheritance with all who are sanctified.'

It would be no comfort to receive pardon from a God who had broken his laws and soiled his attributes to confer it. Never could we feel secure under the merciful reign of one who, having been unjust in bestowing his favours, might as capriciously take them away. But 'the forgiveness of God' we offer is a holy forgiveness. It rests on the work of Christ, and is thus 'the forgiveness' of a God who, in the very act of 'forgiving,' is at once '*just*' to all his universe, and '*faithful*' to himself.

Christ in the Tempest.

WHEN on his mission from his home in heaven,
In the frail bark the Saviour deigned to sleep,
The tempest rose, with headlong fury driven,
The wave-tossed vessel whirled along the deep;
Wild shriek'd the storm amid the parting shrouds,
As the vexed billows dashed 'mid dark'ning clouds.

Alas! how futile human skill and power!
'Save, or we perish' in the fearful wave!
They cried; and found, in that dread hour,
The One to pity and the Arm to save.
He spake, and lo! obedient to his will,
The raging waters and the winds were still.

So *thou*, poor trembler on life's stormy sea,
When dark the waves of sin and sorrow roll,
To Him for refuge from the tempest flee;
In Him confiding, trust thy sinking soul.
For this He came, to calm the tempest-tossed,
To seek the wanderer, and to save the lost.

—Anon.

Ethel Linton;

OR, THE FEVERSHAM TEMPER.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AUNT ETHEL'S LETTER.

IT was a bleak day in the month of March, and the wind whistled round the old-fashioned country house; while the tall trees, with their young buds just opening, bent before it. Ethel Linton sat in the parlour window: she held a book in her hand, but her attention was divided between it and her little brother, who was playing on the rug before the fire.

Suddenly a step sounded on the gravel outside; Ethel looked up, and saw the postman. It was so very rarely he honoured them with a visit, that she might be excused for her start of surprise at the sight of him, and for the eagerness with which she hastened to open the door herself in answer to his knock.

'A letter for mamma!' she exclaimed; 'and it is Aunt Ethel's writing. Come, Archie, let us take it to her;' and she took the little fellow from his playthings on the floor, and carried him upstairs.

'Here is a letter from Aunt Ethel, mamma,' she said, as she opened the door of her mother's bedroom.

Mrs. Linton, who was confined to her room with a severe cold, was sitting in an easy chair by the bright fire with her youngest child, a baby of some three months old, on her lap. She stretched out her hand eagerly for the letter.

'Take Archie into the nursery, Ethel, and then you can hold baby while I read it.'

Ethel took her little brother in her arms again, and mounted another flight of stairs to a large airy attic which was used as the nursery, as the very great uproar that came from it plainly indicated.

There were four little ones there already, which were quite as many, or more, than Martha the nursemaid could manage.

'Oh, what a noise!' exclaimed Ethel, putting her hands to her ears, as the young ones all clustered round her. 'You should keep them quieter, Martha; they will quite disturb mamma.'

'I do the best I can, Miss Ethel,' was the answer with a weary sigh; 'but they don't mind me.'

'What are you doing here, May? It is quite time you and Gertie were at Mrs. Morson's; and here you are still, not even dressed.'

'We are not going this morning,' replied May; 'it is so cold and windy.'

'Not going! nonsense. Who said so? not mamma, I am sure. And as to the cold, May, you know you never stay at home for that. You are lazy, and want to miss your lessons. I only wish I had the same chance of going as you have.'

'I only wish you had,' was May's reply, as she slowly put on her jacket and hat.

Ethel stayed until May and Gertie were fairly down stairs and on their way, and then she returned to her mother's room.

Mrs. Linton was eagerly reading the letter from her only sister, and Ethel silently took the babe from her lap, and sat down beside her. She waited until the letter was finished, and Mrs. Linton had leaned back in her chair with a sigh; then she asked if her aunt was well.

'Quite well, dear. The letter is about you, Ethel. But stay, here is a little note to you from your cousin, that will, no doubt, tell you all.'

'A note for me, mamma? How good of my cousin to write!'

Yes, and a very loving little note it was; and contained such a pressing invitation for her to visit them, 'to stay a very long time,' for the writer longed so much to know her, and it was signed, 'Your loving and affectionate cousin, Rosalie Latimer.'

The eyes that Ethel raised to her mother's face, as she finished reading it aloud, were very bright indeed.

'Oh, mamma, do you think I can go? It would be so delightful! Do you think it is possible, dear mamma?'

'I hope so, Ethel. But I think I must explain a little more than Rosalie has done. Your aunt's proposal is this, that you should go the week after next and stay three months. It is Rosalie's last half-year with her governess; and my sister thinks it might be an advantage to you to share her studies for a little while.'

'Oh, mamma, that would be truly charming; because you know, dear mamma, you cannot attend to my lessons so much as you used to do, and I should have all the books there that I want; it would be so pleasant. I do hope you will consent, mamma.'

'We must hear what papa says, Ethel. If only my mother were willing for you to go.'

'Whatever has grandmamma to do with it?'

'A great deal. If it were not that she and my brother Edward and his family were away, Ethel would not have asked you; she says so.'

'Mamma, why is it that we are so poor, and grandmamma and Aunt Ethel are so rich? Is it because you and grandmamma are not friends? I think I am old enough to know all about it now; don't you think I am?'

'Yes, Ethel, you must know it before you go to Feversham, if you do go. But I cannot tell you now, I am tired.'

'You want your lunch, mamma, dear. I will go and see about it.'

She laid her little charge lovingly in the cot,

and pressing a light kiss on the soft cheek, ran down into the kitchen.

'Mamma wants her lunch, Charlotte,' she said. 'I suppose she will have some gruel, as usual. If you will just get me the pan, I can make it.'

'No, Miss Ethel; the last you made was so thick, your mamma could not take it. I shall do it myself this morning.'

'Oh, very well; if you do not want my help, Charlotte, I have plenty to do,' was Ethel's reply; and she left the kitchen without another word.

Perhaps Ethel had plenty to do; but she did not feel inclined to do it. When she returned to the parlour, she drew an arm chair in front of the fire, and sitting down with her feet on the fender, gave herself up to the pleasant reverie caused by her aunt's letter.

She had left her own little note upstairs, so she could not read it again; but she knew what it contained, and it was a very bright picture that she drew of her visit to Feversham. She had a book in her hand, certainly; but she did not open it until Charlotte came in with the gruel; then she appeared very deeply engaged with it.

'The gruel is ready, Miss Ethel.' Ethel merely handed out the keys without a word, and Charlotte poured in the spoonful of wine which was all Mrs. Linton allowed herself.

'It will get cold if you do not carry it up, Miss Ethel,' Charlotte said again; but still there was no answer. She had reached the door; but turned back again, and laid her hand on the young girl's shoulder.

'I have vexed you, Miss Ethel; I am sure I did not mean it. But you know, dear, the mistress cannot take her gruel unless it be very smooth.'

'You can leave it there, Charlotte; I shall take it by and by,' was all Ethel said; and the old servant was obliged to take her departure.

'Miss Ethel has the Feversham temper, and no mistake,' said Charlotte to herself; 'she is for all the world like her grandmamma.'

Ethel was vexed at Charlotte's rejection of her services, but her pride never let her complain; she only showed her annoyance by a certain coolness of manner towards the offending party. But the old servant knew her well, and could always tell when she was not pleased.

Ethel was just rising to go upstairs, when she heard a loud clatter and screaming, and a racing and chasing down the stairs; the door burst open, and Edward rushed in almost out of breath, waving a doll round and round by its leg. He was followed in a minute by Katie, crying and sobbing in sore distress.

'He has got my doll, and he is killing it. Ethel, make him give it up.'

'Oh, you tiresome children!' exclaimed Ethel. 'Why cannot you stay in the nursery and be quiet? Eddie, give her the doll directly.'

'I shan't,' was the reply; and the little fellow clutched his prey tighter.

By dint of coaxing and persuasion, Ethel at last succeeded in making him give it up, and then she sent him back to the nursery, and told Katie she might stay and play *down stairs*.

All this time the gruel stood on the table cooling, and fast assuming that crusted appearance which gruel will have when it is cool. Ethel stirred it down, and felt rather to blame that she had not carried it up before; but she hoped her mamma would be able to take it.

Mrs. Linton was lying back in her chair reading her letter again; and Ethel fancied there were tears in her eyes.

'What is all that noise about, Ethel?' she asked.

'Oh, it is only the children, mamma. Eddie has been teasing Katie, that is all.'

Mrs. Linton sighed. 'I wonder when I shall be amongst you again,' she said.

'Very soon, I hope, dear mamma. Here is some gruel to help to make you strong.'

Mrs. Linton took two or three spoonsful, and then she turned from it in disgust.

'It is almost cold. I wonder Charlotte should send it up like that. I cannot take it.'

Ethel did not say it was her fault, nor did she offer to take it down again to have it warmed afresh—that would have been too humbling; so the neglected gruel stood on the table, growing colder and colder.

'Mamma, dear, do tell me all you can remember about Feversham. I ought to know all I can before I go.'

'You must not reckon so confidently upon going, Ethel. Perhaps your papa may quite object. Oh, if I could only see Feversham again, how thankful I should be!'

'And why cannot you, mamma? I don't see why you should not.'

'I cannot tell you now, Ethel. It is a long story; and you ought to begin your lessons. You can bring your books and sit here with me.'

'But I have left Katie down stairs, mamma, and I am afraid she will get into mischief.'

'Poor little Katie! Take care of her, Ethel.'

Dinner time came, and brought May and Gertie from school. Mrs. Linton had taught them herself, along with Ethel, until lately; but her health was becoming more delicate, and they had grown too much for her; so they were sent to a lady in the village, who kept a small school. The two elder boys, Guy and Percy, did not come home till evening; they attended the grammar school in the neighbouring town.

What dinners they had in those days, when their mother was confined upstairs! Such rushing and scrambling over their food, from May downwards! Charlotte had often to interfere, for every one did what he thought right. They certainly did want Mrs. Linton amongst them again.

There was a quiet hour before tea—at least quiet in that house—it might not have been called so in any other; and Ethel came and sat by her mamma's fire, and begged again for the story she had been waiting for all day.

'I must go a long way back, then, Ethel,' Mrs. Linton began, 'if you want to know the history of the Fevershams of Feversham. It is an old family—grandmamma would tell you how old, but I cannot; but I know that the house, as it now stands, was built by my grandfather; he

was the heir of the estate then, and my mother was his only child. I have often heard her tell how much he regretted not having a son; but it was some compensation that his daughter Ethel inherited the family features and the family temper. What the latter is I think you know pretty well, Ethel, for it has come down in some measure to you. Well, in order that the estate might still belong to the Fevershams, my mother was married to her cousin, the son of my grandfather's younger brother. I do not think there was much love in the match—at least I am afraid not; but it was her father's wish, and my mother was dutiful and obedient. The whole property was entirely settled on herself. My father was a very different character from my mother; he had nothing of a Feversham about him but the name; he was so gentle and loving, and would have unbent to the lowliest. There were only three of us—Edward, Ethel, and myself. I was the youngest, and my father's favourite; but my mother doated on her boy, the heir to her family name and wealth. Yet I was spoilt on all hands, and allowed to have my own way in everything, except in the one matter that was most important of all. I was just turned eighteen, when I went on a long visit to a friend, and there I met and loved your father, Ethel; and I had not a notion there was anything wrong in so doing.'

'Wrong, mamma!' exclaimed Ethel, who had been listening intently; 'there could not be anything wrong in loving my dear, good papa.'

'It was so wrong in my mother's eyes that she has not forgiven it to this day. Oh how angry she was, and what things she said when I returned home and told her in all good faith and confidence what had occurred! My sister Ethel had just married Mr. Latimer, and I thought I had as good a right to choose for myself as she had; but my mother saw a very wide difference between a clergyman of independent fortune and a poor schoolmaster who had to work his way in the world. She was determined on her side, and I was determined on mine; and in spite of the threat of being entirely cut off from my family, I stole from my home back to my friend's, and Guy Linton and I were married.'

'I am very glad you did, mamma; it was cruel, it was wicked of grandmamma to act so.'

'Oh, hush, Ethel; it was my fault, all of it. I was disobedient to my mother, and I reaped the consequence; I ought to have waited at least for a while; I acted very wrongly, I know, but I never thought the threat would have been executed.'

'And you have never seen grandmamma since then, mamma?'

'No, never once. My sister has been to see me, but my mother and brother were so very angry that she never dared to come again. I have written several times imploring forgiveness, but my letters have always been returned unopened. Three years ago, when my father died, I thought my mother would have given way; but no. I was not permitted to see him, *and a message* of forgiveness through my sister was my only comfort. And I do not suppose now that I shall ever see my mother again.'

Mrs. Linton leaned back and did not try to hide the tears that flowed unrestrainedly. Ethel looked up with a grave face of determination.

'Mamma, I glory in our poverty after what you have told me. I know we are very poor, but I would not have any of grandmamma's money if she were to offer it me to-morrow. And I am very glad you are not friends, mamma; I shall never forgive her as long as I live for her unkindness to you.'

'Oh Ethel, child, do not talk so, you frighten me. It is all my fault, and I love her dearly, dearly. I ought not to have told you all this; I might have known what a spirit it would rouse in you.'

'I do not want to go to Feversham now, mamma.'

'Nay, you must not include your aunt, Ethel; she was always kind.'

'Well, I hope I shall never see grandmamma, for I shall never forgive her.'

'You must not say that, indeed, Ethel. Oh, how my heart pines for just one loving word of pardon and forgiveness from my precious mother—more precious now than I ever thought her in my youthful days. But leave me now, my child; I am exhausted with talking so much of the past and its sad memories, and I must try to rest.'

CHAPTER II.

A FIRESIDE TALK.

ETHEL LINTON was fifteen, and she was the eldest of a family of nine. She was old for her years, being of a thoughtful disposition, and, owing to Mrs. Linton's delicate health, she had been put forward a great deal. The reader will have gathered something of her character, and of the circumstances of the family, from the preceding chapter; but there is a little more to be explained.

Mr. Linton was the second master in the grammar school in the neighbouring town of Beckworth; but he had chosen to fix his home in the little village of Oakley, partly on account of its more healthy situation, but chiefly because there he could have a comfortable house for a small rent, for the accommodation of his numerous family; and the two miles' walk morning and evening was but pleasant relaxation in fine weather, for he only availed himself of the railway when it was wet. Mr. Linton was the son of a clergyman of but small means, yet he had contrived to give his son a college education, intending him also to enter the church. But Mr. Linton having finished his course at the university, did not feel himself qualified for the profession his father had chosen for him; and he would not enter upon duties he knew he was incapable of fulfilling. So he settled down as a schoolmaster, with a very moderate income, and with but little prospect of rising in the world.

It was at this period of his life that he met and married Mary Feversham.

Something of the family of Mrs. Linton has been

learnt from her own lips; and but little more remains to be told. If Mrs. Feversham was angry and unforgiving, Mr. Linton was equally so; and he would not bend in the smallest measure towards a reconciliation. If he was poor, he was proud; and he preferred fighting his own way, were it ever so hardly won, to being under obligations to any one—least of all to his wife's relations, who had treated him with such disdain.

If Ethel inherited the Feversham temper from her mother, she was like her father in his love for books. She learnt eagerly; and it was well she did so, or her education might have been somewhat neglected; for she was frequently left to pursue her studies alone, or with occasional help from her father in an evening; for though Mrs. Linton professed to teach her, she was often unable to do so. But only let Ethel be fairly engaged with a book, and she was forgetful of all else.

Ethel was proud, and her pride would not let her own herself in fault; but she was very fond of her young brothers and sisters, and did her best to keep order amongst them during her mamma's absence—not always with success, as we have seen.

Two boys, Guy and Percy, of fourteen and thirteen, came next to Ethel. They were only at home morning and evening, as they went to the grammar school every day along with their father. May and Gertrude attended Mrs. Morson's, while the three little ones were supposed to have an hour's teaching at home; but it was not always they had it.

Reared in a beautiful home amidst wealth and plenty, with no wish ungratified, it was a very sudden change to Mrs. Linton to come down to her present circumstances; and she was beginning to think that perhaps her mother was right after all, and that she was not fit for the wife of a poor man. She tried her best to make the most of their limited income; but when each fresh little face appeared, and the parents wondered how it was to be clothed, and reared, and educated, she felt then that she was scarcely fitted for the management of a large family. Deeply grieving for her own disobedience, she had yet failed in making her children obedient to her; and they did pretty much as they pleased, except when their father was present: he had them at a word, and the house was quiet the few hours he was at home.

Charlotte was a great help to Mrs. Linton. She had been with her from childhood, having been her maid in her old home; and she loved the little ones as much as if they had been her own; and Mrs. Linton felt sure that everything would go on right, as far as Charlotte could make it, during her frequent absences from the down-stairs quarters.

Charlotte's time was very fully occupied, for she was the only servant except Martha; and Martha had almost more than she could do to take care of the children. But Charlotte worked willingly, for she had the interest of the family at heart.

It was six o'clock when Mr. Linton and the boys returned that evening; and it was not long before he found his way into his wife's room.

'Well, Mary, how are you getting on? You feel pleasantly warm here; it is bitterly cold outside. Are you getting stronger? you do not look so well as you did this morning.'

'I think I am too anxious about getting well, Guy. I do so want to be down stairs again.'

'I hope you will be in a day or two.'

'If I could only see or hear from my own dear mother, I should be well directly. I do pine for forgiveness more than ever, Guy.'

'What! you have been fretting about that again, Mary? It is no wonder you look as you do. It was perhaps a mistake, after all, on our part,' he added bitterly; 'it was wrong to tie you down to a poor man all your life.'

'Guy, dear Guy, do not say that; you are the comfort of my life; you know I do not regret that for one moment, only that we acted as we did. And it grieves me often to think I cannot make things go farther; I do the best I can. But there, I will not talk of it any more. My mother will never forgive us now, so there is no use distressing you about it; only I have been thinking of it a great deal to-day.'

'Why to-day more than usual?'

'Partly because I have been talking of it to Ethel, but chiefly on account of a letter from my sister which came this morning;' and Mrs. Linton placed it in her husband's hand.

He read it through without a word.

'Oh,' he said, as he folded it up; 'so they have condescended to notice us at last! I am much obliged to them; but I do not want my child to be patronized by her rich relations.'

'Oh, Guy, you are too hard! Ethel has been our friend always.'

'Friend! I tell you I do not want them as friends. They have chosen their course; let them keep to it; I am quite willing things should continue as they are.'

'But the Latimers are not Fevershams; you need not be so bitter against them. And only think what a good thing it would be for Ethel; she has had so few advantages, poor child! And this might be the making of her, for you know, Guy, it is most probable she will have to earn her way in the world.'

'Better that than be dependent upon others. I only wish we could afford to send her to school; but that is out of the question. I suppose these Latimers would not let us pay anything for her.'

'That would be an insult; you could not do that. You see, Ethel asks it almost as a favour, to be a companion for her own daughter. So you will let the child go? she has quite set her mind upon it.'

'Only on one condition, then—that she accepts no present in any shape or way.'

It was Ethel's usual duty to assist Charlotte in setting the tea-table, and it was generally a pleasant duty; but this evening tea-time came, and Ethel did not offer her services. Charlotte had refused her help in the morning; so she might do without it now, she thought, unless she chose to ask for it.

This Charlotte would not do, though she cast

sundry glances, as she passed in and out of the room, at Ethel as she sat on the rug before the fire with little Archie on her lap, playing and talking to him, and taking no apparent notice of the preparations going forward.

'Miss Ethel,' said Charlotte at last, 'you'll *perhaps* make the tea. The master will want it as soon as he can have it this cold night.'

'Of course, Charlotte; it is later than usual already.'

'Whose fault is that?' was on Charlotte's tongue, but she did not say it.

Ethel made the tea, and lighted the lamp, and placed Archie in his high chair by her side. And then there was a rushing and scampering from the nursery, which was instantly silenced by a 'Gently children; cannot you come down stairs quietly?' from Mr. Linton.

It was a homely meal; but there was plenty of good thick bread and butter, and the children were healthy and robust, and brought good appetites with them, so that it quickly disappeared. All but little Katie; she was the delicate one of the family, and she sat with a large slice of bread before her, and her eyes filling with tears.

At last Ethel observed her.

'What is the matter, Katie? Oh, Charlotte has forgotten you. May, will you go and ask her for Katie's plate of thin bread and butter?

May rose and ran into the kitchen, and Charlotte speedily furnished her with what she came for.

'I did not mean to forget the poor little lamb,' she said to herself; 'but it is all Miss Ethel's fault, she made me late. But she can be aggravating when she thinks she will.'

Mr. Linton went upstairs to his wife when tea was over, and the children were left in undisturbed possession of the parlour. Ethel followed her father as he left the room.

'Papa, dear,' she said, taking his hand to stop him; 'I may go to Feversham, may I not?'

'What do you want to go for, child?'

'Oh, a great many things; mostly because of studying under my cousin's governess. I do feel to be growing up so ignorant, papa.'

'Well, I suppose you will have to go; but only on one condition: mind, Ethel, that you receive no present of any kind from any of them. I do not want my child to be under obligations to her mother's relations.'

'Nor do I, papa,' replied Ethel, drawing herself up proudly; 'you need not fear.'

Ethel returned to the parlour, and the young ones all drew round the fire—Guy with little Katie on his lap, and Ethel with Archie on hers, while the others disposed themselves on the floor as near the fire as they could.

'I hope the wind did not blow you away this afternoon; did it, May?' said Ethel.

'It has taken care to blow her back again, at all events,' remarked Percy.

'Oh, but it was really dreadful!' replied May, shuddering at the remembrance; 'and so cold! We could hardly get to Mrs. Morson's; could we, Gertie?'

'Oh yes, I could manage very well,' said Gertie, a brisk, sprightly little lassie of some nine years old. 'You were grumbling all the way, I know; but I rather like the wind; it makes me feel as if I had done something when I have struggled through it.'

'Well done, Gertie!' exclaimed Guy; 'you are a brave little one. How do you expect to get through the world if you can't stand the wind, May?'

May shrugged her shoulders, and said she did not care.

'How did you get on at school to-day, Guy?' Ethel inquired, by way of changing the subject.

'Much the same as ever. I wish there were no such things as books; I hate them!' he exclaimed energetically, starting up, and rousing Katie, who had almost fallen asleep on his shoulder. 'I'll tell you what, Ethel, I do wish papa would let me go to sea. I could make out ever so much better there than I ever shall with these horrid old books.'

'Nonsense, Guy,' said Ethel, coolly; 'it is no use talking in that way; you will have to "make out," as you say, with the books, for I know papa looks forward to your taking a place in the grammar school under him when you are old enough.'

'That I shall never do,' said Guy.

'And papa said only to-day,' observed Percy, 'that you can learn as well as any one if you only will.'

'Yes, perhaps so; but unfortunately the will is wanting, Percy. There is not inducement enough to make me learn.'

'There is Ethel, now,' continued Percy; 'she would give her ears for the advantages you despise, Guy.'

Ethel laughed.

'I don't think I should be willing to part with those necessary members, even for Guy's advantage, Percy; but I hope I shall have some equal to them. I am going to Feversham.'

Guy gave a prolonged whistle, and the rest opened wide their eyes with astonishment.

'Well, wonders never do cease. But I should as soon have thought of your going to the moon as to Feversham, Ethel, when papa is so bitter against mamma's relations. But does he say you may go?'

'Yes, of course. And you know nothing about the Fevershams, Guy.'

'I don't know the ins and outs of the case, to be sure; but I do know there is something wrong somewhere. Do you think I can't see that we have nothing to do with them, or they with us? and I am surprised to hear you are going there.'

'I am not going to grandmamma's, but to Aunt Ethel's. She has written to ask me to share Rosalie's lessons for three months.'

'But, Ethel,' exclaimed May, bewildered, 'if you go away for three months, whatever shall we do without you?'

The idea of one of them leaving home at all was so very novel, that they could hardly take it in.

The talk was interrupted, however, by Martha coming for the three little ones; and soon afterwards Mr. Linton appeared, and the others assembled round the table with their books, and silence and quietness reigned for the next hour.

(*To be continued.*)

Balm in Gilead.

'Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?'

I.

H! my wound lies deep: none know it
Save my early friends, and One—
One to whom I dare to show it,
Bending low before his throne.

Long I sought the crowded city,
With its many hearts—in vain.
These could smile, and those could pity;
None could still my restless pain.

Lure me now the tangled wildwood,
Sunny glade, and sparkling rill;
All the happy haunts of childhood;
But my heart is aching still.

Can it be but dim tradition,
Drawn from Fable's mystic fount,
That a great and good Physician
Dwells in Gilead's holy mount?

Is it truth, or legend only,
That a healing balm grows there,
Through its valleys, deep and lonely,
Breathing fragrance on the air?

II.

Balm of Gilead! I have found thee;
Near thy soft green leaves I bow;
And the fragrant breezes round thee
Fall upon my spirit now.

Oh! Thou great and good Physician,
Wise and tender, kind and true,
Thine the sacred healing mission;
Take the heart Thou didst renew!

Yet it is not that my sorrow
Vanished from the soul away,
As the mist at dawning morrow
Melts into the glorious day.

Nay, the wound is there; I feel it;
Over it I still must sigh;
Kneeling oft, I still reveal it
To the one all-seeing Eye.

But a new and living fountain
Opened in my weary breast,
When on Gilead's holy mountain
Late I sought and found my rest.

And I know—I know full surely,
God shall wipe all tears away,
When my feet shall tread securely
Yonder city's golden way.

H. R.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ACTS IV. 33.

THE apostles here stand before us as witnesses, and we listen to them as such. They deliver their testimony and produce their evidence. They know that what they say is true, and they expect to be believed. It is their testimony and their evidence that we present; it is their gospel that we proclaim.

That testimony is about a risen Christ. They went with this as the burden of their sermons—'He is risen!' Jesus 'rose from the dead according to the Scriptures.' This is the fact round which their whole preaching turned; on which they laid such stress.

We have specially to notice the great power on the one hand, and the great grace on the other; the power in connection with the grace, and the grace in connection with the power.

I. *There was great power in the witnesses.*—They were men of power, because filled with the Holy Ghost. They preached in faith. They believed, and therefore spoke. Ah! this is our power—faith in God, faith in the word of God. It is this that makes us men of power,—men capable of doing great things, men speaking with authority and confidence.

II. *There was great power in their testimony.*—It was all so true, so supported by evidence, and withal so earnest, yet so calm. It had no weak points about it; all was strength—the strength of manifest and infallible truth. The facts they stated were so plain, so simple, so incontrovertible, so full of infinite meaning.

III. *There was great power in the fact to which they bore witness.*—Resurrection is ever appealed to as the great proof of power, the great embodiment of power; so that he who comes into contact with that fact, comes into contact with that which contains the mighty power of God. The apostle speaks of 'the power of his resurrection.' The power contained in that fact is ever ready to flow out to all who will accept that fact for what it is. That power is the power, not of death, but of life; and he who connects himself with that power, connects himself with life—the life of soul and body—resurrection-life. This fact is a depository of divine electricity; he who touches receives the life. The moment we touch, the electricity flows out; the life flows out. This is the fact in which there lies the power to raise the dead. When dead souls touch it, they become alive; they are quickened—quickened by the virtue residing in a risen Christ. He who touched even the *unrisen* Christ was made whole; much more he who touches the Risen One.

IV. *There was great power accompanying the testimony.*—Mighty signs and wonders accompanied it. God bore testimony to their testimony; and this outward and visible exhibition of power was the divine voice from the excellent glory, like that which said, 'This is my beloved Son.' God himself stood by them and bore witness, making himself the voucher for all that was uttered. The same Spirit comes down still, accompanying the testimony. He comes not with gifts of healing, but with salvation; and the effect of his touch upon men, in connection with the resurrection of Christ, is the power which still to us accompanies the testimony.

V. *There was great grace upon all.*—God gave special manifestation of his grace, or favour, or free love. In what way this was done, we don't exactly know. It might be, on the one hand, the shedding abroad of his love in the hearts of the disciples; and, on the other, the conversion of unbelievers. A mighty stream of love came rushing down upon them, and filled them all,—working in them that which is well pleasing in his sight; bestowing the abundance of heavenly gifts and blessings upon them. It was a mighty and marvellous exhibition of divine favour, a full outburst of divine love. As when it was said of old of such and such an one, they found favour or grace in the eyes of the Lord, so here it is, 'great grace was upon them all.'

And this in connection with the preaching of a risen Christ! The fountain out of which this gush of love came forth, was the empty tomb of Jesus! So well pleased is God with that event—the resurrection of his Son—that the mention of it is an irresistible appeal to Him; an argument which at once prevails, and unlocks the gate of love. He delights to bear testimony to his appreciation of that event—to his delight in the Risen One. And as that resurrection was his seal set to the Messiahship of Jesus, and to his finished work, so this 'great grace' coming down on us is the seal set to that resurrection itself—the proclamation of his delight in it and in the Risen One.

It is a risen Christ that we preach. It is with a risen Christ that the church has to do. It is a risen Christ that we present to the dead in sin.

DIVINE DYNAMICS.

BY THE REV. J. B. DICKSON, LL.D.

HE world was perishing in its own dark corruption. The faith of Jerusalem could not save it; interpreted by its Rabbis it was a dead letter, local, narrow, a body without a The might of Rome could not save it; iron shed but could not cure it. The wisdom of could not save it, though unlocking the es of time, and presenting idealized beauty object of life and worship. For a while f Tarsus dreamt that the faith of his could save it; but he dreamt in vain. ;th a flash, a voice on the way to Damas- Blind, conscience-smitten, he fell to the and as he rose, he saw, with the eye of it in the light of the doctrine of God in-, living, suffering, dying for men, the the force (δύναμις) which alone could ack a dying world to life. Then, in the l exultation of his soul, he cried out, 'I und it: "The gospel is the power of God lvation to every one that believeth"—l force of salvation universally, not only sin and death," but from moral, social, and ysical misery.' With this motto on his he went forth to gather under it, from ies of the valley of vision, an 'exceeding rmy' for the living God. And if the e not the Lord's,—if God's kingdom of usness and peace be not established in all and in all lands,—if the sufferings of the e not reduced to their lowest,—it is be-re have not held that banner up with the Paul. Looking upon it as an old torn venerable memorial, indeed, of well- but long-past fields,—we have unfurled signs with new devices, scribbled over very Babel of legends; and now we in this nineteenth century, face to face ailure, forced back upon the old paths, standard, the old cry, 'The gospel is the of God unto salvation.'

power of God.' Such is Paul's idea of spel. It is God's power by excellence, e, absolute, perfect. The expression e rendered 'Force of God;' and hence her that the apostle viewed the gospel ist as a system of divine dynamics—if ll allow the phrase—for the deliverance of the world. Force, of one kind or another, science tells us, is the law of the universe. Association by gravitation is the law of force in the material, association by love is the law of force in the moral world. The most conspicuous feature in God's works is oneness of cause with variety of effect, simplicity of means with diversity of result. One force reigns everywhere; but under how many different forms does that force appear! The same force that drives the sap through the veins of a leaf, sends the blood through the network of the human hand; the same force that rounds a drop of water, rolls into circles the fires of heaven; the same force that paints the wing of a butterfly, heaves up the Andes; the same force that throbs out in life-blood from the heart to the extremities of the frame, breaks forth in light and heat from the fountains of the sun; the very same force that now enables me to trace the words you read, sits at the heart of creation, giving birth to all its wonders! How admirable in its minuteness,* how stupendous in its magnitude, how sublime in its omnipotence, how beautiful in its simplicity is this law! It is the power, the force of God unto the making—the power, the force of God unto the upholding and governing—of the universe. This force is not God, but God is in it, through it, and takes visible shape as it works and strives through the spaces of immensity. Now, what this law of force is in the world of matter, the doctrine of Christ is in the world of mind. Jesus Christ, the incarnation of divine wisdom and love, is the one centre of moral and spiritual force, whence flow life and law to every part of the moral world. Outside the sphere of this force—if, indeed, any intelligence can be said to be outside it since its introduction — reign chaos and death. Within its own world—for we do not speak of its subtle influence upon the race, whether savage or civilised—mark how particular, yet how universal, is the operation of this force of life, and order, and love. The same power that leads me to teach a child the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, his rule, his law, his mercy,—to speak one kind word to the half-

* 'Nusquam majus quam in minimis.'

starved ragged foundling of the streets,—to lift my hand in tearful blessing over his poor unsheltered head,—shook down despotisms, built up constitutional thrones, severed the slave from his fetters, and raised man's ruined soul into a temple and a shrine for the one Father-God. And by the same force was the world gladdened and lighted up with hospitals for the sick, the maimed, and the dying; refuges for the helpless and the lost; asylums for the imbecile and the insane, even for the hopeless idiot; and with such wonderful means and appliances that the very blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb spake. Thus at the incarnation of divine love—the divine force of charity—the long, bleak, dark winter of the world began to close, and the spring-time of humanity to come on. And why? because the law of self-sacrifice was declared to be the law of heaven and of God; and this law, illustrated and fulfilled in the life of God's Son, and sealed by his blood, began to reign! The same Christian instinct which leads a man to give up one comfort or convenience for another's sake, is the power — the identical power — that drew God down out of heaven, and nailed the God-Man to the tree. The gospel of love—the 'glad tidings' of Jesus Christ—is the one law of the church, by which man is saved from himself, from sin, its power and its punishment; and we believe in human progress, only in so far as this law works through every scheme of philanthropy, and becomes gradually universal in the world. Progress through the progress of Christianity is our creed. We cannot, we think, be too earnest in repeating, with ever-increasing emphasis, that it is idle to attempt any real permanent amelioration of the world apart from or in opposition to this force. Evil laughs at any other adversary. Is the history of 'social science,' in many of its departments, not a record of well-meant blunders? Christianity, with its ennobling idealism — a fiction — is infinitely better for mankind than certain schemes of social reform, with their materialistic and earth-born degradations — a fact. Pitying poor humanity, philanthropists, of 'the earth, earthy,' have drawn a veil between the eye of day and the world beneath, and gone about with dull red torches in the cold darkness of the night they themselves have made. With fervid earnestness we proclaim to every lover of his kind, that unless the 'power of God unto salvation'—the supreme, the universal law of divine love — the supernatural 'glad tidings' of the Fatherhood of God—be the primary and pervading principle of his efforts to raise the fallen, to reclaim the erring, to make 'the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts,' his work, of what kind soever, will be ever commencing, never ending; motion without progress; 'sound and fury, signifying nothing,'—the old, old story of Sisyphus and his stone. How can we be saved from ourselves, from time, from earthliness, but by the believing contemplation of God—light and love,—of eternity, of the world to come? Man, as a mere animal—eating, drinking, sleeping, dying—contains within himself no elevating, no ennobling force; it is only as a consciously immortal being, in communion and harmony with God in Christ, that the divine seed of life within him grows and expands into the flowers and fruits of self-denying duty. Truly the gospel of Christ, rightly understood and acted on, by which man is raised into sonship in the family of God, is the 'force of God' unto his salvation from all that degrades and destroys him. It is God's own, God's best, God's supernatural way of enlightening, refining, elevating man, and strengthening him against all that curses and kills him. And yet some in our day, in the perverse pride of philanthropic reason, reject it as the dogma of an unphilosophic pulpit and a dead past. They think they have found out other and higher ways of bettering society.

Good, indeed, are some of these schemes; and with the motives of their originators and adherents we find no fault. Generous, if sometimes mistaken dreamers, they long to better the world, to cast some sweetening branch into the waters of Marah, to bring forth light and life from darkness and death; but do they not forget that God's own plan for the salvation of the race, not only in the life to come, but even in this life, must be the central force, the inner spirit, around which all moral and spiritual facts harmoniously and healthily revolve, and by whose working they must all be moulded and moved? Pronounced by himself to be 'very good,' 'good news,' has it not, when adopted and carried into effect, been demonstrated to be so by the bright roll of Christian achievements, the fair essential unity of holy Christian lives? Nay, are these achievements and these lives not the best 'evidence' that Christianity is divine? Come, then, kind-hearted men, sit down meekly, perhaps amid the ruins of your fairest dreams, the ashes of your warmest hopes, and learn, ere it be too late, that unless you employ God's force, his revealed force, in his own way, you but strike at the Upas root, hardened, intertwisted, rock-fixed, like a Gordian knot of snakes, with the toy-axe of a child—you but dam back a victorious sea with dykes of sand—you but try to heal the disease by an empiricism, which renders it more obstinate and virulent—you but light up the sunless cavern with a sickly taper—you but thrust a dwarf's arm among the

s of that tremendous wheel of evil, which goes thundering and crashing over the , the hopes, and the homes of men. Tell ntle-hearted workers—ye who have been ıtly trying to relieve the world of some of series, but apart from the sweet power of ıspel of Christ—what have you now to look upon? Have you much else than the ap- tion of your own conscience, that you, at meant well? Does your hand not hang does your heart not fail, because you have e so little of evil, done so little of good? he secret of your want of success not lie

God's axe lay in its benevolent, but le beauty, glittering at your feet; but you red an axe of your own 'make' and tem- ; wherewith to hew down the Upas. God's ı stood before you, with her strong walls leep foundations; but you refused her r, alike for yourselves and for others. own balm of Gilead, God's own Physician were at hand; but you denied the effi- of the one, and the skill of the other. own sun lighted up the heavens; but d of bringing forth the dungeon-darkened es to the day, you flared dull and dying through the blackness of their living . Divine omnipotence was offered you to he car of evil; but you relied rather on own weakness; and now you look hope- upon your shattered arm and a crushed

Listen, earnest workers, ye must be- 'fellow-workers' with God; for the gospel ist, wielded by a believing soul animating a hand, is the 'power of God.' So thought, ıte, so felt one of the foremost workers of ıe; and no discovery in positive science, ɔphy, or philanthropy, can change the un- ɛable truth of his words, applicable now ver to men of every class and clime. The f the world has changed much since his circumstances have altered their character irection; but this power is the same, ap- le to all circumstances and to all times, immortal, ever old, ever young, like that divine nature whence it came to regenerate and redeem mankind. Can there be health save in obeying the laws of health? Can we obtain happiness save by obeying the laws of happiness? A fixed law reigns everywhere, in everything; and if we seek to attain any specific end, we must get first into the road that leads towards it, and steadily travel along it till we reach the goal. We fail—fail so often—because, while what we wish for shines before us, we mistake the way, and wander about in a maze—now near, now remote—until, folding our helpless hands, and closing our aching eyes, we lie down in the waste, where our bones whiten into ghastly monuments of misdirected but well-meant zeal. If we seek to bless mankind with true moral and spiritual health,—the only pure fountains of social and physical well-being,—we must have recourse to that divinely-ordained, divinely-wrought instrument which God himself put into the hand of his victorious servants long ages ago. Bonds of our own weaving are weak as withes to bind the Samson of evil. The 'power of God' is the stone out of the brook which crashes into the forehead of Goliath, and stretches him on the plain; it is the lever which upheaves from its foundation the stronghold of sin in men's souls; it is the wedge which rives asunder the heart of rock; it is the rope by which the soul is drawn up out of the 'horrible pit and miry clay;' it is the beneficent force which falls down from God upon the great wheel of self-sacrificing love and duty, urging and perpetuating its beneficent revolutions; it is the gravitation of love and mercy, through righteousness and truth, by which the world is rounded into order and beauty;—in a word, it is the system of divine dynamics by which evil is dethroned, and good crowned upon the earth. Go forth, O sweet and holy power, armed with love, 'conquering and to conquer,' until the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for thee, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose!

Early Years of the late Rev. John Milne.

(*Continued from p.* 9.)

IT was soon after Mr. Milne's settlement in Perth that he became the friend of Robert M'Cheyne, with whom he wrought so congenially during the interesting years that ed. It was regarding this acquaintance- hat he made one day a statement in the , which one would not like to forget: n I was in Dundee, I went to the house nan prosperous in the world. *The family* spoke to me of a strange minister there who had said "that he would rather depart and be with Christ." "Did you ever hear of such a thing?" said the worldly man. Need I say,' added Mr. Milne, 'that from that time my heart was glued to that man?' 'That man' was Robert M'Cheyne.

From the beginning to the end of his ministry, he held fast that which he had received, both in doctrine and practice; preaching the one old gospel, and walking in the simplicity of old ways. The constant study of the word kept him from the deflections of the age; nor did he

require novelties, either ecclesiastical or theological, to excite his spiritual system.

Religion in a soul or a church must be sick and ready to die, when it requires the use of stimulants to restore it,—the stimulants of music, and dresses, and postures, and ceremonies; or the stimulants of speculation and mysticism, and the 'enticing words of man's wisdom.' Rather, we may say, that it is *dead;* and these are galvanic appliances to make a dead man look, and stare, and roll his eyes like a living one.

Yet, after all, 'that which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' Mr. Milne's ministry was to be a testimony to all this; his life was to be an exhibition of it. He knew that what the world needs is 'regeneration'—nothing short of this. He understood that what God has sent was 'salvation'—nothing less than this. His life and ministry were the embodiment of these mighty truths. He did not trifle with the souls of men, nor with the cross of Christ, nor with the work of the Holy Ghost.

His mind, as we shall see, was one of great vigour and versatility; his style was lucid and pointed. If the test of talent be, as some seem to think, the power of mystifying the simple, he had it not; but if it consists, as surely it does, in the power of simplifying the abstruse, he was no ordinary man.

He was not a theologian in the strict sense of the word. The structure of his mind was not theological, and his spiritual experience had not drawn him into system. But he was not the less clear in his enunciations of the faith once delivered to the saints. An eminent theologian mentions that he heard him, many years ago, in Mr. Moody Stuart's, and that he did not altogether assent to some of his opening statements, thinking them not quite theologically correct. 'But,' says he, 'I heard the whole sermon to the end, and I soon felt that I was listening to a man that loved Christ better than I did myself.'

Mr. Milne began his ministry in Perth with great earnestness; though his preaching at first was not so marked and full as in after years. He had been sent to do a work for God, and he began it with fear and trembling, as one conscious of insufficiency (2 Cor. ii. 16). The work he had come to do soon became apparent.

On the 10th of February 1840 he thus writes to Mr. Edmond:—

'I have been busy, very busy, almost unceasingly, night and day, for the last six weeks; and the result of the labour is, I trust, one of the most hopeful and widest revivals that has as yet taken place in Scotland. The person chiefly instrumental in beginning and carrying on this is Mr. Burns, lately of Dundee, who is living with me, and we are very happy, working without intermission. We are in a great degree alone, having only got help occasionally from Mr. Cumming of Dunbarney, and Mr. Bonar of Collace. You can form no idea what a thirst there is on the part of the people to hear; and we have already much fruit in numerous cases of hopeful conversion. I have every day fresh reason to bless God that I was sent here, and to remember you with gratitude and affection for being helpful in sending me. I find cases where my preaching was blest from the very beginning. We have much opposition, and it is getting more violent as the work goes on. Mr. Gray is the only town minister that stands by us, though he takes no active part in the services, as he is occupied with the non-intrusion question, of which he is the great champion. I find fresh opportunities of usefulness opening up every day; so you must rejoice with me.'

In one of Mr. Milne's note-books we find the following entry:—

'Most of the existing body and soul of New England churches originated in revivals; and hence a danger of fancying that little advance is to be expected or laboured for when there is no special work of God going on. Who can tell whether these occasional periodic showers or a continual down-dropping dew would be best? But let us seek directness of aim; expect conversions, even when not aware that the Spirit is at work, in the way of prayerfulness and inquiry. In revival times there is expectation of being heard; earnestness and determination of mind commensurate. At other times there is a general faith of God's willingness to answer; but *now* (in revival times) there is a fervour kindled by a distinct grasp of its object as present and immediately attainable. The hearer now comes expecting that we shall call him to repent immediately and turn to God; conversion is in the mind both of preacher and hearer. Hence we find in America short seasons of energetic fruitful nature, and then long dead vacations. God's love, interest in his church, faithfulness, never change; and He puts special honour upon those who are stedfast, and go on against discouragements and opposing currents. There are instances of revival going on through a whole ministry. Let revival effort be used even when revival does not exist.'

The above paragraph lets us know the state of Mr. Milne's mind, in reference to what are called 'Revivals.' It prepares us for understanding the part which he took in them, both in his own congregation and those of the brethren with whom he was associated. Like many of us, he did not trouble himself about the word 'revival.' He did not feel concerned either to defend it or to take offence at it. It was the *thing* which lay underneath the word that he regarded. That thing which occurred in Jerusalem at Pentecost (Acts ii. 41); in Samaria some short time afterwards (Acts viii. 8); again at Antioch (Acts xi. 21); again at Iconium (Acts xiv. 1); again at Thessalonica (Acts xvii. 4); again at Corinth (Acts xviii. 8). That *thing*, call it by what name we please, seemed to him to be the very end and object of the ministry. A minister of Christ is not an essayist, nor an orator, nor a lecturer, nor a philosopher, but 'an ambassador for Christ' (2 Cor. v. 20); a 'fisher of men' (Matt. iv. 19). His work is not in the first place that of improving morals, or elevating character, or rectifying social evils, or redressing material wrongs,—but of SAVING. As the Apostle of the Gentiles said, 'Christ sent me

not to baptize, but to preach the gospel,' so we have still to say, as servants of the same Master, 'Christ sent me not to civilise, but to preach the gospel.' It is that gospel which is 'the power of God unto SALVATION' (Rom. i. 16); a gospel not depending for its efficacy on the 'enticing words of man's wisdom,' but on the 'demonstration of the Spirit and [on his] power' (1 Cor. ii. 4); for 'after that, in the wisdom of God, the world by [its] wisdom knew not God, it pleased (εὐδόκησεν, it was 'well-pleasing') by the foolishness of preaching (τοῦ κηρύγματος, *this* preaching, *i.e.* of the cross) to SAVE them that believe' (1 Cor. i. 21).

The spiritual movement in which Mr. Milne took so deep an interest, began, as the first of the above letters indicates, very soon after his settlement in Perth. In December 1839, Mr. Burns came for one night; but found such encouragement that he remained for several months, having meetings, chiefly along with Mr. Milne, but also with the assistance of some others.

The first night that the church was lighted with gas, Mr. Bonar of Collace came in to help, and found (in the afternoon when he arrived) Mr. Milne and Mr. Burns sitting together. As soon as Mr. Burns saw the two brethren, ready for the evening work, he started up, looked at his watch, and said that he must be off for Dundee to hold a meeting there that night. It was in vain urged that he was advertised to preach, and that crowds would be gathering. He snatched up his carpet-bag, and set off for Dundee. The two brethren, thus abruptly left, conducted the meeting, which was a very crowded one; and it is believed that much good was done on that occasion. One individual afterwards gave this testimony concerning it: 'The first sermon convinced me of sin, and the second brought me to Christ.'

The spiritual work went on during January and February with manifest results for good, both in the town and neighbourhood. The crowds were great, both on Sabbaths and week-days. Many were, during that time, 'turned from darkness to light.' Mr. Milne's sermon on the 'barren fig-tree,' in Mr. Gray's church, is still remembered for its solemnity and power. During the day crowds of inquirers flocked to Mr. Milne's house for conversation with him and Mr. Burns. Every seat in the church was let; the aisle, the lobby, the vestry (a small flat-roofed room behind the pulpit) were filled at every meeting. After every seat was let, a list of seventy was made up, who were waiting for the first vacancies. Many of these did not get seats till after the Disruption. At Mr. Milne's first communion, in April 1840, there were one hundred and forty young communicants. For some years afterwards great life and warmth exhibited themselves in the congregation. The members were set a-working vigorously, in different ways; various agencies sprang up, connected with both old and young—Mr. Milne himself at the head of all of them, full of faith and fervour. A weekly prayer-meeting was begun, which has continued to this day. The Perth Young Men's Tract Society was commenced. At first three of its members were sent out by Mr. Milne with their first distribution of tracts; now there are forty. St. Leonard's became noted in the neighbourhood. It became a centre of blessing. To it was traced much good or evil, by those who either liked or disliked the proceedings there. 'You'll be from St. Leonard's,' was the answer given by more than one, to an individual who was dealing faithfully with his fellow-travellers. One family was signally blest. Several daughters were converted, along with the mother, who, though she had been long a professing Christian, used to say that never till then had she 'lost her grip of the world.' One son continued unchanged. He soon after left Perth for another place, and Mr. Milne gave him a note of introduction to a minister there. The young man saw through the paper his own name, and read these words: 'Others of the family have got the blessing, but he is left.' The words smote him to the heart, and he returned to Perth, seeking the Lord, and has long been a child of God. The father was much opposed to the work and to Mr. Milne; but before his death he too was changed; and hearing of Mr. Milne, after his return from India, being in the place in which he lived, he sent for him and welcomed him with joy.

An additional communion was kept on the first Sabbath of January 1842; and, some time after, it was resolved to have the communion four times a year. The Presbytery, however, interfered, and the session, for the time, gave way for the sake of peace. Mr. Milne seems to have felt this interference of the Presbytery. It depressed him as well as wounded him. Robert M'Cheyne thus wrote to him on the occasion:—

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your distress has afflicted me. If one member suffer, all the other members suffer. I fear that, like my own case, unbelief and sin mingle with your bodily unhingement, and retard your recovery. Tell me how you are; you know I feel along with you. I am weak like you, sinful like you, and now suffering like you. We have both our Elder Brother, who knows our sin and sorrow, and can save from both. Oh that He may come speedily! I feel for you also in regard to your communion. I differ *toto cœlo* from the speeches of your brethren in Presbytery. Had I been in your place, I would have carried the case to the Synod and Assembly. It may yet be remedied. I intend to assail Mr. Grierson and Andrew Gray the first time I meet them. I think you should move for four communions in the town. At the same time, I think you have let go a valuable privilege of an individual session to appoint a communion at any time, taking the peculiar circumstances of the particular congregation into view. For example, when I came from abroad we had a special communion season, and it was greatly blessed. This power should not be taken from sessions. . . . . I have not preached yet, and am only to preach once a Sabbath. Oh that I could improve affliction! This I have learned more than ever, that I am a worm. Bear me on your afflicted heart before the throne, and accept the sympathy and prayers of a suffering brother in Jesus.—ROBT. M. M'CHEYNE.'

About this time missionary boxes were placed

at the doors of the church, that the zeal and liberality of the people might have a weekly channel through which to pour themselves abroad. There are few such missionary boxes at our church doors now. It is well that our local funds should prosper, and no less so that our offerings for the poor should be constant. But it is desirable that the missionary box, with its missionary inscription, should meet the eye of our people every time they enter the house of God, lest they forget the words, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'

We shall see how close, in after years, was Mr. Milne's connection with missions, and how deep his interest in them. In these missionary boxes we see how his mind was already occupied with foreign work, and his eye turning to the foreign field. To trace a connection between these boxes and Mr. Milne's important step in 1853 might be going too far; but it is not the less interesting to note the fact of his thus early calling the attention of his people to missions, asking their liberality in behalf of the missionary cause, especially in connection with the great work of God then going on at home.

At Rest.

'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.'

OH! weary heart, upon life's rugged mountains,
Where trembling feet but slowly find their way,
Searching for shady grot or cooling fountains,
Where quiet waters in the silence stray;
Fainting with cares, bowed with life's weary trial,
Weak with the contest of temptation's night;
God is thy refuge, fear not his denial,
But trust thyself to his strong arm of might.

In silence underneath and all about thee,
By restful hands a sure foundation laid;
No fear from clouds within or storms without thee,
His love a mighty refuge stands arrayed.
The Eternal God is thine in every hour;
Thou shalt his strength divine and glory see:
Be filled with grace above all human power,
Wherewith He sets his own beloved free.

Oh! then, if on the highway thou shalt weary,
And find no grateful shade in which to rest—
The trees too far, the path so long and dreary—
Bethink thee how his children may be blest;
How all the day his tender love doth cover,
And makes each soul beside Him safely dwell,
Till earthly days and nights alike are over,
And hearts no more their weary wanderings tell.

—*Amanda M. Douglas.*

THE LITTLE ONES AT PRAYER.

A LITTLE child knelt near the broken lattice. Casting a glance at the sleeping form of her father, she clasped her wan hands, and murmured—

'O God, make father leave his evil ways; make him my own dear father once again! Make mother's sad looks go away, and make her old smile come back; but thy way will be done.'

Just then the mother entered the room, and taking her husband by the arm, she said—

'Hearken to Minnie; she is praying.'

'O God, make father love me as once he did, and make him forsake his bad ways!' murmured the little one again.

'Oh, Paul—husband!' cried the mother; 'by our past joys and sorrows, by our marriage vows, our wedded love, blight not the life of our little one! Oh! let us all be happy again.'

The conscience-stricken man bowed his head and wept; then clasping his hands, he said—

'With God's help, you will never be made to sorrow on my account again.'

And he kept his vow.—*Evangelist.*

Modern Poetry Tested by Scripture.

(*Continued from p.* 5.)

ANTOS 53, 54, 55.—The poet 'trusts that *somehow* good will be the final goal of ill,' and that not 'one life shall be cast as *rubbish* to the void;' but, he adds, 'we know not any-; I can but trust that good shall fall at last off—at last to all;' and then he says he is ıfant crying for the light:' he thinks 'the hat no *life* may *fail* beyond the grave' is od's; and yet nature shows that 'of fifty she often brings but one to bear;' and eclares, 'I care for nothing; all shall go; ıirit does but mean the breath; I know no ' This nature's voice makes him 'falter'—

> 'And falling with my weight of cares
> Upon the great world's altar-stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God,
> I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To *what* I *feel* is Lord of all,
> And faintly trust the larger hope.'

t won't do: what he sees in nature dis- and troubles him still. Shall man 'be ı about the desert dust, or sealed within on hills?' If so, then man is 'a monster, ım, a discord.' He cries, 'What hope of r or redress?' and comforts himself with pe of answer, 'Behind the veil—behind il.'

eems that 'the *wish* is father to the *trust*' e poet's case; for it is not founded on ı or faith. How can the *goal* of *ill* be *e.g.* evil-doing lead to good, or flow into ? 'He that soweth to the wind shall reap hirlwind;' 'The soul that sinneth, it shall Gal. vi. 7, 8; Hos. viii. 7). True, 'all ; work together for good to them that love (Rom. viii. 28); but for *this* trust you come to God in his word (not through 'dark altar-stairs'). There we see God ; not and deals not with man's life as ish,' but rather that He 'so loved the , that He gave his only-begotten Son, that ever believeth in Him should not perish, ıave everlasting life;' and 'he that be- h not the Son shall not see life, but the of God abideth on him' (John iii. 16, 36). again, 'If we believe not, we shall *die in ins*' (John viii. 24). Which death, we is 'everlasting destruction from the pre- of the Lord and from the glory of his ·' (2 Thess. i. 9; Matt. xxv. 46; Rev. xx.). Then, since Christ is 'the true light lighteth every one that cometh into the ' (John i. 9), and we may 'have an ın from the Holy One, and know all things' hn ii. 22), why should the poet complain ıe 'knows nothing,' and is as 'an infant g for the light?' God's 'word giveth ' 'it maketh wise the simple,' 'it maketh unto salvation' (2 Tim. iii. 15); so that ıve no excuse, 'no cloak for our ignorance' (John xv. 22). Why go *to nature*, or *through* it either, 'the *dark* altar-stairs,' when we can come 'boldly, through Jesus the Son of God, unto the throne of grace,' and there 'find grace to help in time of need' (John i. 51; Heb. iv. 16)? No wonder that going elsehow and elsewhere the poet 'gathered dust and chaff;' for it is written, 'When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end' (Ps. lxxiii. 16, 17); 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them his covenant' (Ps. xxv. 14; Prov. iii. 32). The poet thinks he must wait for an answer till he is 'behind the veil,' *i.e.* after death; but wherefore wait when he can *now* 'enter through the veil by a new and living way into the holiest' (Heb. x. 19, 20), and 'know all things?' for 'the Lord giveth understanding in all things;' 'Christ shall give thee light;' 'Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord;' 'If any one will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine' (1 John ii. 20; 2 Tim. ii. 7; Eph. i. 8, 9, 18, v. 14, 17; Hos. vi. 3; John vii. 17, xiv. 26, xvi. 13; Col. i. 9; and especially 1 Cor. ii. 9 to end).

Cantos 60–64.—He thinks his friend's 'ransomed reason' reasons with Shakspeare and others in heaven, or elsewhere, but he is sure 'the soul of Shakspeare can't love thee more;' yet he pleads if his exalted friend is ashamed of him now, he might still spare some sympathy for the poet, even as the poet does for his hound, or as one who has risen high in state may, 'in a pensive dream,' think of his earliest ploughboy playmate. Then he cries, 'Sweet soul, *do with me as thou will;*' and a 'happy thought' arises: 'Since thine effect so lives in me, a part of mine may live in thee, and move thee on to noble ends.' But what if this effect be not for *good*, but for *evil?* The best way is to 'try the spirits, whether they are of God;' for 'whatsoever is not of faith, is sin' (1 John iv. 1, 2; Rom. xiv. 23; Heb. xi. 6). But surely it is horrible to ask a dead friend to 'do with me as thou wilt.' I wouldn't ask John, or Peter, or Paul, or even a 'holy angel;' nay, is it not blasphemous? We have One 'with whom we have to do.' 'We are not our own, for we are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.' Therefore let us ask Him, 'whose we are, and whom we serve;' 'Do Thou unto us whatsoever seemeth good unto Thee;' 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt' (Heb. iv. 13; 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20; Acts xxvii. 23; Judges x. 15; 1 Sam. iii. 18; 2 Sam. xv. 26; Matt. xxvi. 39; Phil. ii. 13).

Canto 72.—The poet seems to think that his friend has 'so much to do' in 'so many worlds:' 'How know I *what* had *need* of thee?' If he means in the stars, he has no warrant from experience or from Scripture for the idea that the dead go to work in the stars. He asks dolefully, 'What fame is left for human deeds

in endless age?' The Bible tells us, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; *and their works do follow them*' (Rev. xiv. 13). 'This man will be blessed in his *deed*, who looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work' (Jas. i. 25). 'Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord' (Matt. xxv. 21; Luke xxii. 29, 30; Rom. ii. 6-16).

Canto 76.—He fears his 'lullabies of pain' won't go down to fame, won't last '1000 moons,' or 80 odd years. Pity the poet didn't stamp with something vital from the 'life and spirit' of Jesus' words, that he didn't 'sanctify them by the word of God and prayer;' 'pity he didn't pour them as ointment over the head or feet of his Lord and Redeemer, and then they would have been remembered as a 'memorial of him' (John vi. 63; 1 Tim. iv. 5; Matt. xxvi. 13). Cowper's poems were thus sanctified, and will therefore live.

Canto 83.—He imagines that if he and his friend had died together, his spirit would have been 'involved' with his friend's spirit, so that, 'arrived at the blessed goal,' the Lord would 'take us as a *single soul*.' But the Lord says, 'Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth, it shall die. But if a man be just, and do that which is lawful and right, . . . he shall surely live, saith the Lord God' (Ezek. xviii. 4–9). 'Commit the keeping of thy soul to God in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator' (1 Pet. iv. 19; 2 Tim. i. 12). 'For we shall *all* stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.' 'As I live, saith the Lord, *every* knee shall bow to me, and *every* tongue shall confess to God.' 'So then *every one* of us shall give account of *himself* to God' (Rom. xiv. 10-12; Isa. xliii. 7; Dan. xii. 1; John iii. 8).

Canto 84.—The poet says his friend's soul was received at 'the blessed gate' by the 'great intelligences fair,' who 'showed him in the fountain fresh *all knowledge*,' that men 'shall gather in the cycled times.' If he means 'holy angels,' we know they are 'sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation,' whose 'angels always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven,' and that Lazarus 'was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom' (Heb. i. 14; Matt. xviii. 10; Luke xvi. 22). Now, the poet does not tell us (see canto 95)—and we have a right to be informed, if he claims our sympathy—whether his friend bore the character of such 'heirs,' and whether his life on earth was a 'life of faith in the Son of God' (Gal. ii. 20; Titus ii. 11-14). Then, as to angels showing him 'all knowledge,' we know they are deeply interested in *spiritual* knowledge or wisdom (Col. ii. 3; Phil. iii. 8; 1 Cor. i. 24, 30; 2 Tim. iii. 15); that (1) they are looking into the things of salvation, and rejoicing over the heirs of salvation; (2) learning the wisdom of God in his dealings with his church; (3) are subject to and worship Christ in company with the saints above and those below; (4) are the messengers of God, doing his will; (5) will come with the Lord Jesus to his judgment of the world, and rejoice in his heavenly glory (Ex. xxv. 20; 1 Pet. i. 12; Luke xv. 10. (2) Eph. iii. 10; 1 Cor. iv. 9; 1 Tim. iii. 16, v. 21. (3) 1 Pet. iii. 22; Heb. i. 6, xii. 22. (4) Ps. lxviii. 17, ciii. 20, 21; John i. 51; Heb. i. 4. (5) Mark viii. 38; Matt. xiii. 49; Luke xii. 8; Rev. iii. 5, v. 11, vii. 3, 11, xxi. 12, xx. 1-3).—*Note:* As to 'his *being* working in mine own,' if it means more than by a 'figure of speech' to indicate the 'effects' (see cantos 64 and 92) of their former converse, he makes his friend ubiquitous, and more; besides, how knows he that their friendship will be 'eternal,' or that he 'watches him from the quiet shore,' and that 'thy spirit up to mine can reach?'—however thus 'his pining life is fancy-fed.'

Canto 85.—He thinks 'in yonder orient star a hundred spirits whisper "Peace"' (see canto 72). But what 'peace?' Is it the 'peace of God?' Is it gospel peace,—the peace which the Lord, the Prince of Peace, gives when He says, 'My peace I give you?' (John xiv. 27, xvi. 33; Num. xxv. 12; Ps. xxix. 11, cxix. 165; Isa. xlviii. 18, 22; Mal. ii. 5; Luke xix. 38; Rom. v. 1, viii. 6, xiv. 17; Gal. v. 22; Eph. ii. 14, 15).

Cantos 92, 93.—The poet thinks his friend's spirit may come to his spirit (not visibly or tangibly); so he calls to him, 'Descend and touch and enter—my ghost may feel that thine is near;' but he suddenly recollects,

> 'How *pure* at heart and *sound* in head,
> With what divine affections *bold*,
> Should be the man whose thought would hold
> An *hour's communion* with the *dead!*'

Now, even this fancy, phantasy, imagination, may be useful to show us our natural unfitness for association with holy spirits, and hence to convince us how much less fit for the society of the holy God! and that not for an 'hour's communion,' but for an eternity. He imagines these spirits 'haunt the silence of the breast.' But see notes on cantos 38, 42, 84.

Canto 94.—He says, 'At last his living soul was flashed on mine, and mine in his was *wound*, and *whirl'd* about empyreal heights of thought, and caught the deep pulsations of the world'—rather giddy work this—and so 'at length my trance was *cancell'd*, stricken through with *doubt*.' Ay! these dreams won't last even in this life, much less in the next; better not to encourage or entertain them. (See cantos 92, 93.)

Canto 95.—Here, at last, we might have expected the poet to give a clear statement of his friend's *faith;* but it is all vagueness and mistiness (see canto 84). He says:—

> 'Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
> At last he beat his music out.
> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.
> *He* fought his doubts, and gather'd strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the spectres of the mind
> And laid them: thus he came at length
> To find a stronger faith his own;'—

By which I understand that he would not take things for granted, that he 'searched the Scriptures,' examined himself, and exercised reason and his 'private judgment' upon evidences, and by reason of this very exercise he arrived at the more assured faith—all which God requires of us. But what was the nature of his 'honest doubt,' and of his 'stronger faith,' one longs to know; nay, it is 'lame and unprofitable' to tell us so much, and not all the truth. Oh for one simple, straightforward expression of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ on the part of both the poet and his friend! for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and 'confession is made unto salvation,'—of personal regard to the person of Christ, 'who loved me and gave himself for me,' such as, 'I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord;' and 'I *know whom* I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day' (Rom. x. 10; Gal. ii. 20; Phil. iii. 8; 2 Tim. i. 12). Such faith is 'the gift of God;' let us seek it of Him (Eph. ii. 8; Heb. xii. 2; Acts v. 31).

But I must hasten to an end, glancing only at a few more of the cantos.

Canto 105.—This is the favourite piece: 'Ring out wild bells,' etc. The poet is getting over his morbid sorrows. I don't know what he means by his last line, 'Ring in the Christ that is to be.' If he said, 'Ring in the reign of Christ our Lord over the willing hearts of men,' I could understand and appreciate it.

Canto 117.—He bids us 'trust that those we call the dead are breathers of an ampler day, for *ever nobler ends*.' Are you sure of this end for *all*? Who told you? 'Lord, are there few that be saved?' 'And He said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate,' etc. (Luke xiii. 24; Matt. xx. 16).

Canto 119.—This and 117 seem to hit a blow at Darwinians, such as Professor Huxley.

Canto 123.—He is falling again into his cry of canto 53, talking of 'the *Power* in darkness *whom* we *guess*;' by which I suppose he means that in his darkness he can only *guess* about God, and not *know* Him. He says he has not 'found Him in nature or in the thoughts of men;' and when he doubts, his '*heart*' answers his '*reason*' thus: 'I have *felt*,' and so 'like a child in doubt and fear, crying, *knows* his father near;' 'and what *I am* beheld again *what is*;' which means, I suppose, he *himself* saw the '*real*,' *i.e.* possibly God! Does not the poet here place himself 1800 years back in time, in the pitiable state of those who 'haply *feel* after the Lord,' and erects his altar '*to the unknown God*?' (See note canto 1.)

Canto 125.—Better to have known his true Lord and King.

Canto 126.—He is sure that his friend's spirit o'erlooks and smiles at such 'red foot-prints' as the French Revolution.

Cantos 128, 129, 130.—This is the climax. The poet feels his friend to be 'some diffusive power in star and flower,' 'mixed with God and nature:' he has 'faith that comes of self-control,' 'until we close with all we loved, and all we flow from, *soul in* soul!'

Canto 132.—The last four verses appear to me to be the acme of 'words without knowledge,' or 'vain words' (Job xxxviii. 2; Eph. v. 6).

E. E.

The Secret.

THE winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar;
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Die in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in Thee.

O rest of rests! O peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never!
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, for ever and for ever!

—H. B. Stowe.

SPIRITUAL HEIGHTS.

THE holy city, the spiritual Jerusalem, is ever the scene of Satan's subtlety and most cunning assaults. It is also the field of his most splendid conquests. Oh, may it soon be otherwise!

Temptations are always at hand; and men are even now, through the devices of Satan, placed in circumstances, as to spiritual things, which greatly resemble the trial of our Lord on the pinnacle of the temple. These are spiritual heights.

The best and most happy condition upon earth is unquestionably this—to abide, 'as a worm,' at the feet of Jesus, poor in spirit; with Lazarus to lie at the rich man's door; and with the woman of Canaan to desire, as a dog, only the crumbs that fall from the Master's table.

And it is well to be thus, for then shall we become rich. Here alone are we secure. No wonder, then, that the wicked one is intent on nothing more eagerly than to entice the children of God from this state of humility and spiritual poverty. And many are the devices to which he has recourse to effect his purpose. Let me place before you one or two of them.

Clothed as an angel of light, he comes to you, and carries you into the holy city; that is, *he sets before your spiritual vision all the gifts, and graces, and privileges* of which you may become partakers in the kingdom of heaven, so that you imagine it is a holy angel who enables you to see these glorious sights.

And now the enemy brings forward one of these gifts—for example, *that of the Holy Ghost*,—and begins to explain to you all that you may gain by this gift: how the Holy Ghost will sanctify (Rom. xv. 16) and enlighten you (John xvi. 14); how He will guide you into all truth (John xvi. 13); reveal unto you the deep things of God (1 John ii. 27); will lead and move you (Rom. viii. 14); will speak and witness within you (1 John v. 6); and so on, in accordance with that which is written.

But the devil proceeds further, and seeks to persuade you that the Spirit will reveal new things unto you, which the Bible only incidentally or partially contains, or perhaps not at all. He goes further, and teaches you to regard your own thoughts as those which are suggested by the Spirit; and yet still further, and declares that you are inspired, one who has no more need for the outer light from the letter, since you have such inward illumination; and alas! before you are aware, you are transported to the pinnacle of the temple.

You feel yourself exalted on high above the word and the testimony of God, above the church and ministry of the gospel; you behold all these things, together with the whole of Jerusalem, all other believers lying deep at your feet; and if you are not seized with dizziness on this painful elevation, and finish your course in the horrible abyss of madness, it is to the unbounded grace of God alone that you are beholden for your preservation.

And such wiles as these have before now succeeded in ensnaring the souls of some, who would no longer conform to any prescribed order, or permit themselves to be ruled by the word of God, conceiving that they were led by the Spirit, which had testified to them of higher and better things. Truly, there may have been those among them who were in reality pious men, and who would again be recovered to the right path; but still it is a melancholy and distressing misconception. May God preserve us from such illusions!

But to proceed. 'It is written,' 'Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, if any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed' (Gal. i. 8, 9). 'It is written,' 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path' (Ps. cxix. 105). Such an appeal to the word of God puts to flight the wicked one.

If Satan gains not his point in one way, he tries another, and he does not desist till he has had recourse to all his expedients.

We see many standing on the pinnacle of the temple, and various are the means by which they have been transported thither.

One indulges the pleasing fancy, that he understands all mysteries, that he is gifted with a spiritual illumination beyond others, that he carries about him the keys of David. The devil has made a prey of him through the abundance of *his knowledge*, and with wicked enchantment has persuaded him to believe that he hath the anointing, and knoweth all things (1 John ii. 27).

Another regards himself as the man who, with the sword of his mouth, shall slay the wicked, who, with the sceptre of his word, shall sway the minds of men, and after whom no one dares to speak. His *ability in teaching and preaching* has become, by the subtlety of the wicked one, a trap and a snare.

A third arrogates to himself the proud preeminence of being, with reference to God, far apart from others, as if he sat on a seat in the kingdom of Christ twice as high as other poor sinners. Perhaps it was the *gift of prayer* he possessed, from which the enemy prepared him the sweet poison.

In a fourth the notion has firmly fixed itself, that without him the kingdom of God cannot stand. He is a pillar without his equal on earth; an apostle, an Elijah of his day. *The blessing which God granted to his word* and testimony, has been made, through the artifice of the devil, into a lime-twig, on which he has been caught.

The dreams and chimeras of a fifth has Satan magnified into *pure visions and manifestations from heaven.* Now the poor creature deems himself a seer and a prophet.

'ore the eyes of a sixth the devil holds his
: mirror, in which the weak mortal *sees him-
:ith a halo of glory round his head;* or the
rer sends to him friends, who represent that
eekness and patience, his faith or his love,
be extolled and admired, and even idolized
en; and then the poor deluded soul enters
he full persuasion that God most certainly
ls to set him forth as an example of holi-

ıold, these are the heights, the pinnacles of
mple, to which Satan conducts men.
d the evil does not stop here; for let the
red souls but once stand upon these heights,
magine themselves apostles, saints, and
ets, then they sometimes step higher. It
all of them who come down again without
g first sustained injury. Alas! some fall
these heights down into the depths of
l aberration.
such unhappy ones, who at length have
sed themselves to be God, or Christ, or the
Ghost, every age has afforded instances,
nat even in the midst of the holy city.
thren, abide in your strong tower, and lie
e dust; above all, those of you who are
n gifts, and apt to teach; those who are
n reputation among the brethren, and who
ly instruct in the congregation; those of
who lead the assembly of the pious, and
light shines with especial splendour in
Zion. Such things readily present to the dragon that which he can seize, and by which he can rapidly transport you to the heights.

Gird as a breastplate on your bosom the words of Christ, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven' (Matt. v. 3).

Place as a helmet on your head that truth, 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein' (Mark x. 15).

Take as a sword in your hand that word, 'God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the lowly' (Jas. iv. 6).

And never forget that the golden rose of Jesus does not bloom upon the heights, but in the deep valleys.

And should the devil urge you into a presumptuous and perplexing speculation with regard to the unsearchable mysteries of God,—should he hurry you into vain and profitless investigations respecting the Trinity, or eternity, or the two natures of Christ, or whatever else it may be of this description, now collect all your powers, and cry aloud to him, 'It is written,' 'We know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away' (1 Cor. xiii. 9, 10). Declare to him, in the name of Jesus, that you desire to know nothing more than that which is necessary for your salvation, and thus you will drive him away.—*Krummacher.*

'COME AND SEE.'

JDICE is a judgment formed without due
ination of the facts and arguments neces-
to a just conclusion. A man, otherwise
ent, doubted if any good thing *could* come
f Nazareth. The rational mode of correct-
is prejudice was adopted. One who knew
a good thing *had* come out of Nazareth,
ptly said to the doubter, 'Come and see.'
naael was candid enough to do so much,
as soon convinced.
ery one knows that many have prejudices
st Christianity which might be removed,
l those who cherish them but make personal
igation of its claims. And every one who
ndeavoured to bring individuals to Christ,
s on what partial and insufficient grounds
often refuse to become Christians. One
to some doctrine which he has heard de-
ed, and held up to ridicule or scorn; and,
h he has never examined the evidence of
rity, he has a repugnance to it, and turns
from the whole because he dislikes a single
ular. Another has been defamed or de-
ed by a church member, and becomes pre-
d against all Christians, and even Chris-
y itself. A third finds a subterfuge in the
ity of creeds and the multiplicity of denominations. Numerous are the objections, frivolous in themselves, which men interpose as a foil to appeals which press upon their consciences and hearts.

Our religion, like its Author, is open, both as a theory and a practical system, to examination, and invites scrutiny.

Candid experiment is better than controversial discussion. When once prejudice is banished from the heart, it is soon expelled from the head. Get the mind open to the simplest form of evidence, and there will be conviction, and a frank avowal of the conviction.

Christians who cannot argue learnedly, can invite their friends to Jesus, and thus render them incalculable service. The most acute logician could not have done Nathanael so much good as was done by Philip of Bethsaida. The simplest Christian can say, 'Come and see,' and that may be more effectual than a laboured disputation.

That word 'Come' was far better than would have been the word 'Go.' 'Come' is attractive, and significant of the spirit of the gospel. How often and sweetly did that word fall from the lips of Jesus! It is the word for all his followers.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ACTS VII. 49.

THIS is one of a great cluster of passages—a constellation of bright texts—that declare the infinite glory of that God with whom we have to do; the God who spared not his own Son; 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' (See 1 Kings viii. 27; Isa. lvii. 15, lxvi. 1, 2; John iv. 21-24; Acts xvii. 24.) In these we find such things as these: (1) The *infinite greatness* of God; his greatness is unsearchable and boundless. (2) The *glorious majesty* of God: his is the throne of heaven, the royalty of the universe; King of kings, and Lord of lords. (3) The *exceeding power* of God. He created the heavens and the earth; and yet these are but particles of dust. The 'Lord God *Almighty*' is his name. (4) The *eternity* of God. He 'only hath immortality;' the 'King eternal, immortal, and invisible;' 'from everlasting to everlasting God.' (5) The *nearness* of God. He is not far from any of us. 'In Him we live, and move, and have our being.' He is the nearest of all near beings; nothing can come between us and Him. (6) The *condescension* of God. He looks to man, thinks on man, stoops to man, longs to make man his dwelling, as if a human heart were a nobler temple and throne than the heaven of heavens. (7) The *love* of God. It is not mere condescension, it is love—true, pure, and pitying love. His desire is 'to revive the spirit of the humble, to revive the heart of the contrite ones;' for He will not contend for ever, neither will He be always wroth, lest the spirit should fail before Him, and the souls which He has made.

With what power and pregnancy of meaning, after reading such texts, do the Lord's words come to us: 'Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'

I. *Does God want a throne?*—If so, He must provide it himself. Man cannot. No throne that man ever built or conceived is glorious enough for the infinite Jehovah. He *has* provided it. He has built the heavens, with all their glory and splendour. Both these heavens above us, and the heaven of heavens beyond,—all are his creation, his adornment, his upholding. 'All these things have my hands built, saith the Lord.' On that 'glorious high throne' He sits; from that He rules the universe. It is the throne of thrones, as He is the King of kings. 'Let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker' (Ps. xcv. 6). 'Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne' (Ps. lxxxix. 14). Let us cherish reverence and godly fear towards such a God; and put away all levity, all vanity, all pride, in approaching such a throne. It is, we know, a throne of grace; yet it is a throne of majesty and glory. Let us stand in awe. Let us be solemn, let us be earnest. Whilst we 'draw near with a true heart, in the full assurance of faith,' let us *also* approach with reverence and godly fear. It is a mercy-seat, but it is the mercy-seat of the Holy One.

II. *Does God want a footstool?*—Then He must make it himself. Even a footstool for so glorious a God is beyond man's power to create. But He has built a footstool for himself with his own hands,—a place for the soles of his feet; a place under which his enemies shall be thrust, and around which his subjects shall gather in loving adoration, in happy praise and prayer. Earth is his footstool; and here are we, living upon that footstool of God. Do we remember this? Do we avail ourselves of this? Do we use it as He wishes us to do, and as our need requires? Is it not an honour for this globe of ours to be called the footstool of God? And does not this make us feel his nearness, and awaken in us the reverence which such a nearness ought to produce? 'We will go into his tabernacles; we will worship at his footstool' (Ps. cxxxii. 7).

III. *Does God want a house?*—He must build it for himself; man cannot. His own hands must build his dwelling. That dwelling must correspond in glory and greatness with the throne and the footstool. God wants a temple, a habitation,—not merely a tabernacle like that of Moses, or a marble edifice like that of Solomon, but a habitation which will last,—'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' This temple is the church of God, which is the 'temple of the Holy Ghost;' nay, we ourselves individually are the temple: 'Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?' (1 Cor. iii. 16, vi. 19.) Thus He spoke of old by his prophet: 'I dwell in the high and holy place' (Isa. lvii. 15). Yes, He 'inhabiteth eternity;' but it is the spirit of the contrite and humble that He specially makes his abode. As if looking all around through the universe for a habitation, He finds none so suitable, none so glorious as the broken heart of one of the creatures which He has made. Give Him, then, a house, O man—the house which He wants. Let Him dwell in you. Let Him make a temple of you. Let Him manifest his presence and his glory in you.

IV. *Does God want a rest?*—If so, who can provide it? Not man. He cannot give himself rest. Only God himself. He found rest on the seventh day in the new creation, which He had pronounced very good. That rest was disturbed by man's sin; and not till the coming new creation will God's full rest be obtained, in a world ransomed by blood and restored by his power. But meanwhile He is seeking a rest; and where sin is, there can be no rest for a holy Being. Only where the blood is that cleanseth sin, can be rest. Hence the *altar*, from the beginning, was his place of rest; and afterwards the tabernacle and temple, where that altar stood. That altar is represented by the cross of Christ; so that we may say the cross is the resting-place. There God has found rest; and in the soul of every one who is gathered to that cross, and sprinkled with that blood. The soul on which the blood of sprinkling rests, is one of God's resting-places. All this He has provided for himself. All these his hands have made. There 'He *rests* in his love.' Thus we find rest in God, and God finds rest in us. We are his resting-place, and He is ours. We joy in Him, and He in us. He is our temple (Rev. xxi. 22), and we are his (Eph. ii. 22); we dwelling in Him, and He in us.

CHRIST'S WEAPONS IN HIS TEMPTATION.

BY THE REV. F. W. KRUMMACHER, D.D.

THE *weapons with which our Lord achieved the victory, were the word of God.* — 'It is written' — and Satan was overcome, his purpose was frustrated.

The *Bible* is the arsenal of the heroes of God, the spiritual armoury, whose walls are thickly studded with shields and coats of mail, and rich with swords and glittering spears. Whoever has triumphed in the spiritual conflict, equipped himself here. Hence were taken the sling-stones which felled the Goliaths to the ground.

He that has access to this spiritual armoury is powerful in the camp.

Of these *weapons* Satan is afraid, and it has been his unremitting endeavour, either to despoil or conceal the word of God, or to destroy its effects.

To what expedients has not this cunning sophist resorted; what has he not brought forward and industriously circulated, to throw suspicion on the word or render it ambiguous, and thus to rob men of the pure unadulterated Scriptures of truth!

What false assertions has he not made, under the high-sounding title of exposition, to impugn the authenticity and genuineness of the Bible! There is not a single book in the Scriptures, the authority of which this malicious fiend has not attempted to shake, not a miracle which he has not stamped as a fable, not a promise which he has not endeavoured to weaken and nullify.

And he is still always employed, either through his instruments and servants, false prophets, professors, and others, or in his own person, by his immediate influence—ever is he doing his utmost to bring into question the purity of the word of God; for this word is his stumbling-block. But spurn him with abhorrence, turn your back upon him whenever he opens his accursed mouth; for he is a murderer of souls, and has been so from the beginning, a liar, and the father of lies. (John viii. 44.)

But in what way, you ask, can the word of God afford such important service in the hour of temptation? I will inform you.

Whenever the devil would lead us astray, his first and chief concern is to confuse our ideas. That which is perverted he sets before us as right; that which is human, as divine; and evil he calls good, and good evil. Truth he represents as falsehood, and falsehood as truth. And when he has so deceived and dazzled us, we become subservient to his will, perhaps when we think that we are doing what is right.

But these villanous spells and deceptions can profit him little, when we rest in faith on the word of God, which then secures us from deception and misapprehension. For it declares to us most distinctly what is right and wrong, true and false; what, under all circumstances we should do, or think, or say, in accordance with the will of God. Examples will illustrate my meaning.

Satan would mar the labour of a preacher of the gospel, and weaken its effect. He sets about his design with subtlety. He suggests to him that he should preach a little more smoothly, that he should not make the way so narrow, nor the gate so strait—and thus he may gain the friendship of the whole congregation. Yes, and many whom he has now only made refractory, he may then easily win to the truth.

When once this pleasing commencement has been made, the wicked one knows well how to back his counsels.

Does the preacher now take this matter into consideration, and has he no other shield than his own good thoughts, then is he soon ensnared. The propositions of the devil appear most reasonable and good, for Satan is wiser than he.

But let him rest by faith on the word of God, and believingly reply, 'It is written,' 'Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life' (Matt. vii. 14). 'It is written,' 'Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed' (Gal. i. 8). What can the devil do now? This confidence in the word of God, this faith, is to him as the fire of artillery, which he cannot sustain—it compels him to retreat.

Take another example. *Satan would have you believe that the religion of Jesus is not the only way of salvation.* And how does he go to work? With consummate skill. He carries you in spirit to a high place, and shows you the millions of souls who, both in the Christian and heathen world, live without Christ; and thus he begins

his discourse: 'Tell me, shall *all these* be lost? To such a supposition neither your reason nor your heart will assent. But they do not believe in Christ, at least, as you and persons of your stamp believe in Him. Can Christ then really be the *only* way of salvation? Can that which you call the new birth, be necessary, without any limitation, for the salvation of mankind? Have you not, then, been accustomed to entertain too contracted, too confined views respecting salvation?'

Thus doth he speak. Are you, with your reason, alone upon the battle-field, you cannot escape from this snare. His illusions will prove successful; he will assuredly triumph over you; the ground on which you stand will easily be made to rock beneath your feet.

But if you can wield the weapons of heavenly temper, if you can boldly oppose to the evil one the word of God, and in faith say to him, 'It is written,' 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God' (John iii. 3); 'It is written,' 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by me;' 'It is written,' 'Few there be that find this way' (Matt. vii. 14), 'Few are chosen' (Matt. xx. 16);—if you can believingly hold fast by these divine declarations, then is the devil stricken to the ground, his net is broken, he will desist from his endeavour to persuade you that Christ is not the only ground of salvation. His remaining hope then is to throw suspicion upon the word itself, on which you rely.

Again, *Satan would draw you back to the world.* And what is his method of proceeding? He gently approaches you, and insinuates that it is not right to seclude yourself from the world, and apparently desire to shun so completely the society of others,—it does not well accord with the brotherly love which should obtain among Christians. You must sometimes repair to worldly circles, to let your light shine there, and men will see that the religion of Christ by no means converts its possessors into morose monks and hermits, but makes them cheerful, that they may thus win men to Christ. Yes, and for your own sake also, to exercise and confirm yourself in holiness, you must not withdraw altogether from the world; for to be holy where there are no solicitations to sin is an easy matter; but to walk in the sight of the wicked, and to refuse compliance with their evil courses, this is indeed to be righteous.

So doth the subtle one reason, and it pleaseth the old man well. (Eph. iv. 22; Col. iii. 9.)

Do you venture to dispute with him, you are not his equal; he will soon bring you under, and gain the field. For no doctor or professor is more skilled in disputation than he. He can make the most absurd things appear to be plausible and excellent.

But should you be able, meet him in faith with the word of God; should you, for instance, in such a case, say, 'It is written,' 'Love not the world' (1 John ii. 15), then can he do no more. You have cut off the hands of Dagon. (1 Sam. v. 4.)

Thus is the word of God, when grasped and wielded in faith, the all-powerful sword of the Spirit, by which we may subdue the wicked one. (Eph. vi. 17.)

'Yes, the ten commandments,' says one, 'if written in our heart, and we give utterance to them against him, will speedily repel him.' They are like the clubs of Samson, tenfold, or ten swords of Michael against the roaring lion.

How, then, did the Lord obtain the victory? Satan counselled Him to command that the stones should be made bread, and that thus, by an act of his own power, He might appease his hunger. This was a cunning and ensnaring device, as He well knew.

There were (to speak after the manner of men) many things which tended to move the Lord Jesus to consent to this advice; and in that case, as we have remarked, the work of redemption would at once have been destroyed. But He hearkened not to the suggestion. He left the stones to remain stones, and continued to hunger.

What did Jesus make use of in delivering himself from the snares which were laid for Him? It was the *word* of God. On that word his eye rested. It is written in the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, and the third verse, 'Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.' This He grasped in faith, and opposed to the tempter. And in this promise He found abundant ground of confidence.

Better to suffer hunger forty days and nights more, and even longer, than by a distrustful act of power of his own to forestall the aid of the Father. God can sustain me without bread; He has led me into the wilderness; I hope in Him. This was his thought—in truth, an impenetrable breastplate.

The devil was now obliged to devise other projects. The hope he had entertained to persuade Jesus to an act of compliance, that He might avoid the sufferings connected with the atonement for the transgression of Adam, had now at once and for ever vanished. For Jesus believed the declaration of the word, that God could, even in the bitterest season of want, without bread feed Him, and without water give Him drink, and, through the bare word of his mouth,

support and maintain Him. Against this
nust all the darts of the devil be shivered,
inst an iron bulwark.
words with which Jesus prevailed are
n, as it has been said, in the book of
ronomy; Moses spake them to the children
ael on the borders of the pleasant land,
he recalled to their minds the faithfulness
ruth with which God had led them for forty
through the wilderness. 'And thou shalt
nber,' he said, 'all the way which the Lord
od led thee these forty years in the wilder-
to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know
was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest
his commandments, or no. And He humbled
and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee
manna, which thou knewest not, neither did
thers know; that He might make thee know
man doth not live by bread only, but by
word that proceedeth out of the mouth of
ord doth man live' (Deut. viii. 2, 3).
s, the Lord needs not the mill or the oven
e supply of his children; He can rain upon
bread from heaven, as He did in the wilder-
He can give it them in the night, when
ttle ones are at rest.
did so at Cherith (1 Kings xvii. 5); He
o at Zarephath (1 Kings xvii. 9), by means
widow woman, and in many other places.
a small thing to Him.
is not the bread we eat, for the support of
bodies, that is essential to our life; but it is
spiritual food which his word, his will, and
blessing supply through the outward means.
only when God wills that bread can nourish
otherwise it is of no benefit; we are poor
weak in the midst of abundance.
ince, therefore, the quality of sustaining life
s not belong to the bread, but depends on
will of God alone, we can easily understand
, with five loaves and two fishes, Jesus could
l and satisfy five thousand men (Matt. xiv.
21); and with a cake of barley bread could
his servant strength for forty days and
y nights (1 Kings xix. 8); yea, how He sup-
s so many poor families.
he Lord needs not any bread to sustain us when leases Him. His word only is enough, and
live. Without bread did Moses subsist on
i, and Jesus in the wilderness; and so have
y, many others.
needs but his word, and the air which we
he is changed into milk, and wine, and we
he richest fare, and drink only strength and
shment without opening the lips—without
g at table, or moving the hand. This is
t by the expression, 'Man shall not live by
alone, but by every word that proceedeth
f the mouth of God.'

In times of persecution thousands of the children of God have experienced this in its literal sense; the believing poor continually do so; and it is true—as true as that the living God dwelleth in heaven.

Let all of us, therefore, who suffer need, lay hold of this truth, that it may preserve us from fear and discouragement, and that it may protect us against the assaults of the wicked one.

It has pleased God, in his providence, to reduce many among us to great necessity. They have begun to suffer want in everything—in labour and its recompense—and perhaps, also, in prospect and credit. They are deep in the wilderness among the stones, and there is sighing among them by night and by day. Steal and defraud they will not; God will graciously preserve them from such crimes.

But Satan would obtain much advantage, if the thought only gained place in your breasts—'God has forsaken us; now must we see how we can provide for ourselves.' Satan would be well pleased if you only yielded to the distrustful care and anxiety—'What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?' or if you adopted the notion that God has given you a sign, by the necessity which presses upon you, that you may endeavour to free yourselves from distress, by having recourse to some venturous speculation, or by the chances of play, or by some artifice, or any other improper means. Yes, then would the tempter have already succeeded well.

Brethren, though much embarrassed, permit not to the adversary such a triumph. Meet him with the weapons which your Master bore against him, and which thus, as by special consecration, have acquired holiness and strength, and say in faith, 'It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'

This is the word of Him that is faithful and true. Hold fast this word, build thereon, and wait—wait only a little in the wilderness. He will never leave you nor forsake you. (Jos. i. 5; Heb. xiii. 5.)

There are some, I could mention them by name, who have been in greater straits than you. They have believed that word with unshaken confidence. Whenever the wicked one has harassed them with his cursed counsels, they have in this faith, with resolution and firmness, repelled him, and trusted in the Lord. 'Now is their mouth filled with laughter, and their tongue with singing. The Lord hath done great things for them, whereof they are glad' (Ps. cxxvi. 2, 3). They would not exchange for mountains of gold and silver the experience which they then acquired in the wilderness. They have seen the

glory of the Lord, and have themselves become living witnesses that 'man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'

'If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.' So said the tempter. He required that Jesus should give proof of his Sonship. But our Lord chose rather to leave this demonstration to the Father.

Oh, my brethren, may it in every case be the same with you. God will make it manifest that you are his children, not, perhaps, by causing you to live in houses of affluence, but by enabling you with confidence and joy to sing praises among the stones and juniper trees in the wilderness, and supporting you by the word which proceedeth out of his mouth.

MRS. EDWARD.*

IT is a lovely figure under which the character of the ministry of our Lord is described, 'He shall come down as dew upon the tender grass;' and in proportion as his people have imbibed his spirit, will their lives be a gentle, silent, efficacious, and constant diffusion of the treasure which they have received in their own hearts. This grace, where it comes to view in its highest degree, as resulting from the combination of personal holiness with a genial nature, is not more rare than it is lovely. Where the most prominent gifts of wisdom and knowledge, unless conjoined with it, will count their thousands, it will finally have, to its own amazement, tens of thousands awarded to it as the gain of its loving, joyous reflection of the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

That the subject of this memoir was endowed with a remarkable degree of this influence, was brought strikingly to light on more than one occasion. Indeed, the traces of her blessed influence remained behind her wherever she had been. Not to speak of the warmth with which the parishioners of Logicalmond remember her short labours after an interval of twenty-six years; not to dwell upon the ardent attachment with which she inspired so many members and connections of the families where she had been as governess, who felt that she could love, and could only be repaid with love. It was remarkable that she was able to excite an interest for the truth in the poor pleasure-hunting Moldavian females. It was surely no common thing that she, a woman, and keeping strictly to a woman's sphere, in the short space of three years, could lay the impress of her character, not only upon the Jewish students and young women of Lemberg, but also, to a great extent, on the wide circle of their parents. But most of all did this shine out on occasion of her death, when numbers in Breslau, from whom it would not have been expected, and some of them unfriendly to missions, spontaneously came forward to pay a tribute of admiration to the force and excellence of a godly female character, which had reached many of them only by report. And it is solely because this influence, which was so eminent for good in her personal intercourse, has been imparted in an unusual degree to her letters, that those concerned have been induced to give them to the public, as so many of Christ's witnesses, that she, though dead, may yet speak to a coming generation.

Catherine Grant, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Patrick Grant, minister of Kirkmichael, in the uplands of Banffshire, was born 2d April 1813. Her father was cut off at the early age of thirty-two, leaving to his young widow, besides Catherine, two other children, a boy and a girl, the former at present the minister of the Free Church at Ayr. Mrs. Grant, although with nothing to rely upon but her annuity from the Ministers' Widows' Fund, with that intrepidity that characterized her through life, and guided, as we can now see, by a Hand which she may not at that time have so distinctly recognised, removed to Edinburgh to undertake the education of her family. The same Lord who inclined hearts to Joseph in Egypt raised her up friends; and, chiefly through the recommendation of Sir David Brewster, the house which she opened for gentleman-boarders soon became a favourite resort of literary foreigners, who were attracted to Edinburgh by the fame of its University. Catherine was thus placed from her childhood under conditions the most favourable to the right development of the heart—a very intense inner circle, and, at the same time, an extensive and varied outer ring of friendships. That unction 'of suffering,' the want of which the Germans admit to be the one defect of their greatest poet, rested upon her soul through life, passing through it as she did fatherless, and quitting it with the pang of leaving three tender girls, the youngest only five years old, to be so early without a mother's care. When more than thirty years of age she wrote: 'I never knew what it was to have a father. I always envied the girls that had one. I wondered what he would have called me.' Whilst this feeling knit the members of the family more closely together, the tendency to selfishness under the form of family affection was counteracted by unusual opportunities of becoming interested in individuals of every class, and from many parts of the world. We doubt not that the intercourse she enjoyed with cultivated foreigners operated more than she herself was aware of in giving a decided impulse to her views and ways of thinking.

As contributing to illustrate her character, we

* From the *Memoir of Mrs. Edward*. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1867. A volume of great interest, both as regards the subject of it, and the work *among the Jews*.

an incident in which it broke forth
. When about fifteen, she was sent
ng-school at Melrose, where the old
other of the lady of the house, had
e habit of keeping herself in her
, in strict seclusion from the young
the establishment. This separation
n sympathies did not suit Catherine's
w days had elapsed before she pene-
the old lady's sanctum, and, with
lence, half dragged and half carried
nt, but pleased withal, into the midst
nile circle, installing her in the arm-
ng her footstool, and giving her a
n and interest which she never after-
ned. It was with the same genial
y sanctified, she afterwards yearned
ot ineffectually to draw the daughters
the Redeemer. We can easily con-
the strings of the old lady's heart
hard tug when Catherine, after one
s stay, was removed from the in-

venteenth year she entered the family
l Nicol of St. Andrews as governess.
e her whole self at the very outset:
hen at work, she was seen at play-
; with the children in the garden of
ansion, the veriest child of them all.
erine,' exclaimed one of her former
es when this was reported, 'she has
.' No; she was truly herself, what
er to be, active in what she was
it relaxation or labour, or watching
bed. She continued under Dr. Nicol's
ht years. From himself she experi-
rying kindness, as the daughter of a
nister; and it was in his house she laid
tion of those stores of information
l her in stead in after life. For the
he found herself with the unlimited
f a noble library, without any com-
l with leisure to improve her oppor-
ose who knew her will be able to
with the unspent vigour of her elastic
ng her first essay on this intellectual
hout any one to give her even a hint,
at a venture among the treasures of
aking up indifferently philosophy,
istory, or criticism,—what was unin-
one work drove her to some other
planation; and it was often after a
unting from volume to volume that
r difficulty solved. The result was
that of the search of the three sons
sure which their father had indicated
d somewhere in the field—there was
f general knowledge which would not
ave been obtained.
bout the time of her entering Dr.
ily, it may probably be said, as of
t she knew not the Lord. She does
have been deeply impressed by the
stry of Dr. Andrew Thomson of St.
dinburgh, under which she grew up;
as one saying she picked up from his
ate, which accompanied her through
ubtless was of permanent use to her.
Often did she quote how she overheard him in argument in his own house, where she was as a daughter, press his antagonist with the emphatic and characteristic words, '*First pure, then peaceable.*' On the other hand, what she enjoyed of the short ministry of Mr. Martin, his successor, touched her heart; and there can be no doubt that about this time a very decided work took place in her soul, and that it pleased the Lord, if not yet to reveal his Son in her, yet to speak to her conscience with a voice which could never again be silenced. It was a perilous ordeal through which her young life was now to pass. Dr. Nicol was himself a chief man on the Moderate side of the church, and his house the resort only of those who held similar views; and all the kindness she met with from this quarter—and it was great, and gratefully remembered—only inclined her inexperienced mind the more to their Arminian opinions, and antipathy to evangelical religion. Partly owing to these influences, and partly, perhaps, to the constant reading of Arminian divines, aided by a long residence in England, we find her for a number of years possessed with prejudices against Calvinism, and with a strong leaning to Episcopal forms. She would have liked to be a Ritualist, and tried it, but it would not do—the plough of the word had gone too deep; and probably she was, after all, more indebted than she was herself aware of to the teachings of Dr. Andrew Thomson.

Her short life may be divided into three almost equal periods of sixteen years each—viz., sixteen years of childhood under the maternal roof, sixteen years of preparatory training, and sixteen years of missionary labour. It was during the second of these periods that the Lord matured the instrument which He designed so signally to employ far from the sphere of common observation, and to an extent which only the secrets of the great day will manifest. Without being tedious, it is difficult to describe the ways the Lord took with her; yet it is impossible to omit referring to them, as it is certain that the rod as well as the word of the Great Shepherd must be employed in every such work. The one great cross which pressed upon her throughout this period was her mother's ill health. Mrs. Grant's health began early to give way, and, after coming to Edinburgh, it was almost constantly a struggle between mental vigour and great bodily debility. The three children used to take each other aside and encourage one another with the hope that their mother was not going to die so soon, because she had purchased some new article of dress. It will not be strange to any that her life was exposed to continual anxiety as well as bodily suffering, and that the eldest daughter had her full share of the load. But the evil was ever on the increase, and more than once Catherine had to leave her pupils to attend her mother under severe and protracted illnesses. Her faithful nursing, lovingly and self-sacrificingly discharged, probably added to the days of her beloved mother; but thus early the breach was made in a constitution not naturally robust.

Could we wish it had been otherwise? Could we wish she had spared herself more? Everything must be learned: 'Though *He were a Son*, yet *learned* He obedience by the things which He suffered.' Not without a price was the grace of disinterested and self-forgetting sympathy to be acquired, which shed such a fragrance through her life.

Having seen both her beloved pupils pine away one after the other to an untimely grave, she joined her brother, in 1738, at Logiealmond, in Perthshire, his first preaching station, where she had some years of relaxation in the bosom of the domestic circle. In 1841, she removed with her brother to Glasgow, where he had been called as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Brown of St. John's. Here she was to meet with the first of those terrible pangs that are sent in mercy to remind us that life is unreal, and but a dream. Her sister Mary, the youngest and cherished of all, came home in ill health to Glasgow, from the family of Lord William Douglas, where she had been as governess. Amply had the Lord fulfilled to Mrs. Grant the widow's promise. He himself had watched over her and hers, and made their home an unusually happy one, full of joyous associations and heart-stirring memories, which proved to her children an unfailing bond of union when far removed from each other. She saw her son on the way to be an accepted minister of the glorious gospel, and her daughters qualified to take a useful part in life, so that her mother's heart was made glad. Now He was come in a kindness surpassing all the past, a kindness which does not spare even to wound and grieve, but which his people are so slow to comprehend. He was come to take pledge, and turn their hearts henceforward to a heavenly instead of an earthly home. There seems to be no doubt that this was the design and the result in all; but it is with Catherine we have to do. She went to take charge of her sister's pupils, but was called home again, when it was apparent that death was to be the issue. Very remarkable was her experience on this occasion. She used often to relate it, and it revealed a marked peculiarity of her character —that of summoning up, realizing, and passing through all the details of any event that was before her. She used to tell that, when she saw her sister with death evidently depicted on her face, she passed through all the anguish of the separation in the course of the first few hours, so that she was afterwards perfectly collected, and ready for all that devolved upon her till the close. Thus the one sister was taken; the other was to be once and again in the furnace, before she was fitted for the service to which the Lord had designed her.

This event was the occasion of Catherine's connection with the family of Lord William Douglas. In this family, where she was both to receive and impart much blessing, she was introduced to circumstances that had a determining influence on the whole future of her life; while between Miss Douglas and her a friendship was formed, of which delicacy towards the living forbids us to speak as it deserves. It says enough for both parties, that, in the many years that followed, it was neither weakened by distance nor sullied by one moment's disturbance, and was made by God a means of conveying effectual support and living sympathy to the lonely missionary watch-tower, when her station, as in Jassy and Lemberg, could be compared to nothing but a solitary rock in the middle of the surging ocean. Little did she imagine, when she entered that house with her sorrow-stricken heart, what the Lord was preparing for her, and that the last message she left for friends on earth would be, 'To Catherine Douglas and Lady William love unspeakable.' Her stay in this family lasted only about two years, during which their residence was successively in Leamington, and Brighton, and Bonn in Germany. In both of the two first-named places she received an unmistakeable blessing and increase of spiritual life. On leaving Leamington, and the ministry of Dr. Marsh, the following notice appears in her private note-book: 'During upwards of three months, not one day of which was I withheld from church, either forenoon or afternoon,—a long course of sermons, all, with the exception of one, being a message of life, even the gospel, embracing the doctrine of the Trinity; of the influence of the Spirit; of the washing in baptism; of the comforts of God, who giveth songs in the night; of the teaching of the word, which hath a cleansing power for them who take heed thereto; of the watchful care of Providence, whether in regard to nations or man individually; of the coming of Antichrist, and of the reward to those who overcome, even the bright and morning star; of prayer, the outlet of the heart towards man, and inlet of God's grace and his love—the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" of the teaching of the Holy Ghost, "whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption;" this doctrine also as a test of our faith; "for as many as are led by the Spirit, they are the sons of God." And then, throughout all this most blessed comfort, exhortation, joy, and happiness, He hath given us the adoption of children, whereby we cry, Abba, *Father;* and, throughout all and above all, Christ crucified, the centre, the beginning, the end of every blessing. This was the gospel of joy and peace which I have heard proclaimed. Truly may it be said, Wisdom hath prepared a feast—a religion of joy, of peace, of hope, which must end in fruition. And what shall I say of the deadness, the sinfulness, the utter corruption of my heart, which has responded so feebly to the proclamation of glad tidings? God be merciful to me, a sinner, and lay up these truths in my heart, so that I may be prepared for temptations, and for sorrows, knowing that they that seek the Lord shall want no good thing.'

(To be continued.)

THE UNBLESSED MEAL.

THIRTY years ago a little boy, the son of pious parents, was invited to spend a few days at the house of a friendly family. When dinner came on the table, Philip, very hungry after his journey, could not be persuaded to touch a morsel of food. Again and again did they urge him to eat, and as often did he look wistfully at the contents of the table, but resolutely declined. At length the lady kindly inquired if there was any reason why he could not eat his dinner. Bursting into tears, so that he could scarcely speak, he exclaimed: 'You haven't blessed it!' That family ever afterwards asked the blessing of God on their food, and that little boy is now a missionary in Jamaica.

WHAT SAY YOU TO THE PRESENT TIME?

IN answer to your inquiries about the state of religion among us, an impression which has been long strengthening in me, has now settled into a conviction, that the church of God has passed, or is passing, a grand era in her existence; that the world has added, or is adding, the church to her possessions, and is secretly, but rapidly, leavening all her holy things; that this has been done by Satan as an angel of light, who, after vainly striving to resist the spreading of gospel truth through the united prayers of God's people, has had recourse to his ancient device of becoming a fellow-worker, mixing up worldly expedients for worldly ends; and thus that which our godly fathers, in much sorrow, sowed in the spirit, is now being made perfect through the flesh.

To this is mainly to be attributed an extraordinary and sudden extension of nominal evangelical religion in the land, which will strike you at once, as it has perplexed many honest-hearted servants of God among us, who wonder to find that, in the prosecution of such labours of love as subjected them in times past to bitter mockery, they have now the applause and hearty co-operation of men professedly grounding their actings on worldly principles. You must no longer expect here persecution for the profession of religion (as it is called), the singing of psalms, and the distribution of tracts, to which you were exposed in that land of open infidelity which you have left. Persecution for such causes is now becoming little known, except in such a measure as to add an agreeable poignancy to the vapid luxury of ease in Zion.

You must remember well, that towards the end of last century, when the judgments of God were abroad on Christendom, there was given to his people, especially in this country, a remarkable spirit of intercession for the world, and of prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; that when, in fear and weakness, missionaries began to be sent forth to the heathen, the echo of the old cry was at once heard, 'What do these feeble Jews?' This was the serpent's hiss; and forthwith at the call every engine of hell was let loose on the work. And why? Not because they were printing Bibles and collecting money; but because they brought with them the weapons of faith and prayer, instead of economics and human confederacies; because, like Zerubbabel of old, they refused to let God's enemies help in doing God's work. How changed now! Orthodoxy is in favour; religion has taken a place among the luxuries of life, and bears a high price; the sermons of Blair and Tillotson are left to moulder on the shelves; and a preacher, if he would gather crowds, especially in the north, must hold those very doctrines the declaration of which brought down the wrath of the world on Luther and Wesley.

The churches, in fact, both Established and Dissenting, are becoming, more and more, the one a *collection* of the world, the other a *selection*, instead of one great *election* out of the world, to be to the whole earth a light, a blessing, and glory. The church is spreading out, instead of gathering in; and the gospel, as a form of truth, is becoming to the Gentiles as much a substitute for the living Father, as the Law was to the Jews. The Arminian leaven of last century, of making a saviour of man's works, has given place to the far more subtle evil of making a saviour of man's faith and man's trustings. *Religion* is everywhere stealing away men's hearts from God as effectually as any worldly pursuit. And Satan favours the delusion; for it is not doctrines that he hates, but God; and it is all one what his means be, provided he can attain his great object of seducing man, and leaving God to mourn in the disappointment and loneliness of a bereaved parent.

Very fearful, truly, are the deeds of darkness in those habitations of cruelty of which you tell; and still more fearful were the crimes of the same priesthood, with power uncontrolled, in times past. But not the writhing of the tortured thousands in Jerusalem on the day of its doom, nor the streets of old Rome lighted up with the blazing bodies of Christian martyrs, nor the sewers of Paris running red and reeking with Huguenot blood, nor the groans of the Inquisition dungeons, nor the fires of Smithfield, present a spectacle more appalling than that of crowds of men wearied out with the world, and running from church to church to drown the consciousness of the dread vacuum within, and thus soothed in proportion as they are benumbed into carnal security.

Meanwhile those who do desire the Lord, scattered among the various sects like sheep on the dark mountains, feel that all is not right; the streams are drying up; a mysterious blight is on

the pasture; the Shepherd looks down, for his lambs are bleating. Every one in the secret of his own heart feels this, and in the secret of his closet confesses it; they can no longer conceal it one from another. Many an eloquent man returns from a glowing speech with an aching heart; the expostulatory cry in secret of many is, 'Wherefore have we fasted, and Thou seest not?' The sacraments of our churches no longer send forth men like hinds let loose; meek as babes, and bold as lions, to go forth in the strength of that food many days. You will ask in vain for the multitudes of '*sin-sick souls*,' as of old, crying out in the sincerity of agonized consciences. Many run to and fro, it is true, and *knowledge* is increased; but iniquity abounds, and the *love* of many waxes cold; some already walk naked, and men see their shame.

At once an indication and an effect of the vacuum in each heart is the immense multiplication of sects, and the remarkable subdivisions going on in all parts of the world among these sects—as a lake in the drought stagnates into little pools. And truly very affecting you will find it to see so many precious men, ignorant of the great hidden cause of the evil, forsaking their places, like Naomi fleeing in the famine to the dwellings of Moab; or going recklessly from sect to sect in quest of peace, 'like bees when they miss the queen, seeking each in the other what is the common need of all.' Others seek remedies in education of the people, or in providing church accommodation. How little, alas! does Satan care whether men build churches, or chapels, or meeting-houses, when the Shechinah is departing. Alas! the vanity of building docks where the ocean is receding! God has tender pity, nevertheless, of his bewildered children, thus trying to do in man's way what He, in answer to the unanswered prayer of many generations, will arise to do in his way. But, oh! let us stand in awe; for it is ever 'by *fearful things* in righteousness' that the answer comes.

Many other remarkable indications of our real disease might be named. One striking feature is the great unwillingness in men to hear that the days are evil, and not good. Tell men they are not giving enough, not labouring enough, not praying enough, and you will be gladly listened to; but testify to the hollowness of the whole system, and you will find yourself a lonely man. Reforms are going on without repentance; the tombs of martyrs and reformers are rebuilt, and monuments erected to identify the principles of the money-spenders with those of the sin-condemners; toleration in every form lauded, excepting only 'the toleration of intolerance!' The most striking of all these signs, perhaps, is the increasing circulation of religious periodicals of every description, and an activity quite unprecedented in the diffusion of what is termed *useful knowledge*. Such mechanical occupation soothes man's conscience, by providing for an absorption of the spirit without God's presence, while the commercial routine of religious societies, and the unwholesome excitement of their crowded meetings, are found to be a poor substitute for a lost first love by those whose eyes have once gazed in gladness on the morning star.

It might be shown how the present condition of things is a reaction upon the French Revolution, or rather upon that mighty 'movement,' of which the Reformation was one of the first fruits, and the French Revolution was the latest offspring,—that movement which, in spite of every struggle of the heterogeneous elements which reluctantly subserve it, is sweeping us along to an undeterminable crisis. The two great principles are, combination and dispersion; and their forms of manifestation are, absolutism and radicalism in the state, superstition and infidelity in the church. In their direct oppugnancy we see yet a unity of operation, a common tendency to shake off God's authority, showing their identity and dependence on one mighty spirit, who wields the power of both. Self-will is the spirit's name.

Every new form of Satan's transmigration is at once the offspring of the evil thing that was, and the womb of the evil to be; and the first manifestations of its character are ever seen in its opposition to the old. Let us trace this in the history of the past.

The great truth for which Luther had to testify was, that man can be just before his Maker only through the blood of his Son. This doctrine of justification by faith, as it is called, is now as precious a truth as ever. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness. But as no one member of the body can perform the functions of another, so no one truth can be a substitute for another. It is only empirics who single out any doctrine, however valuable, as applicable to all cases in all conditions. The Bible is not a single weapon, but an armoury, from which the good soldier must select that which his ever-varying need requires. There is a time and a season for every purpose under the sun; therefore a man's testimony for God's truth will vary according to the time and place where his lot may be cast. That which will be 'smooth things' to one generation or to one nation, will bring hot persecution in another.

When Paul preached to the Athenians, they willingly heard him announce the universal fatherhood of God, but scoffed when he spoke of the resurrection. When pleading before the bloodthirsty Pharisees, on the other hand, who hated him because he proclaimed God as the 'Saviour of all men,' he escaped by his declaration, that 'of the hope and resurrection of the dead he was called in question.' When Moses came to give the law, the people could not endure its purity, its requirements, and restraints—they longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt; and yet it was through idolatry of this very law that they crucified the Lord of Glory. The same evil spirit which vociferated, 'Up! make us gods; for as for this man Moses, we know not what has become of him,' was that which insidiously whispered, 1500 years afterwards, 'Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved.' Elijah was raised up to testify

against Baal; he complained in his day, that the people had thrown down all God's altars. How had the form of evil changed in Jeremiah's age, when, sunk in sin as the Jews were, God declared himself *wearied* out with the multitude of their sacrifices; and when, in order to find the greatest crowd, the prophet had to go with his message to the gate of their temple! Idolatry and Sabbath-breaking were the prevailing sins of the chosen people during the rule of their judges. When they had filled up the measure of their iniquity, and the day of their judgment was come, the law and its requirements were observed with a degree of scrupulous exactness hitherto unparalleled. The synagogues were thronged, the names and memorials of Baal and Ashtoreth had passed away, and they perished in myriads, by sword and pestilence and famine, rather than break one iota of the second and fourth commandments. So entirely does the contest change its ground; and so awfully soul-deluding is the hope grounded on, holding unquestioned any creed or doctrine which God used as the shibboleths of a past day.*

We might thus trace on to our own times the various manifestations of Satan in the evil forms of Arian, Pelagian, Papal, and other heresies. The last was the most wondrous of all,—deriving accumulated life from all the previous forms of which it was the representative and concentration,—the mystery of iniquity! The same spirit which sought the young Child's life at first, tempted Him in the desert, opposed Him in the temple, and derided Him on the cross, now appears on the stage clothed in the robes of the risen King,—the wielder of his iron rod, the bearer of his cross, the avenger of his death, the arch-apostle of Christianity! And now, in the name of the rejected Nazarene, was there reared a more stupendous fabric of pride than Babel's tower; and the chanting of David's Psalms drowned the dying cries of God's saints, slain by virtue of authority derived from Peter the fisherman!

The testimony needed now was not to the true humanity or divinity of Christ; it was not against Judaizing or Gnostic errors; but for the great truth of justification through the blood of God's Son. And a mighty testimony was borne: Luther's 'new heresy,' moulded into a doctrine, is now one of the 'household truths;' and well does it become us to reap in joy that inheritance of truth which our fathers sowed in tears, and have left to us, their children's children.

But where is the contest about to open now? That spirit which set Cain against Abel, Esau against Jacob, Dathan and Abiram against Moses, Saul against David, Caiaphas and the Scribes against Jesus Christ, which stoned the prophets, and martyred his people,—where is that spirit? and what is he doing? As idle would it be to make provision against Assyrian armies, against Druidical rites, or haunted castles, as to be looking for Satan's reappearance to energize exploded errors, and rebuild the temples of a despised superstition. All of them served the purpose of their day; but the time is past for all that. The machinery of the old superstitions is worn and stiff; their chariot wheels drag heavily; they suit the devil's purpose no longer; the infidel spirit of the age laughs them to scorn, and is about to blow it all to atoms. Satan is playing a far deeper game. The cockatrice is hatched, and what careth he to see men vent their rage against the empty shell? These crusades against Popery are like the exploits of the men of Ai rushing forth against a show of array in front, while the enemy in the very midst of their own city is occupying their strongholds.

With awe, then, in watchfulness and prayer, let us be looking out, *and looking in*, for the resurrection of the evil spirit in a form adapting itself to the altered condition of society—at once the offspring and former of its character. Popery will be revived in this land; but it will be Popery in an aspect as diverse from its previous exhibition as the Pope of Rome was from Caiaphas the priest. Let us be prepared for a spirit proclaiming the authority of all the combined truths for which our fathers suffered; let us not be stumbled if it come glowing with the message of God's love; rebuking, exhorting, encouraging; weeping over the recital of Christ's sorrows, and telling of the glory that shall follow. Let us not wonder if it expose Papal absurdities, and exhort to Christian simplicity. All this will Satan be likely now to do; for nothing short of this will be likely to deceive the elect. Let us not say, 'Can this be of Satan which charmeth so wisely?' Remember that our fathers testified to the death against a church holding a creed teeming with the truths of Christ's divinity and Christ's humanity; and we in our day may be called on to testify ere long against what may hold in the letter every truth revealed since the days of Adam, and yet, through the archwitchery of the deceiver, in its deeds and spirit deny them all. Remember the last form of deceivableness is *a beast to arise in the likeness of a* LAMB. How are you to discern it from the Lamb that was slain? 'It speaks like a dragon,' the serpents hiss still; but, blessed be his name, their Shepherd's small still voice his sheep know; and they will not follow a stranger. Remember the beast which, when all shall think its power for ever gone, shall rise again, to the wonder of the whole world. Remember the words which were spoken aforetime by the holy prophets, how that there should arise on the one hand mockers, saying, 'Where is the promise of his coming?' and on the other, false Christs, declaring, '*Here is the promise of his coming.*'

It is a writer of the Romish Church who says, 'Are you, haply, ignorant of history? Are you ignorant of the heinous and loud scandals of the Hebrew priesthood? Who utterly undid the Jews but their priesthood? It was they who in every way resisted Messiah himself, notwithstanding that they had Him before their eyes, heard his voice, and admired his miraculous works. Now, I say, was this, haply, the priest-

* The exposition of this truth through the history of the past seems to have been the great aim of Stephen's speech, in which he was so suddenly cut short.

hood of some idol, or some false religion? Had they formally apostatized from that which they professed? Had they lost the faith of their ancestors in the hope of their Messiah? Had they not in their hands the Scriptures? Could they not behold therein, as in the clearest mirror, the true image of their Messiah, and compare it with the original, which was before them? Yes, all true. But at that time, and in these circumstances, all this was not sufficient. Why should we, then, stand amazed at the thought, that the Christian priesthood may yet in part imitate the iniquity of the Hebrew priesthood? Those who now wonder at this, or are scandalized to hear it, or regard it as an incredible absurdity, there is much reason to fear, when the time comes, will be the first to be taken in the net; and for the very reason that they regard such iniquity as incredible in persons so sacred, they will likewise regard the iniquity itself as goodness. What is there to be wondered at, after such experiences? Did not the whole Christian world groan in the time of the Arians? And whence came all that mischief but from the priesthood? How think you it shall be, when the simple sheep of Christ, of every age, sex, and condition, seeing themselves persecuted by the first beast, shall betake themselves to the shelter of their shepherds, imploring their help, who shall meet them sword in hand, and force them to yield obedience? How think you it shall be, when, turning their eyes to their shepherds as to their only refuge and hope, they see them trembling with still greater fear than themselves, at the sight of the beast and his crowned horns,—when, consequently, they see them practically approving the whole conduct of the first beast, and counselling all to yield to the times for the sake of peace; and when, for the good end of peace, fatal to the truth, they receive the mark of the beast—that is, publicly declare for him feigning miracles and wonders, to attain the end of bringing them over by the appearance of religion?'

Anon.

The Two Messengers.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MELTETY BY K. G.

[The translator was struck with the image of the messenger, Death, being the messenger (*angel*) of peace to the humble messenger, or servant of God, who, though he was wandering through shady places, was always in the path of duty, where Death could meet him with a message of peace.]

'TWAS night: a messenger set out;
The stars above were dim;
Yet of his way he did not doubt;
He had his trusty staff, and stout;
Night had no fears for him.

Quickly he neared the wood's dark bound,
And trode the solemn shade,
Where no sweet minstrel's songs resound—
His lonely footsteps only sound,
And the tree-tops whisperings made.

Then thinks he, tow'rds the moor, 'mid reeds,
A wanderer to descry:
He, hearkening, stops; each sound he heeds;
When from behind a trunk *it* speeds,
And beckons friendlily.

'All hail!' thus cheerily it cries;
'Hold thou me not in dread.
I'm one like thee, on pests that hies
Late, late to rest: early I rise;
My way thus ceaseless sped.'

'A messenger as I, art thou?
Fear should I cast aside?
Then tell me whence thou comest now,
Who sent thee, and thy name avow,
E'er I in thee confide.'

'I follow,' said he, 'the behest
Of *Him* whom all men know;
My home is called "*The land of rest*,"
My name "God's will," by all confest:
Thou too shalt call me so!'

'This,' thought the messenger, 'good sooth,
Wonder may well engage;
Yet what proceeded from his mouth
Was godly—as his name, in truth;
'Tis a pious soul, I'll wage.'

They went their way in silence still,
To where the paths were twain;
The messenger sad bodings fill;
When speaks the stranger: 'I that rill
Beside, must haste amain.

'Although my work is quickly wrought,
No stay doth me beseem:
And thou, my friend, delay in nought;
And when thy work to end is brought,
Then may'st thou rest and dream.'

Then lightly wandering—gliding on
Like wind o'er flowery bed—
He sees, from huts all mean and lone,
And palace-portal many a one,
The stranger restless tread.

And now the night hath come again,
And long, deep shadows fall;
The messenger, his task done, *fain*
His homeward way hath duly ta'en,
When he hears the stranger call:

'Thou honest soul! and art thou there?
Myself will I reveal.
Thou dost thy work with pious care,
Therefore appear I mild and fair;
Thou need'st no terror feel.

'Look in mine eyes: know'st thou not me?
Of the weary I the friend:
Day's heat being o'er, refresh I thee;
Wafting, with light wing, peacefully,
Where rest and peace ne'er end.'

Then on the messenger there shone
A light, like morning's glow.
Longing, he cries, 'Earth's joy and moan
Farewell!' He sinks down, and is gone;
Yet smile both lips and brow.

Words in Season.

BIBLE-THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'Preaching peace by Jesus Christ.'—Acts x. 36.

It is of 'peace' that we are now to speak; that which the Holy Ghost calls peace; that which is the theme of the Bible from first to last; that which is the need of earth; that which is the possession of heaven.

Peace, then—(1) What it is; (2) What it is not; (3) Where it comes from; (4) How we get it; (5) What it does for us.

I. *What it is.*—It means sometimes friendship or reconciliation, and sometimes the state of soul resulting from these. It is the quieting of the soul after any excitement, or vexation, or trouble of conscience. In our text it specially means reconciliation with God; the removal of his anger, and the renewal of broken friendship (Isa. xii. 1, 2). Peace here is equivalent to peace with God; though it may include, as the consequence of this, peace of soul—the peace of God. It is the calming of the storm by the stilling of the raging winds; it is the soul's calm—a divine and heavenly calm, from God himself. Is this peace yours?

II. *What it is not.*—It is not mere indifference. The frozen lake is calm; but that is not the calm we desire. The sea on the lee side of some island-cliff is calm; but that is simply because the wind is blowing in a particular way. It is not the security of self-righteousness; that is unreal peace—a hollow security. It is not the peace of prosperity, or pleasure, or earthly ease. There is the world's peace, and the devil's peace, and the peace of a seared conscience; but these are not what God calls peace. It is not anything that arises from forgetting God, or from imagining Him to be such an one as ourselves, or from losing sight of sin, or obliterating the law, or denying the cross. Bible peace is something different from all these.

III. *Where it comes from.*—It does not come from self, or sin, or the flesh, or the world; nor does it come from the law, or our own goodness, or our prayers, or religiousness. It comes directly and solely from Jesus Christ,—from himself, and from his cross; from Him as Jesus, from Him as the Christ. In Him we have the love of God and the righteousness of God; and in the knowledge of these two there is peace for the sinner. All that can be comprehended in that word 'peace' is contained in Him, and comes from Him. He is the Prince of peace, the way of peace, the fountain and the river of peace. 'He is our peace;' 'He has made peace through the blood of his cross.' That which makes peace, and which giv has been finished and perfected in Him cross. Peace is not a thing to be made l was made by Him; He finished the re work, the peace-making work, eighteen years ago. It is done. The foundation laid in Zion. The well of peace was t and opened. 'Be ye reconciled,' is our now. And this message of peace is to al who is our peace is Lord of all. 'God *the world* that He gave his Son.' Who among the troubled sons of Adam, that there is no ground and no message of me? Your *need* of it is your warrant for it; and the cry to you is, 'Whosoever wi

IV. *How we get it.*—Our text says it is '] to us; or, more exactly, 'the good news brought to us.' The pacifying, conscienc work is done; and God has sent us his a it. The Holy Ghost has put on record mony concerning it, for our sakes. God done a work, and then hidden it, leaving to find it out. He has lifted up his voice sent abroad his messengers, commanding 'preach the gospel to every creature;' t say to every creature that it is for him. lieve this divine record, this testimony of Ghost; and the peace contained in Hi testified of, flows into us. He that hath hath life, hath peace. We believe, an peace. 'Being justified by faith, we ha with God.' It is not first faith, *and then upon our own faith*, that gives peace; t be extracting peace from our own faith, the finished work of Golgotha; that wou lieving in our own faith, not in Jesus. O reception of the testimony of the Holy S for us all we need.

V. *What it does for us.*—It *purifies.* N no purity. It is not first purity, then pe first peace, then purity. It *liberates.* Be with peace, we are *free.* The possessio peace is the true liberty of the soul. peace, we are in bondage and darkness. *fies.* It fills the soul; it takes away and emptiness. It *animates.* Till peace t session of us we are sluggish in the caus Peace makes us zealous, brave, self-deni ing to spend and be spent, to do and s makes our faces shine. It turns our eye to the Lord's appearing. So long as we in peace, we are afraid of his coming; wh fills us, we desire it. We say, 'Come, Lor What is there that this peace cannot do f

COMING GLORY.*

WE are standing in sight of a yet distant epoch in the history of the human race,—a grand central point in which lines, for ages converging, shall at length find their terminus.

Geologists tell us that the globe on which we tread has, since its original creation, passed through many and mighty physical changes. A great and final one awaits it. 'The heavens and the earth, which are now, are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment, and perdition of ungodly men;' and then shall emerge 'the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

The *physical* history of the globe is but one of these converging lines; the *spiritual* history of its inhabitant man is another. Its actual commencement is not of very ancient date. Compared with the home which he inhabits, man is but of yesterday. Through great changes, however, has he passed during the few thousand years of his existence. He has known what it is to stand on the dazzling pinnacle of purity and bliss, and what it is to sink into the unfathomed depths of pollution and wretchedness. He has seen the greatest wonder in the universe—the Son of God die, that the sons of men might live. He has witnessed the world brooded over, from generation to generation, by the Creator Spirit—moral chaos begun to dissolve into celestial beauty,—and light struggling to divide itself from the darkness. This revolution he is destined to behold accomplished. 'The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' Then cometh the end. 'The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God,' and, summoning earth's inhabitants to judgment, shall wind up man's history as a dweller on the present globe.

Starting from this great terminus, the human race shall enter on an entirely new phase of existence.

A few of the elements of the state of glorified man are before us.

I. *Outgathering.*—In order to make perfect union possible, and future separation impossible, the gathering out of the loyal from the disloyal is as necessary as it is natural. 'What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? What communion hath light with darkness? What concord hath Christ with Belial?' Between these opposing forces the struggle may be fierce and protracted; but at length, as if by a law of gravitation, good and evil shall go each to its own place. Already that law is working; but it has not as yet full scope for operation. It shall. 'There shall in no wise enter into heaven anything that defileth.'

The action of this law must draw a sharp, impassable line between the loyal and disloyal inhabitants of the world. At present the good and bad are mixed up together. Unwilling that one child of Adam should be unblessed, the Great Father is holding in check the law of separation, that every wanderer who will, may be brought to the everlasting home. This cannot always be. At Nature's final hour the law shall have free scope and be glorified. In the language of the Son of man, the tares and the wheat shall be divided; the wheat gathered into the garner, and the tares burnt up with fire unquenchable.

The magnitude of the changes necessarily produced by this final separation, it is not possible to contemplate without the profoundest awe. Ties, once the strongest, must be rent asunder; bonds, once the closest, must vanish like a dream. Shall these things be? How *can* they be, and yet the happiness of the just remain unclouded? We hold our peace. Hearts unable to solve the difficulty, except by adopting the still greater one of shutting the ear to some of the plainest utterances of revelation, can only lie down on the bosom of a Father in heaven. *There*, surely, we may safely rest. Shall not the Father of our spirits, the Judge of all the earth, do right, and triumph gloriously?

In whatever way the result shall be accomplished, not one lingering sorrow shall be able to cast its dark shadow on the ransomed world,—not one pang of grief shall ever mar the blessedness of the children of the resurrection. 'Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them; and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them,

* From *Triumph: the Christian more than Conqueror.* By the Rev. GEORGE PHILIP. Edinburgh: Nimmo. 1869. A volume written with much vigour of thought and style.

and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.'

Meanwhile, ours be the sublime mission of converting ties which might be temporary, into bonds of abiding blessedness. The union of each of us with the Son of God on earth, will issue in the communion of all with one another in heaven. If heaven would be as two heavens, were all our loved ones there, it could be so only in the consciousness that in every bosom loyalty to the God of truth had triumphed.

This mission glows with hope. The God of the families of the earth—the Spirit of the Father and the Son is in the midst of it; and—*God is Love.*

II. *Vision.*—'*Then* shall we see face to face; *then* shall I know, even as also I am known.' '*Now* we see through a glass darkly; *now* I know in part.' In how many respects this is true!

It is so with regard to *the vision of Christ.* What dweller on earth has seen Him as He is? When He appeared among us, so shaded was He that He had to put the question to an apostle, 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?' Since then, the heavens have contained Him, and it is not possible to see Him, except through the shaded medium of faith. It is true that He is still in the midst of his brethren, dwelling in every one of them. But how? By his invisible, intangible Spirit. It is also true that they are not long detained from Him. They have only 'to depart' in order 'to be with Christ.' But then, as if by a kind of cross purposes, they reach his presence only by the loss of the very medium—the body—through which, as human beings, they would come into closest contact with Him. So long as they are in the body, they can apprehend Him only by *faith.* The moment they are near enough to *see* Him, they have become disembodied spirits. 'We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.'

The same is true with respect to *the vision of one another.* 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be.' Neither to ourselves nor to others does it appear what, bodily, mentally, and spiritually, we shall be. Who has seen a brother Christian as he shall be? You have seen him, adorned, it may be, with the fairest charms of beauty; still, he was dwelling in the body of humiliation,—gifted with rarest intellect, rejoicing like a strong man to run a race; still, he was the chained eagle struggling to be free,—wonderfully spiritual, breathing of heaven; and yet, compassed about with manifold infirmities, and often sighing, 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' And then, even though we could see our fellow-Christians as they shall be, how exceedingly small is the range of vision and knowledge we should have! As from a loop-hole, during our sojourn on earth, we look out and converse for a moment with a few of the present generation of the multitude which no man can number. Of the past and the future we are of necessity profoundly ignorant.

At the close of the ages all this shall be rectified. In one and the same hour there will be the *revelation of Christ,* and the *manifestation of the sons of God.* 'When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory.'

His saints shall then see *Him* as He is. Not as disembodied spirits shall they behold Him, but as brothers, with bodies fashioned like his own, 'they shall be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me.' What must that sight be! If blest beyond conception is the emancipated spirit, when it wakes to the light of heaven and finds itself at home in the bosom of its God, shall the rapture be less, when, for the first time, the full-orbed radiance of the Lamb shall beam on the eye of the glorified body, and the whole man, rapt in adoration, shall exclaim, 'My Lord, and my God!'

But it will not simply be the vision of Christ. In the twinkling of an eye, the ransomed myriads will become conscious of *one another's new presence and glory.* Every countenance will be radiant with unearthly beauty, every eye lighted up with 'joy unspeakable.' Past and distant ages will seem to meet; the nations of the saved, from remotest times and farthest climes, will dissolve into one blest, rejoicing brotherhood. 'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of the Lord.' Will the glory appear to have been half told, when the patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and heroes of the past, shall stand behind the Lamb—and *you* shall feel conscious that with you they glory to be one,—when friends who never saw each other in the flesh, shall now gaze on one another with rapture, as men that dream; and loved ones, who fell asleep in Jesus amid groans and tears, shall awake to everlasting embrace amid the joys and the sunshine of heaven?

Organization.—Childhood sings to itself ren, and sees before its eyes a white-robed , for ever floating in dazzling light before one of God. These are beauteous *dreams.* orified world must be organized into one mpire, which shall spread itself over the of light.

ng the 'many mansions in our Father's it is difficult not to believe the present in its renovated glory, one. In several es, revelation points in that direction; so, what could be more fitting? What itting than that paradise lost should be- paradise regained; that citadels over for ages, floated the black banners of nce of darkness, should at last be crowned he bright banners of the Prince of the of the earth; that the beauteous world God made for man, but which an enemy d and defiled, should, baptized with purg- e, put on again its robes of glory, and in more than pristine loveliness, be re- to man as his ancient heritage? Above hat could be more fitting, what more to wake to melody the harps of heaven, hat the same world which beheld the Son l in travail of soul, buffeted by Satan, g on the cross, should welcome Him with ag as the dew of the morning, his enemies tstool, and 'on his head the many crowns?' rever the realms of the blessed may lie, loveliness must be beyond conception. of surpassing beauty does earth present. et, shall there not be fairer still? Who zed on some far-reaching plain, decked thousand charms of varied landscape, in light, and vocal with the melody of thing that hath breath praising the Lord;' s he gazed, felt, like Lot when he lifted admiring eyes on Jordan's fertile plain, was 'even as the garden of the Lord?' from the summit of some regal mountain, d amid countless nobles, proud of their rank and ancient pedigree, has seen, in agnificent panorama, distant regions, far- es, and glittering seas blending with the as if his eye had caught a glimpse of 'all ingdoms of the world, and the glory of in a moment of time?' Who has beheld, s if by enchantment before him, some silver n whose bosom golden sunset sparkled in of glory, while everlasting hills, in solemn eur, kept guard around, and gentle even- nged to hush all nature into dreamy, deep ; till on his spirit rushed the apocalyptic : 'I saw a new heaven and a new earth, e first heaven and the first earth were away?' Let that man tread the realms t, and shall he not exclaim, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him?' Faint image of them wert thou, O beauteous land of Israel, even in thy richest magnificence, when the shout of thy King was in the midst of thee, and thou wert 'a land of brooks of waters, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates; a land of olive-oil and honey;' the mountains shouting and singing, the trees of the forest clapping their hands before the Lord!

If such shall be the *material* beauty, what shall be the *moral* loveliness? What shall be the jubilee, when long-lost earth, borne on the shoulders of the Good Shepherd, shall be restored to the rejoicing sisterhood of loyal worlds, and 'the morning stars shall again sing together, and *all* the sons of God shall shout aloud for joy!'

'*The morning cometh.*' Slowly but surely does the light of heaven spread itself over the earth. Throughout all its borders are to be found the ransomed of the Lord; and wherever they are, they are 'members of Christ,' and 'members one of another.' Growing up into Christ, they shall continue to grow up into one another, 'one body.' Ages, as they roll, will make this more and more visible. The signs of the times strongly point to this result. As if awaking from a long and troubled dream, as if conscious of her present danger and future destiny, the church of the living God throughout the globe is starting into new and higher life, and struggling for closer fellowship with her members and her Lord.

Alas, what need there is of this! How far the church is from 'the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ!' How many children of Zion there are, who ought to be chiefest friends, who yet are divided in sentiment and disaffected in heart! How many Pauls and Barnabases there are, once so loving, each still so lovable, with contentions so sharp between them, that they part asunder the one from the other! What griefs, and heart-burnings, and silent tears, children of the same heavenly home occasion one another! Thorns instead of roses they scatter in one another's path; and when they might well crown a brother's heart with joy, they compel him to tread 'the dolorous way,' bearing his cross. Throughout all her borders and in all her branches, the church groans under feuds and factions, sins and sorrows, and 'sighs to be renewed.'

'Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old.' 'Awake, awake; put

on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city.' 'Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow forth. Let the Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.'

Heaven shall come at last. In its full-orbed glory the light of earth's pale stars shall die. 'No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'

But whence all this? If Love shall ascend the imperial throne, and rule the nations of the saved—*what—who is Love?*

Strange are the workings of the human spirit. It craves subjection to imperial power, as well as possession of highest liberty. The nations which most covet freedom must have a *king*, in some shape or other, to rule over them. All would rule, if there were no ruler; and if all were rulers, there would be no rule. If the subjects of an empire are to sympathize with one another, there must be *one* of regal sway, round whom the sympathies of all shall gather. The world's glorious revolutions have all demanded the presence and rule of a central man. The reformation of religion, in several countries, would have presented another appearance, and been followed by other results, if, as in sister countries, they had had a hero to lead them forth to battle, and urge them on to victory. The *father* of a household is husband, *house-band*, bolt and binder of the whole, controlling, distributing, and regulating the power and love of all the members. Alas when he is gone!

On the throne of heaven shall sit the King, the Father, the Husband, the Saviour of the ransomed world. If the throne transcend conception, what must the King himself be? Alleluia! 'Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises.' 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre. Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows. All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made Thee glad.'

He is Love. On himself He shall concentrate the love and loyalty of all, and thus bind all together, and blend all into one. All loving Him with undivided heart, shall 'love one another with a pure heart fervently.' All in loyal subjection to Him, shall be in loving subordination to one another. The different ran employments there will demand subordi There will be those who have two and who have ten talents; those who rul two and those who rule over ten cities. therefore, there would be, if there were tl sibility of envy, jealousy, and discontent there shall be none. 'Perfect love sha out fear.' 'Ephraim shall not envy Juda Judah shall not vex Ephraim.' The dif of rank between themselves will be as r to the difference of rank between the of them all and their common King. E king and priest unto God,' each intense scious that by the grace of God he is w is, they will all combine to cast their at the feet of 'the only Potentate.' 'Th glorious Lord will be unto us a place of rivers and streams; wherein shall go no with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass th For the Lord is our Judge, the Lord Lawgiver, the Lord is our King; He wi us.' 'And there shall be no more curs the throne of God and of the Lamb shall it; and his servants shall serve Him: an shall see his face; and his name shall their foreheads. And there shall be no there; and they need no candle, neithe of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them and they shall reign for ever and ever.'

But while harmony shall mark the di nations of the saved, with what spirit shal exaltation to the highest honours be co plated by universal creation,—the world lie far off in the infinity of space, and the cipalities and powers that guard the thr the Majesty on high? Will creation's a princes, who excel in strength, and sh untarnished purity and untainted loyalty, a accord to a race, once in open rebellio place of highest glory in the heavens? what feelings shall Gabriel, who stands the throne, behold beings of yesterday—c other and at one time degraded world—c with a costlier robe than he, and wea brighter diadem? And how shall man b carry this excelling dignity?

The *King* on the throne shall gather th *verse into one.* 'In the doctrine of the l and divine nature of Christ,' says a great th 'we have an effective principle of so among unequal orders.' As Lamb of Goc for man from the foundation of the wo man's enthronement Immanuel shall see, a creation shall see, of the travail of *his* sou shall be satisfied. When into one united e Messiah, God's Son and man's Brother, have gathered the whole loyal universe, i poor of earth, exalted to sit above cre

potentates, shall be made known unto the principalities and powers the manifold wisdom of God. Into these things the loftiest angels will desire to look. From the family of Bethany, cherubim and seraphim will not disdain to learn God's gracious plan of providence, nor Gabriel to hear from the lips of the dying thief, the story of redeeming love.

IV. *Perpetuity.*—According to geologists, this globe had to travel through countless ages, before entering on its Sabbath of rest at the creation of man. Since then, its Sabbath has not been altogether unbroken; and the baptism of fire yet awaits itself. But take the *race* of man. It has been on the globe only a few thousand years, and already may it be nearing 'the everlasting rest that remaineth for the people of God,'—a rest to be followed by no week of toil, to be interrupted by no night of sorrow.

If from the race you single out an *individual* subject of Christ's kingdom, threescore years and ten complete his discipline and warfare. There is an old tradition that Lazarus, after his resurrection, asked Christ whether it was necessary he should die a second time, and that being told it was, he never again smiled. Supposing the tradition true, one could understand Lazarus. And yet, at the same time, had the present life been to the Christian but the first of a series of probationary states for final and unchanging bliss, how heartily, even then, we might have rejoiced over a brother, when through the gates of death he had safely passed from the first state to the second; and how well the rejoicing might have swelled into jubilee as he approached the final goal! With what joy, then, may we pronounce over a good man's *first* and *last* grave, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them!' 'In thine infancy, thou art "more than conqueror." At dawn, hast thou triumphed gloriously: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter, *even now for ever*, into the joy of thy Lord."'

'*Ever.*' Unable though we are to grasp eternity, we are perfectly able to grasp the idea of its necessity for final blessedness. 'Eternal'—while the saddest word that can be joined to what is sorrowful, is the most joyous word that can be joined to what is jubilant. 'Fair, but fading,' falls heavily on the heart. 'Evergreen' decks the beauteous flower with brighter loveliness. '*Farewell*' is the last and deepest sigh of the deathbed. '*For ever* with one another'—'*for ever* with the Lord,' is the first and loudest shout of the resurrection morn.

'For ever with the Lord.
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.'

When the great Dreamer describes Christian and Hopeful entering the golden gates of the New Jerusalem, he adds, 'And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.' Who would not? 'Blessed are they who are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.'

'*Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.*'

BESSIE BARTON'S TEST.

'I WISH I knew just what to do about it,' were the words that again and again fell from Dr. Barton's lips, for the matter to be decided was a weighty one.

Each time they were uttered, the soft, dark eyes of a young girl, who sat sewing near by, were lifted wistfully towards the gentleman, till at last he noticed the earnest expression, and asked, 'What is it, Pussy? What do *you* think about it?'

'I should go by papa's rule,' she replied, the crimson creeping into her fair cheek.

'And what may papa's rule be, little Bessie?' asked her uncle.

'Never to do anything, or say anything, or to go anywhere, when we cannot ask God's blessing to rest upon us. He says it saves a world of trouble, and is always a sure test.'

Dr. Barton was a worldly man, who sometimes scoffed at the simple confidence of pious souls; but no such feeling tempted him now, and silently kissing the fair forehead of his niece, he left the room.

Uttered in weakness as it was, Bessie's lesson of trust proved the 'word fitly spoken;' and not many months passed before he too claimed this test as his rule in life's duties and trials.

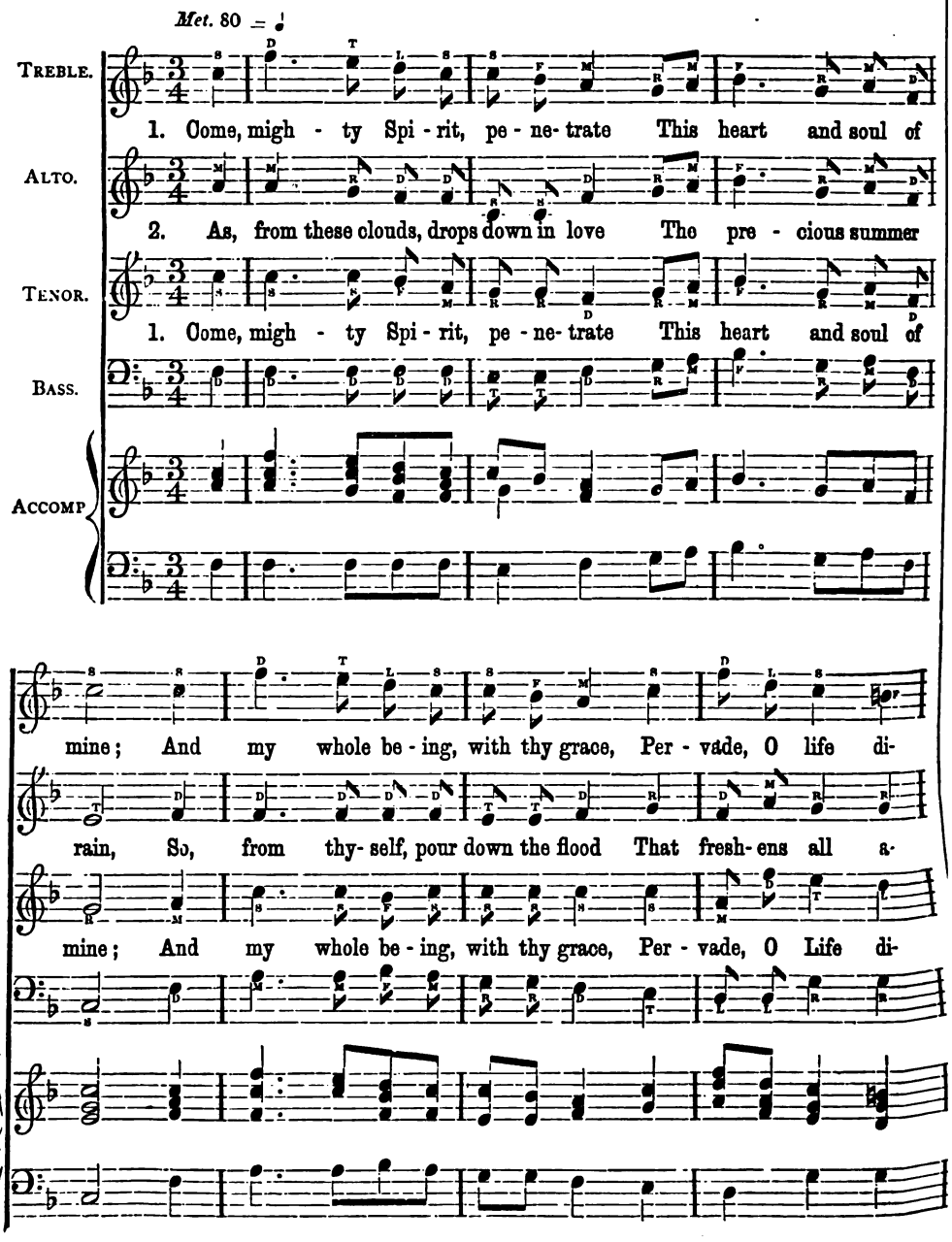
When our journey through life seems a tangled pathway, have we as sure a rule to guide our weak steps? Not all the wisdom of philosophy can yield so perfect a test. Do nothing but what you can ask God's blessing to rest upon. What a safeguard against the wiles of the tempter, be the lure ever so seductive! What a beacon in the darkest hour of doubt! To feel that God will bless our efforts, is a stronger staff to uphold our trembling steps than the most powerful of earthly helpers.

'Nothing but what God will bless.' Write it on your heart; have it graven as a breastplate; it will never fail you: 'I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. So He has promised, and He never fails to fulfil.

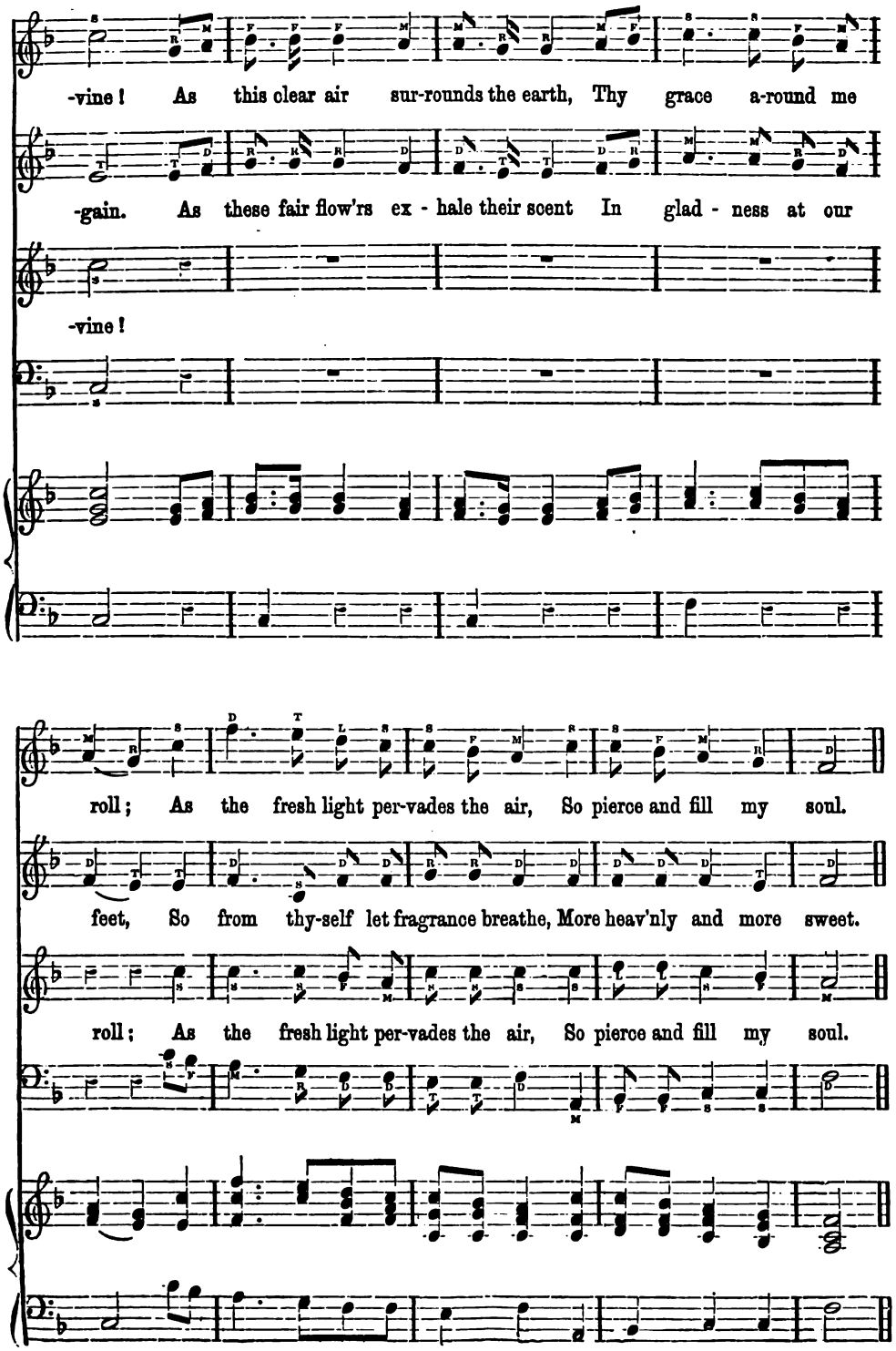
A. M. L.

The Treasury Hymnal.

COME, MIGHTY SPIRIT.

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Music from* Zeuner.

Met. 80 = ♩
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp
1. Come, migh - ty Spi - rit, pe - ne- trate This heart and soul of
2. As, from these clouds, drops down in love The pre - cious summer
1. Come, migh - ty Spi - rit, pe - ne- trate This heart and soul of
mine; And my whole be - ing, with thy grace, Per - vade, O life di-
rain, So, from thy- self, pour down the flood That fresh- ens all a-
mine; And my whole be - ing, with thy grace, Per - vade, O Life di-

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*


-vine! As this clear air sur-rounds the earth, Thy grace a-round me
-gain. As these fair flow'rs ex - hale their scent In glad - ness at our
-vine!
roll; As the fresh light per-vades the air, So pierce and fill my soul.
feet, So from thy-self let fragrance breathe, More heav'nly and more sweet.
roll; As the fresh light per-vades the air, So pierce and fill my soul.

A PASTOR'S STORY.

HE was known as a faithful and conscientious labourer in the vineyard of the Lord; his ministerial services were well attended, and his person and work held in high estimation. Especially was there a pleasant understanding between himself and the children of his charge, whom he greatly loved.

Among the latter were three brothers, Robert, Henry, and James. They were bright boys, all of them. Their father was not a professor of religion, though holding its services and its ministers in great esteem. His wife was a shining example of its purity and power. Both her husband and sons looked upon her with admiring love and reverence. While she lived, her influence was potent to order her household aright. Though she longed for and constantly sought the salvation of her family, she never made religion repulsive, or chilled the atmosphere of home by complaints of their refusal to become Christians.

Nor did her serenity give way when death came suddenly to claim her, and she must leave those dear ones behind with no apparent evidence that they were prepared to follow her to heaven. 'I leave them in my heavenly Father's hands with perfect confidence,' she said to her pastor. 'I can trust his promise, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee;" and I can leave to his wisdom the time and means of its fulfilment. Only I have one request to make of *you*, my dear sir; grant me that, and I shall die in peace.'

'What is it, dear sister? I will do anything I can for you, surely.'

'Thank you for the promise; may God help you to keep it faithfully! What I ask is, that you will take up the charge which I must now lay down, of daily prayer for my children's souls. There is no one else of whom I can properly ask this favour; and I know of no one whom I could so trust to perform such a pledge.'

The pastor felt that he was assuming a great and solemn responsibility. He would have declined it, had he dared to do so; but his word was given, and he must not draw back; so, with an inward prayer for help from on high, he confirmed the promise to his departing friend, and saw her dying features brighten with grateful love and holy joy. 'Thank God!' she said; 'I have nothing more to ask. All will be well—for ever well. We will talk of this when we meet above.' And so she closed her eyes on earth, to waken in heaven.

After the pastor had buried the mortal remains of this beloved Christian, his thoughts turned yearningly to the bereaved husband. 'She did not ask me to promise prayer and effort for *him*, but only for her boys,' said the wondering clergyman to his deacon. 'I can hardly understand the omission.' 'Perhaps,' was the reply, 'perhaps she felt that her death would be the means of his salvation; and I should not wonder if it proved so. He seemed to me wonderfully sustained during the funeral. I could not help thinking that he had obtained strong consolation somehow.'

The pastor found the above supposition a true one. The husband had long been 'almost persuaded' to be a Christian; and when he saw his wife's godly living crowned by such dying grace as made her chamber the very gate of heaven, he could no longer refuse to give his heart to Jesus. So he buried her precious dust not only in the full assurance of a glorious resurrection morn for her, but with a new and sweet hope of his own personal interest in her Saviour.

'I think,' he said to the good minister, 'I think *she saw* that I was not far from the kingdom; she smiled so sweetly upon me at the last, as if all concern for my salvation was taken away; and her last words to me were, "Praise God that we shall meet in heaven." And I do indeed praise Him; for though He has taken her who was the light of my life, He has given me himself—a Light that can never fade away. I shall soon go to be for ever, I trust, with her and the Lord.'

Sooner, much sooner than he or any one anticipated, was this expectation fulfilled. A sudden accident cut off the strong man in his prime, and his boys were left to orphanage. It was while the pastor was weeping with them in their sorrow that he told them of his promise to their dead mother. Their hearts seemed very tender, and he fondly hoped soon to welcome them into the fold of the good Shepherd.

But weeks, months, and even years rolled by without realizing those warm desires for the conversion of the orphans. They had found a home with their father's brother; and so far as worldly comforts and prospects were concerned, they had nothing more to desire. Their uncle and aunt had no children, and the boys were warmly welcomed to all the privileges of the household. But no family altar shed its hallowed light in their new home; no Christian example was there; no sacred benediction stood between them and a tempting world.

Yet daily the pastor remembered his solemn covenant with their mother, and bore them on his heart at the mercy-seat. And so long as their places were punctually filled in the sanctuary and the Sabbath school, he waited in hope of their conversion to God. But at length a dark cloud rose in the horizon. Robert, the eldest of the boys, celebrated his eighteenth birth-day, and inaugurated his independence by proclaiming himself too old for longer attendance at the Sabbath school. Henry, who was only two years younger, insisted upon following Robert's example; and James began to think that what had failed to interest his brothers could have no claims upon him. The pastor felt this deeply, and resolved to exert all his influence to bring them back. His kind persuasion easily prevailed with the youngest. James promised readily that he would not again leave his class.

But Henry steadily refused to return, unless

ert would do so; and Robert persisted in idering himself, as he said, 'too old for chizing.' For a time their kind friend felt uraged, and saw no way but to leave them heir chosen course. But that daily plead- which he had engaged to offer on their lf kept them ever fresh in his remembrance, was a constant stimulus to his interest in and his efforts for them. And soon he with pain that Robert, the eldest son, was ned to seek the company of those who owledged no restraint from principle or ear of God. He could not give him up to w such a course, knowing well that it must in ruin.

mething must be done, and speedily. At ch the pastor, though already heavily bur- d with the usual duties of his calling, re- d, with the help of God, to undertake the tional labour of a special service for the ng men of his congregation. He would uct a Bible class for them at his own house, making the occasion one of social enjoyment as well as religious instruction. One hour should be given to the latter, and a half hour to the former.

So much engaged was he in making this effort successful, that he followed up his proposal from the pulpit by a cordial personal invitation from house to house. His plan met with great favour. Even Robert and Henry thought their minister was taking so much pains to benefit and to please them that they could not refuse their attendance.

The Lord soon set his seal upon the labours of his devoted servant. The young men felt the Christian love which prompted such a work for them, and the seed of divine truth fell thus upon softened hearts. A revival of religion of great power and singular purity commenced in that Bible class, and extended through the parish; the three sons for whose souls the pastor had so long prayed being among the first trophies of renewing grace. E. N. H.

Invocation.

THE time I have on earth—how short, how long,
Thou only knowest who dost know all ways!
Let it not pass me as an idle song—
Hold Thou in trust the remnant of my days.

Make them as fruitful as the clinging vine,
That softly creeps about the southern wall,
Clasping each roughness with its tendrils fine,
Lest winds should loosen and its treasures fall.

The talents Thou hast given, if ten or one,
I would not wrap them up and lay them by,
But make the most of each and all; and run
My race as one beneath a Master's eye,

Gaining as many more as Thou hast given.
Forgive the weakness that so clings to dust,
And hinders us along the way to heaven;
Hold Thou my talents, as my time, in trust.

While yet a child in stature and in years,
I envied Peter on the stormy wave,
Wond'ring, meanwhile, at all his idle fears
When One was nigh whose mission 'twas to save.

No more I wonder; in the caverns dark
Beneath his feet a hundred faiths had died
As weak as mine! Give shelter, O blest Ark!
The cruel waters bear me from thy side.

My time, my talents, and myself to Thee
I fain would give, as all thy children must
Who gain thy higher favour—make me free,
As only those are free who *all* entrust.

The tide is adverse, and the wind is strong
That beats me backward from the 'promised land;'
I can but cry to Thee, O Lord, how long
Ere I shall see the guiding of thy hand!

—*Clara B. Heath.*

A YEAR WELL BEGUN.

THE New Year quickens thought. It awakens many regrets for the past, and inspires many high aims for the future. It leads often to a new and better life.

E. began the year 18— with bitter remorse. She felt, as never before, the guilt of rebellion against God. She had been a rebel all her life, she felt, against a Father's love and a Saviour's mercy. The thought moved her to penitence. The stony heart was softened. The obdurate will was subdued; and but a few days of the New Year had passed before she rejoiced in the hope of forgiveness and reconciliation. The pulses of a new life were beating full of gladness, and it was a mystery to her how her hard heart had so long resisted the Saviour's claim for love and service. She became 'a new creature' in Christ Jesus.

M. began the year 18— in sadness. She had been for more than twenty years troubled about her religious state. Her inward experience attested the truth of the Scripture doctrine of sin and guilt, but it bore no witness to the pardon and peace promised to believers in Jesus. She read her Bible daily. She was regular in her visits to a throne of grace, but the prayer was more formal than offered in love or trust. She loved the courts of the Lord's house, and no church member was more uniform in attendance. She talked often with her pastor, and sought light and help eagerly at meetings for prayer; but twenty years had passed without any consciousness of spiritual healing, or any evidence that she was drawing nearer to a Christian life. It was no wonder, then, that the heart was sad, and despondency crowded out hope. 'I shall never be a Christian,' she sighed; 'there is no mercy for me.' Suddenly the thought flashed on her, 'The work of salvation is a finished work. Christ, by his death, has completed it; I can add nothing to it, but must receive it *as a gift*, by faith.' The scales had fallen, and her sight of the way of salvation was clear. Unutterable peace came into her heart, and she wondered, when the way to Christ was so plain, how she could have walked so long in darkness. The year of her birth into Christ's kingdom was more memorable than the year of her natural birth; for she felt that then only had she begun truly to live.

T. had been for some years a professing Christian. He had done nothing to bring reproach on the Christian name, for his life was without reproach before men. But he felt bitterly he had been little better than a cumberer in the Lord's vineyard. His piety was intermittent, not uniform. Sometimes he enjoyed communion with God in secret; at other times the closet was visited reluctantly, or deserted for days. Sometimes he was stirred by a troubled conscience to take part in meetings of devotion; at other times he excused himself for absence by the plea that the meetings were dull and unedifying. The year 186– found him in a softened frame. The memories of his conversion were warm, and he thought of the course of activity and usefulness his early zeal had marked out for the future. He thought sadly of the years gone irrecoverably, and wasted in spiritual lethargy. 'Am I never to do better?' he asked himself. 'Shall I drag on in this wearisome way for life? Why not start anew the present year?' It was a divine impulse moving him, and he yielded to its power. He fell on his knees, and with tears and sobs confessed his unworthy life, and begged for grace to begin with a new spirit. The prayer was heard and the strength was given. He felt a change of heart and will little short of the great change experienced years before. The Christian life was no longer impulsive or intermittent, but calm, strong, and earnest. He loved to pray and he loved to work. His heart was burdened for careless sinners, and he stirred up his fellow-Christians to earnest labours for their salvation; and his heart was filled with an untold peace because some converts dated their first impressions to his prayers and his personal entreaties. The year 186– will never be forgotten by him through the ages of eternity.

To many of our readers the year 1869 may be equally memorable as the year of conversion to Christ, or the epoch when a new and more earnest Christian life commenced.

M.

A REVIVAL EXPERIENCE.

IT was a time of revival in a village and parish in the country, eight years ago. I had been in the way of holding meetings for prayer, and at these had been led by the hand of Providence, as I thought, to give addresses. One of these was held on a wintry night in the house of an old and frail couple, with whom we frequently met, that they, being deprived of the use of the ordinary means, might hear the word. There were many there, considering the accommodation, and there were anxious ones, as afterwards appeared. In telling the simplicity of a first receiving of Christ, I had said more than once, speaking of what man has to do, 'It is only looking, and receiving, and loving.' At the close of the meeting, a man of respectability in the parish, Alexander ——, asked me to speak with him. Then, at least among country people, there was a strong tendency to concealment of one's feelings, and only their very strength, as it were, forced to the expressing of them to another. Going along with him a short distance, I bade those who were to go the same road with myself walk slowly, and I said I would overtake them. Saying so, I turned off

by another path along with Alexander. Alone with me, he spoke of his deep feeling of sinfulness and comfortless state. There was not much said, but we prayed for light, the snow on the ground. Some days after, the first of a series of meetings for inquirers was held by the minister of the Free Church. Not having been invited to attend, I was not sure that the minister might not prefer to be without helpers; and I was a member, too, of another denomination. A strong impulse, however, took me to it. I had hardly entered when my friend Alexander whispered in my ear that he wanted to speak with me when the meeting was over. Bidding the friends goodbye who were with me at the close, I joined him on his way home. His first words were, 'Oh, your prayer the other night was heard, if ever prayer was.' Requested to explain, he said, 'When I left you I was very miserable. Guilt pressed on my soul in a manner intolerable. I lay all night awake, and must have moaned audibly; for once a member of the household knocked at my door, and inquired whether I was well enough. I called out I was, not saying aught of my illness in soul. Towards morning this was; and some time after I fell into a troubled slumber. As I slept I dreamed. On the mantelpiece I saw in my dream a box, white as alabaster, and very beautiful. My heart sought to it. "Did I have it," I thought, "it would be well with me." The eye of One sitting by was on me as *my* eye wandered wistfully towards it, and I knew He had it to give me. Reaching my hand out for it, I was drawing it back, feeling it was too much to take, when He said, "Oh, you may take it;" and, with the question on my tongue of delighted surprise, "What! all this?" I awoke. Your words were then in my memory fresh and glowing—"It is only looking, and receiving, and loving." I saw from that moment that salvation is all out of me, to come to me entirely as a free gift from Christ. I looked, and received, and loved.'

'Then,' said I, 'I dare say you are assured that you are now a Christian because of this wonderful dream.' His look and tone made my heart smite me for this word of testing, as he said, 'Oh, I put no value on the dream, but so far as God made it to me a means of letting me see the truth.' Encouraged to hold by the word of truth, he told me afterwards that he had come to the village to attend my weekly meeting there, but finding he had come on the wrong night, he went to the other, and 'the Lord,' he said, 'sent *you* to it.' A considerable time after, as he accompanied me home from his own house, he said, 'Oh, I am so slow in the learning of truth. I wonder I did not see sooner what I saw only lately, that peace and believing are joined.' It is 'peace *in* believing.' A Christian has peace, continued peace, just as he continues believing. I remember I felt I was 'slow' also; for the truth that we live *on* by faith, even as we begin to live by it, came home from his words more clearly to myself.

To ourselves only was this known, for some time at least; and while living in the district I did not publicly refer to it, reckoning the unburdenings of hearts very sacred, and not to be carelessly exposed. Finding some time ago that what I have narrated had become known to some, and not through me, I give it forth thus publicly now, believing that the subject of it, if he reads the narrative, will not be hurt by so reading it; but, giving God the praise, will join with me in prayer, that the simple statement may be blessed to the letting other souls see that 'it is only looking, and receiving, and loving.'

Alexander was not the only one who came into the light through that meeting.

THE YOUNG MAN'S RESOLVE.

An excellent physician, who cares for the soul as well as the body, gave me some facts of his early religious history. He was reared in a family where there was little fear of God, and grew up a careless and somewhat vagabond young man. The time came when, by some family arrangement, he was to leave home and shift for himself. He gathered up his scanty clothing, and started early one October morning, full of hope, yet full also of anxiety and suspense as to how he might succeed.

An errand led him to pause on the way, at the door of a neighbour. He stood on the doorstone, with his hand uplifted to knock, when he was arrested by the sound of prayer. His hand fell, and he listened. It was the morning prayer of a good man, pleading for the pardon of sin, for sanctifying grace, and for divine guidance. Every word of that fresh, hearty petition brought an arrow to the young man's heart. He reflected thus:

Does this venerable man, whom I have so long revered for his integrity, need *the guidance* and forgiving grace of God? What, then, shall I do without God, as I go forth to make my way in the world? The thought held him: it held him with such power, that he could not release himself from it, nor did he for more than a moment wish to do so. As the prayer closed, he lifted his heart to God, and then and there said: 'My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth!'

That covenant he always kept. To secure the grace and favour of God was his supreme aim; and his entire life was visibly ennobled by his resolve. Few, if any, that I have known, could so truly have said, 'I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'

Perhaps you are still young. What will you do without God? How can you hope to overcome a wicked heart, and resist a wicked world, and baffle the wicked enemy of your soul, if God is not with you? How can you have hope in death, or stand in the judgment, if your Maker is not also your Guide, your Sanctifier, your Saviour? L. T.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

EZEK. XXXIV. 16.

OLD Homer calls Agamemnon a shepherd; Plato calls the magistrate a shepherd. Thus even the heathen knew and appreciated the figure of the prophet in this chapter.

David was actually a shepherd at first; and afterwards, when he was raised to be king in Israel, he is called by his old name.

Christ is again and again declared to be 'Shepherd.' The Psalms are full of this name, so are the prophets. In the New Testament He gets this name. He calls himself Shepherd (John x. 16), and He is called so by the apostles (Heb. xiii. 20). He is the 'one Shepherd,' 'the good Shepherd,' 'the great Shepherd,' the 'chief Shepherd,' the 'Shepherd and Bishop of souls.' This is one of the names which He specially delights in, and by which his grace, and pity, and care, and tenderness, and skill, are declared to us.

The sheep are here described by various words and figures. They are all *out of the fold*—some farther, some not so far; all needing specially the Shepherd's care, and all of them receiving it. Israel, in the first place, is the flock, then men at large. They are thus classified:—

1. *The lost.*—Those who have wandered away, and have become lost to the Shepherd and the fold; lost so that they cannot find their way back again. 'All we like sheep have gone astray.' *Lost* is the chief characteristic under which God contemplates the sinner. It includes everything that is sad and evil. With regard to these He says, 'I will *seek* them.' This is his purpose of grace, unfolding itself from the beginning, but specially exhibited in and by the Son of God when here. 'The Son of man came to *seek* that which was *lost*.' He speaks of himself as seeking the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, the lost son. 'Herein is love.' Each day and hour He is carrying on his search. In the midst of earth's noise, and turmoil, and pleasure, and blasphemy, He is ever working, ever seeking. He has 'compassion on them that are out of the way.'

2. *The driven away.*—In addition to their natural wandering propensities, they have had those who drove them away,—dogs or wolves; false shepherds; wolves in sheep's clothing. In how many cases is the sinner's 'lost' condition thus aggravated by being 'driven away!' He wanders and loses his way; and those who should have sought him, and led him back, drive him farther astray. Unfaithful ministers, inconsistent Christians, foolish or worldly friends, do this; inculcating error, fostering the love of pleasure, warning against 'over-strictness,' setting an evil example, giving false counsel, quenching convictions. To the driven away God speaks, 'I will bring them again,'—laying hold of them, and laying them on my shoulder, and bringing them home rejoicing. The Shepherd's way of bringing back the driven away we see in Christ's life,—in the blind men, in the woman that was a sinner, in the publicans whom the Pharisees were continually driving away.

3. *The broken.*—The sheep wander, or are driven far from the fold, till they fall over rocks or stumble on the dark mountains. These are not only lost, but driven away; not only driven away, but broken—as their Shepherd and Surety said regarding himself, 'All my bones are out of joint.' How many broken sheep are there in these days, when the whole earth is in commotion—turned upside down—and so the sheep are scattered, no man knows where! But the Shepherd interposes. The broken He can deal with as well as the driven away; and for them He undertakes, them He 'binds up.' All their bruises He heals; and their bones, which were broken, He makes to rejoice. He is able to bind up the most 'broken' amongst us all. He is the good Shepherd, the great Shepherd, the chief Shepherd. His office is not merely to feed, but to bind up. He offers his services freely to each one here. Is there some one sorely tried; tempest-tossed, and not comforted; broken by trial, by pain, by dejection, by weariness? Yes, labouring and heavy-laden, burdened, oppressed, sinking under his load, here is the lifter up and the binder up!

4. *The sick.*—These are the farthest gone of all: lost, driven away, broken, and also sick; diseased, and ready to die. Are there not many such? Here is the Healer, the Strengthener. 'He is able to save to the uttermost.' 'His arm is not shortened that it cannot save.' He stretches it down to the very bottom of the horrible pit and the miry clay, where it lies dying; He plucks it thence, as it is ready to perish. Oh the multitudes of the sick on this sin-sick earth! Here is the Shepherd that can strengthen, and deliver, and save. He is no hireling shepherd, that careth not for the sheep; but 'the good Shepherd, who giveth his life for them.' Mark—

(1.) *His love.*—It is love that leads Him to become a Shepherd, and to act as such; true love, free love, great love; love stronger than death; love to the unloving and the unlovable; love to the lost and perishing; pitying love, tender love; love that fain would save, and weeps when men will not be saved.

(2.) *His patience.*—'The Son of man came to seek and to save that which is lost; and in doing so He must have long patience—waiting, waiting, waiting; forbearing and long-suffering; 'not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.'

(3.) *His power.*—It is great and manifold; nothing is too great for it. He can take up every case; He can go everywhere; He can overtake every wanderer; He can drive back every enemy; He can pluck the prey from the mighty. He is 'the Lord God Omnipotent.' He is 'mighty to save.'

(4.) *Earnestness.*—He is no hireling shepherd, that careth not for the sheep. He goes after the wanderers with all earnestness. He leaves the ninety and nine of his unfallen family, his unstrayed flock, to seek the lost. He is thoroughly in earnest. He has always been so; He is so still; He is so to-day. Stray one, He is seeking you with sincere and unquenchable earnestness!

THIS PRESENT EVIL WORLD.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

GAL. I. 4.

AN is the slave of the world. Not the world of outward nature, but a confederacy apart from, and opposed to God, at the head of which Satan appears as the god and

It is wholly deceived by Satan, and
i him the wicked one. Its course is
l by him, and he is the 'spirit that now
i in the children of disobedience.'
: are men of the world; things of the
-riches, honours, pleasures, fashions, cus-
'ays. But all are evil. The men of the
re all earth's inhabitants, with the excep-
God's people. The things of the world,
hat is in the world which is not of the
,—they are the rivals of God. They en-
the heart, and draw it away from God.
: of the world must be at enmity with God.
y of the world is the broad way. It is
this present evil world.' There is a right-
)rld to come, to which it must give place.
ly endures it for the present, till secured
poses of his grace; then it shall all be
p.

a hard problem to be in the world, yet
)nform to it; to keep apart, unspotted,
warfare, yet sure to overcome.
it is the only deliverer from the world. I
: there are none but sometimes feel some-
f the bondage of the world—groan under
few realize its power, or the cause of its

They think they can easily break its
and so they put off, till evil after evil is
d round them. It is sin that gives the
its power. Sin changed God's feelings to
nd man's to God. Man feared his anger
e of sin. But man's heart cannot stand
shut out from the fountain, it goes to
cisterns. His very powers, that would
lung eternally to God, make attachment
creature more infatuated. But take sin
reconciliation follows. Christ alone could
. He gave himself for that purpose. His
an do it. Crosses, disappointments, grow-
rs will not do it. They may help to cast
: idol, but only to set up another. The
g Saviour alone can draw away and set

free from the power and dominion of the world. He could say, 'I have overcome the world.' By his cross we become crucified to the world, and the world to us.

By nature all are in bondage to the world, and need to be delivered. Our tastes, sentiments, pursuits are the same; men of the world our chosen associates. We are in bondage to the things of the world,—gains, pleasures, cares; it is our all in all; it fills our thoughts, our hearts, our hands. If we look forward to happiness, it is earthly; materials are all of dust. The opinion of the world influences us. What will they think and say? Many have more joy in the world's approval than in the covenant of grace, and feel more grief at worldly loss than at God's anger. Are you and God agreed as to the world? He thinks it evil; do you think it good? Poor world-worshippers, what will you do in the day of visitation? Where will you leave your glory?

Are any groaning under its bondage? Look to Jesus. Close to Him, you will feel less the power of the world. It dies under his shadow.

There are worldly affinities in our partially renewed natures, traitors within as well as without. Those who parley with Satan go as far with the world as they can. The church and the world, too, are now almost blended together. There is no deep line of demarcation. These are times when men will not heed the word, nor 'come out;' let them take care that they be not 'cast out.'

'Love not the world.' 'Be not conformed to this world.' It is faith which brings in the power of eternal things. Look not at the things which are seen. Look at the city which hath foundations. Faith brings in Christ, light, life, strength, righteousness.

You must overcome the world, or perish with it. Its power will grow. You will become more and more engrossed by it. The respectable worldly are those most in danger.

If you feel no deliverance from the world, then you have no evidence of interest in Christ. Love of Christ shows forgiveness of sin; love of the world, that sin is not forgiven. Forgive-

ness leads the way to emancipation. If redeemed, God will not leave his ransomed in captivity.

Some say, 'We are afraid to judge others; there may be only a difference in degree, not in kind, between those who go into the world and those who do not.' But God has said, 'Come out and be separate, and I will receive you;' 'I will be a Father to you.' That is something for faith to grasp.

There are lessons to be taught in contact with the world, and obeying the command to be in it as strangers and pilgrims, which cannot be learned even in heaven. Lessons of courage, watching, humility, weaning, hope, and hastening the kingdom.

If absolutely called by duty and obligation to go into the world, then let it be as soldier and watchman, with double caution, your loins girt and lamps burning.

Worldly alliances,—friendship, marriage; how can there be unity? how can a believer and an unbeliever have sweet fellowship together? Break it off; God has said, 'I will receive you.'

Worldly amusements. Some say, 'I don't like them; but my children.' Tell them what you feel; rule your own house, and it may go to their consciences, and they will respect you. Wavering and inconsistency they will despise.

Worldly display, worldly books, worldly conversation. Don't quibble, but press the question, 'Dost thou believe on the Son of God?' He overcame the world.

MRS. EDWARD.

(*Continued from p.* 42.)

THE ministry of Mr. Vaughan in Brighton, under which she next came, was a continuation and complement of the same blessed gospel; and of him she used to relate—and it is somewhat characteristic of English Evangelism—that he once, and once only, preached the doctrine of predestination, which was his own subjective conviction; but, although he knew of a soul being converted by that sermon, he never could bring himself to preach on that subject again. It was one of the sunniest periods of the gospel in England. The fruits of the faithful testimony of Rowland Hill and Simeon were in their prime, and England, in all its cities, was rejoicing in the benefit. Marsh, in Leamington, was only a sample of hundreds who were bringing the kingdom of heaven near to men with all the recommendation of high culture, amd the simplicity of a theology fresh-drawn from the Bible and their own experience. What a talent was entrusted to these men! One cannot forbear inquiring how it happened that such a stream of grace as that which then rolled through England—the river that maketh glad the city of God—has been almost lost in the sands? Why did the labours of these men make no permanent impression *upon the church* in whose bosom they arose? It was a moment when a spirit of quite another kind was putting out its feelers in the Anglican Church, and manifesting a purpose of setting up another than Christ as the gate of entrance into the kingdom of heaven. *The Oxford Tractarian* was already at work to bring back a Protestant nation to bow its neck under the ecclesiastical yoke from which it had, in God's singular providence, been delivered by the truths of the Bible. The Puseyite leaven was already at work in society while Catherine was in England, and nothing which had definite claims and a definite character could fail to gain her attention. Often did she relate in after life how she had, in relation to the religion of forms, the wish to find that way right on which something was to be done—to work out salvation for one's self. Easily might she at this period have resiled as the Galatians did, before whose eyes Christ had been evidently set forth crucified, and, after having begun in the Spirit, have sought to be perfect in the flesh. In wholesome counteraction of the will-worship and voluntary humility and self-invented services to which the devil leads such votaries, she was called about the same time to look steadily in the face the true and acceptable sacrifices to which we are summoned in the way of the Lord. The Church of Scotland was at this moment in the midst of her 'Ten Years' Conflict,' contending for the glory of the Redeemer against the frowns of those in power, and the enmity of all who had no perception of the real authority of Christ in his church. And Catherine, with every son and daughter of the Scottish Church, felt herself called upon to decide to follow Him as King, who was ever before the world wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe. It was a sore but wholesome exercise, to be necessitated to make this stand for Christ, and it would appear as if that time had been to her, as to so many in Scotland, a period of spiritual enlargement and quickening. She used to tell with much emotion how in those days, when all the movements of the Free Church were the topic of conversation in the mansion as in the cottage, and when there were everywhere some who construed everything to the disadvantage of Christ's witnesses, ever as she touched the handle of the drawing-room door she raised her heart to Him, in whose name she stood, to be kept from any word or act that could dishonour his testimony. It were well for churches and individuals if at such times they had a voice sent to direct them like that which was addressed to Miss Grant when the hour of decision had come, and if they had an ear to hear it. 'Whatever you do,' said Lady William to her, 'do not compromise; it may bring peace, but it will be hollow.'

At the time when the grand act of the dis-

f the Scottish Church was taking place
t Bonn, in Germany, with her pupils.
, the land of legend and music, and
e, as the hearth of the Reformation,
a time all her thoughts. With the
ıtally honest and kindly German cha-
e at once felt herself at home; and it
y *con amore* that she devoted herself to
character and language of the people
. It was only the time that remained
ı her own sufficiently arduous duties
ıad for mastering the difficult German
; yet she was able, at the end of nine
o translate and publish Luther's Pre-
e Romans. Miss Brewster, in the eighth
f her little book, *Work*, alludes to Miss
en she says, 'Lichens and mosses and
eaves are needful to prepare a soil for
of the forest; so they who are to be
some special work are often led by a
they know not to some special prepara-
work that may seem to be unnecessary
ıportant proves to be the under soil,
nce the fruitful tree is to spring up.
a lady, who had her mind much turned
dy of German. In her case it seemed
f time, and was met with some opposi-
discouragement. Still she persevered.
ıot till after she had conquered the
s of her favourite language that an
ıt-of door was opened, and she became
of a missionary to the Jews in Ger-

the few months she was at Bonn she
iendships that followed her with lively
nt through life, and mourned over her
Above all, however, her soul, fresh
liveliest impressions of the gospel, was
ıoved by the universal ungodliness of
e, and the contempt of God's precepts
ıart of the few who professed serious
. She, a sojourner on the German soil,
trained to pour forth earnest petitions
ord of the vineyard, that He would
outpouring of his grace in the midst of
once so highly favoured—all uncon-
ıt she herself was to be a chosen instru-
future years, of kindling the flame of
for the Lord and his word in the hearts
in another region of Germany, who
liffuse it widely to others.
nefit she received, and communicated,
ily of Lord William Douglas, is touch-
ressed in the two following extracts—
ı a private note-book of Mrs. Edward,
many years later, and found in her desk
death; the other from a letter of Miss
written to Mrs. Edward's brother:—
in the family of Principal Nicol I was
ı my pupils to England. As the result
rminian authors I had read, I volun-
ıced myself under "the Law." I was
ent in every devised scheme for obtain-
ıess—monthly communion, rigid self-
ions, daily prescribed exercises, diary,
t all would not do. From England I
y brother at Logiealmond, complaining
sence of Christ. His answer was almost
incomprehensible to my ceremony-loving heart. He wrote, "No wonder you cannot see Christ; you are searching for Him in your own dark, sinful heart. Go out of yourself; look to Jesus, and you will find that He is very near and very visible!"

'I returned to Scotland, perversely opposed to what I considered its gloomy Calvinism. . . . In Glasgow, now and then, a ray of light shone into my heart. Then came the Lord's sharp bolt. Mary came home, with death painted on her face. Before I went to Grangemuir, a change had, I believe, come over me. In prayer I no longer sought a liturgy—a form of words. The mountain of separation had been removed. I went direct to my God and Saviour. The path to his throne was cleared of all these would-be and so-called helps, which only perplex the soul. At Grangemuir I found Lady William deeply engaged in studying the Scriptures. Her keen, clear mind soon saw the impossibility of reconciling Scripture and Arminianism. But still, and perhaps the more, she clung to the forms of her church (the Episcopal Church). I had passed through that ordeal, and escaped from ritualism. But now my eyes were opened, and my perverse opposition to Calvinism gave way. But the outbursting into actual life was reserved for Germany. Shut out from ordinances, I was thrust back on my own resources. Oh! the trial to flesh and blood to assemble the young people around me, and for the *first* time to act as their voice to God. But how great the untold joy *afterwards*, and then the tight drawing of the bands of love between that sweet, confiding, loving girl and me!'

Referring to the same period, Miss Douglas writes:—

'From the time when first I knew and loved her, until she was removed to her Father's house on high, so quick and constant were her sympathies, and so unchanged was she by new scenes and interests, that I never felt that distance had separated us, or removed her invisible presence from my side—going out and coming in.

'It would not describe the case truly were I to say that I knew her first as my governess, and in later years as my friend; for she came to us first in a merely temporary way, when there was still hope that a few months of rest and ease at home might recruit the strength of her sister Mary, and our common anxiety about the sick one served quickly to draw us together; and I never remember to have thought of her except as of the friend of whose love I was sure and proud, who was ever ready to strengthen me to overcome difficulties and do all that was right, and who infected me with something of her own keen interest in books and in men. This faculty for detecting what is good in the character of another, and loving and respecting such qualities, even when found in a child, should not be passed over without remark, as, doubtless, herein lay much of her influence. My little brother and sister, young children at the time, claimed her as their own as much as older people, and would draw up their heads and look quite aggrieved if any one asked, "Is Miss Grant your governess?"

They felt she was much more—she is our friend, and who dares to criticise her!

'The two years of loving, faithful labour to which I refer, left lasting fruits for time and eternity in this family, and laid up in store for her a fund not only of cheering recollections, but of living sympathy, to cheer and strengthen her amid the trials of her missionary life.

'I well remember the sad day which brought a letter, summoning her home again, because "Mary" was worse; then, again, the day when, after the cherished young sister had passed away, she returned here to fetch me and my sister, who were to accompany her to Leamington, a place already familiar to her.

'The appearance of your heart-stricken mother, in deep mourning, as we saw her in Edinburgh —where she had come for a last sight of her daughter—is still present to me; and how that daughter cheered her with hopeful and even playful words and looks, impressed me even at the time; but ever since it has been a wonder to me how she was strengthened, not for a passing hour only, but for days and weeks, so that the shadow of *her own* deep grief was never suffered to darken *our* life.

'I was at that time in bad health, and was sent to Leamington to be under Dr. Jephson's care; and my mother hesitated for some time as to asking Miss Grant to take charge of us, doubting whether it would be possible for her so to control herself as to enter into our pursuits, and be happy and cheerful with us. But, both at this time, and afterwards, when the rest of the family joined us, she was ever the lively one of the party; awake and intelligent on every subject, earnest in the search for truth, ready to discuss theology and prophecy with my mother, to draw and paint with my elder brother, and to give sham as well as real lessons to the little one. Everybody went to her, feeling sure of her sympathy in their several occupations; and no one was disappointed, for she had thought and feeling to spare, even for our acquaintances and relations, with many of whom she formed ties of lasting friendship. It gives one a pang now to think how this complete suppression of her own sorrows and life for us undermined her health; but, at the time, I understood this only in part, and thought that the violent hysterical attacks, to which I was sometimes witness, had altogether relieved her. She could not, I think, have passed through as she did those weeks at Leamington, had it not been for the soothing and strengthening influence of Dr. Marsh's ministry; his experimental preaching seemed exactly suited to her state of mind at that time; and the long walk on the hot summer's day was cheerfully persevered in for a refreshing glimpse of things unseen and eternal. I do not know that she then, for the first time, set her heart on the fulfilment of God's promises to outcast Israel; but, at least, from that time forth, her interest in the ancient people was greatly quickened, and she communicated to us her own feelings by holding a little meeting with us on the subject which filled her own mind.

'The schoolroom missionary meeting every Saturday was continued after our Grangemuir, when we arranged an sages of Scripture bearing on the si and hopes of Israel, and made littl clothing while she read to us from th *Record*. The first good news from Jassy we hailed with her at the time of nearest personal concern, little dr she would ever visit those places, or missionary to Jews and Jewesses.'

On hearing of Mrs. Edward's Huber, of Germany, formerly o mother's boarders, wrote to Mr. never in the but too troubled and v of my life forgot that dear child. brance was always strangely refres I remembered, or rather *saw* her with her little white cap and pinafo me in the morning my tea, or a m her mother, with her (I never met th so entirely *truthful* and *trustful* exp mixture of *then childish* enthusiasm sober common sense and thoughtf that pretty air of a little housewife. I met her, after nearly thirty years, changed in no essential trait, but n veloped, and elevated, so as at once me and to my wife in the relation of —nay, of a very sister. But there more. When we met at Berlin, the with which she introduced herself (the little note) claimed not only t auld lang syne, but also those of bro the Lord, whom she knew I had not merly, but found since. All this impression of the importance of t and the infinite mercy it implied, than perhaps I ever before had rea same degree, or at least not in that p and form.'

Catherine had often watched by t of others, but she had yet herself to and kept very low on the bed of before she was to enter on what ma the work of her life. Towards the c she became an inmate of her brothe Wallacetown, Ayr, where he had s previously been ordained as ministe pleased Him, whose 'nature and nam to grant the mother and son an daughter a short season of quiet r other's society ere they were sever —the mother to her rest in the Lord to go forward in his work on earth. a season not without labour and act drank deeply of the copious bless faithful Lord was, at that time, pour the whole extent of his protesting ch was only to be obtained by those who and suffering for Him. With the tr spiritual mind did an esteemed Am sionary exclaim at that time, 'There of the world where I should so much at present as in Scotland!' Often di testify how valuable the example of had been to her at that time, casting all her heart into the service of t of the church, accounting nothing

to be done for any whom the Lord was honouring to promote his testimony. Catherine, besides conducting the education of a young family which was committed to her charge on the return of their parents to India, found time for much Christian work, especially establishing a school for girls, which still continues its useful labours. It was a sweet time, more invaluable to all of them than they knew at the moment; but the Lord's allotments of refreshment on earth are generally short. Up! this is not your rest! Towards the close of 1844 her mother, after some years of comparative health, was again laid down on a bed of sickness. Her faithful nurse was again at her side; but this time her care could not avail. Death's silent but sure approaches were all too plain.

On the 7th of January 1845, Isabella Mitchell, twenty-eight years a widow, feeble in body, but full of spiritual life, was called away. Her work was done—was nobly done to her family through toil and trial. She was ready to depart to be with the Saviour she loved so well. But one sad, sore trial awaited her daughter ere all was over. Retiring one morning from her mother's bed-room after a night of watching, Catherine was suddenly attacked with a violent vomiting of blood. Slowly recovering from a death-like swoon, a second attack, as violent as the former, left her entirely prostrate. Carried to her bed-room, she lay for many days perfectly helpless, forbidden to move or to be moved, lest the ruptured blood-vessels should break out afresh. Thus she, who had so often and so long waited on her mother through many an illness, was not permitted to be with her at her dying hour. In the adjoining chamber, with only a thin wall between, for two or three days she *heard* from hour to hour of the rapid approaches of death, and at length of her mother's departure. And yet she could not grasp her hand, nor wipe her brow, nor smooth her pillow, nor even once more look on that well-loved face, neither in life nor in death; but required to stay her gushing tears and calm her bursting heart, lest her brother should indeed be left alone. Conscious of all, yet unable even to turn her face to the wall to weep unseen,—such was the sore trial measured out to that loving daughter. And nobly did she prove that the sore discipline of previous years had wrought its perfect work. He, of whom it is written that once 'He was asleep on a pillow,' pillowed her head on his own bosom. And she who, most of all in the house, had need of comfort, was the comforted and the comforter. After a protracted illness she rose from her sick-bed the very shadow of her former self, never again to forget that she had been in the border-land, and moving among her fellow-creatures like one that had looked over the brink.

But He who had called her to the knowledge of himself had still more work for her to do. A month's stay in the Isle of Arran, in June of that year (1845), restored her to a measure of her former vigour. In the autumn of that year the Rev. Daniel Edward, after four years of exhausting labour as missionary to the Jews at Jassy, was invited home by the committee for a few months of relaxation. Having come to Ayr as a quiet bathing-place, he naturally found his way on Sabbath to the Free Church, at that time a wooden erection, in which that congregation worshipped for two years. In the pulpit he recognised an old college acquaintance. Next day he called to renew their friendship; and in the course of his stay in Ayr he found in that friend's sister a kindred spirit, glowing with the same ardent love for the house of Israel, and qualified by natural gifts and acquired attainments to be a help-meet in his home and in his work. In the month of October, 1845, Mr. Edward left Scotland again for his distant and desolate home in Moldavia; but ere he left, it was arranged that as soon as her brother's domestic arrangements would justify it, she should leave country and kindred to join him, saying, 'Where thou goest I shall go! thy people shall be my people.' His God had long been her God. Concurring with a true personal attachment, this union, in the fear of God, and in zeal for the special work to which they were devoted, produced a unity of heart and soul, which was absolutely requisite in the isolated and discouraging circumstances under which the providence of God had appointed their labour.

THE TALMUD.

Several passages in the Talmud have led some to assert that Christ drew his teachings from it. But it was not written till long after the time of Christ, not being completed before the sixth century. It is replied, however, that it previously existed in an oral form. This is admitted; but how can it be shown that the Talmudists have not rather drawn from Christ?

There is a prayer in the Talmud that holds a place in Jewish worship similar to that held by the Lord's Prayer in the English liturgy. It is said to be as old as the captivity. It is highly prized, and its repetition is regarded as having great efficacy. It is written in Chaldee instead of Hebrew, because, say the Rabbins, God didn't wish it to be understood by the angels, who know the latter language, but do not know the former. While several expressions of the Lord's Prayer are found here, yet what a superfluity of words! They are like little grains of gold in a heap of common earth. How unlike are the two in simplicity, compactness, and beauty! It is very ancient, no doubt, but it has been more or less changed, as is evident by comparing the prayer-books of different countries; and it is evident that it may have been improved from the prayer of Christ.—*Professor Stowe.*

One Link Gone.

TAKE the pillows from the cradle
Where the little sufferer lay;
Draw the curtains, close the shutters,
Shut out every beam of day.

Spread the pall upon the table,
Place the lifeless body there;
Back from off the marble features
Lay the auburn curls with care.

With its little blue-veined fingers
Crossed upon its sinless breast,
Free from care, and pain, and anguish,
Let the infant cherub rest.

Smooth its little shroud about it;
Pick its toys from off the floor;
They, with all their sparkling beauty,
Ne'er can charm their owner more.

Take the little shoes and stockings
From the doting mother's sight;
Pattering feet no more will need them,
Walking in the fields of light.

Parents, faint and worn with watching
Through the long dark night of grief,
Dry your tears and soothe your sighing—
Gain a respite of relief.

Mother, care is no more needed
To allay the rising moan;
And though you perchance may leave it,
It can never be alone.

Angels bright will watch beside it
In its quiet, holy slumber,
Till the morning then awake it
To a place among their number.

Thus a golden link is broken
In the chain of earthly bliss,
Thus the distance shorter making
'Twixt the brighter world and this.

'WHY DIDN'T SOME ONE SPEAK TO HIM?'

LEASE hasten to the house of Mr. M. Their oldest son has died very suddenly, and they wish to see their pastor.' That message sunk into my soul like lead, for I id the boy was not prepared to die, and parents had no grace to support them in ter and sudden bereavement.

few moments I stood beside the lifeless one of our Sabbath-school boys. Samuel amiable lad. For several years he had egular attendant of the church and Sab- ool. He was respectful and obedient to nts, attentive to his teacher, kind to his es, and deservedly a favourite with all w him.

e had in life given no proof that he was ian, and at the early age of seventeen he denly died, and left no evidence in his nents that he had experienced the great

The only hope was that he had heard h, and, unbeknown to others, he might sted in Jesus.

arents, alas! were careless people, who l more attention to worldly matters than ion. They had no seat in the house of d evinced no regard for the sanctuary e Sabbath-day. They loved their chil- nt delegated the care of their spiritual nortal interests to other people.

now they are awake from this strange

They stand aghast beside the corpse first-born. How can they believe he is Only three days ago he was apparently as ever. An insidious disease laid hold outh, and in a delirium he died!

he is gone—gone beyond the reach of skill; and, what is of far greater conse- beyond the influence of Christian love.

' said the distracted mother, wringing ls in the most intense agony, 'Oh that I ave heard him say he died happy! Oh e person had talked with him before his and could testify, as the result of the tion, that my boy trusted in Christ! *n't some one speak to him?*'

thrilling effect that piercing eye met nd that pitiful wail of a disconsolate entered my ear. I blessed God, how- elict I had been in other instances, that nding complaint did not convict me. hort period previous to that time had I upon my present pastorate, and never ad I seen the boy to recognise him.

thought, Here is a great lesson for me ers to learn. As I turned from that of death, I thought, While life is pro- while health is robust, while youth with its sunshine and gaiety, how often istian neglects to speak to one over e might exert a powerful and beneficial e! And all the while the precious oppor- o save that immortal being from eternal n is passing away! The sands of life are rapidly dropping—perhaps the last is just about to fall—but the Christian procrastinates, and soon, as he stands beside the bier, or at the grave, the words ring in his ear and sting him with remorse—'*Too late!*'

'*Why didn't some one speak to him?*' Ah! who is guilty of neglect? The *parent*—the kind, tender parent, who makes careful provision for the temporal welfare of the child—ought he not also to have a regard for his spiritual and eternal interests? When the fond mother weeps over the mortal remains of her child, can she cast off all responsibility for his salvation upon others? Certainly not. It was her duty, above all others, to teach his infant lips to lisp the Saviour's name, to accustom him from early childhood to pray and read God's holy word, and herself lead him to the sanctuary. It was her duty, above all others, to talk to him personally and pointedly about his sinfulness and need of redemption through Jesus Christ, and use every effort in her power to lead him into the kingdom. The fact that she is not a professing Christian is no excuse. She ought to be, and can be, a true disciple of Jesus, and a humble, consistent member of his church. And her neglect to perform this duty will never serve as a plea for neglecting the other. And the same thing is true with reference to the father. He has no right to let his children grow up without endeavouring by his example to teach them the power of true religion, and, by prompt and judicious influence, striving to lead them to Christ.

It is a very common thing, at the present day—and we may add it is very unreasonable and criminal—for parents to endeavour to transfer their responsibility to teachers and pastors. How can this be done? The parent evidently has the first and best opportunity for exerting a holy influence. He knows the disposition of his child, and just how to approach him; and if he begins betimes, what is to hinder him from conducting his child into the kingdom? True, this is God's work. But does not God operate by the use of means? Look at the Canaanitish woman;—how earnest she is, how importunate, how persevering, and hence how successful! And yet it was a temporal blessing she sought for her child, whereas that to which we now refer is infinitely more important, because eternal.

O parents, neglect not your beloved offspring. Begin early to bend the twig. Begin early, because the younger the child is, the more easily he is influenced. Begin early, because the younger he is, the less delicate will be the work you have to perform, and the better heart you will have to engage in it. Begin early, for life is uncertain, and ere you are aware you may be forced to bury your dead out of your sight. Or, it may be, the summons to depart will sound in your own ear, and as you reluctantly obey the call, your heart will be filled with anguish, not

only for your own welfare, but also for the eternal interests of your neglected children.

'*Why didn't some one speak to him?*' Perhaps this inquiry convicts you of negligence, *Sabbath-school teacher.* You go each holy day to meet your interesting, youthful charge,—go prayerfully, go intelligently, and perhaps, to the best of your ability, explain the Scriptures. But do you eagerly seize every opportunity to speak to each dear pupil plainly and affectionately about his soul, and urge him to give his heart unto God? We cannot but think, if our Sabbath-school teachers—most faithful in other duties—were more frequent in thus clinching the truth, the number of the little lambs entering the fold of the Good Shepherd would be greatly increased. And then, too, we would not find so many of our boys, when arriving at the period of adolescence, feeling themselves too big to remain in the Sabbath school.

'*Why didn't some one speak to him?*' Are your skirts clean, *pastor?* As you perform sacred services over the dead, does conscience utter no upbraidings? It is impossible for the pastor, especially in the busy city, to see every member of his flock, and point him individually to Jesus. Yet because it is an impossibility to see *all*, is there not danger that the man of God will grow careless, and act upon the principle that he cannot see or influence personally any; that all he can do is to stand in the pulpit and draw the bow at a venture; that the work of riveting truth by conversation upon the mind and heart, belongs to others, not to him? And surely if he reasons thus in his mind, or acts upon this principle in his ministerial life, he is wrong. Our Saviour and his apostles came in close contact with the people, talked to them individually as well as preached to them in promiscuous crowds; and so must the ministry now, so far as possible. It is conceded that a pastor should devote his best time to study; and he who in this enlightened age is careless in his pulpit preparations, cannot expect to make much of a mark upon his generation. But cannot the servant of the Lord, by systematic arrangement of time and sagacious seizure of opportunity, without interfering with other duties, often drop a word privately in the ear which will operate as an opening wedge for the entrance of his discourses into the heart, and thus lead to conversion and to great subsequent usefulness?

'*Why didn't some one speak to him?*' O reader, whatever may be your relation to those around you,—whether a friend, a pastor, a teacher, a parent, a child,—remember there is a responsibility resting upon you. You are first to seek the kingdom of God for yourself, and then you should endeavour to lead others in. And forget not the duty of personal appeal. What though it is made with a stammering tongue and a fluttering heart? If only made in faith and for God's glory, it will not be made in vain. 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

—*Rev. Peter Stryker, D.D.*

THE MAGIC VISION.

THE scene of action is changed. With the rapidity of lightning was the Son of God hurried from the pinnacle of the temple, and borne by magic power to the summit of an exceeding high mountain (ver. 8). Then did He, in mental vision, behold himself placed, as it were, on the highest elevation of a lofty tower, and a boundless prospect, filled with every charm and dazzling beauty, lay extended before his eyes in the mirror of a wondrous manifestation. And what followed?

In a moment stand forth, within the circle of vision, in brilliant relief, all the kingdoms of the world, with all their glory, delights, and embellishments, in all their alluring forms. Time and space have no longer any limits. That which is distant draws nigh; that which was closed opens itself wide; that which was veiled is exposed to view; and yet it was, as Luke says (Luke iv. 5), *in a moment of time*—an unheard-of delusion of the senses!

In this splendid picture, as it is probable, lay the most lovely regions of the earth spread out before Him, and around Him the most charming prospect of magnificent cities and gorgeous palaces. On this side haughty Rome, the victorious mistress of the world, and the ruler over a hundred kings; on the other side the spicy groves of the east, and the lovely rose-gardens of Persia; here Ophir, with its rich mines of gold and of diamonds; there India, that land of wonders, abounding with the varied charms of an unfading spring, and flowing with milk and honey.

But not kingdoms merely and cities; yet other things present themselves to the view of Jesus. The devil showed Him, besides the kingdoms of the world, also their glory.

Whatever this world possesses that is attractive and alluring, whatever delights the senses and commands admiration, and whatever the children of the world call their paradise and their heaven, at once did He behold spread before Him. Here towering castles and pleasant villas, with their lawns and gardens; there chariots and horses, princely trains and equipages. On one spot, galleries of fine arts and temples of wisdom; on another, monuments of fame and laurel-crowns of honour. Yonder courtly society in golden chambers; nearer at hand the festive throng, amid the alluring tones and seductive power of symphony and song. In short, all that makes the heart leap within the children of this world, and suffuses the cheek, and causes the eyes to glisten with joy and delight, passed then before the view of Jesus—a picture that fixed and riveted the attention; and no exhibition calculated to please and excite the feelings would Satan at that time conceal from his sight.

Something similar to this do we also at times experience. Those, namely, among our brethren

possess by nature a lively temperament, an excited mind, and a strong imagination, o doubt speak of such magic visions. Such ns the devil is wont especially to approach mares like these, since even their susceptible e itself, and their quick sensibilities, appear m already to promise a certain victory; at he the more easily succeeds in carrying ns of this description to the summit of his mountain.

the purpose of effecting this, the tempter ally makes use of outward means. Such s he finds, for example, in the kingdom of ne arts, in so far as they are made subser- to the world and to sin. At one time he s use of an exquisite painting or beautiful ; at another, of sweet and harmonious tones oving melody, in the midst of which he s on his enchantments.

for instance, is there often need only of chord, or single tone of a flute, to be wafted der undulations from afar into the solitude quiet chamber, where it is scarcely audible, is magic has already begun. As by the ag word of the Almighty, Satan produces instant before our view a paradise full of cating joys, and the obstructing veil, as it being removed, the eye roams abroad gh an earthly elysium.

e joys of our youth, of which we long had a leave, present themselves before us in the attractive form; and earthly pleasures h, perhaps, years ago we had crucified and , appear to us again in the most seductive e and colouring. Here hang crowns of hable honour; but how highly do we value ! There opens to our view the tumultuous ably of worldly society and frivolous inter- se; but how many charms does this circle a present to us? The poor soul finds itself erfully drawn back.

ow open to our view the splendid halls of great, filled with sound and song, with ged instruments, and the votaries of pleasure ng in the dance. And again, the eye rolls r the deceitful rose-beds of human art and et poetry.

In a word, all things that are beautiful and precious which the world can offer, high in dignity and attractive in grace, as by a stroke of enchantment, stand forth in living images and scenes in the mirror of our imagination; and however vain in themselves, and worthless and pitiful, a magic spell is over them. They are seen in beauteous colouring and adornment, and richest enamelling, as if we really looked into paradise; and an ocean of sensibility and languishing and desire begins in a moment, as we gaze at such a spectacle, to move and to heave within our souls, as if a storm were about to burst forth from their depths.

Behold! it is at a moment like this that you are standing upon the high enchanted mountain, and the devil shows you all the kingdoms of the world and their glory *in a moment of time*. And therefore it is, that the music of the present day, as it is now constituted, is so dangerous a thing, since the devil succeeds so easily in raising, by means of it, the most sinful of the passions.

In the operas and concerts of this world does Satan find a means of powerful enchantment, to make vain glory of the world to outshine that of heaven.

Experienced Christians have acknowledged that, for a moment at least, by means of such wicked and worldly music, they have been so irresistibly hurried along by the devil, as if under the influence of wine, that they have regretted their departure from Egypt, and have envied the children of this world, if not their scenes of rioting intemperance, at least their higher and more refined pleasures.

Yes; not unfrequently is this most efficacious of all his artifices, one of the wings on which, by the power of the tempter, we are transported to the summit of that mountain whence the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, pass before the eyes of our fancy in a sea of light and golden vapour, and so charm and captivate the senses, that the very elect would be deceived and led aside, were it not that with his favour doth the Lord compass them as with a shield. (Ps. v. 12.)—*Krummacher.*

A STARTLING FACT.

have the inspired statement that 'one sinner troyeth much good,' and it is abundantly strated by facts along the ages.

One of 'the angels that kept not their first te,' a leader in the revolt, made 'war in ven,' and there commenced a destruction of l that continues to this day, and will not cease.

ne man, standing at the spring-head of our , by apostasy poisoned the character of all lescendants, and we see and feel that he was destroyer of much good.

long the centuries of human history, men igh stations, and of great capabilities, have the scourges of earth—deluging it with the of the slaughtered, wringing with anguish the hearts of millions, and loading the winds of heaven 'with mourning, lamentation, and woe.' Many a great captain might be named who has wrought wide-spread destruction of good.

One author has done a largely destructive work, by corrupting the literature of his period, and sending deadly streams down the ages, baleful in their influence long after he has gone to his account.

One teacher of religion, by diffusing pernicious error, or by moral delinquencies, has done immense mischief through a large circle.

One vicious youth, by misleading his purer associates, has accomplished injury not easily repaired.

One sinner of the other sex, whose 'house is

the way to hell,' has damaged humanity to a fearful extent.

One impenitent sinner destroys a soul of infinite worth, and helps, by his personal influence and example, to destroy others.

Now, if *one* destroys *much*, then by what arithmetic shall we compute the sum of good destroyed by the countless millions of sinners who have lived?

How fearful is human responsibility! Man cannot do wrong without doing injury to self and others. He cannot recall the act gone for ever on its mission of harm.

How fearful will be the revelations of final judgment!

How stupendous the work of the Son of to atone for the sins of a world, to coun the destructive agencies, to save 'a mul which no man can number!'—*Watchma Reflector.*

Let Me go Home.

'LET me go home!' a war-worn soldier sigh'd,
As wearily he tossed on grassy bed.
In reverie he wandered far and wide,
Until, toil-spent, he longed to rest his head.
At early day his sun was going down,
But home, he dreamed, his happiness would crown:—
'*Let me go home!*'

That sweet word HOME! oh, how it lifts the heart
Into the throat, when one is far away
From that dear spot—this world's most blissful part—
To hear the sound; oh, how the pulse will play
Where, signall'd thus, thoughts crowd into the mind,
And, in the midst of tears, the eyes get blind:—
'*Let me go home!*'

The warrior's heart, however strongly steel'd,
Which felt no pity when he madly spurr'd
O'er mangled heaps upon the redden'd field,
Yet feels the influence of that potent word;
And if, perchance, the bugle play at eve
'SWEET HOME,' his breast must with emotion heave—
'*Let me go home!*'

The seaman—where the billows roughly roll—
Heeds not the peril of the stormy seas,
For there's a spell at work within his soul,
And thoughts of HOME he whispers to the breeze;
And, dreaming that upon the far-off shore
He sees his house-gods, there does he implore—
'*Let me go home!*'

'I'm going home!' said one whose beaming eye
Joyously looked upward, and his faltering tongue
Speaking with rapture of that HOME on high
Whose glories all this earth has never sung;
And, as his trembling grasp did love express,
He breathed, in tones of touching earnestness—
'*Let me go home!*'

The voice sank feebler, while his eyes, more bright,
Seemed to pierce through all intervening space
And let into his soul a flood of light;
Then sweetest smiles lit up his pallid face,
And, as his sight glazed o'er, all watchers there
Read, mirrored plain an answer to the prayer—
'*Let me go home!*'

—*Gen. W. H. Browne.*

A Page for the Children.

CARRIE'S FAITH IN HER FATHER.

ther and uncle had gone one after-
he horses and carriage to a part of
mile or more distant from home.
as time for them to return, the horses
alone. Alarmed lest some accident
a them, Carrie's mother asked her if
e willing to go all that long distance
tell them of the horses' return.
hen nearly dark, but she had often
with her father, and knew that he
n with her, so she was not afraid to
ıen she reached the place, her father
were nowhere to be found. Little
ed and looked awhile, then climbed
aggon, and seated herself quietly till
l come. It was a long time for a
ıf seven years to wait in a strange
ıe dark, too; and you may imagine
ıd joy she felt when at last she heard
ı voice calling 'Carrie!'
ere, father; I am in the waggon,' she

soon in the arms of her father, who

ou not afraid, my daughter, to stay
so long?'
ıch,' she replied; 'and I knew you would come back here; and I thought, if I tried to find you, perhaps I should get lost.'

'But,' said her father, 'we have been home another way to look for the horses, and how did you know I should come back for you?'

'Oh! I knew you would,' she answered.

'And were you not very lonesome here in the dark?'

'I was a little, but I thought mother wished me to come; and I could not go back alone, it was so dark; so I thought God would take care of me till you came; and I said over my little hymns and prayers, and *then you came.*'

Precious child! Her confidence in her father was not misplaced. He had never deceived or neglected her. She *knew* he would come.

Dear children, you have a kind heavenly Father. He does more for you than any earthly parent can. He loads you with favours. He preserves you in your going out and coming in. He blesses you with home and friends. Will you not trust Him as fully as Carrie did her earthly parents? He has given you directions which, if followed, will keep you safely in all the dangers and trials of life, and bring you at last to his glorious home. Will you not obey his commands, and wait his blessing with the same childlike confidence and trust?—*S. S. Advocate.*

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

ısie had got a present of a new book,
gerly opened it to look at the first
t was the picture of a boy sitting by
a stream, and throwing seeds into the

er what this picture is about,' said
does the boy throw seeds into the

know,' said her brother Edward, who
oking at the book; 'he is sowing the
ıter-lilies.'
w small the seeds look!' said Bessie.
trange that such large plants should
such little things.'
e just sowing such tiny seeds every
, and they will come up large, strong
: a while,' said her father.
father; I have not planted any seeds
while.'
seen my daughter sow a number of
y.'
oked puzzled, and her father smiled,
'Yes, I have watched you planting
d seeds, and *weeds to-day.*'

'Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds.'

'I shall tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of "love to God," and that she will tend and watch it, until its branches reach the skies, and meet before his throne.'

'And the weeds, father?'

'When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you spoke crossly to Robert, you planted anger. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden.'—*Children's Friend.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

REV. VI. 10.

THESE words are spoken in various ways. (1) As from man to man; (2) As from man to God; (3) As from God to man.

The passages in which the words are between man and man may be briefly noticed. They are such as: '*How long* wilt thou speak these things?' (Job viii. 2); '*How long* will ye vex my soul?' (Job xix. 2); '*How long* will ye turn my glory into shame . . . love vanity?' (Ps. iv. 2); '*How long* will ye imagine mischief against a man?' (Ps. lxii. 3.) They are the complaint of the troubled against his troublers, and of the righteous against the wicked. Strange interchange of words between man and man! But we do not dwell on this. We come to the other two in their order.

I. *The words as from man to God.*—Looking up to God, man breathes the deep-drawn sigh, 'How long?' Let me note the chief passages: 'My soul is sore vexed: but thou, O Lord, how long?' (Ps. vi. 3.) 'How long wilt Thou forget me . . . hide thy face? How long shall I take counsel in my soul, sorrow in my heart? how long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?' (Ps. xiii. 1, 2.) 'How long wilt Thou look on?' (Ps. xxxv. 17.) 'How long shall the adversary reproach?' (Ps. lxxiv. 10.) 'How long wilt Thou be angry?' (Ps. lxxix. 5.) 'How long wilt Thou hide thyself?' (Ps. lxxxix. 46.) 'Return, O Lord, how long?' (Ps. xc. 13.) 'How long shall the wicked triumph?' (Ps. xciv. 3, 4.) 'How long shall I cry?' (Hab. i. 2.) 'How long, O Lord, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood?' (Rev. vi. 10.) These are the chief passages in which the expression occurs. Instead of dwelling on each of these in succession, let me thus sum up and classify their different meanings. It is the language—

1. *Of complaint.*—It is not murmuring or fretting, yet it is what the Psalmist calls 'complaining.' The righteous man feels the burden, and the sorrow, and the evil that have so long prevailed in this present evil world, and he cries, 'How long?' Have these not lasted long enough? Would that they were done! In this complaint there is weariness, and sometimes there is sadness,—almost despair, when unbelief gets the upper hand. Creation groans; iniquity overflows; death reigns; the wicked triumph. God seems to forget the earth, and to hide his face. The saint 'groans within himself, waiting for the adoption, the redemption of the body.' 'Woe is me,' he says, 'that I dwell in Mesech!' Yes, 'we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened.' We daily cry, 'How long?'

2. *Submission.*—While impatience sometimes rises, yet the cry does not mean this. It is really a cry of submission to a wise and sovereign God. It is the cry of one putting all events, as well as all times and seasons, into his hands, as Jesus did in Gethsemane. When we pray for deliverance, or plead for the Lord's coming, we do not mean to be impatient, but simply to utter our weariness, to unbosom ourselves to a gracious God. While we say, 'How long?' we say also, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' We utter our own conscious *helplessness, and put* all into the hands of God.

3. *Inquiry.*—In all the passages there plied question. It is not merely, 'Oh time would come!' but, '*When* shall We may not 'know the time how lon ask earnestly, with the prophet, 'How it be to the end of these wonders?' W ranted in asking; for God has given the word that our inquiries may be stimu directed. The disciples *inquired*, and Chris fully (Matt. xxiv.).

4. *Expectation.*—It is the voice of hope, and longing desire. The presen the future is bright; God's word is sure c the coming glory; and so we, lookin hasting to that glory, and depressed wit here, cry out day by day, 'How long will the day dawn? when will the kingd when will the glory break forth? Faith voice of the Beloved, and says, 'Make hears his 'Behold, I come quickly,' an 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'

II. *The words as from God to man.*—following instances: 'How long wilt th to humble thyself?' (Ex. x. 3, xvi. 28 long will ye be slack to go in and po land?' (Josh. xviii. 3.) 'How long h tween two opinions?' (1 Kings xviii. 21 long will ye judge unjustly?' (Ps. l 'How long, ye simple ones, will ye love si (Prov. i. 22, vi. 9.) 'O Jerusalem, w heart from wickedness, that thou mayest How long shall thy vain thoughts lod thee?' (Jer. iv. 14.)

In these words of God to man—tc classes—we would dwell on the followin

1. *Long-suffering.*—Jeremiah's words salem are the words of a long-suffering willing that any should perish, but that come to repentance.' He is the infini suffering God, and as such, most un smite. He speaks in pity to the sinı long wilt thou not be saved?'—like Jesı over Jerusalem.

2. *Expostulation.*—'How long halt y two opinions?' How long shall ye be of how long of trusting me? How lon treat me as a false God, and do injust grace?

3. *Entreaty.*—'How long, ye simple ye love simplicity?' God beseeches entreats him to give up his sin, to con saved. How long will ye refuse my lov

4. *Sorrow.*—It is not at random that 'How long?' or as mere words of cc grieves Him at his heart.' Every mom tinuance in unbelief is vexing and gri Spirit.

5. *Upbraiding.*—As He upbraided I being slack to go in and possess the la upbraids us. 'There is the land, the why do ye not go in? The door is ope is clear.

6. *Warning.*—As He warned the ji princes in Israel, so does He us. 'Hov ye deal unjustly?' He said to them. ' will ye persist in your unrighteousness lief?' He says to us. The day of grace The day of wrath is coming. Be warne from the wrath to come!'

THE REVELATION OF THE FATHER.*

SPEAKING generally, the Divine attitude, thus revealed, is one of *righteous mercy;* exactly corresponding to His character. There is *righteousness*, that stands aloof from all evil, and that provides for the honour of eternal justice. Righteousness; which awakens in us a sense of personal sin, and brings up the cry from the depths of the heart, *Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness.* We sometimes speak thoughtlessly about this matter, and say, *If God had dealt with us in righteousness, He would have destroyed us.* But He *has* dealt with us in righteousness: He is 'a just God and a Saviour.' Along with righteousness, there is *mercy*, whose magnitude amazes and overwhelms me. Had the coming of the Son of God been fore-announced, without its purpose being told, the tidings might well have spread dismay. '*Surely*,' might the holy angels have said, '*He cometh to shoot forth His lightnings and destroy them.*' '*Surely*,' might men have said, '*He cometh to judge the earth; and who shall abide the day of His coming, and stand when He appeareth?*'

'But not with thunders strowed
Was His tempestuous road,
Nor indignation burned before Him on His way.'

He comes not in judgment-wrath, but in mercy; not to destroy, but to save. He deals with us not according to our sins, nor rewards us according to our iniquities. He goes about doing good; healing men's bodies; pronouncing their sins forgiven; calling them back to a better life. A palsied man is brought to Him one day on a bed; and seeing the faith of the poor forlorn man and his friends who carried him, He said—reading the secrets of the unopened book of his heart, the penitential longing that his lips could not utter—He said, *Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee.* Another day an adulteress is dragged into His presence, and the question is put by those who bring her (grey-bearded men, perhaps, who dared to come with mock-virtue into the presence of the Holiest): 'Moses in the law commanded that such should be stoned; but what sayest Thou?' He does not acquit her. Her guilt could not be denied. Her bowed head and crimson cheeks told all the sad story. But He sends her away in peace, to sin no more. When her accusers brought her in, and put their question, Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground; His silence evidently with a purpose and a meaning in it. Failing to understand His silence, they pressed their question; and then, lifting Himself up, He quietly bent on them His holy look, and said, *He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone;* and having spoken, He stooped down again, and resumed His writing on the ground. The calm, simple words, so quietly spoken, smote them like the voice of God. Instantly memory and conscience are busy. Ah, He has judged more than the woman. One by one, they steal away and disappear. Lifting upon her His holy, pitying look, when her accusers (conscience-convicted) had all gone out, He said, 'Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?' She said, 'No man, Lord.' And Jesus said unto her, 'Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more;' and she went away, clothed with forgiveness, to live another life. Again, the publicans and sinners of Jerusalem have gathered round Him, attracted by His gracious words and bearing; men (I can believe) who have served in the legions of sin, and been 'pierced with the lances and torn with the shot,' and women who have stooped to utterest shame. The Pharisees and Scribes, looking on from a distance, murmur that He should stand on such terms with sinners, whom *they* would not have touched. And that murmuring calls forth the three Parables of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, about the Lost Sheep, the Lost Piece of Money, and the Lost Son, in which He exhibits, as language had never exhibited before, the misery of sinful man and the great compassionate love of the Father in heaven. Instead of dispersing the company that has gathered round Him, the murmuring serves only to bring more brightly and fully into view the grace of the Saviour's heart, and to let publicans and sinners know how ready He is to bless them. Now, in the attitude of mercy, which Jesus assumed toward sinful men, He reveals the attitude of the Father, whose representative He is. The old words are embodied and manifested forth livingly before our eyes: 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth.' These are mere words no more: God in the person of His Son has embodied them in living acts.

This mercy is variously represented to us. According to one class of representations, it is *mercy that has come nigh* to us. Jesus did not

* From Dr CULROSS' 'Immanuel.' Nisbet & Co.

stand afar off from sinners, and send His voice across a wide distance, as you call one back across some miry or thorny way, not caring to go for him. But He came and dwelt among us. Again and again we meet such a record as this, that He is 'gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner.' Matthew, Zacchaeus, the woman of Samaria, the woman that was a sinner, and many others will at once occur to every memory. Self-righteousness is astounded. It would have a holy Being keep sinners at a distance or meet them with a scowl. It would have Him say, *Stand back, and do not touch Me?* The leper would repel the leper as unclean. But the incarnate Mercy did the very reverse of that. The story of the Gospel is just how He went about among them, seeking them, knocking at their doors, entering their houses, sitting at their tables, eating with them, touching them with holy hands, opening His heart to them, bidding them back to God—in all ways earning His name of everlasting honour, *The Friend of sinners.* And therein is revealed the attitude of the Divine mercy: it is not mercy that beckons us from a distance, or that offers to come half-way to meet us, but that has crossed the whole breadth of our separation from God, and come close up to us just where we stand; *seeking* mercy, for if God had not come after me *I* would never have thought of *Him.*

According to another class of representations, it is *mercy that invites us.* Two men, who were friends in youth, have quarrelled: for years they have stood aloof

'Like cliffs that had been rent asunder;'

yet in both their hearts is a yearning for the restoration of broken friendship. It needs only a word on either side to bring them together again; but pride forbids the speaking of it. Here (without any wish for it on our side) God has spoken the first word, and that a word of grace, bidding us back to Him.

Jesus did not merely *show* to men the mercy that is in the Father's heart; but He lifted up His voice in invitation. There was invitation in His very manner and bearing. The publicans and sinners saw this, and read their welcome in His face. He invited sinners to Him in express words, like these (warm yet with emotion across these eighteen centuries!)—'*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*' He came 'to call' sinners to repentance; and oh how loud, loving, reiterated, heart-melting His calls! And just before He ascended into heaven, He left this charge with His disciples, that repentance and remission of sins should be *preached in His* name among all nations. That is the mercy of God the Father. Nc that stands coldly waiting, stony-faced nified silence, till we come; but that ir nigh; yea, that beseeches; yea, that with cords of love and with the bar man; yea, that runs to meet us and cla its warm embrace. Never, till I re Jesus dealt with sinners, do I underst full meaning, or the real urgency, words of old: 'As I live, saith the Lo I have no pleasure in the death of the but that the wicked turn from his v live: turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye

Some child or child-heart asks, pe *But what is it to come?* Conceive of i way: If Jesus were to appear personall you—if He were to look with His holy ing eyes into *your* eyes—if He were to st fore you, wearing the tokens of His divin and the marks and memorials of His dyin if He were to stretch out His arms towa and name your name, and say, *Come un* what would you do? Would you not rur at once, and cast yourself into His outst arms, and say, *O my Saviour, I come bidding; I trust Thy loving-kindness a power to save me?* Well, He is as nea all that. Though you do not see Hi the bodily eye, He is yet very near you. is His eye of infinite love looking in face. See how His arms, once outst upon the cross, are wide open to recei Run to Him; cast yourself into His arm yourself with Him; trust Him with *e* for both worlds; and then say, 'I knov I have believed, and am persuaded t is able to keep that which I have cor to Him against That Day.'

If your heart is like to fail, when yo *I am low, and He is high; I am vile, an pure,* encourage yourself by saying, *Bu bidden me come.* A poor boy stands sh homeless, friendless, with scarce rags en cover him, in one of the squares of city, one winter afternoon. He does nc where he is to sleep all night, or where get his breakfast to-morrow morning. man sees him, steps up to him, talks wi learns his story, and says to him, *Cor house* (telling the street and the numb *I will be a friend to you.* The poor bo but when he sees the house, and the s grandeur about it, and climbs the steps to the front-door, his heart begins to si he says, *Perhaps he will turn me away, fuse to see me.* But then he encourages by saying, *Ah, but he bade me come!* E when you think of *His* greatness an littleness, His purity and your sin, anc your heart is like to fail within you, enc

yourself by saying, *He will not cast me out, for He has bidden me come!*

According to another class of representations, it is *mercy that receives us.* 'This man,' the Pharisees and Scribes said, 'receiveth sinners.' They meant it for a reproach: it is in truth an unconscious and unwilling *Hosanna.* Whenever a soul drew near, though stained with sins of scarlet or crimson dye, the Lord had a gracious welcome ready; a free pardon and a heart of love. Not only by His manner of dealing with sinners, but by His whole teaching, Jesus showed that the Father's mercy is receiving mercy. Take just one example—the parable of the prodigal son. A young man is seen leaving his father's house for a far country. He has received his 'portion,' and is his own master. Being arrived in the far country, away from under his father's eye and the holy restraints of home, he wasted his substance with riotous living; went on in this course till he had spent his all. For a time all went well; the young man rejoiced in his youth, and his heart cheered him in the days of his youth, and he walked in the ways of his heart and the sight of his heart and the sight of his eyes. But the joy, such as it was, speedily passed. There arose a mighty famine in the land, and he began to be in want. There is no one to court his society now. His old friends give him a cold nod when they meet him, and push hastily on: by-and-by, when they see him coming, they cross to the other side of the way, and pass him without recognition: some of them even look into his face with a cold stare, as if they had never seen him before. No man knows him. 'All thy lovers have forsaken thee; all thy friends have dealt treacherously with thee, and are become thine enemies.' In his extremity—for hunger must be fed—he hires himself out as a swineherd. One day, in his degradation and bitter misery, he sits down and thinks. His mind goes back to *home.* What an Eden it seems to him! How well it is with the meanest *there!* 'I will arise,' he says within himself, 'and go to my father, and will say to him, *Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.*' This is the turning-point: the young man is 'come to himself.' Immediately he began to carry his resolution into effect, and started for home. You see him on the way, emaciated, haggard, barefoot, clothed in his swineherd rags, the whole bundle not worth sixpence: how changed from him who went forth with high hope and step elate, in all the pride and beauty of his youth! As soon as he comes within sight of home, there is an eye that perceives his approach. Many a time, in the silent night, the father had thought of his poor boy far away; many a time, when he was devouring his living with harlots, the father had been praying for him; many a yearning, wistful look had he sent out into the twilight, to see if perchance his wanderer were coming home again. And now the eye of the father is the first to see that slowly approaching figure, and to know it for his son. With the quicksightedness of parental love, he sees him when yet a great way off. And he does not wait for the poor wanderer to come back all the way, but has compassion and runs to meet him—('O the haste that mercy makes; the sinner makes not half that speed!')—and clasps him with a glad embrace. 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.' Now in all this, Jesus lets us see *how God receives the returning sinner.* He does not tell in the parable of the sacrifice offered for sin, nor of the gospel that calls the sinner to return, nor of the Holy Spirit who inclines him to return; simply exhibits God's receiving love. When a sinful man moved by the blessed Spirit, and under a true sense of his sin and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, arises and goes to the heavenly Father, it is ever thus: he is not only received, but welcomed, with the love and gladness of the heart of God. The guilty past is forgiven; his sin is removed as far as the east is from the west; he is accepted in the Beloved, and made the righteousness of God in Him; is made an heir of God and a joint-heir with Christ.

According to another class of representations, the mercy of the Father, as seen in Jesus, is *mercy with a listening ear.* When the poor and the needy cried to Jesus, He heard them. If He delayed awhile, it was that He might prepare their hearts, and give a larger blessing. A heathen woman once came to Him for healing to her daughter. For a time Jesus is silent to her; seems as if He heard her not; answers her not a word. The disciples at length beseech Him to grant her request and send her away; 'for she crieth after us.' Jesus tells them, 'I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' Then comes the woman and worships Him, saying, 'Lord, help me.' He answers, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs.' 'Truth, Lord,' she replies; 'yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.' And Jesus exclaims, 'O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' In-

deed, He has been hearing her from the first, though He seemed to be deaf; and now He gives her the whole desire of her heart. Yea, He heard and answered even *unspoken* prayers. When Martha met Him near her brother's grave, and said to Him, '*Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died; but I know that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee,*' He knew what lay deep in her heart, and granted the request which her lips dared not frame into speech: 'Thy brother,' He said, 'shall rise again.' In all this Jesus reveals the mercy of the Father: it is mercy with a listening ear. I say *listening* rather than merely *open;* for His ear is bowed down to hear—ready to catch the first faint whisper of desire. I tried, when speaking of God as the Ever-near and the All-knowing, and again when speaking of His power, to show what encouragement we have to pray to Him; and now I return to the subject. It is a marvellous privilege for creatures and sinners to be allowed 'to speak to God,' to draw His attention specially to our desires to repeat and urge them, and to rest in the hope of an answer. Jesus shows that the Divine mercy gives this privilege. He does not indeed seek to make the subject plain to our comprehension. Perhaps it cannot be made plain to us. Perhaps to human comprehension the questions can never be answered, Is not God unchangeable; and where then is room for prayer? Is not God infinitely wise and righteous; and ought He then to make a difference at the entreaty of man? Is it not presumption to ask the Supreme Governor to alter His course of procedure for us? Are not cause and effect indissolubly chained together; and how can the breath of human lips sever them? To natural reason, these and like inquiries present insurmountable difficulty. The difficulty does not indeed lie where it has been often placed. The difficulty is not how God can answer prayer without setting aside the laws of nature. He can *use* the laws of nature, without loosening the tie that binds cause and effect together. *Man* can do so; and why not God? Now Jesus did not seek to clear away the difficulties which surround the subject; but, as a matter of fact, *He answered prayer*, and taught us to think of the Divine mercy as mercy with a listening ear.

I think one cannot study the record without coming to the conclusion that no true prayers are left unnoticed or unanswered. When a child asks something of his father, which would not be good to give, the father answers, *No, my dear child; if I were to do what you ask, it would hurt you; and I love you too well for that. But No is an answer as* well as *Yes.* And *No* in the right place is *as kind and loving* an answer as *Yes;* and probably there are few parents but would have shown more love to their children by saying *No* oftener than they have done. Even so with God. He sometimes answers our prayers by saying *No;* and His *No* to His child is as loving a word as His *Yes*, and as real an answer. The thing of which Jesus assures us is, that God really *does* answer true prayer.

Once more, the Divine mercy, revealed in Jesus, is mercy *with an arm ready to save. How* ready, is shown in the story of the Pharisee and the Publican. Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a representative of the righteousness of the nation, the other of its unrighteousness; 'a Brahmin and a Pariah.' The righteous man stood and prayed thus 'with himself' (more conscious, it would seem, of *his own* presence than of God's): 'God, I thank Thee I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican: I fast twice in the week: I give tithes of all that I possess.' I make no remark about this harangue, except that it wants every thing that prayer should have. But the poor Publican stands afar off, feeling that his sin has removed him and set him at a distance. In deepest shame, he will not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven. He cannot look God in the face. 'O my God,' his attitude says, 'I am ashamed and blush to lift up mine eyes to Thee, my God. Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I cannot look up.' He smites upon his breast, like a man in inward pain, as much as to say, 'My soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh to the grave.' And he cries out, God be merciful to me the sinner.' God, show me mercy through the blood of the Sacrifice. 'I tell you,' the Lord Jesus says, 'this man *went down to his house justified.*' The mercy came at once. God did not say to him, *There must be some delay: you must wait till you learn somewhat more of the terrors of the law, and the misery of a soul estranged from God; and after that you may obtain absolution.*' Not so. But one look of trust at the slain Sacrifice, one short, sharp, eager cry for mercy—and he goes down to his house 'justified.' The *Pharisee* went back as he came; for God cannot deal with the proud; the rich He sends empty away;—the poor Publican gets all he needed. Thus the mercy whose attitude Jesus reveals, is mercy with an arm *ready to save.*

And that arm is the arm of Omnipotence. There are none whom 'the clasps of hell' have so 'firmly grasped' but He is able to deliver them. He never failed any that looked to Him. He never put a case past Him as hopeless. He is mighty, yea, almighty, to save.

n one of the storms which swept our
ts a few winters ago, a ship was wrecked
e more than a stone's cast from safety. A
t crowd of people gathered to the place,
lined the shore, as twilight darkened into
t. They could hear—or fancied they
d—the cries of the sailors and others on
d, mingling with the sounds of the tempest.
he crowd was a young boy, some ten or
re years of age. He lingered till terror
e him home. When he lay down that
, he could not sleep for many hours. At
h he sank into that strange condition, be-
ı sleep and waking, in which one cannot distinguish the real from the imaginary; and thought that he was out on the ocean in a little boat. He felt it struck and tossed by the waves, and expected every moment to be engulfed. Just when he thought himself ready to perish, he saw, bending over him, a shadowy face, with a look of calmness and strength and unutterable love; and it seemed by and by as if shadowy arms were stretched out and embraced him; and he sank into a deep, sweet slumber that lasted till morning. Ah, it is no dream for one who trusts in God. The tempest rages; but with the eye of faith I see the face of God, and around me are the everlasting arms.

Deeds, not Words.

'Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say.'

NOT forever on thy knees
Would Jehovah have thee found:
There are burdens thou canst ease;
There are griefs Jehovah sees:
Look around.

Work is prayer if done for God,
Prayer which God delighted hears.
See beside yon upturned sod
One bowed 'neath afflictions rod:
Dry her tears.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal
This is what is wanted more.
Put thy shoulder to the wheel;
Bread unto the famished deal
From thy store.

Not high-sounding words of praise
Does God want, 'neath some grand dome;
But that thou the fallen raise;
Bring the poor from life's highways
To thy home.

Worship God by doing good—
Works, not words; kind acts, not creeds.
He who loves God as he should
Makes his heart's love understood
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful; mere words weak,
Batt'ring at high heaven's door.
Let thy love by actions speak;
Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek;
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's cares to smother,
And to brighten eyes now dim.
Kind deeds done to one another
God accepts as done, my brother,
Unto Him.

—*Anon.*

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER III.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN THE NURSERY.

IT was after ten o'clock, and all the family had retired except Ethel; for they kept early hours both night and morning. Ethel, however, was not at all inclined for bed that night, so she sat on by the parlour fire after the rest had gone.

She was thinking about her approaching visit, for it was a great event to her, and indeed to the whole household; for, beyond an occasional visit of the boys to their schoolfellows for a night or two, none of the children had been away from home.

Ethel was longing for a change. She was growing weary of her somewhat monotonous home-life, with its daily round of duties. There were so many things to attend to, that she could only pursue her favourite employment of reading by snatches; and she had read all the available books in her father's small library. But at Feversham study was to be her employment, and she thought how greatly she should enjoy it. May often said, that if Ethel had been obliged to learn at stated times as she was, she would not care so much for books; but Ethel's appetite for learning was one not easily satisfied.

Then there was the pleasure of seeing her hitherto unknown aunt and cousin.

'I wonder what Rosalie will be like,' she said to herself; 'and whether she will be nice and pleasant. I hope I shall like her.'

But with these thoughts mingled others of a deeper cast. Ethel was, as we have seen, of a thoughtful nature; and for some time past she had felt a want in her present life—a vague yearning for something which she did not possess. She had spoken of this feeling to none—not even her mother—for Ethel was chary of revealing her inmost thoughts.

Though she would not own her faults to others, deep down in her heart she was aware of them herself: not to their full extent, perhaps; for her temper had come to be so nearly approved of as the 'Feversham temper,' that she had learnt to look upon it lightly herself. Yet she would sometimes rouse herself into striving against it for a little while; but she soon fell back from the conflict with the excuse that, after all, it did not matter much: it was not as if she was passionate; she never *said* anything when out of temper.

And Ethel was really trying to do her duty; not from a very right motive, perhaps; still she was a great help amongst the children, and her parents were, in general, pleased with her. But Ethel was not satisfied with all this. She felt something was wrong somewhere, and her thoughts on the subject were so very vague, that she had failed to find out what. But she looked forward with eagerness to her life at Feversham, in the hope that it would somehow solve all her difficulties.

Ethel's cheek burned as she thought of her grandmamma, and of the story her mother had told her.

'Grandmamma does not want to see or know any of us,' she exclaimed aloud; 'and I am sure it is at least equal on our part. I hope I never shall see her; she is cruel and wicked, and I shall never forgive her for the way she has treated poor mamma; no, never, as long as I live!'

Ethel had arrived at this stage in her meditations, when the door opened gently, and Charlotte looked in as she passed to bed, to see if the fire were all safe. She started in surprise on seeing Ethel, and came forward into the room.

'Why, Miss Ethel, you here yet? do you know what time it is? It's going fast to eleven, and that's late for you to be out of bed.'

'I suppose I can please myself, Charlotte,' replied Ethel, drawing herself up. 'If papa and mamma do not mind, I do not see what difference it can make to you.'

Charlotte set down her candle on the table, and came and stood beside her.

'Miss Ethel,' she said determinedly,' 'you and I must not go to bed in this way. I vexed you this morning, I know, dear; but I am sorry for it. I maybe spoke more offhand than I should have done. You must forgive me, Miss Ethel; I don't mean any harm. And as to sitting here, I suppose you could sit here all night, for anything I could say; but that would not be good for you, nor right, Miss Ethel, dear.'

'You are a dear, good, faithful creature, Charlotte,' replied Ethel, flinging her arms round Charlotte's neck. 'There! you and I are friends for to-night. And I am going to bed now, so you need not be afraid for me. I have been thinking, Charlotte.'

'You think more than is good for you, Miss Ethel,' said Charlotte, fondly stroking her hair; for, with all her waywardness, Ethel was Charlotte's favourite.

Ethel did not think much after she was in bed; and she was soon in as deep and dreamless a sleep as little Katie, who lay beside her.

Mrs Linton's cold grew better, and she was able to come down stairs in a day or two. Then the preparations for Ethel's departure began in

earnest; for there was a good deal to be and not much time to do it in. Old s had to be altered and turned, to look t as good as new, and new ones had to be it; for Mrs Linton did not wish her ter to make her first appearance amongst lations in shabby attire, if she could pos- avoid it.

ne five pounds, which was all Mr Linton allow her to spend, were laid out to the best advantage; and Ethel was provided ome good useful clothing—nothing gaudy e, but neat and comfortable. The dresses all made at home, Charlotte cutting them while Mrs Linton and Ethel did the sew- for Charlotte was clever in such matters, g learnt the business in her youthful days. it before Ethel goes, we must make the r a little better acquainted with those she ave behind.

was Saturday afternoon, the last before 's departure, and the elder children were bled in the nursery, of which they had un- ted possession; for Martha had gone out on and, and taken Eddie and Archie with her. hel was busy with the skirt of a dress seemed to afford her a great deal of le, as she frequently exclaimed that she not get it right. Guy was making sails opes to a boat which he had made him- and Percy was sitting close beside him, ed in trying to make an electrifying ne. He had been a long time over it, for ld not answer. Parts of it kept break- ut Percy was not daunted: he had a turn echanics, and he was determined to suc- t last. For Percy was earnest and per- ng in whatever he undertook, and he had a way of plodding on which was sure to me all difficulties in the end.

wish you would let me finish that skirt u, Ethel,' said May, who was patching a retty pincushion; 'I am sure I could do it.' ou! nonsense, May; mamma would not you with it.'

ay thought differently. She was very clever her needle, and a great deal fonder of g than of learning. And May was very y and methodical withal. She had been d, young as she was—for she was only —with the care of her own wardrobe, o upgrown person could have kept her nts more neatly; and May did not like re her things disarranged. But she was nt—she did not care for anything that ed much exertion either of mind or body. ery different was her young sister Gertie; ry sprightly little thing, full of fun and ief, always playing jokes upon her brothers sters; very innocent certainly, but some- rather annoying; yet they could not be when she raised her laughing blue eyes roguish merriment. There she stands at 's side with a pair of scissors in her hand, ntly cutting something that she has found table.

ee, Ethel,' she exclaimed, holding it up, a funny fellow I have made!'

Apparently it was meant for a man, but it had very long arms and very short legs.

'Oh, Gertie, you tiresome little creature,' said Ethel, seizing it; 'that is what I want for the bottom of this dress.'

'It will be long enough without this, surely; and he is such a curious little individual, Ethel.'

'Well, run away; I can't trust you near me any longer.'

Gertie went round to Guy, at the other side of the table.

'Leave your scissors behind you if you come here, Miss Mischief; don't you know what Dr Watt says about idle hands?'

'I wish I had something to do, then,' said Gertie, snipping at Guy's hair.

Guy started up and chased her round the room, and with much laughing and struggling, finally succeeded in rescuing the scissors from her grasp.

'May,' said Gertie, when she had recovered her breath, 'I wish you would lend me your slate: I feel as if I could draw some such curious creatures.'

'Where is your own?' inquired May.

'I have not the least idea. It may be at Mrs Morson's, for anything I know. May I have yours?'

'No, I would rather you didn't, Gertie; the last time I lent you it, I found it on the floor so dirty.'

'But I will put it back again quite clean this time,' said Gertie, coaxingly.

But May again repeated her 'No.'

'That's May all over,' said Guy; 'the old maiden lady does not like to have her things meddled with. You will find my slate on the shelf, young one, and you may make it as dirty as ever you like.'

Gertie took it, and sitting down on the floor, amused herself quietly for some time.

May took no notice of Guy's speech; she was used to being laughed at, and the name of 'Old Maid' was one she often went by.

Guy was a universal favourite in the family; he was so generous and good-natured, even to a fault, and always pleasantly ready for whatever was wanted of him. But he had an unaccountable aversion for books. Percy, who had not half his ability, was far before him in knowledge.

Suddenly Ethel sprang up.

'I cannot do this; I must take it down, and ask mamma about it.'

'I am sure I could do it, if you would let me, Ethel,' said May, again.

But Ethel took no notice of the offer; she did not choose to consider May cleverer than herself in such matters.

'Mamma,' she began, as she entered the parlour where Mrs Linton was sitting at work with baby Lena asleep on the sofa beside her, 'I cannot—Why, where is Katie? I thought she was here,' she exclaimed, breaking off abruptly.

'Katie has not been here,' said Mrs Linton; 'but what is it you want, Ethel?'

'Oh, I cannot make this skirt come right, mamma.'

'Bring it to me, and I will see if I can help you. Is not Katie in the nursery with you all?'

'No, mamma; I thought she was with you.'

'I have not seen her. Run into the kitchen, perhaps she is with Charlotte.'

But Charlotte knew nothing about her. Ethel went up to her own bedroom, but Katie was not there. At last she thought of the drawing-room. Now the drawing-room was forbidden ground to all the children, not excepting Ethel: it was one of the few things in which Mrs Linton was particular in exacting obedience; for it was the only well-furnished room in the house, and contained all the pretty ornamental things she possessed, and she was fearful they would be injured if little hands and feet were admitted among them.

To the drawing-room, however, Ethel went, for it was the only place likely or unlikely that she could think of; and there she found the missing little one. She was on the floor, her head pillowed on a low chair, and the beautiful large Bible, with its pretty pictures, open beside her; and she had apparently dropped asleep while looking at them. Ethel seized her rather roughly by the arm and woke her.

'Oh, Katie, Katie, what are you doing here? Come away this minute; what will mamma say?'

'I only came to look at my pretty picture,' whimpered Katie, rubbing her eyes as if hardly awake.

Ethel hurried her out of the room across the passage to the parlour.

'Here she is, mamma! And where do you think I found her? Asleep in the drawing-room.'

Mrs Linton put down her work, and took the child on her lap. She did not scold her. Katie was exempt from that. Whatever reproof the others received, she always escaped; and no one grudged her the privilege, for she was a gentle, loving little thing, the pet of the house, and would have been completely spoiled long ago if it had been possible. But her unselfish nature made the indulgence she received do her but little harm. She was very delicate too, and was not able to bear the things the rest did.

'What were you doing in the drawing-room, Katie, darling?' Mrs Linton inquired.

'I did not do any harm, mamma; I only went to look at my dear picture.'

'Your picture? What picture?'

'That one in the large Bible. Charlotte showed me it one day; she said it was Christ blessing the little children, and that He loved me, and would bless me too; and I like to look at it, it is so pretty; I have gone every day since then.'

Mrs Linton was silent for a minute; then she said, 'But, Katie, you know I have told you not to go there; you must not go again, dear.'

'I must see my picture, mamma; I love it.'

'Well, you shall see it. I will show it you myself every morning. Only you must not go into that cold room alone; I am afraid you will have taken cold with sleeping there this afternoon.'

'She has been there a long time, I am sure, mamma,' said Ethel.

'Well, she shall stay here with me now; and then, if you are good, Katie, perhaps Ethel will show you all the pictures in the Bible after tea, if you will both be very careful of it.'

Katie's eyes brightened, and she promised to be very good.

Mrs Linton's fears were not without foundation; Katie had taken cold, from which she suffered a great deal, and which confined her to the house for some days.

CHAPTER IV.

FEVERSHAM.

FEVERSHAM was a long way from Oakley. It was a small but very pretty country village, and had belonged to the Feversham's from time immemorial: some said as far back as the Conquest; but the family pedigree had never been traced further than the reign of Henry II. Its owners, for the last two or three generations, had taken great pains to improve the property; and as it had the natural advantage of hill and dale, wood and water, it was altogether quite a picturesque village.

The Hall stood at the further end of it, with its wide spacious park and its noble oak trees; but the Hall was shut up now, all but one wing, which was occupied by two little children and their attendants, who were left behind when the rest of the family went to London. Mrs Feversham still continued to reside at the Hall, but she had retained only a small portion for herself; the rest was given up to her son Edward and his family.

The small, but exquisitely finished Gothic church, with its tall spire, stood almost within the park, and the Rectory was just across the road. It is to the Rectory that we are about to introduce our readers on this stormy snowy evening in March.

But though cheerless and winterly outside, it is bright and comfortable within; for the fire roars up the chimney of the drawing-room as if it would defy any one to be cold there. On the rug before it knelt a young girl, with her arms round the neck of a large Newfoundland dog, and her sunny brown curls mingling with his shaggy hair.

She was nearly sixteen, but Rosalie Latimer was so much of a child still, that she was often taken for two or three years younger than she really was. She was chattering away to her mother, who sat near her, while Miss Clayton, the governess, looked up occasionally from the letter she was writing to join in the conversation.

'I do wish they would come, mamma dear; it is getting so late, and the snow is falling so fast.'

'We must not be impatient, Rosa; you know papa said most likely the train would be late on account of the snow; but you can run to the hall-door again, and listen if you hear the carriage.'

Rosalie had done that half a dozen times

it she eagerly went again, followed by
-footed companion. She came back
wly, and threw herself down in her
sition.

I can hear nothing; but then, you
e cannot hear far on such a night as
mma,' she went on, looking up into
er's face, 'I wonder what Ethel will
I am so glad Aunt Mary has let her
hope she will love me.'

ed, I hope she will, my darling. I, too,
ful, Rosie, that my sister has spared
.'

nk you need have no fear of her not
u, Rosie,' put in Miss Clayton; 'I
ho does not love you.'

ie sprang up, and threw her arms round
ton's neck, to the imminent danger of
.

uld like every one I know to love me,'

'And I want Ethel to be just like a
never had one, you know.'

your cousin has two or three, so you
expect her love for you to be quite
as a sister's.'

ie looked thoughtful for an instant.

e, that is the carriage! I am sure I
w!' she exclaimed; and darting out
m, she had thrown open the door, and
the steps just as the carriage drove
was followed more slowly by Mrs
nd Miss Clayton.

care, Alie; don't smother your cousin;
ld be a sad end to her journey,' said
er, with a smile, as Rosalie threw her
nd Ethel and gave her some dozen
take her into the house, it is too cold
here long.'

Latimer's welcome, if not as demon-
was equally warm, as she clasped Ethel
ns and told her how pleased she was
. Ethel stood by the fire in the hall
r outer wrappings were removed by
loving hands; then she was taken up-
d left to herself for a little while.

Ethel was rather glad of a little quiet-
r all the bustle; for she was a little
d by all the fresh scenes she had passed
and all that had happened that day.
st place, there had been the parting in
ing, and a sad one it was; for when it
ne to the moment of going, Ethel had
ken down, and wished she was not
ay from them all. But the journey
neasure diverted her thoughts; though
ong one, it was straight forward, and
ad no change to make since her papa
into the carriage at Beckworth until
er met her at the station, three miles
ersham.

looked round the room which was to
r the next three months: it was much
d far more luxuriantly furnished than
at home. Yet, as she drew the soft
r in front of the fire, and settled herself
thought how much rather she would
here with all the dear home faces around
where she was.

A gentle tap at the door interrupted her thoughts, and Rosalie entered and knelt down beside her.

'Dear cousin Ethel, I am so glad you are come; I have so often wished to know you; and I am sure we shall love each other—at least I am sure I shall love you.'

'I have no doubt we shall, dear cousin,' was all Ethel could think of to say in reply.

But Rosalie went on to ask after each of Ethel's brothers and sisters with such eager interest, that she was beguiled into talking of them all; and as her heart went with her words, and Rosalie was really interested, the cousins soon ceased to feel strangers to each other, and they had become quite good friends when the door opened and Mrs Latimer appeared.

'My dear Rosalie you have quite forgotten what I sent you for. Ethel must be quite famished.'

Rosalie sprang up.

'Mamma I had quite forgotten there was such a thing as eating. Ethel and I have been making acquaintance.'

Ethel protested she was not hungry—excitement had taken away her appetite. But Mrs Latimer smilingly took her hand, and led her down to the dining-room, where a bountiful tea was prepared.

Ethel passed the evening sitting close beside her aunt, and answering the eager questions she put respecting the sister whom she had not seen for so many years, but whom she yet loved with all the warmth of their childish companionship. She was grieved to hear the account Ethel gave of the indifferent state of her mother's health, and the old wish to see her once more was revived more strongly than usual.

Ethel was much tired with her journey, so she retired early; Mrs Latimer herself taking her upstairs, to see that all was comfortable.

'Good night, my darling; I hope you will be happy with us.'

Ethel said, 'Yes;' but she felt almost ready to cry; it seemed so strange to be there by herself quite away from them all. Mrs Latimer understood something of her feelings, and she put her arm round her with motherly tenderness, and kissed the face which she drew on to her shoulder.

'We must not be strangers, Ethel, dear. I remember you as a wee tiny child; I loved you then, and I have kept you in my heart ever since. I am so thankful mamma has spared you to us.'

'Dear Aunt Ethel,' said Ethel with sudden fervour, looking up into the face that was bending over her. 'I have loved you, too. I always look out with such pleasure for your letters; they make mamma so happy, and yet so sad.'

Mrs Latimer kissed her again with something like a sigh; and then she went away, saying that Ethel must have a good night that she might be ready for to-morrow.

Left to herself, Ethel's thoughts wandered back to her home; and she pictured to herself as she had often done during that day what they would all be doing. She wondered whether

Guy had got on any better than usual with his lessons; and if May had at all filled her place, as she had promised to do, in waiting on her mother: and with such thoughts as these she fell asleep.

The next morning rose clear and bright after the snow of the preceding day, which had thrown a soft pure white covering over everything: yet as Ethel looked out of her window through the frost-covered panes, she could tell that the view was a prettier one than she had been accustomed to see.

In front and at the side of the house stretched the large and tastefully designed garden; while beyond, across the park, rose the towers and chimnies of the Hall. Ethel gazed at that with feelings of strange interest; for there had been passed her mother's days of sunny childhood: and then she turned away from the prospect, as the thought of Mrs Feversham came into her mind.

'I wonder how grandmamma can enjoy that beautiful home,' she said to herself, 'when she thinks of all she has made mamma suffer. I can fancy now how dear mamma must long to see it all again.'

The greater part of the morning was given to study; there was something mooted at b fast about a holiday; but Ethel herself b that lessons might begin at once, and she l with such zeal and intelligent interest, that Clayton declared it was quite a pleasu teach her. Acquiring knowledge was a enjoyment to Ethel; and now that she ha opportunity, she was resolved to make the of it.

Rosalie was much younger than her c in everything but years, and her natural ties were not so good. Mrs Feversham much wished that she should go to London them to have the benefit of masters; but she and Mr Latimer had decided upon that l put off till another spring, especially as Clayton would be leaving them at mid-sum

Rosalie's sorrow for the approaching d ture of one who had become almost one o family was deep and sincere; but Miss Cl was obliged to go. She had lately lost a ried sister, and she felt that the two motherless children needed all the care attention she could give them.

(To be continued.)

The Dumb Child.

SHE is my only girl.
I asked for her as some precious thing;
For all unfinished was love's jewelled ring
Till set with this soft pearl!
The shades that time brought forth I could not see;
How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me?

O! many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deadened ear,
And suffered not the slightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon;
I hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay;
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me;
Waited and watched—God knows how patiently!—
How willingly deceived.
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

O! if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me mother, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that holy word!

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel with such a reverent air
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift her earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,
Then move her own, as she were speaking, too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;
While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eyes beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel clamour be kept free,
E'en that His still, small voice and step might be
Heard, at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve? O, murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a quiet sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play;
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God, it is not so!
And, when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee,
O, at such times I know
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,
Even now. How could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joys to enter and for love to use!

And God in love doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own;
And we a deeper tenderness have shown
Through that for which we grieve.
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear;
Yea, and my voice shall fill it—but not here.

When that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to meaner melody
Than the rich songs of heaven—
To *hear* the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstacies of sound!

Anon.

Gems from John Robotham.

1647.

1. CHRIST is the head of all true prophets and teachers. For as the clouds, from whence the rain descends, have not their water originally and natively in themselves; but from the sea and moistened places of the earth exhaled and drawn up by the heat of the sun: so have not the prophets a spirit of prophecy; nor any divine teachers a faculty of teaching heavenly and saving truths of themselves: but it is drawn up out of Christ, as out of a full sea of all excellent wisdom and knowledge, and conveyed into them by the heat and vigour, not of their own spirit, but a far higher spirit than theirs, viz., the spirit of Christ.

2. The supply which Christ makes to believers is full—suitable and constant, He must needs therefore be a most precious, a most lovely, a most delightful, and a most desirable object to a believing soul. The faithful soul looks upon Him, and saith, lo! here is most precious and pure blood to wash away my guilt; here is strength to support me in my weakness; here is a garment of righteousness to cover the shame of my nakedness; here is a spirit of truth to lead me and guide me in all my ways; here are sweet mercies and consolations to comfort me in my droopings; here are gold and pearls and precious stones to enrich me; here is perfect purity and holiness to sanctify and cleanse my corrupt nature;—in a word, here is the plentitude and fulness of all grace to fill my empty and destitute soul.

3. The true and healthful temper of the soul is, when Christ is a joy to us, even in the absence and want of all other things; when we can say with the prophets, 'although the fig-tree shall not blossom, though there be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation.'

4. All the works of Christ are glorious, but His gospel exceeds them all in glory. The gospel is the glass wherein we see the glory of Christ more than in any other way; therefore the words of Christ are much more sweet to a believer's taste, than honey or the sweetest of spices are to the mouth.

5. Fed upon Christ's love, that which we feed upon turns into our own nature: love is fuel for itself, love feeds upon love, and the person beloved: so let us upon Christ live: the more we live upon Christ's love, the more our love will be inflamed toward Him. Though the distance be great between Christ and the soul, yet faith will bring them easily together.

6. Ministers of the gospel should employ their whole force and strength to display those rich treasures of grace, and that resplendent glory which is in Christ, to publish and spread before men those manifold excellencies which be in Him, that poor souls may be drawn to esteem highly of Christ. Who will seek after that which he knows not of? and who will not seek after a precious jewel? O! then tell people where this jewel, this pearl, this treasure is, that they may seek and search, and become merchants for to adventure all for Christ.

7. Christ was lovely to God, to angels, to saints; He was lovely in His nature and person, in His offices and graces, yea, He is all over lovely, He is wholly delectable!

8. Go to the everlasting fountain of Christ's blood, rince thy soul (as it were) in the blood of the Lamb; apply it for justification and sanctification; so shalt thou be free from the guilt and pollution of sin; thou dost ask but the acquittance, the debt being paid in Christ.

9. Christ will be with His people in the furnace of affliction; and either He will provide that it shall not be overheated, or else He will work a miracle to restrain the power of the flame: He will both preserve them in, and deliver them out of trouble: He will so sanctify affliction, that it shall prove a very blessing and mercy to them.

10. Look upon Christ as the most gainful and profitable thing to the soul that can be imagined: nothing more enriching than Christ is. Whatsoever we give unto Him we lose it not, there is no alienation of it, but it is ours still, and ours in a far safer custody and keeping than in our own: if we cast our affections upon Christ they be not lost; He only makes them better: if we give them to the world, they differ little or nothing from the affections of beasts; but if Christ have them, He makes them heavenly and gracious, and such as will fit us for the presence of God; if we lay down our lives for Him, they be not lost neither but gained unto life eternal.

LESSONS FOR THE LAST DAYS.*

THE long-suffering mercy of God, still lingering around Israel, had given them in Jotham a king who was willing and anxious to lead them in right paths. There are ater or more needed blessings than right ce. We need it alike in the Church and world. We need both to be instructed be governed by those greater and wiser irselves. Yet there is no appointment against which man more persistently es than this. Self-government is the overnment that self-will tolerates, and path is trodden that leads farther and away from Truth, and from happiness, m God. There is no greater proof of ole moral framework of society being d than when opportunity of being led in aths is afforded, but rejected.

vas it with Judah. They refused the guid- Jotham. 'Jotham did that which was the sight of the Lord. . . BUT THE PEOPLE T CORRUPTLY.' 2 Chron. xxvii. 2. The f the people was found to be anything than 'the voice of God.' The people od the voice of God. They did corruptly. doubt if Jotham had been more uncom- ngly stern—if he had refused to spare gh places and the groves,' and had swept l away, he would have prospered more. omise can never subserve the ends of s and Truth: all that it does is to hen evil by affording occasion and en- ment to its continued development. heless the personal faithfulness of Jotham unacknowledged; 'he became mighty he prepared his ways before the Lord l.' 2 Chron. xxvii. 6. Yet notwith- g this recognition of the uprightness of , the persistent progress of the people's ie also in remembrance before God, so en in Jotham's reign preparation for its nent was made. 'In those days the *gan to send* against Judah, Rezin the Syria, and Pekah the son of Remaliah.' heless Jotham was taken to sleep with iers, before the gathering storm was to break.

succeeded Jotham. In him the people leader suited to the desire of their Under him the mind of society in -'public opinion' as it is called, could duly develop itself. 'Ahaz walked in the ways of the kings of Israel, and made also molten images for Baalim. Moreover he burnt incense in the valley of the son of Hinnom, and burnt his children in the fire, after the abominations of the heathen whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel. He sacrificed also and burnt incense in the high places, and on the hills, and under every green tree.' 2 Chron. xxviii. 2–4. Yet Ahaz in doing these things did but reflect the character of Judah—privileged, favoured, enlightened Judah. It was grateful to them to be placed under this leadership for evil. They desired it. Head and heart were alike diseased.

The storm therefore which had gathered in the days of Jotham, was now allowed to break on the head of Ahaz. 'The Lord his God delivered him into the hand of the king of Syria; and they smote him, and carried away a great multitude of them captives, and brought them to Damascus. And he was also delivered into the hand of the king of Israel, who smote him with a great slaughter. For Pekah, the son of Remaliah, slew in Judah an hundred and twenty thousand in one day, which were all valiant men; because they had forsaken the Lord God of their fathers.' 2 Chron. xxviii. 5. Nor was this all. Encouraged by success, the hosts of Syria and of Israel united themselves, and advanced together against Jerusalem itself: they were not, however, permitted to prevail. 'And it came to pass in the days of Ahaz, son of Jotham, son of Uzziah, king of Judah, that Rezin, king of Aram [Syria], and Pekah, son of Remaliah, king of Israel, went up to Jerusalem to war against it, but he could not war against it (*i.e.*, so as to succeed). And it was told the house of David, saying, There resteth Aram [Syria] on Ephraim, and there shook his [the king's] heart, and the heart of his people, like the shaking of the trees of the wood before the wind.' Thus chapter vii. opens.

Dark indeed and evil was the condition of Jerusalem: yet this was the very sphere for which Isaiah had been sanctified, that in it (after his lips had been touched by the live coal from the altar) he might act for and with God. From Uzziah's reign onward he had seen evil steadily progressing, and now (notwithstanding the chastisements that had been sent) he beheld it advancing still. During this lengthened period, no public act is recorded of him. Deserted and despised, save by a very few, he wept, no doubt, in secret places. But now the

m Thoughts on Isaiah, by BENJAMIN WILLS . London: Houlston and Wright.
8.

time was come for him to act. He was sent to meet Ahaz in the day of his calamity, with a message from the Lord. It was a message of goodness and compassion. 'Then said the Lord unto Isaiah, Go forth now to meet Ahaz, thou, and Shearjashub thy son, at the end of the conduit of the upper pool in the highway of the fuller's field.' Isaiah went, and Shearjashub stood by his side.

Shearjashub and Mahershalalhashbaz (see chap. viii.) are the symbolic names of the two children of Isaiah. The latter is a name of woe and of judgment. It conveys the thought of the spoiler hastened on by God to his appointed work of rapine and ruin. Mahershalalhashbaz may be taken as the superscription of all those parts of Isaiah's prophecy that speak of Israel and of Judah as smitten and desolated. This desolation was soon about to begin: it continues still, and will not end until the Land of Immanuel shall once more be brought under the outstretching of the dark wings of the last great Assyrian—Antichrist. 'The spreading out of His wings shall be the filling of the breadth of Thy land, O Immanuel.' The force of the word, Mahershalalhashbaz, therefore, is not yet spent. It is still to be kept before our eyes. Forget it, and we shall soon lose ourselves in darkness. On the other hand, Shearjashub [a remnant shall return] is a name of consolation. Our eye rests upon Shearjashub first, before we hear of Mahershalalhashbaz. We are cheered by a view of the final joy before we hear of the antecedent sorrow. Moreover, although the immediate object of this name is to assure us of mercies yet to come—mercies still hidden in the womb of time, yet faith also discerns in it the pledge of present blessing: for as there shall be a remnant preserved and borne through the day of fiery visitation (Zech. xiii. 9), and made God's witnesses in the millennial earth, so now also, there is, and ever has been, a remnant (this is as true in Gentile Christendom as in Israel), whom grace preserves in the midst of the moral darkness that broods, and will brood over the earth, on to the very end of the day of man—a remnant watched over by the Lord, and taught of His Spirit—a remnant that might be (save for their own wilfulness and worldliness) gathered into a place of honoured separateness like unto that which pertained to Shearjashub as he stood by the side of Isaiah, sharing the lot, and identified with the testimony of God's blessed, but rejected servant.

The place in which Isaiah was directed to meet Ahaz, was one well suited to a message of mercy. It was in the fuller's field, by the side of a stream that flowed from beneath the sides *of Zion and Moriah.* Zion was the mountain of Jerusalem's strength. Its citadel was there. And Moriah (which virtually was one with Zion) was the mountain of Truth, for on it the temple stood. Think of what Zion will be in that future day, when streams of blessing issuing thence shall fill the whole earth with gladness. Think how it will be recognised then as the place where Heaven's Almighty power will have associated itself with Heaven's pure Truth, in order that that truth might not only be diffused throughout the earth, but maintained in its rightful supremacy. But what Zion will be in the day of its glory, that Zion measurably has already been. *There* God's mighty power operated of old: *there* it watched over and guarded Jerusalem, His chosen city—'the city of the great King.' Thence, too, have emanated the blessings which we, Gentiles, now receive. 'Salvation is of the Jews.' The stream that Ahaz beheld silently and softly flowing from beneath Zion, symbolized a power of ceaseless blessing that was steadily bearing on Jerusalem, and which has not, even now, been taken from the earth. The stream of grace that has come forth from Zion, flows steadily still through the world's wide wilderness—unnoticed often, or else seen only to be despised. There are, however, some—a remnant, a little flock, whose eyes are opened to discern what it is, and whence it comes; and they rejoice in it, and drink of it, and find in it the waters of healing, and of cleansing, and of eternal life.

How was that stream needed by Jerusalem and her people! Daily it sustained them, for they drank thereof, and without it they could have had no 'fuller's field;' the fuller's field was the place of cleansing—the place where uncleanness was washed away, and the defiled garment made white. What thoughts are more grateful to the conscience-stricken sinner than those associated with the fuller's field? It was the waters of Siloam that gave to Jerusalem the fuller's field. Thus, too, was supplied that wondrous pool, which up to the time when Immanuel came, remained in Jerusalem as the one solitary witness that the miraculous power of God had not utterly forsaken the still beloved city. The pool of Siloam continued to bear witness to the presence of God's power to heal, until it was superseded by that mightier power of healing—healing unto eternal life which is found in that 'fountain which has been opened for sin and for all uncleanness' in the blood of Immanuel. Yet notwithstanding all this, the waters of Siloam were by Ahaz and his people rejected, and the river of Assyria chosen. Could the petty stream that flowed through the fuller's field be compared with the waters, 'strong and many,' of Euphrates? Ahaz answered, No: and many

an Ahaz-like heart at this present moment re-echoes the judgment. The rill that flows softly from Zion is spurned, and men hasten to drink of the waters of the river of Babylon. Truly they shall drink thereof: but those waters shall be to them as 'the bitter water that causeth the curse, that entereth' into the bowels, causing the 'belly to swell, and the thigh to rot.' What a contrast between those waters of death, and the waters which they have despised—waters of life—waters whose real source is 'the Throne of God and of the Lamb!'

The fuller's field, therefore, watered by the waters of Siloam, was a place well suited for that message of mercy which Isaiah was sent to deliver to the terrified house of David. Although stricken, they were not abandoned. The Lord their God was still near—able and willing to give them cleansing, and healing, and strength. And in order that they might know this, and prove the greatness of His long-suffering mercy, He sent Isaiah with Shearjashub (that name itself a pledge of the faithfulness of His love), and bade him stand by the symbolic waters of Siloam, and there to speak words of encouragement to the cowed and trembling heart of Ahaz. 'Take heed, and be quiet; fear not, neither let thy heart quail before these two smoking fire-brands—at the heat of the wrath of Rezin and Syria, and of the son of Remaliah.' However fiercely these fire-brands have flamed against thee; however thou mayest have felt the power of their burning, yet fear not, neither be dismayed. They have well nigh burned themselves out; they are now tails of fire-brands merely. Though they have taken counsel against thee, and are working out their plans and think that they have thee in their grasp, yet their counsel shall not stand, neither shall it come to pass. The heads of Syria and of Israel are Damascus and Samaria, and the heads of Damascus and Samaria are Rezin and Remaliah's son, but has Judah no head? Such was the implied question. The answer should have been, yea, Judah hath a Head. The Head of Judah is Jerusalem, and the Head of Jerusalem is Jehovah of Hosts. Let Syria and Israel rejoice in Rezin and Remaliah's son, but we will rejoice in Jehovah of Hosts our God. Such should have been the answer: such would have been the answer of faith. But such an answer was in vain waited for from the lips of Ahaz and his people, for they had no faith. They were terrified and they trembled; but the faithless heart when terrified seeks not unto God. It turns to other aid. Terror brought Saul to the witch of Endor; it drove Ahaz to the king of Assyria. Ahaz and his people had scanned carefully the troubled scene around them. They had considered the *circumstances* and formed their resolve; and that resolve was to make, not Jehovah but Assyria, the future stay and hope of Jerusalem: and the city that was soon to take the headship of Assyria was Babylon.

The resoluteness of this resolve was well known unto God: yet for the sake of the remnant of His people whom He loved, and for the further manifestation of His mercy, and in order that He might yet further prove the rebellious house of David, He continued still to plead with Ahaz. 'Moreover, Jehovah spake further [added to speak] unto Ahaz, saying, Ask for thee a sign from [from with, παρα] Jehovah thy God; make deep thy petition, or raise it up on high.' So let thy doubting heart be confirmed. But Ahaz instantly replied, 'I will not ask, neither will I tempt Jehovah.' It was either hypocrisy cloking its unwillingness to approach Jehovah under a pretended dread of presumption, or else it was the bold declaration of an impious resolve to make no trial of Jehovah—a refusal to have recourse either to His power, or to His mercy. 'I will not ask, neither will I make trial of Jehovah.' Ahaz had resolved to make trial of another. He had determined to make Assyria's king his refuge. How then could he trust in Jehovah? He could not trust in both: he could not lean on Jehovah, and on Assyria too. He must choose either one or the other, and he had already in his heart chosen Assyria. Such was the resolve of David's house; such the decision of its representative and head. The Lord God of Israel was deliberately rejected by them. 'And he said, Hear ye now, O house of David; is it a small thing for you [*i.e.*, too little a thing to satisfy you] to weary men, that ye must weary my God also?' They should not indeed *so* weary Him as to prevent His giving (not indeed immediately, but as soon as the set time should come) His great sign to the house of Israel and to the house of Judah. 'Therefore Jehovah Himself [though ye refuse to ask] shall give you a sign; behold the virgin pregnant and the bringer-forth of a child [this was the sign that should, in due time, be; it was a thing that never had been, nor ever should be again] and she calleth His name Immanuel.' Ahaz and the unbelieving house of Judah around him were not to live to see this sign. Seven hundred years were yet to pass before it should be given, but its promise was to all who feared the Lord; a pledge that neither traitors from within, nor enemies from without, should succeed in destroying or blighting the hopes of David's house and of Jerusalem. Wickedness and apostasy might work within, and multiplied enemies might threaten from without, yet the house of David should not be destroyed, for

how could that house be subverted into which Immanuel was to be born? And although chastisement upon chastisement was about to come upon Israel and upon Judah, and upon their land, so that it should be made desolate, yet it should not be so desolate as to be unable to supply to the Heir of David's house nourishment; and nourishment that should be continued, so as for Him to attain to years of maturity and strength. No enemies, no power of man, or of Satan, should prevail so as to prevent the birth of Immanuel into the house of David, or to take from Him nourishment, or hinder His growth. As surely as He should be born, so surely should the land, even the smitten land of Israel, supply 'butter and honey' for His use, so that He should be sheltered, and cherished, and increased in wisdom and stature, and exercise understanding in distinguishing betwixt evil and good. Should the house of David tremble as if they were about to be utterly crushed by their enemies when they had this promise of the manifestation of Immanuel in their midst? Would they indeed persist in turning to Assyria, rather than unto Him who was undertaking to work these things for them?

Hearing, they heard not. Their ear was heavy: their eye closed: their heart fat. In vain, therefore, God spake to them of Immanuel —His great gift unto Israel and unto men. On the meritorious service of Immanuel, the TITLE of the people of God to all their blessings altogether rests. By His obedience and death they are justified. 'By the knowledge of himself shall one that is righteous, my servant, bring righteousness unto the many: AND their iniquities He shall bear.' In His cross we find our altar (Heb. xiii. 10) whence has ascended into the unseen sanctuary above the heavens, the sweet smelling savour of the one accepted Sacrifice under which we stand accepted according to its acceptableness,—precious according to its preciousness, now and for evermore. He hath earned for us life, and the life so earned by His obedience unto death, is given to us IN HIM. 'By means of the righteousness' by Him provided (see Rom. v. 21) 'grace reigns over us unto eternal life;' and by means of Him (see Rom. v. 17) we finally, are to 'reign in life.' All this has been provided through the 'one righteousness' of Immanuel. Thus has been opened, in the midst of the darkness and corruption of earth, the well-spring of everlasting life. In the passage before us, however, these things are not unfolded. The object of God was to declare to the house of David and to Jerusalem that, whatever their obduracy and unbelief, He would still persevere in His counsel, *and fulfil the great* purpose of His grace in giving Immanuel. His great SIGN should be given though they might persist in despising it. And lest any should say, the sign is too distant —it is afar off; we want a nearer pledge; a nearer pledge was given. The Prophet went on to declare that before any one who was then a child in years (whether the child who stood by Isaiah's side, or any other child) should attain to age of understanding and know to distinguish between evil and good, the land of Israel, before the two mighty leaders whereof Ahaz trembled, should be forsaken. And so it came to pass. Before any one then in childhood came to years of discretion, Israel sank before the mighty power of Assyria. See 2 Kings xv. 29, and xvii. 3. Here then were tokens of God's present power yet working in mercy in the midst of His people. Ahaz, indeed, and the house of David, and Jerusalem, heeded it not. But Isaiah, and a remnant in Israel, saw and understood, and trusted, and found in quietness and in confidence their strength. So was it then: so is it now. So must it be in every dispensation in which the many who profess to see, see not; and when it can be said of a little flock only, 'Blessed are your eyes for they see; and your ears for they hear.'

The sin of Ahaz, however, was not to remain unpunished. 'Jehovah will bring upon thee and on thy people, and on thy father's house, days that have not come since the departure of Ephraim from Judah, even the king of Assyria.' Ahaz had made the king of Assyria his refuge. He had hired him as a razor whereby he would shave off from Israel and from Syria all that gave to them comeliness and strength. And in this he succeeded: Israel and Syria were shorn, and Ahaz and his people 'rejoiced against [see next chapter] Rezin and Remaliah's son;' for they saw them fall—irrevocably fall. So far Ahaz triumphed. But this razor that he had hired, and used so successfully, was soon to be turned in all its terrible sharpness upon himself. 'In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor hired in the parts beyond the river, that is to say, by the king of Assyria, the head, and the hair of the feet: and also the beard shall it [the razor] take away.' Thus the land of Judah too was to know desolation. It too should be denuded of its people, so that only a residue should be left. The natural luxuriance of the land should indeed for a season supply that remnant with more than plenty. 'It shall come to pass in that day, that a man shall save alive [*i.e.*, shall rescue from the grasp of the enemy] a young cow and two sheep: and it shall be from the abundance of the yielding of milk [because of the luxuriance of the pastures that shall plenti-

pring up in the depopulated land] he at butter: for butter and honey shall one eat that is left in the midst of the

e native luxuriance of a depopulated ould of course supply for a season super- ance of nourishment to those who sought *to live*, and who were content to dispense he corn-field, and the vine-yard, and the l garden, if only enough to sustain them could be obtained from the flock, or from rd. The corn-field, and the vineyard, ie garden, require that there should be a hand to sow and to plant, to prune and er, and this cannot be in a depopulated Yet a depopulated land may easily, to a ecome a place of rest. A rescued few, antly supplied with all that is *necessary* , may soon settle down into full content- rith their portion, and console themselves loss of the vineyard or the garden by lection, that although not supplied with ruits, they are nevertheless relieved from responsibilities and anxieties and toils. expect a sabbatism in the midst of a tion sent in chastisement by God, is but iving dream. There are such things as and briars: and are not thorns and briars dominate in any land where cultivation ? Where man ceaseth to labour, thorns iars will soon reign. They will spread ly over the desolate vineyard, but over stures too. Wild beasts of the desert ll devouring monsters will lurk there. will reign there as well as desolation. arrows and with bows will men come because all the land shall become briars orns.' It is not permitted, therefore, to people to dispense at their will with the ted vineyard, and to say that they will t themselves with the uncultivated pas- If they have not the vineyard, they must he forest, full of danger and the power truction as well as of desolation. If e no hand to plant the garden there will e to withstand the briar.

d now (not to speak of Israel) can we n the present condition of Christendom blind to the extent of the moral desola- The people of Christ were gathered n godly unity—unity that was godly, e it was unity *in the Truth*. Their habits, ctrines, and ways, were expressive of the f Christ. They were epistles of Christ and read of all men. Christendom was nd of truth. There were many then, and wise to labour—able to break the ground, to sow and to plant, to water prune. Consequently, there was many yard, many a smiling corn-field, many a fruitful garden. But now how changed the scene! None who are able to contrast darkness with light, truth with falsehood, can be unconscious of the present ruin. Yet many console themselves. They say, what though that bright shining of light whose presence once marked the heritage of the Lord be gone; what though associated strength has given place to isolated weakness, yet the remnant of God's people, however few or feeble, cannot perish. They shall surely be preserved in the land, and find nourishment sufficient to preserve their soul in life; and if that be so, is it not a sufficient mercy? Let consciousness, therefore, of what we have, cause oblivion of what we have not. The gospel net is still cast; it still gathereth of every kind; and although the sheep of Christ may not be either folded or fed as once they were; though they may be a scattered and wandering flock; yet they shall surely find something whereon to feed, and ultimately all shall pass into the everlasting fold. Let us be content, therefore, and be thankful. Has not a tone of feeling like this extensively prevailed? Yet surely the preservation of our spiritual life is not the only question that is to be present to the hearts of God's people. The interests and honour of God, as well as our instruction and edification, are essentially connected with the circumstances and manner in which that life is developed. If the methods of God require that there should be the cultivated corn-field or the vineyard, His purposes will not be answered by our willingness to content ourselves with the luxuriance of spontaneous vegetation. Nevertheless we have sought to do this, and to find, as it were, a sabbatism in the midst of ruin. We have said, God's people shall surely live: how or on what they are fed, matters little. But the unconcern of indifferentism is not the repose of faith. Our carelessness, therefore, respecting the corn-field and the vineyard—our indifference as to whether the children of God do, or do not, know and walk in the truth, is being punished by the rapid increase of 'thorns and briars.' Spots vacated by truth will be occupied by apostasy; and where the servants of Christ cease to labour in their appointed manner, there the servants of the devil will soon make manifest their power. Some seem at last to be awakened to a consciousness of this. Individual quietness and repose which have been so inordinately prized, are found to be imperilled almost in every home by the inroad of deadly falsehoods. The arrow and the bow are being assumed by many a hitherto inert hand: and they who have refused to encounter falsehood in its incipiency, find to their sorrow that they are obliged to meet it in

its augmented strength. It is true, now, and will be increasingly true, till the end comes, that the instructed servants of Christ, themselves few and feeble, move throughout that which should have been the land of truth, not expecting to find 'orchards of pomegranates with pleasant fruits; or vines with their tender grapes giving a good smell;' but expecting and finding forests of thorns and briars—strongholds of apostasy, where forms of falsehood lurk more terrible and more destructive than the fangs of the lion or the bear. They move, therefore, armed. The bow and the arrow are in their hand. They slay, or seek to slay enemies where they once gathered fruits.

Yet the dark picture is not *altogether* unrelieved. However terrible the scourge that may be sent upon God's people, however their heritage may be laid waste, yet grace never permits that the desolation should be *total*. Great and terrible was the desolation that the passage before us describes; yet in the midst of the wide wilderness of ruin, the hand that sowed and that cultivated was not altogether wanting. And so is it still. There are yet some spots, isolated and almost unknown, removed, as some high hill-summit, far away from the haunts of men, where patient, and not altogether unrequited labour may yet be found. The circumstances may be unpropitious; the ordinary appliances of cultivation may be wanting. It may be the wearying labour of the mattock, rather than the less toilsome labour of the plough. Yet the mattock can successfully withstand the thorn. 'It shall come to pass that on all hills, that shall be digged with the mattock, there shall not come thither the fear of briars and thorns.' Apostasy cannot reign where they who abide in Christ's truth patiently labour. 'Who then is that faithful and wise servant whom his Lord hath made ruler over his household to give them their portion of meat in due season.' There ever have been, and to the end there shall be some such. 'Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.' There, and there only, shall spots of fruitfulness be found. Even the pastures may elsewhere perish; but they shall not perish there. 'There shall not come there the fear of briars and thorns; but it shall be for the sending forth of cattle, and for the treading place for sheep.'

What Then?

WHAT then? Why then another pilgrim song;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a thirsty stage (ah me, so long!)
And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching;
And then a little water-cruse to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire;
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow;
And then, a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, '*I* will answer for the morrow.'

What then? For all my sins, His pardoning grace;
For all my wants and woes, His loving kindness;
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face;
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
And then, a deep and darkly rolling river;
And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile for ever and for ever!

JANE CREWDSON.

THE MISSING SCHOLAR.

N calling over the roll one Sabbath morning in the early spring time, before the lessons of the school began, I found one scholar was amissing. A certain vague foretook possession of my mind, that we ıever see her in her seat again, for her ad been sinking, and a cough, deep and had caused us to fear for her, several efore the morning when I called her t got no response.

: the services of the day I called on and found that our fears were well d, for she was now evidently in a middle consumption.

doctor had ordered her to go to the to try what change of air would do; he was to leave town on the following ook the opportunity to direct her mind terests of her immortal soul.

:ould give me no satisfaction about her r she seemed not to realize that her s in danger of death, and her soul in ıf hell. She was, by her own confesıaved, but this seemed to trouble her le; she had no desire, apparently, to rist, for she felt no pressing need.

few words of earnest counsel and , I bade her farewell, promising to her, and urging her to pray for her-

n she was gone I kept my promise, and or her, as I would pray for any scholar ıad reason to fear, would go from my a lost eternity.

w weeks after our parting, I was re- to visit Maggie, who had now returned. ı time in doing so, and when I called I :r in the last stage of the disease. She that she had come home to die, but it matter now, for she had sought and ırdon and acceptance in Christ.

n I expressed my surprise and pleasure unexpected change, she told me that ıving town she had become afraid to that a young friend in the country sing hymns about Jesus, until, she said,—'I wished I could sing them, and I wished I could think that Jesus loved me.'

She then, in a simple way, related how she had been led to give herself to Jesus, and ended by saying, 'I know now that He died for me.'.

Her health from this time fast declined. The poor widowed mother that watched by her bedside knew well that she was soon to lose her only child. She was very poor, but friends provided for the dying girl.

One day a little scholar accompanied me to her room and sang several hymns. Maggie begged her to come again and sing more of them to her. She was very fond of the hymn beginning, 'My Jesus, I love Thee;' but she said she would like to have all the hymns in the book sung.

A visitor once said to her, 'Maggie, you are very weak, for the least exertion makes you sweat.' 'Oh, that is nothing,' she replied; 'Jesus sweat drops of blood for me.'

To Maggie death had no sting. She testified to us that she longed to depart, and that death was welcome, because it would bring her to Jesus. She afterwards repeated the hymn, 'All is well.'

Her faith in Christ seemed to grow stronger. At the last we gathered round her bed, to witness, through our tears, the struggle of the spirit to depart and be with Christ. She laid her wasted hand in mine to take a last farewell on earth.

'Goodbye, Maggie,' I said, 'we shall meet in a little while on the golden streets.'

She saw that I looked sadly on her emaciated hand as it lay in mine, and summoning her remaining strength, she said slowly and in broken accents, 'That is for the worms;' then laying her hand on her heart, she added, 'But this is for Christ.'

So died a poor girl, a scholar in a mission school. A few friends buried her to prevent her body being taken to the dead-house, and getting a pauper's burial.

The grass has not yet grown above her little grave—her death speaks to you. Your body is for the worms. Your heart—is it for Christ?

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

NCE, Paul would have gloried in any thing else save in Christ and His cross. He would have scorned the idea of being saved by one who died the death of a malef being indebted in any way to the Galilean. But ever after his convercross was the symbol of whatever is to the soul, the sum of all his hopes, ge of his final safety and triumph.

apostle, in glorying in the cross, gloried onement of Christ, as the cardinal docRevelation, the foundation of all religious truth, and peace, and joy. The old writers sometimes asserted that Calvary was the centre of the earth. The cross is the centre of the moral universe. It attracts the gaze of heaven and earth. Angels look down upon it with wonder and delight; sinners crowd around it, look up to its bleeding Victim, and live. The atonement is the distinctive truth of Christian theology, the sum and substance of Divine inspiration the basis of human redemption.

Hence it is that men make a great mistake when they think to remove the cross from the Scriptures, and yet hold *to* the Scriptures as a

standard of faith and rule of action. The very attempt is fatal. Take away the teachings of inspiration respecting the sacrifice of Christ for sin, and you remove the keystone of the arch of Revelation. You destroy the binding force, the power of attraction in the spiritual universe, and all the orbs of religious truth quench their light and rush to chaos. The atonement has a living energy in it, which gives it power over the hearts of men. It is the doctrine of doctrines, the truth of truths; and just as well might we think of dispensing with the sun from the heaven as think of doing away with this great source of spiritual light and life; as well might we remove the foundations of a building, and expect it to stand secure amid winds and storms as remove salvation by Christ's death, the corner-stone of the Christian faith, and look to see that faith remain unshaken and undestroyed.

And it is for this reason, because the atonement is the cardinal truth of the gospel, that it almost invariably happens that those who deny or ignore this doctrine stop not here, but soon deny or ignore other teachings of God's Word, until at length confidence in the Bible is gone, and the soul is adrift on the gloomy sea of scepticism. The atonement is so interwoven with the whole texture of Revelation, that it cannot be sacrificed without tearing away large and living portions of the Word of God.

Paul gloried only in the cross. Let it have the same place in our hearts that it had in his, as the only ground of our acceptance with God here, and of our hopes of heaven hereafter.—*Anon.*

EARLY SEEKING AND FINDING.*

A YOUNG man in the midst of life and health, when, in his eyes, worldly honours would have naturally their brightest hue, said in reference to the religious life he was pursuing, 'I would not barter my present joy for all that an empire or a world could promise.' Another, when speaking to the friend who had been the instrument of his conversion to God, said, 'You know the reason of my looking happy; do you not? I've made my choice for God, and He makes me thus happy.' 'Have the pleasures of the world no charm for you?' asked his friend. 'None now,' was his reply. 'I have found better pleasures—I have found Jesus.' Soon after this the young man was unexpectedly laid on a bed of suffering, and his testimony was, 'I would willingly go through all my sufferings again for what my Saviour has shown me of His heart of love under them.' That same Augustine, whose foolish and frightful prayer we were just now quoting—'Lord, convert me, *but not yet*'—learned afterwards to say, with a better sense of truth and happiness, '*The heart is restless till it rests in Thee.*' How in harmony with this conviction is that inspired prayer of the Psalmist, 'O satisfy us *early* with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days'! Our own happiness is, under God, much more in our own power than we are apt to suppose; since it depends more upon our state of mind than upon what we possess. Those who have given themselves to the world, and afterward have undergone a saving change, are often heard to testify to the folly of seeking satisfaction and comfort in it; and that one moment of true spiritual enjoyment is worth ten thousand moments of worldly amusement. And the reason is plain enough: not only is the one abiding, because independent of fluctuating circumstances; the other fleeting, because altogether dependent upon them; but the one is unspeakably noble, precious, and essential to our immortal nature, the other *beneath* it and *injurious to* it. Had not an inspired apostle exhorted us to 'abstain from fleshy lusts, which *war against the soul*,' we might have said that the incalculable inequality of the two should be enough, when both are really brought out into comparison, to decide our choice.

'As, by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.'

When admiring the beauties of creation, a crooked tree will occasionally present itself; and the question may arise, 'Why has that which might have been a stately oak become twisted and deformed? The reply is easy—because it was injured when a sapling; turned in a wrong direction; and could not regain its original symmetry. We are all plants, growing up either in a right or a wrong direction. Of us, therefore, it is found to be practically true, that

'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

Early piety proves a great preventive of sin and sorrow in after life. Persons who have for a while been carried away by worldly fascinations, and afterwards become devoted Christians, have spoken feelingly upon the warping and blighting influence the world had on them in early life; and the difficulty they experienced, even under Divine grace, in counteracting and overcoming their long strengthened, because long unrestrained inclinations to evil. Now we are no advocates for affected singularities, or uncalled for exclusion from the habits of the social circle in which God has placed us. Yet one thing is plain and indisputable; there must be some broad cognizable distinction between those who are living for time, and those who are living for eternity; between those whose great all-subordinating aim and object is to glorify God by doing His work; and those whose no less characteristic aim and object is to amuse themselves, or promote their own personal interests. Call the two great classes by

*From 'Life Lost and Saved.' By SELINA DITCHER. Second Edition. London: Hatchard & Co. 1868.

what name you choose—abstain, if you will, from all harsh, uncharitable, invidious expressions—acknowledge, as in candour you must do, that it is very difficult to draw precise landmarks across all the interweavings of domestic and social life, and the thousand objects of rational and virtuous interest that are common to the two: after all, there is a difference felt and seen, which you cannot obliterate, and which *comes out*—it may be very unconsciously, in the very language of the two respectively. How can it be otherwise? Different master principles; different joys and sorrows; different natures—the 'natural man' and the 'spiritual man;' those who have their 'good things' in this life, and those whose 'citizenship is in heaven;' those who are simply walking by sight, and those of whom an apostle testifies, 'we walk by faith, not by sight'—How can it fail that there should be a difference—a difference of *object*, when master principles are at work—a difference of *spirit*, even when pursuing the same object? 'How can two walk together, except they be agreed?'

Now, all this being as it is, it follows of necessity that, wherever we are, in whatever sphere of relationship or occupation God's good providence may have cast our lot, *we must* belong to one or other of these two great classes. The world will love its own. 'The Lord knoweth them that are His.' And our own safety as well as peace and comfort are inseparably bound up with our own personal decision and unfaltering determination as to 'whose we are, and whom we serve.' 'No man can serve two masters.' God will not allow us to serve the world. The world will not allow us to serve God. To 'halt between two opinions' is not only to ensure inconstancy and inward conflict; the loss of tranquillity and self-respect: it is fatal. We say, therefore, what we said before whilst speaking of amusements (and, in saying it, we would ask you to look again at what was said more at large in Chapter iv.), take these two principles as your rule in all questions of worldly intercourse: do *nothing* the Word of God tells you is *wrong;* though every worldly friend you had should take offence: and do that which may be intrinsically *harmless* just so far as conscience and experience pronounce it conducive to the healthy condition of your souls. These two principles, prayerfully carried out, will soon lead you to be rather fearful of too much, than of too little compliance with worldly habits; so that, whilst those around you are running hither and thither, saying, 'Who will show us any good?' the temper of your souls, and the quiet tenor of your lives will be as though your lips were solemnly saying, 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of.'

At all events, there must be decision. 'A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways.' If you would 'make your calling and election sure;' if you would have 'all joy and peace in believing;' if you would not have your very religion an offence to God and a torment to your own soul, shudder at the notion of having one foot in the church and the other in the world. On the other hand, think, dear young friends, of the command of God and the sweetness of the promise connected with it, 'Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, *and I will receive you*, and will be a Father unto you; and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.'

We commenced these remarks by saying that we are no advocates for affected singularities, or uncalled for exclusion from the social circle in which God's good providence may have placed us. And we must conclude them by asserting no less distinctly that we are no more advocates for disregard of parental authority. An apostle argues, 'He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.' We may very safely say, he who lightly esteems the commands of a father or a mother, how can he hold in reverence that Higher Authority who has made it the first commandment with promise, 'Honour thy father and thy mother;' and who has, in so many places, wrapped up His own claims, and shadowed forth His own love in this sacred relationship?—'I was a Father to Israel.'—'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'—'When ye pray, say, Our Father.'—'If then I be a father, where is mine honour?' No! there can be no possible doubt that the true child of God will have a child-like spirit. That spirit is a loving, and obedient spirit; not confident of its own wisdom; not simply following out its own impulses; not insisting on the gratification of its own will; not exercising itself in matters too high for it. And there can be no more doubt that the child of God, if true to its heavenly Father, will feel a peculiar pleasure in obeying its earthly parents for the Lord's sake; and a very peculiar pain, if occasion arise when there appears a sad necessity for saying, 'I cannot, must not do this or that, even though my father or mother desires me, because it is clearly contrary to my allegiance to Him who so distinctly said, 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.' Such firmness will be the firmness, not of self-will and perverseness, but of a tender conscience. It will carry with it the instincts, and clothe itself in the accents, not of rebellion, but of its own tender and loving nature. And it will seek and make a thousand opportunities of vindicating that nature, by graceful compliance and affectionate docility in all things lawful—and pray, and watch, and strive to be, as far as possible from that wild and froward contempt for domestic authority, which is becoming more and more a frightful feature of worldly society—duly estimating the force and beauty of that precious sentence of the word it lives and walks by, '*the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.*'

Having vindicated thus the character of true Christian fidelity, and shown how far it is from those affected singularities, and that self-willed stubbornness sometimes ignorantly, sometimes maliciously associated with it, we return now to

the point from which we diverged—the all importance of 'early piety.'

Depend upon it, dear young friends, it is an incalculable advantage to be kept, in early life, from the corrupting maxims and customs of an evil world. As regards the snares of fashionable life in the present day, it may indeed be said that 'ignorance is bliss;' and though your simplicity may expose you to the foolish ridicule of worldly acquaintances, you will have no cause to lament the position you have been led to occupy. All sensible persons will respect you, and not a few of a different order will secretly approve what they affect publicly to deride.

A growing feature of the present day is the habit of *trimming between the spiritual and the sensual world*—trying, on the one hand, to make religion palatable by frittering away its essential claims, and, on the other, the world a legitimate source of enjoyment by the concealment of its essential evil.

What is this, but a vain and impious attempt to join together what Almighty God has put asunder; and to despise the apostolic precept, 'Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed, by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God'? Think of this, dear young friends—*this good, and perfect, and acceptable will;* and think of the delight with which, if you prove faithful, it will be your privilege to hear it said of you, when all worldly pleasures shall be over for ever, 'These have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with Me in white; for they are worthy.' Dwell further upon that gracious assurance, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' You cannot begin too soon to seek a participation in the security and the comfort of a godly life. Under this two-fold consideration, therefore, keep away from every precipice of careless conformity. There is no foundation, no security in such a position.

You have all heard of, and shuddered at, that late catastrophe on the snowy mountain. There are deeper abysses than those of the Matterhorn. There is a '*second death*.' If you go where your Guide has not covenanted to go with you; if you go where He has expressly warned you not to go, holy angels may tremble for you, but have no command to bear you up in their hands. There is no promise for you here; you are playing with your eternal prospects. A false step, a sudden blast may bring about your destruction. He who loves you has said, 'Pray that ye enter not into temptation.'

And we would here suggest the unspeakable importance of seeing that *gratitude to Christ* be the grand moving principle of all devotedness to His service. No other motive will be found sufficient.

> 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet,
> In swift obedience move.'

This motive, supplied by the Spirit of God, will constrain you cheerfully to give your early days, full of energy and strong affection, instead of reserving for Him the mere dregs of your declining life, made up, as it then may be, of feebleness and infirmity. Oh! how happy the state of those who really adopt the words of the poet,

> 'When I survey the wondrous cross;
> On which the Prince of Glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride.
>
> 'Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
> Save in the death of Christ my God!
> All the vain things that charm me most,
> I sacrifice them to His blood.
>
> 'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were a present far too small;
> Love so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all.'

Alas! then for those who study how they may make the least possible sacrifice of worldly enjoyment: who have no higher motive for leading what they vainly call a religious life than the selfish desire of reaching heaven with as little cost to themselves as may be compatible with getting there at last. The whole tenor and express language of Scripture is abhorrent from such a notion. Nor is it love alone that would protest against such a return for all God's benefits. Self-dedication must be indeed the act of love. It must make our whole selves and all we have a thank-offering upon God's altar. But such offering is not the simple result of a glowing sentiment. It is an act founded no less on deliberate thought, and a sense of duty—an act in which every exercise of enlightened intelligence and a sound conscience will concur with the dictates of awakened feeling. 'It is your *reasonable* service'—'Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price.' Such are the very facts of our existence as God's people: the very simple language, therefore, of justice and righteousness would echo within us to the practical conclusion, 'Glorify God in your bodies, and in your spirits, which are His.' Only—all this looks higher, and goes deeper than a mere conscientious sense of justice. We were redeemed, 'not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with precious blood.' *Our ransom was the price of love.* It was love that devised it; and love that paid it: it must be love therefore that acknowledges it. It has been thus from first to last. The great original commandment was not one of bondage, servile fear, and forced obedience; but, 'thou shalt love:' and to all original claims for the fulfilment of that command has been superadded the overwhelming one of the 'unspeakable gift'—the laying down of life for us—the voice of blood shed so freely and so lovingly to save us from the wrath to come.

Thus, all right feeling and right thinking cry shame on half-and-half religion, and rebuke delay. All unite in echoing the gracious words, 'I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me.'

And there is a further and a most delightful inducement to an an *early* as well as a decided adoption, in the strength and grace of God, of a religious life. We mean the more extended

mity, thus afforded, of bringing others ame blessedness. This was happily ex-ed by Baxter, Buchanan, the saintly r, and many others; who, having turned Lord in early life, were greatly blessed in turning many to righteousness, and w shining, and will for ever shine, as the firmament of heaven. Think of the uch throughout eternity! It is matter ulation to us to anticipate, as our Lord zes us to do, the day when the Christian we have made on earth, who shall have d before us, will be in readiness to re-s 'into everlasting habitations.'

oung clergyman, on taking leave of an d very eminent Christian man, observed ey might never meet again in this world; he venerable pilgrim, near four-score years of age, with Christian love beaming on every feature, replied, 'Most likely we shall see each other no more in the flesh, but I'll put your name upon the list of those whom I remember every morning in my intercessory prayer, and thus bear you daily, while life lasts, upon my heart before the throne of God; and when I depart hence, as according to the course of nature I probably shall do before you, I shall look over the battlements of my Father's house for the arrival of dear friends I knew and loved on earth; and when I see you approach shall hasten with delight to hail you and to receive you into our celestial family.' How different the case of those who 'shall be saved, yet so as by fire'—their own souls safe—but those they looked for to be their companions in glory, gone, lost—without possibility of recall!

JOY IN THE HOLY GHOST.

THE peace of the good man is represented by a river, beginning here, widening, deepening, flowing on till it separates into an arm of the sea at last, and merges e peace of heaven. The joy is some-fferent, more rapturous, more exultant, iumphant, but not so steadily abiding. s a sense in which we are to be always In the sense of the absence of de-it feeling we are always to be cheerful -ful. But there are times when it is ey that we should perform duties that pon us. In this world we must often our attention for a long time steadily thing, and we have only time, in our ion to business, to lift up a silent to heaven and receive the sought answer e, and go on. But, then, this joy comes even, and in just such measure, as God st for our growth in grace; for the we have to accomplish; for our encour-t amid the trials and cares and pains and f life. Just at those times when other-should become disheartened, He lifts up it as He did Moses of old, and gives it a what is beyond—the land of rest; the here there are no more tears. Oh! how e soul exult then! Is it any wonder—wonder, when you think of it, that the n should be full of joy unspeakable e has a view of the blessed prospect his kingdom affords him?

e you ever known what it was to be far l from the home of your childhood in e, and to live in a distant land, and then gain and look upon that old homestead? no doubt that many of you here have s experience, as I have. Torn away ar friends, from precious places of visita-om loved associations, those spots that dear to the twining affections of child-d youth, you said, 'When I am a man, I back again; I must see that old home.' en you have named certain friends, and I must see them too; I must see this and that friend of my childhood.' And you have dreamed about it—of going home and wandering over those places, and of inquiring after those dear friends. And if you have succeeded in carrying out this cherished desire, you will never forget it; how you felt when you began to get near enough to recognise familiar objects! How your heart beat within you when you came in sight of the old tree that used to spread out its great arms over your head, and under whose shade you used to sit! And when you came to the banks of the brook, you said: 'There I made my water-wheel, and there I made my dam, and here we used to play together.' And so, looking along, you recognised one thing after another, till finally, rising upon a little eminence, you saw the old house and said: 'There is the home where I learned the name of mother, where my eyes first saw the light.' It may be only a humble habitation, but 'there is no place like it—it is my home.'

Now, if this is so—and everybody knows that it is who has had any experience of this kind—is it anything to wonder at that the Christian pilgrim toiling for a home—not an earthly home—when he shall approach near enough to lift up the eyes of faith and see the mansion Jesus has prepared for him beyond all sorrow and pain, and where he shall see again the precious loved ones that have gone before, and shall mingle with all that is good and true in this world, and that too, in a land where

> 'No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
> Shall reach that healthful shore—
> Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
> Are felt and feared no more;'

is it any wonder that his joy swells unutterably full? that the Christian who, at first, was able just to stand and balance himself a little by faith, like the child learning to walk, and then growing a little stronger, could take a few steps by faith, and then, gaining still more strength, was able to run by faith, is now able to mount up with wings as eagles and fly toward heaven? What is there like this in the kingdoms of this world? Oh! what is there like it?

Gems from William Struther.

PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL AT EDINBURGH, 1629.

1. THREE things are necessary for our Christian walking, — the right end, the straight way, and a good Guide; and all these are to be found in God alone; His glory is the right end, and the highway to this end is His word; and Himself the only guide; yea, He Himself is all these three: He is the Way, and the Truth, and the Life, for we are led by His Spirit in His will to Himself.

2. Many are on their death-beds before they think rightly of life. They are going out of the world, while they begin to know wherefore they came in it. We come in it for this great business, to save our souls in the faith and obedience of God; but when we have time to do it, we forget that business, and then begin to think of it when the time appointed is gone. We spend much time in doing nothing, and more in doing evil, but little or none in that great matter wherefore we were born. The soul must be in perplexity at the hour of death, that seeth the day spent and the assigned business not begun. A traveller that seeth the sun setting when he is entering on the journey must be aghast!—the evening of the day and the morning of the task do not well agree together. All the time that remaineth is too short for lamenting the loss of byegone time.

3. It is impossible to live either christianly or comfortably without the daily use of scripture. It is absolutely necessary for our direction in all our ways, before we begin them, and for the trial of our ways, when we have done: for the warrant of our approbation of them, for resolving of our doubts, and comforting us in our griefs. Without it our conscience is a blind guide, and leadeth us in mists of ignorance, error, and confusion. Therein we hear God speaking to us, declaring His will to us, concerning our salvation and the way of our obedience to meet Him in His good will.

4. Contemners of scripture want food for their souls, a light for their life, and the sword of their spiritual warfare; but the lovers of scripture have all that furniture. Therein we hear the voice of our beloved, we smell the savour of His ointments, and have daily access unto the ark of propitiation. If in our knowledge we desire Divinity—Excellency—Efficacy, we cannot find it but in alone; it is the extract of heav which Christ, the eternal Word of out of the bosom of His Father.

5. Every man's lot is mixed wi and God hath so wisely tempered a no man hath all blessings, and n all crosses. If we have some ble others: yea, our discontentment c when none is, and augmenteth possibly are. We take on us a cr and that in evil. How oft do w that lot, which is good in itself, a we are either worthy to receive, aright. The smallest lot with Go be any small with Him) is a larg greatest lot without Him (if the great without Him) is extreme lac nothing who hath God for his p hath nothing who lacketh Him.

6. Daily danger is a lesson of t a daily guard; and since that d from within, our best guard n without. Nature in us, that wor cannot provide our safety; God is our best guard. When He hearts in His hands, then are we all danger.

7. Some cases are necessary mended of God, others needless bidden. Every day hath enoug grief, and we should not care for God easeth us of that care. He world disposeth all, and careth Before we were born, He ruled all not our help in anything; and w be at rest, He will rule all.

8. There is nothing more grie and nothing more profitable than a foolish are we in the day of troub that God is slaying us, when He A life indeed is taken from us, b as we both may and should want. as killeth our soul, but quickene want of it. We have a worldly life, even our love of the things God giveth them as cords and wi up to heaven, but we turn them to hold us on the earth.

'WATCH!'

BY THE EDITOR.

ANY things in this world tend to lull us asleep, or to throw us off our guard. We do not live like men whose hopes lie beyond the grave, and who find nothing here to rest and joy.

get that it is an evil world in which and that throws us off our guard. that if we be Christ's, the world is , and that the God of this world hates eks our death; that throws us off . We forget that death is near, and ave will ere long open to take us in; lulls us asleep. We forget that we e to run, a battle to fight, and a prize e try to make earth look as bright as d to make its pleasures taste as sweet ; we try to make ourselves believe s are not so bad here as some think, icked are not so very wicked, that s are not so forgetful of God, and hurch is not so cold as is said. Thus rown off our guard. We fold our sit down contented, and we fall was in this state that the apostle ave found some of the early churches, e writes—'And that, knowing the now it is high time to awake out of now is our salvation nearer than elieved' (Rom. xiii. 11).

ere is one thing which, more than forgetting, and that is,—the coming d. He has told us that He will come; rned us against sleeping, and He has d us to *Watch*. This, then, we would a you. Is yours a watchful eye? membering the command—*Watch*! ? For whom? For the absent n; for the coming Judge; for the King.

ho is He? One whose name is not us; one whom we call Lord and d who calls us brethren and friends. Nazareth is He for whom we watch. Him as the man who died for us, is coming to glorify us. We know e Word made flesh; the Incarnate Lamb of God; the Bearer of our r whose cross we took refuge from of God; by whose stripes we are y whose suretiship we are set free; e is our joy and consolation; 'in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.'

WATCH! Why? For many reasons; but chiefly for the following:—

I. HE WILL CERTAINLY COME. That same Jesus who went up to heaven shall in like manner return (Acts i. 11). It is not more certain that He has come already, than that He will come again to this very earth, from which He ascended eighteen hundred years ago. The time may seem long. Scoffers may say, 'Where is the promise of His coming?' Unfaithful followers may say, 'My Lord delayeth His coming.' But HE WILL COME! No amount of enmity, and opposition, and scoffing, can prevent this. The day of the Lord will come! Man cannot hinder it; Satan cannot hinder it.

II. HE WILL COME SUDDENLY. In an hour when we think not, He will come. He has kept the day and hour of His appearing a secret, that men may be kept always watching. He has not told us of any time that is to elapse ere He comes. He has not said, 'You may be quite easy and contented about My coming, for it will not be for many hundreds or thousands of years.' He always warns us to be ready, for He will come when we look not for Him. Like the swift burst of the lightning-flash He will come. When men are eating, drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage, He will come! Oh, then, watch, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.

III. HE WILL COME WHEN THE WORLD IS ASLEEP. Men will say to themselves, 'Peace and safety—there is no danger.' Some will say, 'My Lord delayeth His coming.' Others will say, 'Where is the promise of His coming?' Others will say, 'He will not come till the whole world has been first converted.' And thus they will 'take their ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' They will fall asleep; and then, when they are asleep, and dreaming of prosperous times, and gay hopes, and a happy world —then the trumpet sounds, the shout is heard, the Son of Man is come! Where, then, are your lamps? Where is the oil? Where are your girded loins? Where is the ready haste to go forth to meet the Bridegroom? Oh,

watch! 'Behold, I come as a thief; blessed is he that watcheth!'

But what is He coming to do? Many things, the half of which we cannot here speak of; but chiefly such as these:—

I. He Comes to take up His Saints (1 Thess. iv. 16). It is for them, first of all, that He comes. He raises the dead saints, and changes the living ones, and then, in one glorious band, He takes them up into 'the clouds,' to meet Him in the air. Are you ready to meet Him? Are you longing to be thus caught up, and to be for ever with the Lord?

II. He Comes to take Vengeance on Them that Know not God (2 Thess. i. 8). When He comes, there will be little faith on the earth. Evil men will be waxing worse and worse. Antichrist will be at its height. All manner of sin will be flowing over the earth. He comes with His rod of iron, to smite the nations in pieces. He comes in flaming fire, to burn up the ungodly. What a day of flame, and blood and terror, and wailing will that be! Oh, world, how unready for that hour of woe!

III. He Comes to bind Satan (Rev. xx. 1, 2). Satan has long gone to and fro through the earth, walking up and down in it (Job i. 7). He tempted our first parents, and led them into sin. Since that day he has been going about, with his angels, doing the same awful work, laying snares for men, and leading them at his will. But he will be bound when the Lord comes, and not be permitted to deceive the nations. This will be the bruising of the serpent's head. And how gladly should we long for the day of Satan's binding, knowing, as we do, his malice, his cunning, and his power!

IV. He Comes to make all Things New. Creation has long suffered for man's sins, and the curse has made it groan. Its cries are going up into the ears of the Lord God of hosts, and the day of its deliverance is coming (Rom. viii. 19–23). He will then make this earth of ours like Paradise—a holy, happy, fruitful, glorious world.

V. He Comes to reign in Righteousness (Isa. xxiv. 23). He is the earth's true King, and never will it be blessed or holy till He comes to rule it. The best of kings have not been able to rule it aright, so as to establish peace, and order, and righteousness; but He will do all this. He is the righteous King, and He will make His Kingdom, and all that dwell therein, righteous like Himself. He will make this earth new; and they that dwell in it shall be holy.

It is for the arrival of this King to watch. Surely, in these last days be awake, and on our guard. It since He said, 'Surely I come qu His coming must now be very near.

Church of God! gird up thy thy lamp; see that there is oil in The Lord is at hand. Put away vanity, and worldliness, and prepa Him, that that day may not overta awares. The world is fast ripenin and shame,—art thou ripening for the kingdom? Be holy, be prayerfu be zealous, be liberal, be generous. up treasure for the last days, but sp spent for God. Up from your cou done with ease and sloth! Your Kin on His way, and these tossings of are the sounds of His chariot-wh world's last days have come. The r earth are beginning to swell wit sweeping flood. O gird up your loi your chambers. 'The name of t your strong tower; the righteous r it and is safe.' 'He that dwelleth i place of the Most High shall abide shadow of the Almighty.'

Poor world! what has to becom that day? The day may seem at pre and fair; but its end will be dar storm, and woe! where is your wi foresight, your concern for the fut you blind? or are you resolved what is coming on the earth? Is th ness of yours worthy of an immor Is it not madness? Pleasure? W then be? Money? What will bec Mirth? What is its end? Child lover of sin, captive of the devil, le that Egypt, that Babylon, that which thou hast so long dwelt, and thy life. For the fire is about to l which shall burn them up; and wrath and the Judge is coming, and despai Oh, trifle not with time; trifle not nity; trifle not with the everlasting Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die last hour of earth's rebellious day C open the gate, and sends out Hi —'I will give to him that is athi fountain of the water of life freely' (xxii. 17). That fountain is not d these last days. Its fulness is the the first. You have been long of it, but it still stands open, and all are free! To drink of it is to thir To drink of it is to be fully ref satisfied. The gladness which it the soul is more than words can t is the beginning of that endless glad

God's right hand, in the kingdom here-

is world has no fountains to which you
). It has no living waters which might
1 your weary, thirsty spirit. It has
g but its sand and rocks, its briers and
. For it is a desert. It has been so
man fell, and it never can be otherwise
all things are made new. But there are
of living water set open for you in Him
ame into this very world of yours, that

He might bring to you all the fulness of the Father's love, and present to you all the peace of heaven, without price or money. Drink out of this open well. Drink, and you will find refreshment and joy.

But, remember — Christ is coming; and when He comes, this well of living waters will be closed against you. He comes to close it against all those who have refused the gospel of His love. Make haste, then; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.

The Reapers.

REAPERS, reapers, haste—
Your Master's voice is calling:
Reapers, reapers, haste—
The golden grain is falling.

Fields already white,
Rejoicing now with gladness.
Shine with summer light;
O reapers, banish sadness.

Haste! no more delay
The weakest grain to cherish;
Hear your Master say
He wills not one should perish.

Bought with Jesus' blood,
The weakest is a treasure
Made by God for good,
For glory without measure.

Why, then, reapers, sleep?
Your sheaves you soon shall carry;
Harvest joys are deep—
No longer, reapers, tarry.

Sickles quick put in.
The shades of eve are falling;
Ere the night begin,
Obey your Master's calling

Work while it is light,
And wait not for the morrow;
Work, before the night
Bring sin, and shame, and sorrow.

Up, then, let us reap,
Through darkest clouds may lower;
Faint not, He will keep
Us safe midst storm and shower.

Lord, we bend the knee
In faith, and love, and prayer;
Lord, we work for Thee—
On Thee cast all our care.

Anon.

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT THE RECTORY.

'I AM very sorry, Ethel, but I am afraid I cannot go round the garden, now,' said Rosalie, coming into the schoolroom where Ethel was waiting for her on her first afternoon.

'Why not?' inquired Ethel; for they had separated to prepare for a ramble round the grounds in spite of the snow.

'Miss Clayton has just reminded me of something I ought not to have forgotten. I always go once a week to read to old Bessie Mason; she cannot read herself, and this is my day for going. I should have gone yesterday, but it was so stormy, I could not.'

'Will not to-morrow do as well?'

But Rosalie shook her head.

'No; papa and mamma do not like me to put it off now that I have undertaken it. I am very sorry, Ethel: I wish Miss Clayton had forgotten, too. But I ought not to say that, for Bessie is so pleased to see me, and quite reckons of my going.'

'And you like it, Alie?'

'Oh, yes, generally; but I had certainly rather stay at home this afternoon.'

'Then why don't you stay?'

'Because I ought to go: and papa says pleasure ought always to give way to duties. So good bye, dear Ethel; I will be as quick as ever I can.'

Ethel stood where her cousin had left her, swinging her hat to and fro: she was in what Guy would have called 'one of her moods.' She thought it was rather unkind of Rosalie to leave her in that manner, and the tears came into her eyes as she almost wished herself at home again.

But just as she had made up her mind that she was angry with her cousin, she was startled by two hands being laid upon her shoulders, and a warm loving kiss pressed upon her cheek. Ethel turned away hastily that her aunt might not see her tears: and whether she saw them or not, Mrs Latimer took no notice.

'I am sorry Rosie is obliged to run away from you, dear Ethel: perhaps you will take me as a substitute, and we will see if we cannot amuse ourselves. You were going out; suppose we take a walk together; for I shall leave Rose to show you all her pets, both indoors and out.'

Ethel could not refuse, though it hardly suited her present humour to go; but she put on her hat and followed her aunt. At the door they met Rosalie.

'You darling mother!' she exclaimed; 'I am so glad you are going to take pity on Ethel; I wish I could go too.'

Ethel thought Mrs Latimer would have given her leave to do so; but she only said, 'Another time, dear Rosie; Bessie Mason needs you this afternoon.'

Perhaps Mrs Latimer was not altogether sorry that her niece was her sole companion, for she wished to find out something of her character. If she noticed that Ethel was moody and out of humour, she did not let it appear.

Ethel was interested and charmed by her aunt's conversation into expressing something of her own thoughts and feelings, more than she usually did; but Mrs Latimer had a happy manner of drawing her out, and she learnt more of her in that afternoon than Ethel imagined.

Their way lay across the park, for it was Mrs Latimer's intention to take Ethel to the Hall, the home of her mother's childhood.

'I thought I should like to bring you here myself, Ethel; we will go in. Mrs Harland, the housekeeper, will gladly show us over it, and you shall see all your mamma's favourite haunts.'

But Ethel shrank back.

'I would rather not, please, aunt.'

'Why not, dear? I thought it would be a pleasure to you.'

'I would rather not,' repeated Ethel.

'I must have a reason,' said Mrs Latimer, smiling; 'I have no doubt you have one.'

'If grandmamma were here she would not wish it,' said Ethel, colouring.

'If that is your true reason, Ethel, I will not press you. It is quite right that you should follow what you consider grandmamma's wish.'

'It is not all, Aunt Ethel,' said Ethel, looking up into Mrs Latimer's face. 'I know all the story about mamma and grandmamma, and I do think grandmamma has behaved very cruelly. I don't want to go into her house.'

'Nay, Ethel,' said Mrs Latimer gently but gravely, 'that is not right. I cannot hear you speak so of my mother. It is a painful subject, and one we very rarely mention, and I did not know you were acquainted with it.'

'Mamma told me all about it before I came here; she thought I ought to know it. And oh, Aunt Ethel, I must say it, I shall never forgive grandmamma for all she has made mamma suffer.'

'My dear child,' Mrs Latimer said firmly, 'it is a pity you know anything of the matter, if it causes such bitter feelings. It is hard for you and me, Ethel, to throw blame on such near and dear relations, so we will try not to think of it. And oh, my child, never say again that you can't forgive; it is a very wrong feeling. What a blessing it would be, if it were to

life work to bring about a reconcilia-
n, my darling, will you try?'
Ethel shook her head.
ould not, dear aunt; for I do not wish
mma says I have the Feversham temper,
ppose that would prevent me.'
e Feversham temper is an unforgiving
od grant it may not be yours, Ethel.'
e idea of me bringing about a reconci-
' thought Ethel, when she again reached
room; 'I am sure I do not want one.
, papa would never wish to be grand-
's friend. Aunt Ethel thinks me unfor-
well, I suppose I am,' she continued,
hought of the many annoyances she had
l from Guy and the others which she
ented, not by outward word or deed,
cherishing them in her heart; 'at all
I shall never forgive grandmamma: I
e Feversham temper as well as she.'
lie had returned when Ethel went down
nd she took her into the drawing-room,
Mrs Latimer and Miss Clayton were al-
tting over the fire: they made room for
girls to join them; and Ethel thought,
sat talking there, how much more
and pleasant the room looked than the
at home.
ently a footstep sounded on the gravel,
salie started up to open the door for Mr
. He came in looking somewhat weary.
u are tired, papa, darling,' said his
laughter, as she drew the large easy
wards the fire.'
s, dear; tired with looking after my
t is pleasant to be tired with that, Alie.
at have you and your cousin been doing.'
, Ethel and mamma have been for a
ıd I have been to Bessie Mason's: this
ıy, you know.'
at is right,' said Mr Latimer with a
look. 'I was afraid my little thought-
ie might forget her duties in the pleasure
ousin's company.'
ear I should have done so, papa, if Miss
had not reminded me. But I am very
rent, for Bessie would have missed me
an usual to-day, because she has had
from her grandson, and she wanted me
it.'
ink Bessie would always miss you, Alie.'
l was not unobservant; and she soon
ed that her uncle's household was ac-
y different motives from those to which
been accustomed. A spirit of loving un-
ss and consideration for others seemed
ıde every one, from the oldest to the
t: and Ethel thought her cousin was
avoured in not being troubled with the
ıces of unruly brothers and sisters.
Rosalie Latimer, though an only child,
a spoilt one. Kind and yet firm were
s of those who guided her; and blessed
unusually sunny temper, she was grow-
ı comfort and help to those around her.
ras to the first half hour after breakfast
salie attributed the usual happy manner
ı she passed the day.

Ethel had observed on the first morning that her cousin was absent for a little while; but on the second, when they rose from breakfast, Mr Latimer laid his hand on Ethel's shoulder, saying, 'You were a stranger yesterday, my dear, but you are one of us to-day, so I hope you will join Alie and me in my study.'

Ethel could not refuse; so she went, wondering what was going to be done. It was the time for what Rosalie called her Scripture lesson, and which Ethel was to share. A few verses committed to memory, sometime during the preceding day, were repeated; and then Mr Latimer explained them and applied them practically. Ethel disliked it at first exceedingly, and ended by liking it almost as much as Rosalie did.

Ethel's temper had not much opportunity of showing itself at present where all went on so smoothly and pleasantly, and she rarely thought of it, except when reminded by some casual word of her grandmamma; and then all her old feelings returned as strong as ever, and Mrs Latimer was grieved to see—unobservant as she seemed—that she still remained unforgiving.

All Ethel's time, had it been permitted, would have been given to books; now that she had the opportunity she devoured eagerly all she could lay hands on. But Mr Latimer by no means allowed her unlimited access to the library: he chose the books he thought proper for her, and she was obliged to finish one before she commenced another.

She was sitting one day by the library table, her hands supporting her head, and a large volume open before her, in the contents of which she was deeply absorbed, when she was startled by the book being suddenly closed. She looked up, and saw her aunt standing beside her.

'My dear Ethel, I thought you were out in the garden, but Alie came to me just now, pleading she wanted company. Run for your hat, dear, and join her; it is beautifully fine now.'

'Oh, aunt, I do so want to finish this volume of the history of Scotland; it is so interesting, and I like it so much.'

'I am glad you like it, dear; but there will be plenty of time to finish it to-morrow. And really, Ethel, you do not take sufficient exercise; we shall have those rosy cheeks turning pale for want of fresh air.'

'I must make the most of my time, you know, Aunt Ethel; I can only revel amongst books for three months,' Ethel replied, with a half sigh.

'I know, Ethel; but you must really try and take it moderately. I cannot allow this book to be re-opened until you have been out for an hour. Do not look so downcast, dear child, as if I were imposing a hard task upon you; it is for your good, and you will not rebel.'

'I know, Aunt Ethel. And I really did mean to go when Alie did, but I was so interested I could not.'

'Oh but, dear, that is not right: for you

weaken the voice within by giving way even in such seeming trifles. Had you resolutely closed your book and gone when you first felt you ought, it would have been an easier conquest next time. But I am almost as bad as the book; so run away now, and keep those rosy cheeks to carry home again.'

'A penny for your thoughts, dear Ethel,' said Rosalie, as the two girls were sitting over the drawing-room fire one evening while the elders were at dinner; 'I have been watching you for the last ten minutes, and your eyes have not moved from the floor.'

'I suppose they would hardly be worth a penny, Alie,' replied Ethel, rousing herself with some effort; 'I believe I was thinking with something like envy of the difference between my home and yours.'

'And I have often almost envied you your brothers and sisters, Ethel, so there!'

'Yes, I do love them dearly, though they are often very tiresome. And I love my home too, Alie, I do not mean that. But all goes on so smoothly and quietly here, yours is a very happy home; but you are rich and we are poor, that makes all the difference.' The last words were spoken almost bitterly.

'No, I don't think it is that which makes the difference, Ethel,' said Rosalie, quickly.

'What then can it be?'

'I don't suppose there is so much difference as you think; but I think it is my dear loving parents that make my home so happy.'

'And your sweet loving self has a good deal to do with it, I suspect,' exclaimed Ethel, throwing her arms round her cousin, 'I wish I was like you, Alie.'

'It would be very ungrateful of me if I did not try to be as good as ever I can, when I have so many dear friends,' replied Rosalie, warmly returning Ethel's embrace; 'and papa often says it depends greatly upon ourselves whether we are happy or not. But as to wishing to be like me, I am sure you need not do that, Ethel dear; you are a great deal better and cleverer than I am.'

The eyes of the two girls sought the fire thoughtfully for a few minutes, but it was Rosalie who again broke the silence.

'After all, Ethel dear,' she said softly, 'I suppose we are both where God would have us be, and we just fill the tiny niche in the world that He would have us to occupy; if we could only "do our duty in that state of life to which He has called us!"'

Ethel started.

'What do you mean?'

'Why, you know, Ethel, God has given us each our work to do for Him, and He marks how we do it. I never thought of it much until lately, when papa was talking to me one day: but I do hope I am trying to please Him —I think I am. And it is such a happy feeling, Ethel, to think that I *can* do something to please Him, if it is ever so little, because I love Him.'

It was a new light on the subject to Ethel; and as she looked on the bright happy face of her young cousin, she felt there was deep truth in what she had said. She knew now what the difference was which had puzzled her; earthly circumstances had but little to do with it: it was the motive power that was wanting—the ruling principle of love to God and man. And an earnest craving arose in Ethel's heart that she too could learn to love and please Him.

(*To be continued.*)

PEACE IN GOD.

IS it any wonder, when God undertakes to comfort a heart, undertakes to speak in a soul, and say, 'Peace be still,' to the troubled spirits, that there should be great comfort, great peace there?

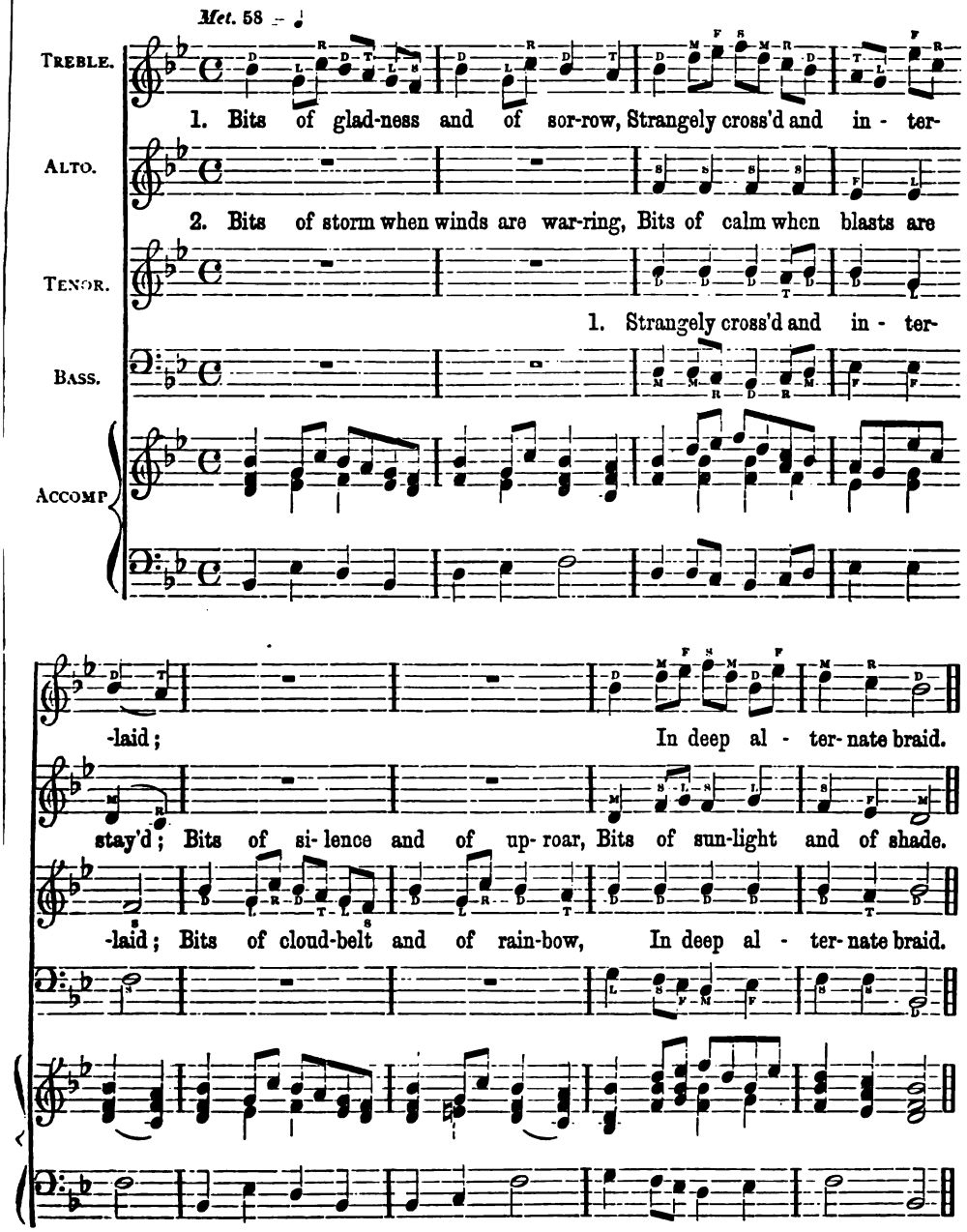
You have seen, as I have, the little child with whom something has gone wrong, its face all marked with anguish, and the eyes full of tears, with sobs, and broken words and syllables approaching the parent, with hands uplifted and eyes streaming, telling as well as it can its trouble. All the world, for a moment, has turned dark to that little one. And you have seen the parent take up that little child and press it in the arms of parental affection, and then you have heard words, soothing words of hope and promise, words of consolation, such as only a parent can afford to a child, and when you have looked again into that little face, there stood the tears like dew drops. Oh! how did the eyes dance with joy through those ears? The parent has undertaken to comfort the child. Now, Jesus said: 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?'

What gift in all the world is so good, so precious to the child as the affection of a Christian parent? 'If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him'—the peace of God, the calm, serene, divine tranquillity of heaven, as though the very breath of heaven itself was breathing over the spirit! When we sit at Jesus feet, and drink in, as the thirsty earth drinks in the rain and the dew, the words that drop from His lips, that is peace. Don't you remember it? Don't you know it? Don't you remember when first you felt it?

This assurance, this confidence that God now receives me, that Jesus now loves me and washes my heart with His own blood—how different this from anything the world has to give, anything these human kingdoms have to afford their subjects by way of immunities? These can punish a wrong act, can confine the body in a dungeon, can put chains upon our limbs, can put armies into the field; but which of them all can put into the heart that yearns for salvation, the bright blessed hope of heaven, the peace that constitutes one grand element in this kingdom.—*Anon.*

The Treasury Hymnal.

OUR MINGLED LIFE.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. *Music from* KAUMELL.

Met. 58
TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP
1. Bits of glad-ness and of sor-row, Strangely cross'd and in - ter-
2. Bits of storm when winds are war-ring, Bits of calm when blasts are
1. Strangely cross'd and in - ter-
-laid; In deep al - ter-nate braid.
stay'd; Bits of si- lence and of up- roar, Bits of sun-light and of shade.
-laid; Bits of cloud-belt and of rain-bow, In deep al - ter-nate braid.

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

ADVANCEMENT OF THE KINGDOM.

ONE HUNDRED and forty-five years ago, Jonathan Edwards, a youth of scarce eighteen, was preaching in the city of New York. Concerning his experiences of that period, he says, among other things:—'I had great longings for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world; and my secret prayers used to be, in great part, taken up in praying for it. If I heard the least hint of anything that happened in any part of the world, that appeared in some respect or other to have a favourable aspect on the interest of Christ's kingdom, my soul eagerly catched at it, and it would much animate and refresh me. I used to be eager to read public news-letters, mainly for that end, to see if I could not find some news favourable to the interest of religion in the world.'

There is much now-a-days in the public news-letters of things happening in various parts of the world, which appear to have a favourable aspect on the interests of the kingdom of Christ, greatly animating and refreshing His followers. Just now our attention is attracted to the remarkable indications that a wide door is opening for the introduction of the truth in the destitute and hitherto priest-ridden republics of South America. This teeming portion of our continent has, until a recent period, been substantially closed against Protestant Christianity. Ignorance, vice, wretchedness, and Popery have been in the ascendant. But a great and hopeful change is coming over the land. This is seen in the fast waning influence of the Church of Rome, and in the growing favour and power of Protestantism. An opportunity for Christian effort, such as rarely occurs, now presents itself in those countries. A faithful labourer, who has been waiting and watching for six years in Chili, writes to the American Tract Society in New York, that 'a great field is opened here for printed truth. Protestant publications may now be circulated here with the greatest freedom.' Quite recently a person was arrested, at the instigation of a Catholic, for selling 'bad books'—that is, the Spanish publications of the Tract Society. The magistrate examined the books. This is his judgment:—'Why, these are good books. Besides, they have passed the Board of Censors. In Valparaiso there is a store full of just such books, and they are as free to be sold as pins and needles.' From the same source, we learn that in Valparaiso, a few weeks ago, a priest applied to the Mayor to close a Protestant chapel. It was shameful, the priest said, that such meetings should be allowed. The Mayor, in reply, said:—'By our own laws, Protestants are now allowed freedom in their religious worship. I shall not close this chapel; and if there arises any trouble, I shall even send an armed force to protect the worshippers.'

Surely the door is open. There is a grand field in Chili. The encouragement in the future is still greater than in the present. Every one of the South American republics is surely tending towards an entire separation of Church and State. Whenever this takes place there will be an extraordinary demand for Protestant instruction. The work of to-day is to prepare some to instruct, and the many to receive instruction. While the preacher and the teacher can come in personal contact only with the few, your books and tracts will enlighten the many.

The government in Buenos Ayres is endeavouring to establish Sabbath-schools wherever it can be done. The Superintendent of Public Instruction in that country favours the Spanish publications of the American Tract Society, and uses all his power to extend their circulation. An eminent correspondent in that country writes:—'The work of evangelizing Buenos Ayres is opening grandly, and the advance of the American Tract Society seems providential. Protestant publications in Spanish can be safely and freely circulated in every part of this country, with perhaps the exception of Cordoba. The great majority of the people can read. Bible colporteurs have gone over nearly all this country, and everywhere are met by requests for other books. A few Sundays ago five persons at the communion publicly renounced Romanism. This is a new thing. It was advised by the Minister of Worship and Education, who said it was best for those who had been baptized Roman Catholics, but who held Protestant views, to announce this openly, if they desired to do so.'

There are those in the cities and villages of Buenos Ayres who care for the souls of their neighbours. Such have a circle of acquaintances to whom they give all the books and tracts they receive. A great change has come over the people in the last few years. There is nearly a universal indifference to the authority of the Roman church among the men. This is less so among the women, but still quite noticeable among them. The tendency is not spontaneously towards Protestantism, but towards infidelity. Most of the Deistic and Atheistic modern writings are eagerly devoured. The chaplain of the Powhatan, writing from Peru, says:—'The books and tracts sent for distribution were most valuable, and just in time, for the people of this republic are agitating the question of religious toleration. One little book, *La Tradicion*, is doing a wonderful work in the city of Lima. Many have borrowed and read it, and urgent requests are made for a more abundant supply.' A missionary from Panama writes:—'The

age is especially useful in these coun- for preparing the minds of the people able. In many sections of South nen will not listen to the voice of the but they will read and embrace much ıth conveyed to them in the tract and , the Bible and the book.' What a ere offered for the exercise of Chris- t and benevolence. The Tract So- ciety is planning to do a great work in these countries the coming year, calling for a large outlay of means.

Dr Archibald Alexander used to say: —'Wherever the door is open, we ought to make haste to cause the truth to enter; even if only a single Bible or a tract, for we know not how soon it may be shut.'—*Presbyterian.*

THE POWER OF JESUS.

— C—— is a very aged man. The patriarch of his community, he is widely known and loved, while his sincerity and good judgment cause his opinions to be respected by all. life was passed amid scenes unfriendly ı, and for many years he seemed to have interest in the subject. When pious ould attempt to converse with him salvation of his soul, and the import- :curing God's favour and eternal life, receive their words kindly; but there /s a hopeless tone to his replies. He ', 'These are great blessings, and I do that some have possessed, and do still n; but I fear that they are not for me.' ife and his daughter, who are both of ying women, have used every means him to the knowledge of Christ; and ling to him in the Bible, his daughter nually taken special pains to select ages as are most suitable for warning r, and assuring him of the interest d has in each soul that desires to re- ı the ways of sin, and to lay hold upon :e.

astor, to whom he has become much coming in one day, finds him reading :lf in his old family Bible, evidently :rested in the chapter before him. A and not unprofitable religious inter- lts, which the reader may overhear.

l morning, Mr C——, you seem to l occupation to-day.'

sir; I am trying to find out a little ıut this religion that my wife and talk so much of, and seem to think l for one to enjoy.'

ı glad that you search the Scriptures, Saviour assures us that they testify of ıey are the lamp and the light to con- ɔ the sinner's Friend.'

O, sir, I wish that I had learned these ırlier in life, Somehow, now-a-days, find it easy to think long at a time subject, for my mind seems to wander n what I want to keep it on. But I hat all old folks suffer as I do.'

joice, my friend, that you now feel l of attending to the salvation of your it is a hopeful sign, when we thus en- to fix our minds upon our best, our interests. But I perceive that you regret having so long put off attend- ing to this subject. Pray, how came it, that for so many years of life this most important matter was neglected?'

'I suppose, sir, that it was partly because my parents were not much interested in the things of religion. When I was young, there were no churches very near us, nor were there Sabbath-schools. Sometimes we went to church at a great distance; but generally our Sabbaths were spent in talking about the week's business, in visiting, or in sleep. So it happened that for the greater part of my life I have been more taken up with other things, than I have been with fitting my soul for heaven. But now I see my great mistake. If I could live my life over again, I would make religion my first object of attention. I thank God for a pious wife and a pious daughter. I know that they have been praying for me a long time. Latterly, I have been obliged, by some infirmities, to remain much at home, and I have had time for thought and for reading God's word.'

'I rejoice to find that God is dealing so kindly with you in thus awakening your interest in His truth. Be encouraged to seek Him with your whole heart.'

'But O! I feel so weak, so wretched, so unable to believe and to obey God.'

'Yes, you are weak; but Jesus is strong. Read in the New Testament how He went about healing and caring for all. The poor, suffering ones who were sick, or lame, or blind, were heard, and healed as soon as they called upon His name. No one begged help of Him without getting it.'

'O, if I had only lived in those days, I would have gone to Him and asked Him to save my soul.'

'Go to Him now. Pray to Him just as if He were seen by your eyes in this very room, and He will hear you, and grant your prayer. But now what is your greatest wish, that if Jesus were here present to your view, you would tell Him of?'

'O, my dear fried, this is what I want. I want Jesus to come into my heart with all His power.'

'And can you doubt that the dear Saviour will fulfil this wish? He has said, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Put this wish into a prayer, and be assured that Jesus will not deny your request.'

The interview terminated with prayer; but the wish thus simply and earnestly expressed continued to be the heart's desire of the aged

penitent. And the prayer was granted. Jesus came into his heart, and brought godly sorrow, faith, repentance, and hope. But still the old man would often use this fervent ejaculation, 'O, I want Jesus to come into my heart with all His power!'

How important is early piety. That life which is not given to the service of God is *wasted*. If neglected in youth, it is hard, indeed, in old age to fix the attention upon the things of religion. Great is the power of Jesu His love can melt the ice of the sinner's froze heart, and fill it with every blessed grac How necessary that we acknowledge the pow of Jesus, and earnestly pray for him to con with it into our hearts. Prayer will brin faith; faith will bring Jesus; Jesus will con with all His power and love, to purify, sanctif and save our souls, for all power is given un Him on earth and in heaven.—G. S. P.

Moses.

The following beautiful lines are descriptive of the death and burial of Moses. The poet selects the tim when it was supposed the great Lawgiver had taken the last glance at the miraculous view of Canaan afforde him, and in solemnity and calm resignation turns towards the valley where the Lord appointed his tomb.

TO his rest in the lonely hills,
To his rest, where no man knows,
By the secret birth of the rills,
And the secret death of the snows;

To the place of the silent rocks,
Where no voice from the earth can come,
But the thunder leaps and shocks
The heart of the nations dumb.

To the long and desolate stand
On the brink of the ardent slope,
To the thought of the beautiful land,
And the woe of unanswered hope.

To the moments that gather the years,
Like clouds on the heaven afar;
To the tumult of terrible tears,
To the flush and the triumph of war;

To the plagues of the darkness and dead,
And the cry of a conquered king,
To the joy of the onward tread,
And the beat of a cageless wing.

To the march of the pillar of cloud,
And the rest of the pillar of fire—
To the song of the jubilant crowd,
And the passionate praise of the lyre;

To the mountain, ascended alone,
And the law in its thunder given,
And the glimpse of the feet of the throne,
And the light of the shadow of heaven.

To Memory, beating her wings
In the tremulous cage of the mind,
And a harp of a myriad strings,
That is swept by the hand of the wind.

To a grave, where no marble above
Can be voiceful of peril and praise;
Where no children can weep out their love,
No widow recall the lost days.

To these—but his step is not weak,
And he moves as one moves to a throne
Alone with the past on the peak;
With his grief and his glory alone. *Anon.*

Miscellaneous.

To the Point.

iah iv. 6. 'The people had a mind

he Jewish Church, who rebuilt the
ı.
r circumstances:
: *poor*, very *poor*.
: greatly *harassed* by their enemies.
eir disposition:
not a mind to *rest*.
not a mind to *look on*.
not a mind to *talk*.
not a mind to *plan* and *advise*.
not a mind to *find fault*.
ıad a mind to *work*.
he result:
k was *done*.
ll done.
' Go thou and do likewise.'

-In the History of Scotland, too, y but one epoch: we may say, it of the world-interest at all but this Knox. A poor barren country, full oils, dissensions, massacrings; a state of rudeness and destitution, haps, than Ireland at this day. rons, not so much as able to form with each other *how to divide* d from these poor drudges; but olumbian Republics are at this day, alteration a revolution; no way ministry but by hanging the old ets: this is a historical spectacle ır significance! 'Bravery' enough, ce fighting in abundance! but not han that of their old Scandinavian rs; *whose* expliots we have not elling on! It is a country as yet othing developed in it but what is mi-animal. And now at the Re- ıternal life is kindled, as it were, f this outward material death. A st of causes kindles itself, like a gh; high as heaven, yet attainable ereby the meanest man becomes not a member of Christ's visible Church; f he prove a true man!—CARLYLE.

Pardon.—In the reign of the first was an insurrection at Paris. One was brought before the emperor; ıis second offence against the go- s sentenced to be transported. The ial, it was told Napoleon that the icted man was waiting to see him. ıid Napoleon; and a tearful, trem- on being led in, cast herself at his d him to have mercy on her father. he emperor, touched by her distress, ıd time your father has been guilty ınnot save him.' 'Oh! sir,' said l, 'it is not *justice* we want, but *mercy* apoleon, much moved, raised the and said, 'For your sake I will ıer.' Does not this story apply to ur wants the same as that little ıot justice' we want from the Great Lord our God, but 'mercy and st's sake.—*American Messenger.*

Yet!—'I will yet for this be inquired of' (Ezek. xxxvi. 37). Yet be inquired of—though His goodness has been so long abused by our sins! Yet—though He has promised to bless! For it is a characteristic of God's dealings with His people, that what He promises to do *for* them He will be, and is to be inquired of *by* them to do it for them. He connects means with ends, the prayers of His people with the blessings He confers upon them. After making 'exceeding great and precious promises' to His church, He adds, 'Thus saith the Lord God. I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them; I will increase them with men like a flock.' There is a deep lesson to be learned from this 'yet.' It is a little word, but it implies much. It teaches us the connection of means and ends; so, if we would have a blessing, we must not be idle, but work; if we would receive, we must ask; if we would have an outpouring of the Spirit and a revival of God's work we must pray. 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Atonement.—We marvel at the blindness of those who admit Christianity to be a divine revelation, and yet deny the propitiatory and vicarious character of our blessed Saviour's death. On this subject the statements of the New Testament are so clear and distinct, that it seems impossible for any candid and unprejudiced mind to mistake their meaning. There every page seems to invite us to 'behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' There we read that, 'whilst we were yet sinners, Christ died for us;' that 'He suffered for us, the Just for the unjust;' that 'He bare our sins in His own body on the tree;' that 'we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.'... These, with numerous statements to the like effect, convey to us, as clearly as it is possible for language to do, the great and blessed truth that the Son of God hath come, and that He has rendered unto the offended Majesty of heaven a full, perfect, and complete offering, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. —NIVEN'S *Plain Sermons for Perilous Times.*

Thankoffering.—Shall we, in the courts of the Lord's house, and in the presence of all His people, give Him most humble and hearty thanks for all His goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men, and bless Him for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but, above all, for the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, and yet withhold from His service the silver and the gold with which He has blest us; and see our brethren have need, and shut up our bowels of compassion from them? Shall we do these things, and yet imagine that we are heirs of His kingdom? No, brethren; we must show our faith by our works, our love by our obedience, and our abounding gratitude by devoting ourselves and our substance—our silver and our gold, our flocks and our herds, the first-fruits of our golden harvests, and the first returns of our commercial prosperity—to 'Him who has called us out of darkness into his marvellous light,' and to whom all glory and honour, all thanksgiving and praise, are due.—*Ibid.*

Evil.—There is more evil in a drop of sin than in a sea of affliction.

Gems from Alexander Wedderburn.

1682.

1. IF thou would not be almost but altogether a Christian, labour to get right thoughts of God, especially in these three things: —First, In His all-sufficiency, and that would keep thy heart steady and fixed in religion. God is our happiness and not the creature, and therefore whether more or less of the creature it comes all to one, if God be ours. Next, The faith of His omnipresence. This will awe us when we have secret opportunities and temptations to sin. It will possess with godly fear and reverence. It will comfort in afflictions. Thirdly, Of His universal providence, extending itself to every thing that comes to pass, even the least things.

2. Be very careful not to neglect known duties. Usually in polemical divinity, the plainest truths are least studied, because they are taken for granted. It is often so in practicals, our zeal spent on things that are most doubtful, when clear acknowledged duties are neglected; as it was with the Jews, they were careful to inquire when they should fast, but neglected the duties of moral equity. The best way to know more of the mind of God in what is doubtful, is to be busy in doing what is clear. He is the best Christian that is most in the fundamentals of a Christian's duty.

3. Keep up constant intercourse with Christ, as the fountain of sanctification; do not with Him as some do with an old cloak, that they will take about them when there is a shower, and cast it off as soon as it becomes fair again. Some in sickness seek their pardon, as one would run into a ruinous house when there is rain, but would not dwell there. If we were dwelling in Christ, and abiding in Him, and walking in Him, it would be lightsome to walk by our principles, the want of these influences exceedingly occasions our contradiction to them.

4. How great the loss will prove in being debarred the kingdom of heaven! Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God! What an excellent report is there made of it in Scripture —How glorious are the streets of it—How sure the foundations—How excellent the light—How noble the Temple! And to be of all this, How humbling is it?

5. The Lord often denys assisting g His accepting grace may shine the br He gave the poor woman but two mit commended the two mites she did ca treasury: usually our praises are lou we find Him accepting the duties that with manifest imperfections. David s Lord heard him when he cried, and inclined His ear when the cords of d hold on him:' and withal when he co faintness and defects of his cry, th when he was in haste saying, 'that a liars,' that such a cry should be heard. he is enlarged in praises,—'I will c Lord while I live'—I love Him; wh render to Him, thy servant, Lord! vant! If He give thee only a groan He commend that groan, and look on groan of a dear child, as He did on bemoaning himself.

6. Every night take an account of th of the day; and examine what the str heart hath been: what you have done, what grounds, for what ends, and wh neglected; hereby ye come to kn ground ye gain of your corruption— time ye lie in any sin unrepented of.

7. There is in resting upon the bei a Christian, a secret contempt of G that cuts and carves upon the laws of reign, taking what makes for him, and what he pleases, contemns the auth enjoined them: To do something at mand of God, and to reject others, r either from some apparent iniquity in which is a high reflection, or a despisi authority that enjoined it, and both God.

8. There is a mystery of iniquity a there is a mystery of godliness; ofte affliction there is something discover which, for all our search of ourselves not have found out, nor have believed in us: like a pool troubled, so are o in affliction, there comes up mud v would not have thought to have been

GLORIFY THY SON.*

HE first petition of the prayer is—'Glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee.' What is this glory of which He here speaks, and for which He thus prays? Is ly or heavenly glory? Of His earthly e has already spoken. When Judas had ıt, He spake of it, saying, 'Now is the Man glorified, and God is glorified in And then, in the following verse, He re- the glory for which He here prays—'If glorified in Him, God shall also glorify Himself, and shall straightway glorify (John xiii. 31, 32.) In the former of ɔrses the reference is to the glory of the to the Just One dying for the unjust, to lime moral spectacle of the Holy God Himself up to a shameful death for the ɔatures of His own hands. But, in verse here, He speaks of another glory. The le seeks in this first verse is such a glory ɔnable the Son to glorify the Father. He Glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may Thee.' Now, that this is not earthly or glory to be exhibited on earth, is mani- m the fourth verse, where He says, 'I ɔrified Thee on the earth: I have finished k which Thou gavest Me to do.' And, fth verse, we are fully told what the glory ı He seeks in this first verse. 'And now, ıer, glorify Thou Me with Thine own ith the glory which I had with Thee he world was.' So that what He here glory in heaven. He seeks not to be ıartaker of any new glory, He seeks only talted to the very same glory which He th the Father before the world was. ıs the joy that was set before Him, for e of which He endured the cross, and d its shame.

erve the true doctrine and meaning of sage. The Lord Jesus is here praying mediatorial character. He is praying God alone, nor as man alone, but as ın. And praying thus as God-man, He ıat the Father may glorify Him. In the rse we are told distinctly what the glory ich He sought. It was the very same hich He had with the Father, when He ı His bosom before the forthgoings of all time. As God He needed not to seek this glory. As God it was His of eternal and natural right. But as God-man, as the Covenant-head and Surety of His people, it was the promised reward of His work, sufferings and death. It was not all the reward, but it was part of it. He shall see His seed. He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied. These were parts of it, but this glory was part of it also. As the one only Covenant-head of His people—as the one Daysman between God and man—as uniting in His own person the Divine nature and the human, and in that person doing a work, He was to be exalted, and that above every name, thing and power. He was to be uplifted, as the representative of His church, to the supreme seat of the universe, as God-man in glorified humanity, He was to be surrounded with the full blaze of the glory of eternity, to be made the centre of every holy eye, the joy of every holy heart, the love of every ransomed soul. He, the Sun of Righteousness, was to ray forth every beam of the Father's love, power, excellence, and perfection. As the Head of His church—the representative of His people—all honour and all glory were to be His, the full glory of the Godhead was to be His; the glory of the triune Jehovah, as it existed before the birth of time, in the remotest silence of the past and unpeopled eternity, was to be His, and for an inheritance for ever. As the Eternal Son, and so as God, He had a right of nature to the undivided glory of the triune Jehovah, but as God-man, and as the Substitute of His people, He stood on other ground. Ere He could possess this glory, as Mediator He had a work to perform, He had the law to obey, its curse to endure, and God to glorify on the earth; and, in consideration of this work and as a reward for it, as God-man, this, the accumulated glory of eternity, was to be conferred upon Him by the Father. And it is for this He seeks; it is for this which He now prays. He is about to take the last step in His work of obedience and suffering, and He drinks of this brook in the way, that He may thereby strengthen His soul for the sorrow and shame which He is to endure. The Apostle tells us that it was for the joy that was set before Him that He endured the cross, despising the shame. The cross is near, its shame is at the door, but He looks forward and upward to the glory, and is strengthened.

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m the second edition of Mr ALEXANDER's able rous exposition of our Lord's Prayer in the ohn.

10.

This glory He seeks not for Himself alone; it is to be His, but His for a purpose. 'Glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee.' When His work on earth was finished by His death on the cross, when He had sealed the completion of His labour by His tarriance in the grave, when He had risen and been received up into His glory, *then* was the Father fully glorified in Him, then the law was magnified by His obedience; the attributes of God were fully manifested, cleared, and vindicated; love, grace, and truth, were fully established, and in the uncreated glory bestowed on the Son as God-man, thereby exhibited to the perception of the adoring and worshipping hosts above.

There is to be seen here, what is the faith and hope of the Gospel. Nothing in it all is much clearer than this, that if we suffer with Him we shall also be glorified together. This is the very essence of the coming reward—to inherit the joy of our Lord. This will be said to every faithful servant, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' And 'the joy of thy Lord,' the crown of joy that fadeth not, is this—the same joy that was set before Him—the glory of the Father, the very glory which He had with Him before the world was. To this glory, by a full participation therein, shall every believer in Jesus be exalted, up to the full heights of eternal felicity, shall he be carried, so that whatsoever of good, of infinite blessedness, of peace, joy, happiness, whatsoever fulness of delights dwelled in and passed between the triune Jehovah from eternity, up to that height shall he be carried, and with that perfection of blessedness shall he be filled. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. The Head is exalted to ensure the future exaltation of the body. The Substitute of His people has taken His place at the right hand of the Father to ensure the future reception of all His seed into the same blessedness. They must all, at last, be one with Him. They must also be taken up into glory as He has been. And into the glory of the Father shall they be received. It is not the glory of angels, though that is good, bright, and beautiful. It is not created glory at all. It flows forth of no fountain. It dwells not and never dwelt in any creature. It is no reflected light. It is no borrowed lustre. It is glory from the fountain-head. It is light from the Sun of eternity. It is life, fresh-flowing from the source of all life. It is man taken up into the glory of his Maker. In the language of the prophet it is—thy God, thy glory. This is the hope that is set before the believer. This is the end of his faith. Is *this thy hope, O reader*? Dost thou live as if it were? Art thou indeed risen with (
and are thy heart and affection at God'
hand, where He is? Hast thou pro
thyself, till thou art satisfied, that thy
has a hold of this treasure, by thy fai
hope in it, and by thy love for it? I
such a hope in Him dost thou purify thy
He also is pure? Impurity cannot inhe
glory. Flesh and blood cannot inher
kingdom that passeth not away. To be
up in the bundle of life with the Lord Je
to be partaker with Him of His unc
glory, to be exalted with the Lord Jesus
to this height, higher far than man's pr
blessedness, we, thou and I, O reader, n
holy and pure, we must be purged from
dust, dross, and defilement of earth, our
must be cleared from all desire after si
our very imaginations must be made clo
as the light itself—a mighty task, but a r
reward.

This is the thing to be attained unt
be separate from the world. To have i
loosely, as a garment that may be p
speedily and easily when we go to sleep,
above it while yet in it, to be ever lo
forward to and longing for this bright (
dawn, and through our warfare of bloo
suffering in striving against sin to be
perfect and meet for this, the inheritance
saints in light. And look, my brother, th
may be made meet for it, this hope is set l
us. That we may not covet things see
things unseen, more glorious far, are disp
to the gaze of our soul. That we ma
weary or faint by the way, the rest, the h
home, is set before us; its light trembles a
us, falls on our path, greets and gladde
upturned eye. That we may fight the
fight, the prize is displayed, a crown,
green and ever glorious—it fadeth not.
my brother! Let us gird our loins and be
this inheritance is worth our toil.

Is this inheritance ours, are we he
God, and do we yet grovel in the dus
miry clay of this dark world? Are we c
and troubled about many things, if yet
little while we shall be one with God, (
with Him on the throne of heaven, sw
with Him the sceptre of universal dom
happy with Him in the perfection of bl
ness? Do we grow weary by the way
this is our journey's end? Do we grudg
sacrifice, shrink from any self-denial,
before the outburst of any storm of stri
scorn, or shame, when this is the joy that
before us? Do we think threescore an
years long service for such wages—such
compense of reward as this, the gift of
through Jesus Christ our Lord? With a

: was it purchased for us. With the death-ggle of the Son of God, with His agony blood, with His life-long labour of suffer-ınd sorrow; do we begrudge our suffering Him that we may be also glorified to-:r? They who suffer not with Him now, suffer because of Him hereafter. We may escape suffering with Him in time, but if we do we cannot escape suffering because of Him in eternity. Time-suffering ushers in eternity's glory; time separation from Him ensures eternity's suffering for Him. Suffering with Him is easy, suffering for Him, from Him, in eternity is terrible to think of.

Courage, faint Heart.

COURAGE, faint heart! Thy day was long and dreary,
But now the end, the promised end draws nigh;
See in the west the sun at last is sinking,
Changing to brightness all the shaded sky.
Rough was the road thy weary feet have travelled,
Long was the way thy fainting heart has come;
But o'er thy path the light at last is breaking,
And thou art near the pilgrim's peaceful home.

Courage, faint heart! The burden has been heavy,
But thou shalt sink beneath its weight no more;
Only to breast the swelling of the river,
Then shalt thou tread Jerusalem's glad shore.
Hark! on the air the songs of heaven are ringing,
See how its lights gleam o'er the troubled wave!
Its golden shores are lying just before thee—
Courage, faint heart, look upward and be brave.

Courage, faint heart! The dream at last is ended;
After life's fever, sweet shall be thy rest
In that glad land, where night shall ne'er enfold thee,
Or sorrow's waves sweep o'er thy quiet breast.
O'er thy worn face God's holy calm shall settle,
On thy tired heart His lasting peace descend;
Then shall thine eyes drink in the blessed sunlight—
Courage, faint heart, the road is near its end.

BERTIE LAWRENCE.

HEAVENLY MINDEDNESS.

NOTHING is more fitted to 'deliver us from this present evil world,' than the knowledge of our connection with a heavenly Christ. The occupation of the soul with Him surely lead to heavenly-mindedness, and ation in heart from the world. Paul had Christ in glory, and, no doubt, was fully ıied in heart with Him when he said, 'This *ing* I do, forgetting those things which are ıd, and reaching forth unto those things ı are before, I press toward the mark for ırize of the high calling of God in Christ ı.' Phil. iii. 13, 14.

[ay we thus be kept, dear reader, with our hearts dead to the world, and truly alive to the claims of our heavenly Lord Jesus. 'Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.' Col. iii. 1–4.

All that we *were*—our sins, our guilt,
Our death, was all our own:
All that we *are* we owe to Thee,
Thou God of grace alone.

—*Witness.*

Aunt Margery's Three Maxims:

WORK—WATCH—WAIT.

BY S. T. C.,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HARLEYS OF CHELSEA PLACE,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

'WELL, child, what I say to you, I would say to any body and every body, that wishes to go through the world comfortably —'Work, Watch, Wait.' Depend upon it, Kate, the happiness of life is bound up in the faithful carrying out of those three words.'

Kate made no comment on what Aunt Margery had just said, for, to tell the truth, there was not a day passed but what she heard the same or similar remarks on—'Work, Watch, and Wait,' and she had got to call them Aunt Margery's Maxims; so putting on her hat, she went out into the garden, thinking how tiresome it was to hear the same thing over and over again.

Aunt Margery watched Kate for some minutes, as she paced up and down the gravel walk in front of the window, and then wheeling her chair towards the fire, said in an undertone, 'Poor child, she does not look much fit to contend with the world, neither shall she, as far as I am concerned; I have taken care of that'—and the old lady settled herself in for a nap, quite satisfied with her arrangements for Kate's future.

Kate continued pacing up and down the gravel walk, until the little flush of annoyance had disappeared from her cheek, and the little ruffle of her temper had calmed and subsided; then going to the window, she peeped in, and discovering that her aunt was enjoying a comfortable doze, she went to the tool house, and, getting out her gardening implements, set to work at her flower beds.

Kate, or Katherine Hailand, had been an orphan about six years at the time we write of, and was Mrs Margery Worthing's great niece. The father had died early in life, leaving his widow very poorly off; so much so, that she was compelled to sink the little she had in an annuity, to be able to maintain herself and child. Kate's mother had offended her aunt in marrying Henry Hailand; and it was not until Miss Margery had heard, in a roundabout way, of her niece's illness (for she had refused all direct communication with her), that her naturally kind felings manifested themselves. But when she really ascertained that her widowed niece was dangerously ill, and that at her death the child would be unprovided for, the old lady immediately started off for Mrs Hailand's residence, and never left her until human aid or human love were equally unavailing. When she next returned to her own pretty village home she was accompanied by Kate, her poor niece's child, a timid delicate little thing about fourteen years old.

Kate's arrival at Miss Margery's, and its consequent responsibility, seemed to have aroused the latent good in the old lady, which for many years had lain dormant for want of an object to expend itself on. She entered with all her heart upon her new trust, determining that she would faithfully perform a parent's part to the orphan child; and Kate had never reason to regret taking up her abode with Aunt Margery. If aught but a mother could fill a mother's place in a child's bosom, Aunt Margery, in her tenderness and unselfishness, would have taken that place. Miss Worthing made arrangements with the rector's wife for the education of Kate with that lady's daughters, which was a mutual accommodation to both parties; for Aunt Margery did not heed the expense, so long as she was not obliged to have a governess in her house; and Mrs Day, the rector's wife, was only too glad to have a resident instructress for her children, provided she had not to pay her salary.

Kate's new mode of life agreed with her wonderfully, and she soon grew a tall lovely girl, losing much of the delicacy of appearance which characterised her when she first came to Miss Margery's abode. She was of a most affectionate disposition, and believed Aunt Margery all but perfect; the 'all but,' consisting in aunty's love of preaching from her pet maxims,—'Work, Watch, and Wait.'

When Kate was eighteen, Aunt Margery, who had reached her seventy-ninth year, had a paralytic seizure, which deprived her of the use of one side, so that she had to walk with a crutch, or be wheeled in a chair from one room to another.

It was then that she reaped the reward of well-doing, for all Kate's love and devotion were expended on the dear old lady; she read to her, talked to her, petted her, and waited upon her with the unwearying assiduity of a grateful child; and Miss Worthing was wont to declare that there never was such a precious darling as her own Kate.

Kate was not Aunt Margery's only relative, for she had a nephew who was married and lived in the north of England, and to whom she had left the whole of her property before she adopted Kate Hailand. But when she took the little orphan to her heart and home, she made a new will, dividing her money equally between him and Kate, but leaving Kate the house and everything in it, over and above her share.

ate knew; but it was doubtful whether
gave it a thought, for she had led
butterfly life until her aunt's illness,
ys and means had never entered into
d. True, Aunt Margery constantly
l up work, and working—but what
ıd Kate to do? Surely nursing her
nty was not work, she would justly
And creeping out of bed to look at the
face was not watching; neither was
and praying that she might be spared,
'No, no,' Kate said, 'it was the
of her life—she liked doing it, it made
appy—and aunty's maxims were about
e did not like, and she was sure they
l and disagreeable.'
s matters went on, until Kate was past
and nearly twenty-one, she would
d you, if you had asked her as she bent
r flower beds, on the afternoon she is
roduced to the reader's notice. And it
than probable she would have raised
up to answer the inquiry, thereby dis-
a sweet smile upon a very gentle face,
ıair of such soft truthful blue eyes,
ı would have been in no hurry to with-
ur own from them.
as a lovely afternoon towards the end
ıst, and Kate continued busily occupied
r flowers, until summoned by one of
ants to make tea. When she entered
our in which her aunt was yet dozing,
ied she looked rather paler than usual,
t there was a most unusual expression
ness on her countenance.
nty wants her tea,' she observed to the
ıt, who was placing the urn on the

s,' replied the girl, 'she looks but
Miss.'
little bustle consequent upon tea making
Miss Margery, and brought Kate to
in a moment, inquiring of her how she
d whether she had enjoyed her long

leed I have had a long nap, Kate,' ob-
he old lady, 'why ever did you let me
long, my child?'
ave been so busy in the garden, aunty,
uite forget all about time; but are you
ell, dear?' questioned the anxious girl,
saw a strange painful look flit across
t's face.
el very tired, Kate, an odd sensation
me, as if I had been very hard at work,
ı quite worn out.'
, you want your tea, aunty, and you
ve an egg beaten up in it to strengthen

t Margery made no objection to the egg,
she seldom objected to anything that
oposed; but it was evident that she did
take of the refreshing beverage with
al zest.
en the tea things had been removed and
renewed, for Miss Margery was natu-
illy and took to fires early, Kate pre-
or their usual reading. But the old lady
said that Kate must come and sit by her side a bit, she wanted to talk to her; and then they would have just one chapter in the Bible, and then she thought she had better go to bed, for she was so tired.

'Let me send for Doctor Pearson, aunty,' pleaded Kate, 'do let me send for him, dear, you are not well, I am sure you are not well.'

'Sit down here my love, close to me,' said the old lady, pointing to a footstool by her side.

'Let me send for the doctor first, dear. You have a cold, you are getting quite hoarse, oh! let me send for him.'

'Not to-night, my child. I do not want him. Sit down, I want to talk to you.'

Kate obeyed very reluctantly, for she so wanted to send off one of the servants to the village for her friend, Dr Pearson.

'Kate, my child,' said the old lady, as she noted her niece's anxious countenance, 'Look up, my darling!'

Kate raised her soft blue eyes towards her aunt's face, and they were softer than ever, for then they were suffused with tears.

'I am not ill, my darling,' said Aunt Margery, as she passed her hand caressingly over the glossy bands of hair adorning the fair young head, all but resting on her knee. 'I am only tired, my child. Eighty-one years have I been journeying through life, it is meet that I should be weary, now resting time is come.'

'Oh! aunt, don't talk like that, please don't, oh! don't,' sobbed Kate.

'But I must, my darling, for I have much to say to you, and the time is short. So short, Kate, that looking back, as I do, through my life, and linking event with event, the occurrences of past years seem but as incidents which have happened a few weeks or months ago. It is but as yesterday that I brought you, a sickly sorrowful little child, to my home, and yet six years have passed. Six years of happiness and love to me; and six years of unselfish devotion on your part, which heaven alone can repay to you, for I never can.'

'Oh! Aunt Margery,' cried Kate, 'what could I do to even show my gratitude and love for all your goodness to me. I must, I ever shall be your debtor.'

'Nay, nay, my child, but we will not talk of that now. I want to talk of your cousin, Henry Worthing. I fear he will not be pleased when he finds I have divided my property equally between him and you. He is not a mercenary man, but his wife is a selfish grasping woman, and has amazing influence over him. I could have wished that you could have seen him in my lifetime. It has been my sin and sorrow that I kept aloof in my younger days from my own flesh and blood; and, but for you, I should, in my old age, have lived and died as I deserve, alone.'

'Not deserved, aunty,' exclaimed Kate.

'It is not my fault,' continued the old lady, 'that you have not seen Henry Worthing, for I have frequently written to him, begging him to come and pay me a visit; but he has

always made some excuse for not complying with my request. But if I am spared a few days longer, I will write to him again.'

'Spared!—a few days!' gasped Kate, trembling all over.

'Yes, dear, days; I feel just now as if it could be only hours with me, for I am so tired.'

'I must, I will send for Doctor Pearson, aunt,' cried Kate, springing from her seat and ringing the bell. 'I cannot, will not let you pass the night without seeing him.'

'Well, if you wish it, my child, do send for him. It is a great comfort to me that he and our Rector are such good trusty men; for I have left you under their charge. They are my executors, Kate, and know all my affairs.' In a very short time a messenger was despatched for Dr Pearson, and Kate resumed her seat more contentedly at Aunt Margery's feet.

'Kate, dear, perhaps I ought to tell or show you where my will is kept,' observed the old lady.

'Not to-night, oh, not to-night,' whispered Kate.

'Well then, I must to-morrow; but something tells me now is the time, my child; to-morrow is the Lord's.'

'Not to-night, oh, not to-night,' pleaded Kate. 'Do not let us think or talk of it to-night, the very thought makes my heart ache.'

'Poor child, poor child,' murmured Miss Margery to herself, 'if the thought of death is so painful, what will the realization be?' Kate noticed her aunt's lips moving, and inquired if she wanted anything.

'No, my dear, I was only thinking. You had better get the Bible and let us have our chapter before Dr Pearson arrives.'

'Shall I call the servants in,' asked Kate.

'I think not, dear. I feel as if I only wanted to have you with me,' replied the old lady.

Kate fetched the family Bible; and sitting down, placed it on her knees, inquiring what chapter her aunt would like her to read.

'The xxi. of Revelations, my dear, I do so love to hear it.'

It was with a very tremulous voice that Kate commenced reading—'*And I saw a new heaven and a new earth*,' and for a few moments she was obliged to pause before she could proceed with the verse. Gradually she became more calm and collected, and, before she had finished the chapter, her voice had regained its wonted clearness and tone.

'Ah! child,' said Miss Margery, as Kate closed the book and silently waited for her aunt's usual comments on the reading, 'I was very near being amongst the "fearful and unbelieving" who have no part in the kingdom of God; but it seems to-night as if I could only think of the end of life and the coming glory; the way by which I have been led to it appears to be fading from my mind. I feel as if only a thin veil separated me from seeing "*the King in His beauty*," and that I have nearly reached the land which scripture saith, "*is very far off*." Kate gazed upon her aged relative, and longed for Dr Pearson to arrive, for she knew not what to say or to do. Presently Miss Ma dozed off, and soon, very soon to Kate's fest delight, Doctor Pearson entered the Oh! how glad she was to see him! with an indescribable feeling of relief did she out her fears and forebodings to her kind f His presence reassured her, and she beg hope that she might have frightened her vain. But the hope soon died in her bre she watched Dr Pearson's face and read that he was more alarmed than he chose t

'How long has Miss Worthing been a Kate?' he inquired.

'About ten minutes or a quarter of an h she replied.

'Not more, Miss Kate?'

'No, certainly not, for I had been re to her up to that time.'

Many more questions did Dr Pearson all of which were quietly answered by though her heart beat so fast she could sca bear it.

'Get me a glass, I have brought a res tive with me, Kate.'

Kate rang for a glass, and Dr Pearson b ing over Miss Worthing, called her by her several times, but without succeeding in a ing her. 'See what you can do, my dear said, turning to Kate, when he found his e were ineffectual.

Kate knelt on the little footstool by aunt's side, and whispered in her ear, ' Margery, dear aunty.'

'Louder, Kate! louder, my dear,' sugg the doctor.

'Aunt Margery, dear, dear Aunt Marg cried Kate in an agony of soul. Again and she called, but it was some minutes before aunt showed any signs of returning consci ness.

'Oh, Aunt Margery, do! do speak to me own dear aunty! only one word, Aunt Marg she cried, beseechingly.

The well known pitiful voice at length f a response in Aunt Margery's loving heart seemed to call back the fast failing powe nature, for the old lady moved in her chair stretching out her hands, said feebly, 'C here, darling; did you call. I cannot see where are you?'

'Here, dear, here!' replied Kate, thro her arms around her aunt. The aged clasped the slender trembling form of Kate the feeble voice faltered forth, 'I feel darling, but I cannot see you; and your sounds afar off. God bless you, my darli

'Give her the draught, Miss Kate, q before she dozes off again,' said Dr Pears

'Kate released herself from her aunt's brace, and with some difficulty got her to low the draught.

'Let me sleep, darling—I am so sl Good night, my love; God bless you!' mured Miss Margery, as she lay back i chair. 'Good night to all—good night.' were Miss Margery Worthing's last word

They carried her to her bed-room, and her in her bed, and friendly loving faces

pon her, then turned away with
s. But she knew it not—the end
ome, and no earthly one could enter
e was then passing through. How
atched and prayed as she sat two
day beside Aunt Margery's sleep-
low she hoped that the closed lids
more be lifted up, and that the
would once more pronounce her
sounder and sounder grew Aunt
leep, until every member of the
to its influence—until the restless
lay still without the counterpane,
which had moved wearily to and
acefully on the pillow. Then how
imperceptibly, it continued, scal-
ty, until every part participated in
roken repose, which the trump of
ould disturb or waken from. It
inutes before Kate could be really
hat Aunt Margery's spirit had
its earthly tenement, and had re-
e One who gave it, so gently had
ord' uniting soul and body been
But when she realized the solemn
ave a loud sharp cry, and fell in-
the lifeless form of her beloved
lifted her off the bed and bore her
room, good Mrs Day, the rector's
ng her there, weeping over her and
as if she had been one of her own
hen she recovered a little, she sent
te servant of Miss Margery's, and
paper containing written instruc-
her aunt had long since entrusted
the woman see to it faithfully—
h a heart-rending moan, poor Kate
upon Mrs Day's breast, and wept
ly.

CHAPTER II.

THE WILL.

ask Kate, my dear, where Miss
ill is,' said Mr Day to his wife the
er their old friend's death. 'Dr
the dining-room writing to Henry
apprise him of his aunt's demise.
my dear, I don't think there will
row in that quarter, unless it is at
Miss Margery's property instead of

d, don't be uncharitable,' said kind
uite shocked at her husband's (to
emark.

only wish I may be wrong in my
olly. But now go, my dear, and
find her aunt's will. Mr Phipps is
ry minute.'

ou have a lawyer, then,' inquired

rson agreed with me, it was better;
ither of us business men, and Henry
a sharp customer to deal with;
Phipps is such a very old friend of
ry's, that it would not have seemed
e acted without him.'

A gentle rap at the hall door broke off Mr and Mrs Day's *tete-a-tete*, and the good lady betook herself to Kate's room to inquire about the will.

But Kate said 'she did not know where it was; she had never heard; her aunt wanted to tell her the evening she was taken ill, but she would not let her;' and with the mention of that sad evening came such bitter recollections, that poor Kate covered up her face and wept afresh.

'But Kate, dear, I am so sorry, but you must really try to find it. I would not ask you to, if it were not quite necessary that my husband and Dr Pearson should have it. Do try and think where your aunt would have been likely to have put it.'

Kate tried to think, but she could not; nothing was clear to her mind: she said, 'It might be in the secretaire, or in the drawer in her aunt's bed-room, or in the tin box, or she could not tell where, indeed she could not.

'Come with me, my dear, we will look in the secretaire first,' suggested Mrs Day.

Oh, no,' cried Kate; 'I never opened it in my life. I could not, indeed I could not!' and she quite shuddered at the thought.

'Where is the tin box, dear?' inquired Mrs Day.

'In the cupboard under the secretaire,' sobbed Kate.

'Which is the key?' asked Mrs Day, feeling as if she was very hard-hearted in plaguing the poor girl so. 'Which is the key?' and she gave Kate her aunt's bunch of keys, which had been lying on the dressing-table.

Kate was not quite sure, but she showed Mrs Day which one she thought it was, and then Mrs Day took it down to her husband.

The gentlemen searched the secretaire, and then they looked over the papers and parchments in the tin box, but no will was found.

'It must be in Miss Margery's bed-room,' said Mr Phipps. 'We had better ask Miss Kate to look there.'

Again Mr and Mrs Day held another *tete-a-tete*, and the good lady, with some reluctance, consented to making further inquiries of poor sorrowing Kate.

'If I must, I must,' said Mrs Day, 'but really, Fred, it seems cruel to be asking Kate questions to-day. The child is quite overcome, bodily and mentally; a night's rest, and then she would be sufficiently recovered to give us any necessary information.'

'But, my dear, we do not know how to act without instructions.'

'Nonsense, Fred, have not you and I, and Dr Pearson and Mr Phipps, heard Miss Margery over and over again tell us how she wished her funeral to be conducted.'

'Yes, my dear, and if we had only Kate to consult, we would not give her one moment's trouble on the subject. But Henry Worthing might ask what right we had to take the management of his aunt's affairs. And we should look very foolish if we had not Miss Margery's will to prove we were acting according to her expressed desire.'

'Well, I suppose I must go and tease the poor child,' said Mrs Day, with a resigned little sigh. 'I hope I shall be successful this time.'

'I think you are sure to be, my dear,' was her husband's encouraging reply.

Mrs Day did not like her task, and it was with a perturbed countenance that she went to Kate's room, and, taking a seat by her side, told her of the gentlemen's fruitless search after her aunt's will. 'Mr Phipps thinks, dear,' she said, 'that the will is probably in your aunt's room. Would you mind going with me to fetch it?'

A sort of shiver ran through Kate when she heard Mrs Day's request; not that she was afraid of death, oh no, that was not the reason; but it was an undescribable shrinking at searching amongst dear Aunt Margery's papers. She had been constantly sent to her aunt's drawers in her bed-room for money, and any other things the old lady required, but she could not bear to think of going and looking there now—the thought was dreadful to her. Mrs Day understood her unexpressed feelings, and suggested that she and old Jane (Miss Margery's favourite servant) should go and bring the drawer in which Miss Worthing kept her money and other valuables, to Kate. To this proposition Kate thankfully consented; and Jane having been summoned, the drawer was speedily brought into Kate's room. With streaming eyes, and trembling hands, did poor Kate lift out the little treasures, packets of letters, and various articles in the drawer. She had often talked about them, and even looked at them in Aunt Margery's life-time; but now they were no longer objects of interest or curiosity, but sacred links connecting the living with the dead—touching reminiscences of the past. Silently Mrs Day watched Kate, as she tremulously removed the several deposits, and with breathless concern trusted that the will would be found amongst them; but it was not until all had been taken out, and a piece of paper covering the bottom of the drawer had been lifted up, that the will was discovered. With a suppressed exclamation of pleasure, Mrs Day took possession of the document, and gladly conveyed it to her husband, who, evidently relieved at its having been found, carried it to Mr Phipps and Dr Pearson in the dining-room, and Mrs Day returned to comfort sorrowing Kate.

Later in the day, when Mrs Day had coaxed Kate down into the breakfast-room, and Mr Day had craved his privilege of seeing his dear little Kate, the good wife fancied there was an expression of annoyance, if not actual distress, upon her partner's usually placid countenance, one that she was at a loss to account for. It was not the manifestation of sorrow at having lost an old friend, nor sympathy with poor Kate, but an anxious disturbed pitying expression, especially visible when he looked or spoke to his favourite, which convinced Mrs Day that something had gone wrong respecting her, or her interests.

'What is it, Fred?' whispered Mrs Day, as she followed her husband into the hall, when he was about to return home. 'What ever is the matter? I am sure there is something going wrong. Is it about Kate?'

Mr Day, in a low but troubled voice, replied, 'I hope all will be yet well; but that was the *wrong* will you gave me.'

'The wrong will!' gasped Mrs Day.

'Yes, Polly, the one Mr Phipps made before Kate came to live with her aunt.'

'Come in here, Fred, and tell me what you are going to do,' cried Mrs Day, pulling her husband into the dining-room, and closing the door after them.

'Why, my dear,' said Mrs Day, 'as the arrangements for the funeral were alike in both wills, and Dr Pearson and I were executors to both, we decided that we would not worry Kate by begging her to look for the proper will to-day, but would give the necessary orders without troubling her further for the present. But to-morrow, and indeed until it is found, we must continue searching for Miss Margery's *last* will. It is of the greatest importance to Kate; and to tell the truth, I am very anxious about it.'

'Oh Fred, if we should not find it!'

'Then poor Kate is left to the mercy of Henry Worthing.'

Mrs Day's blank look of despair expressed too plainly her idea of Henry Worthing's mercy; for though she would not let her husband speak harshly of him, yet she knew full well that his wife would never let him befriend poor Kate.

'We must not despair,' said Mr Day. 'No doubt the will will be found, and our precious Kate enjoy the comforts her aunt has bequeathed to her.'

But the will was *not* found. Kate, roused to action at Mr Day and Dr Pearson's earnest request, searched everywhere she could think of for it, but alas! in vain. In the bitterness of her grief she failed to comprehend the importance attached to herself in finding it; and the executors forebore to tell her. But as the week passed by, and the day drew near for Miss Margery's interment, the suspense and distress of her friends became uncontrollable: the very servants who, through old Jane, divined that something was going wrong for their dear young mistress, watched her with loving tearful eyes, and vied, one with the other, in unobtrusive acts of affection. Henry Worthing had written to Dr Pearson, stating that distant and important business would prevent his attending his aunt's funeral, but he could leave the management of her affairs with all confidence to his old friends and Mr Phipps. So far so well, they thought, and were thankful enough that he would not be a witness to their uneasiness and perplexity.

The day came too soon, alas! for poor Kate and her friends, and Miss Margery Worthing's mortal remains were consigned to their last resting place, and the Rector, Dr Pearson, and Mr Phipps, returned to Miss Margery's dining-room to consult as to what must be done. That the last will was not to be found by them was certain. It had either been hidden in some unknown place to Kate, or Miss Margery had

ıke, and destroyed her new will
r old one. Poor Kate heard the
hat her pitying friends conveyed
st, tenderest manner, with unex-
›sure; the sudden death of her
›verpowered her, that she had no
ıeart for thinking of self.

›rk,' she said, when they told her
:ty was her cousin's. 'I can carry
ınt Margery's precepts—at least I
am so glad that the servants are
and that old Jane is provided for.
ar Aunt Margery, I shall have you
in thought, if I work.'

earson and Mr Day were not at all
Kate should work until they had
'ort to prevent its being necessary,
ps wrote to Henry Worthing ex-
:tly how matters stood, enclosing
r of Miss Margery's missing will,
t copy of the present one. In
uage he represented what Kate
her aunt, and how convinced he
ıends were, that the present will
›ne embodying the last wish and
aged lady.

'orthing's first impulse upon re-
?hipps' letter, was to write off
and say that it was his wish that
l desires of his aunt, contained in
will, should be carried out, and
; was but just and right that Miss
ld share equally with himself in
y's property. But upon second
thought he had better consult his
subject; and that second thought
ale against the orphan girl.

:hing was indignant; the idea of
g's letting two or three hundred
ıt of his fingers; it was ridiculous
-surely he must be mad. Was it
e, she asked, for James to go to
ıd the poor girls, had they not
o spend a few months on the con-
ıe (their father) had never been
l to treat them. Now here was
ıey required, and Mr Worthing
about receiving it. She had no
ı him! that she had not!—and
g's anger assumed such an alarm-
hat her cowed husband merely
ıd that very meekly—

ıt, my dear, we might do some-
poor girl, if we do not share the
ı her.'

l, indeed!' sneered Mrs Worthing.
ıo doubt! as if she has not taken
f the last two or three years. Do
for an instant, that Miss Margery
or eight hundred a-year living in
m-drum way? Not a bit of it.
girl has doubtless feathered her
vell. And as to a missing will, I
there was ever one to miss. The
and was (in my mind) the only
existed.'

ıt is to be done?' inquired Mr

'Done! why how stupid you are! tell Cross, the lawyer, to act for you. Let him write back to the old woman's lawyer, saying the instructions in Miss Margery's will are to be carried out as speedily as possible.'

'But what is to become of Miss Hailand?' asked Mr Worthing.

'Become of her? Let her work. She is young enough. I have no patience in encouraging girls in laziness—or at least such as she is,' she added; for something seemed to whisper into Mrs Worthing's ear, How are you bringing up your own?'

'I do not like to do it,' said Mr Worthing, looking and feeling very small. 'I do not think it is right, to turn that poor girl out upon the world penniless, after she has waited so kindly and attentively upon Aunt Margery. What will people say?'

'Why that you are a fool if you do not take what is your own,' replied his wife decisively.

But Mr Worthing would not quite give in to his wife's decision, he could not help thinking he would rather be called a fool by the world, than be despised by such men as Mr Day and Dr Pearson, and he therefore insisted that something should be given to Kate—urging as a reason, that all the servants had been remembered in his aunt's will, and that it was hard her companion should be forgotten. After a good many pros and cons, Mrs Worthing agreed that Kate should be allowed to keep Miss Margery's 'trumpery old trash,' as she designated the aged lady's household furniture, plate, and linen, to which allowance Mr Worthing, unknown to his wife, instructed his lawyer to add, 'and all the money that might have been in Miss Margery's possession at the time of her death.'

It would be difficult to relate the indignation expressed by Miss Margery's old friends when Mr Phipps told them the contents of the letter he had received from Mr Worthing's attorney. They had hoped against hope that Henry Worthing would make some small allowance for the maintenance of their favourite; much, they did not expect, but a trifle they thought he might spare out of his abundance for the poor orphanless girl.

'Oh!' sighed Mrs Day, 'that we could afford to take her to our own home for good—and shame those heartless wretches,' she added, in an indignant tone, with flashing eyes.

'My dear,' said the Rector, mildly interposing.

'I can't help being angry, Fred, its a shame and a sin too—that it is!' and the tears rushed into Mrs Day's eyes as she spoke.

'That it is, madam;' exclaimed Dr Pearson, 'I only wish I were a young man instead of an old one, I would see that Miss Kate should not be looking about for a home to call her own.'

Mr Phipps said nothing, but took a pinch of snuff and re-settled his spectacles, his usual method of showing he was vexed or perplexed.

'Well,' cried Mrs Day, a little consoled at the unanimous love and sympathy evinced towards Kate. 'Our house will always be a

place for her to come to; and whilst we have a roof to shelter us, she will well know that she can claim a share of it. I wish we could keep her always with us.'

'I only wish there had been no will,' remarked Mr Phipps, 'I could have then claimed a great niece's share in Miss Margery's money for her.'

These comments, and many others, had been made in Miss Margery's dining-room, whither Mr Phipps had summoned Dr Pearson, and Mr and Mrs Day to meet him, to hear Mr Cross' letter.

After the first burst of indignation had subsided, Mrs Day was sent to Kate to break the result of the unsuccessful appeal to the Worthings.

'Do not fret about it,' whispered Kate, as she threw her arms round distressed Mrs Day's neck; 'that is the least part of my sorrow. I did not expect my cousin would be willing to aid me. I am young, I can work. If dear Aunt Margery could speak to me now, she would say, "Work, my child," and I will, that I will,' sobbed Kate, losing all self-control when she thought or spoke of her beloved aunt.

For some moments Kate lay weeping in Mrs Day's arms; then rousing herself, she said with a faltering voice, 'I will be brave. I am not crying because I am poor, but because I must go away from all I love. It was kind of my cousins to give me the furniture and what I have been used to see about me so long.'

'Kind!' exclaimed Mrs Day, starting back, 'I do not call it kind to give you what is rightfully your own. I get so angry when I think about the will that I hardly know what I say.'

Kate affectionately kissed her, and wiping the tears from her own overflowing eyes, said quietly, 'We will go into the dining-room, dear. I must make the most of my friends whilst I can be with them.'

Kate found it was hard work to be brave and keep up, when she felt the kind pitying glances that were cast upon her as she strove to explain her wishes to her kind friends. Mr Phipps took so many pinches of snuff and settled and resettled his spectacles so frequently, that his nose assumed a crimson hue from the external and internal irritation to which it was subjected; whilst Dr Pearson was suddenly seized with a most unpleasant cold, which required the constant service of his pocket handkerchief, and rendered him particularly silent that evening, leaving the conversation nearly entirely to the Days and poor Kate; for Mr Phipps was at all times, when not engaged in business affairs, a man of few words.

Sitting on a couch between Mr and Mrs Day, Kate managed to tell them, in broken sentences, that it was her wish that Mr Worthing should be thanked for what he had given her, and that if he would allow her to let everything remain as it then was, in her aunt's house, until the house might be let, she should be so much obliged to him. She said she could not bear to part with Aunt Margery's dear old furniture and plate. (What would Kate have thought, and felt, if she had heard Mrs Worthing call it trumpery old trash? Well for us that we are not all like-minded.) She fancied that she should some day use it again. She could not tell what made her think so, she said; but she had a strange feeling that she was not going away from the village for ever. Here Kate's courage and language failed her for some minutes, and a flood of tears came to her relief. But after a while she got the better of her sobs and tears, and begged her friends to forgive her her weakness, and believe that it was not the going into a situation grieved her, but the having to go away from all of them. After a protracted visit, the gentlemen (for Mrs Day was staying with Kate) reluctantly prepared to leave. 'I am not poor,' said Kate, as she rose from the couch to bid them farewell. 'I never can be truly poor whilst I am rich in hearts like yours. My life has been all sunshine hitherto. My God sees fit to cloud my path just now, but He has not made it all dark for me. With heavenly grace to help, and earthly love to cheer, what have I to complain of? Surely not because my mission is to—Work.'

(To be continued.)

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

DESCENDING the St Lawrence river a few weeks ago, we encountered the well known series of rapids, that possess such fascination for travellers on our northern border, and which render a trip down that noble stream of such exciting interest. The descent, though not without danger, is almost always accomplished in safety. Peril after peril is quickly passed. The wild foaming waters of the Long Sault, the Cascades, the Cedars, and other less formidable rapids, are in succession left behind, and at length the stormy breakers of La Chine appear. Before entering these, our good steamer, burdened with freight and passengers, as if sensible of the risks she was about to run, slackened her speed opposite the Indian village of Caughanwaga, to receive an experienced pilot named Batiste, to whose superior management the vessel was forthwith resigned. He immediately became the most important person on board. All eyes turned to him, and all felt safer at the thought that a helmsman so tried and capable had control, and was, for the time, virtually captain. How easily his broad shoulders seemed to assume the difficult, and really solemn responsibility of his position! Instinctively the exclamation rose from more than one heart, 'God bless the man at the wheel!' Misgivings subsided as the vessel obeyed his firm and skilful hand, and darted by the perilous rocks, as if in quest of serener

soon, as the sun went down behind
al, we glided quietly into our desired

ich we owe, in the voyage of life, to
the wheel—to those who possess the
is, and are clothed with the respon-
leaders, guides, and exemplars—
e at the sources of influence in the
state, and the church! God bless
, and teachers of every grade and
eminent scholars, thinkers, writers,
s of our day; our legislators, judges,
, and all charged with official trusts,
hem ever to exert a benign and holy
The men of thought and action, of
nd fitness, of enthusiasm and con-
faith and prayer, must be men of
eads of families, as leaders of public
l enterprise, as representatives of
professions, as incumbents of office,
self-denying agents in every good
ork. Among them are the educa-
d, the instructors of the heart, the
f home, the framers of society, the
nations, and master-builders in the
God. Of their influence, operating
y, in shaping individual life and char-
ocial experiences, and enduring re-
unmindful. But however unnoticed
it, they are the main-springs of the
, and are working the wheels of
hold in their influential hands vast
ful issues. In a grand sense, and
rtant measure, their thoughts, and
l example affect the present and future of every human interest in the household, community, the church, and the world. Weal or woe is intimately linked to their discharge, neglect, or abuse of trusts so precious. We may well invoke heavenly wisdom and benedictions in their behalf, that, having power with God, they may prove beneficent to men, and honour the Most High in blessing their generation.

How important, too, that the men at the wheel be themselves awake to the responsibilities of their position, and have grace to meet them! The helm is not the post for a dreamer or a trifler. It is a place for vigilance, and skill, and energy, and other high and varied qualifications. Those to whom such a charge is confided must give account of the manner in which they meet it. They have in hand solemn and arduous work. The vital and manifold interests of their fellow-mortals hang on their faithfulness and success. It is in their power to avert great evil, and confer much blessing. They are the trustees of their generation. Surely they need and have a right to expect the sympathy, support, confidence, and encouragement of those who lean upon them. They should not be suffered to feel that they stand alone, much less be made the objects of causeless blame or cruel criticism. They deserve more generous treatment. In return for the benefits they confer, let us cheerfully yield them what requitals we may of love and gratitude. We can, at least in our prayers, remember the men at the wheel.—REV. J. E. NASSAU.

The Garden of God.

CHRIST in His heavenly garden walks all day,
And calls to souls upon the world's highway
Wearied with trifles, maimed and sick with sin,
Christ by the gate stands, and invites them in.

'How long, unwise, will ye pursue your woe?
Here from the throne sweet waters ever go;
Here the white lilies shine like stars above;
Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.

'Tis not from earthly paths I bid you flee,
But lighter in My ways your feet will be;
'Tis not to summon you from human mirth,
But add a depth and sweetness not of earth.

'Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray;
Turn your steps hither; am not I the Way?
The sun is falling fast, the night is nigh;
Why will ye wander? Wherefore will ye die?

'Look on My hands and side, for I am He;
None to the Father cometh but by Me;
For you I died; once more I call you home;
I live again for you—My children come!'

PALGRAVE.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1st JOHN IV. 16.

THERE are many differences between man and man, but here is one of the most explicit, yet most simple. Some believe the love of God, and some believe it not. All others are subordinate to this. It is this that draws the line, on the one side of which is heaven, on the other hell. Two things let us notice—(1) GOD'S LOVE; (2) OUR KNOWLEDGE OF IT.

I. *God's love.*—There are two kinds of love,—the love of compassion and the love of complacency or delight. Both may, perhaps, be included here; but specially the former; for the Apostle is referring to that by which he and his brethren became what they were, children of God. God's free love, or grace, must go first; it is the foundation, the alphabet of the gospel. It is free love to the sinner, *as a sinner*; not as elect, or as penitent, or as converted, but as a sinner. 'God so loved the world, that He gave His Son.' 'God commendeth His love.' 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us.' The object then, of this free love, is simply man the sinner; and the extent of this love is the widest circle of human unworthiness. The question of more or fewer objects is of no moment; it is the extent of the sin,—the character of the sinners. It is love to the uttermost, to each sinner on this side of hell. It compasses the wide earth; it goes up to the very gates of the prison. It came down on the crucifiers of the Son of God, and on whom then will it not fall? It has plucked millions of brands from the burning, and can pluck millions more. The gift of the beloved Son is the expression, the manifestation of this love, 'hereby perceive we the love of God, that He laid down His life for us.' How infinite the fountain, to pour forth such a stream! And in the love of Christ we read the love of the Father. It was reflected in Him, in every word and deed; he who saw and heard Him, saw and heard the Father. No man who came into contact with Jesus could doubt His love; the law of love was in His heart and on His lips; He came from the bosom of the Father, to show what was there. And this is God's answer to any one who doubts His love, 'I have given My Son.' You say, I am the chief of sinners; still His answer is the same, 'I have given My Son.' This is His message of love to the chief of sinners. This is His record, His gospel.

II. *Our knowledge of this love.*—The record is given, yet it is not every one that knows it; it is true, yet it is not every one that believes it. They who know and believe it are few. But there are some who do so, and it is in their name that the Apostle speaks. The election hath believed it, and the rest are blinded. The love is free, sure, fully published. It is not to be bought, or deserved, or waited for. It is simply to be known and believed. For the things contained in this gospel of the free love are such that they flow into us immediately in knowing and believing. There are cases in which the good news may merely point to blessing, and tell of the possibility of obtaining it by exertion or purchase. Not so here. The good news are of such a kind that the simple knowledge of them is *itself the blessing*. That there are blessings *after*, or following upon, this knowledge and faith is true; but the primary blessing is *in* knowing and believing. 'Blessed are people that know the joyful sound.' It is out of this free love that we extract the *peace* which we need,—our *strength*, our *health*. This love is everything to the soul, and he who has it shall abide satisfied. To *know* it is everlasting life.

This is the history of a Christian man; it is all that he can tell about himself, or say of himself; he has known and believed the love. He has nothing good to say for himself. This is the account which he gives of his change.

This is the line of separation between him and the world. They know not this love; he knows it. A small difference, a slender line, some would think; yet real, and deep, and broad. All on one side of it darkness; all on the other light.

This is the ground of his hope. He has known the love, and rests on it. It is shed abroad in his heart, and gives him a hope which maketh not ashamed.

This is the secret of his sanctification,—the knowledge of God's love; for it is *holy* love as well as free; and he who knows it, knows what is best fitted to make him a holy man.

This is our defence against adversaries, and our consolation under the world's hatred. Let who will hate, revile, persecute, we are in possession of a love which is more than a compensation for all.

WATER FROM DESERTED WELLS.

ime since we gave a few
:ts, under the above title,
rare old works, which are not
to have come under the
: of our readers. We propose
extracts from time to time,
ith the work of a German
Avenar, Professor of Hebrew
iversitie of Witteberge.' It
he English Reformer, Thomas
. in 1580. The copy from
e is 1593; but the translator's
579.*

, the translator's dedication
lsingham:—

lde was made for man, euen
)ugh the instinct of humane
he carnal worldlinges through
of Gods holie word can con-
s created for God, me thinks
one so barbarously ignorant,
light of the glorious Gospel,
ire, as to doubt.

se, were there no mo but that,
ermore wee should extol, and
s, celebrate the most sacred
e God: but manie waies be-
ad to do the same. For con-
the commandments of God;
or the frailenes of our cor-
Satans snares; or the miseries
)riuate; or our couenant made
tisme; or the vncertaintie of
our death or general iudge-
al finde that the least of these
fficient occasion continualie to
se God.

g the commandements, God
phet Dauid, Cal vpon me in
, so wil I heare thee, and thou
by his Sonne our Sauior,
; by Saint Paule the Apostle,
r, and watch in the same with
ea, not onelie he commandeth
prooueth the excellencie of
also promiseth to heare our
declareth how surpassinglie
t Meditations in the eares of
at aforementioned Psalme of
me, &c. Againe, Seeke, and
k, and it shal be opened vnto
you: and againe for al, Whatsoeuer yee shal aske the Father in my name, he wil giue it you.

'His benefits are for number infinite, for greatnes wonderful, excellent for their worthines, whether we respect the giftes of the minde, or the goodes of the bodie, spiritual or corporal, bestowed vpon some particularlie, or generalie vpon al men. Who can declare the goodnes of God (that I may ouerpas the temporal benefits, either common to vs with al men, or specially bestowed vpon vs before al) who can I say, declare the goodnesse of God sufficiently for creating vs after hys owne image; for reuealing himselfe vnto vs; for redeeming vs by his deare sonne; for chosing vs before the foundations of the world were layd: for enduing vs with hys holy spirite: and for exalting vs to eternall life? What therefore shall wee render vnto the Lord for all these things? Let vs take vp the cup of saluation, and celebrate the name of our God.

'If we consider the frailness of our nature we shal find, that continually we are subject to sinning, to offending, to erring, and to conceiuing amisse of the will of our God to our certaine condemnation. There is none of vs all which standeth not in need of counsel, of props, and of help. The generall miserie of mankind is triple, &c. For both wee are easie to be seduced, and vnable to do well, and weake to resist. If wee would discerne betweene good and euill, we are deceiued: if we go about to do good, we quickly faint: if we endeuor to resist euill, we cannot endure, but are easily ouercome. The consideration of this frailetie of ours, made our sauiour Christ graciously to admonishe his disciples, saying, Watch and pray, least ye enter into tentation.

'Againe, the rage and tyrannie of the Diuel is vnspeakeable, and his power mightie, being the Prince of this worlde. Wee wrestle not against bloud and flesh, but against rule, against powers, against worldlie gouernors of the darknes of this world, against spiritual wickednes in heauenly places. It behoueth vs therefore, according to the counsayle of S. Peter, to watch and pray. For our aduersarie the Diuel, as a roaring Lion rangeth about seeking whom he maie deuour. But as the Lion at the sight of a Cocke is discomforted, and at his crowing betaketh him to his heeles: so doth Satan both stand in feare of a godlie man, and flie at his praier. As Lactantius noteth, Diuels do hurt but the faint hearted, such as the great and

*The Enimie of Securitie, a daily
editations, drawne out of the pure
) Scriptures.'

mightie hand of God dooth not protect, which are prophane from the Sacrament of truth, but the iuste that is, the true worshippers of God, do the Diuels feare.

'What shoulde I speake of the tyrannie of mightie men; of the miserie of poore; howe wickednes dooth abound, and heresies ouerflow? Wherefore well maie I saie, as dyd Nestor vnto his children, Praie, for vnles that God helpe vs, we all perish.

'Furthermore, our couenant made with God at our baptisme, whereby we promised to forsake the Diuel and al his works, &c., to beleeue al the articles of the Christian fayth; and to keepe Gods holy will and commandements, &c., should driue vs therevnto. For neyther can satan be resisted; nor our fayth manyfested, nor God duelie honored without praier.

'Finalie, omitting al other reasons, which are infinite, the shortnes of our life, the suddaines of Christs coming, his seuerenesse in iudgement when he is come, shoulde make vs not slightlie to ouerpasse this noble exercise. For what auaileth it, though in this world we abound in wealth, excel in honor, haue al things according to our hearts desire, and then when Christ shall returne we are found vnreadie, and so loose our soules? Happie therefore is that seruant whome the Lorde at his comming shall find watchfull: and happie are those Virgines whiche expect the bridegroome with oile in their lampes. But that euill servant which shal saie in his heart, my Lorde wil be long a comming, and so begin to smite his fellowes, yea and to eat and drinke with the dronken, his Lord wil come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an houre when he is not aware of, and shal hew him in peeces, and giue him his portion with hypocrits, there shul be weeping and gnashing of teeth: and those virgines which are carelesse and secure, accompanie not the bridegroome to his wedding, but are excluded out of the gats and heare, I know ye not.

'The weightines of these reasons, Honourable, haue especially mooued me, through the earnest request of some which for their godlie zeale I loue unfainedlie, and reuerence, did greatly pricke me forward, to bring these diuine Meditations (I cal them diuine, partlie because they are of diuine matters, and concerne the glorie of God: partlie for that they proceed from a Diuine spirite: but in this respect chieflie, because they are wholie as fewe or no other praier Booke is that I knowe, taken out of the pure fountaines of the diuine Scriptures) of the right learned and vertuous of famous memorie M. Iohn Auenar, into our English tong. A booke certes most necessarie in respect of the *extreame securitie* wherein we liue. Gratefulie it hath beene accepted hetherto in the Latine and Germane tongues: and now by the working of Gods holie spirit, shal profite verie much, if it be vsed as it should be, that is, if the vser thereof praie, Religiouslie in faith, charitablie being void of rancor and malice, zelouslie with an ardent affection of the mind, and humblie without pride.

'Faith is necessarie. For without faithe it is impossible to please God. Therefore onelie the faithful doe praie. For how can men cal vpon him in whom they haue not beleeued? It is sinne whatsoeuer is not done through faith. Therefore the praier of infidels is no praier but hypocrisie, and a damnable abuse of good words, neither can it obteine any thinge at the hands of God according to that of Saint Iames, He which wauereth, let him not thinke that hee can obtaine anie thing from God.

'Charitie is necessarie. For we must praie one for another: and for our enimies, as our Sauiour doth counsell vs, saieng, When ye stand praieng, forgiue if ye haue ought against anie man, that your Father also whiche is in Heauen maie forgiue you your trespasses, &c. Againe the spirite of God saith, Forgiue thy neighbour the hurte that hee hath doone thee, and so shall thy sinnes be forgiuen thee also when thou praiest. A man that beareth hatred against another, how dare he aske forgiuenesse of God? He that sheweth no mercie to a man which is like himself, how dare he aske forgiuenesse of his sinnes, &c.? and for all men, as may appeare in the first Epistle of S. Paule vnto Timothy.

'Zeale is necessarie. For what is praier without the same, but a very babling, and vaine multiplication of wordes? yea there is no prayer, where this affection is not. For prayer is a vehement desire of the hart to obtaine something at the handes of God. God looketh not vpon the face as man doth, but beholdeth the hart; neyther doth he listen to the sound of the mouth, but to the sighs of the mind. After this maner doe christians pray, their affections are bent towardes God, they alwaies hũger and thirst after righteousnes.

'Humilitie is necessarie. For vpon whome shall my spirite abide, saith the Lord, but of him which is of a lowly spirite? The prayer of hym which humbleth hymselfe goeth through the cloudes. Much better is it for a sinner, to be humble, than for a righteous man to be arrogant, as may appeare in the Pharisee and Publicane.

'It remayneth now, that as the authour of this booke choase for a patron thereof, not for any defense that it needed, but because others the more willingly would read and accept the same, being dedicated vnto an honorable person

i in the eyes both of the Nobilitie and
rt, the mighty Prince, Lorde Augustus,
f Saxonie, &c.: so mooued therevnto by
ular fame of your honours moste vertu-
ination, I present the same nowe trans-
for what other paines I haue taken I
pon good considerations to vtter) vnto
nor beseeching you to accept this my
n good part, as my hope is you wil: and
doubt not, being gratiouslie receiued of
hie a person, but gratefullie it wil be
the better sort, for whose sake I haue
ed the same.

d almightie, which is the Father of
mercie and consolation, from whom
good gift and euery perfect gift doth
le, blesse your honor, as with accesse of
all benefites: so especialie and aboue al,
crease of his heauenlie blessings, that
u may liue a godlie Counsaylor to our
s Queene, a profitable member to this
of England, a speciall fauourer of the
of Christ, and a famous aduancer of
h and glorie, to your everlasting com-
d felicitie, Amen.'

next give Avener's or Avenar's Pre-

e chosen vessel of GOD, saint Paule in
ner Epistle vnto Timothie, doth exhort,
ste of al deprecations, supplications, in-
ons, and giuing of thanks be made for
; For kings, and for all that are in
ty, that we may leade a quiet and peace-
e, in all godlinesse and honestie. Like-
to the Phillippians he saith, Be carefull
hing, but in all thinges let your petition
nifest vnto God in praier and supplica-
ith giuing of thanks.

r which wordes wee are not onelie
l forward vnto the godlie exercise of
but admonished besides, that there be
indes thereof, all necessarie to be vsed
ay. The first are Deprecations, whereby
at the handes of almightie God, either
ier to turne away his heauvy displeasure
ed through our sinnes, or at the least to
te the punishmentes due for our offences.
ations are called requestes, whereby we
uch things as are necessary eyther for
tentation of this present life, or by our
ting comfort in the worlde to come.
ssions are prayers made in the behalfe
rs. By thankesgiuing wee praise God,
lebrate his holy name for al benefites
ed both upon our soules and bodies.

this my booke I haue had special re-
nto these foure kinds of praier. For
for euery day of the weeke I haue made
ing praier, contayning both a thanks-
giuing for the blessed rest receiued, and a deprecation for the escaping of al euils which may happen in the day time. Afterward followeth a thankesgiuing for some singular benefite receiued. Then two supplications or petitions, for blessinges as wel eternal as temporal. Next to them are placed two intercessions for men of euery state or degree. After them ensueth a praier against the sundry enemies of Christes Church. And last of all an euening praier, conteynyng a thankesgiuing vnto God for his preseruing of vs in the daye time, a deprecation that no euill hurt vs in the night: and a petition of his fatherly protection, is annexed.

And this maner I haue obserued in distinguishing the praiers for euerye day. For it is our partes daily in all our necessities to crie vnto God, as our sauiour teacheth to this purpose, 'Pray alwaies and be not wearie. And Sainct Paule willeth the same, sayeng, Pray continuallie, in all things giuing thankes. For this is the will of God through Iesus christ towarde you. Again, Be not let to pray alwaies, and bee not let vnto the death to exercise thy selfe in righteousnesse. Thus did the kingly prophet Dauid, which of himselfe sayeth, Seuen times a day doe I praise thee, because of thy righteous iudgements.

'And certes it is a godlye worke to call vpon God in praier, and to inioye his familiar speeche. The which also to Saint Ambrose witnesseth, saieng, To praie much and often is a worke grateful to God. How excellent a thinge it is for man to intermingle his talk with God, no man is ignorant, and that excellencie is attained by prayer onelye, which ioyneth vs to the societie of Angels, through ascribing due praise and glorie vnto almightie God, as theyr office dooth binde them. Hence sayeth the Psalmist: In the sight of angels will I sing praise to thee, I will worship toward thy holie temple, and extoll thy name. For in other things there is much difference betweene their condition and ours, whether we respect their nature, or their kind of life; theyr wisedome, or their understanding; but to praye is a worke common both to Angels and men. For praier dooth separate vs from brute beasts, and associate vs with Angels. Yea, an easie matter it is, for one to attaine to their nature, dignity, wisedome, and vnderstanding, if al his life time he giue himselfe wholie vnto praier, and the seruice of God. For if they which frequent the companie of wise men, by reason of their continuall meetings, in short space are so changed that they represent the wisedome of such as they companie withal; what shall wee say of them, which dailie talk with God in praier? Wherefore it behoooueth vs, obeieng

the wil of our heauenly Father, to spend our life time in the lauding of God and in deuout meditation. But he which neyther will pray, nor praise god, neither yet take delight in this diuine communication, surelye lyuing hee is dead, without life, without sense or vnderstanding, as witnesseth sainct Chrysostome.

'The fruit and profit comming by godlie praiers dooth Saint Iames expresse on this manner: The praier of faythe shal saue the sicke, and the Lord shall raise him vp, and if he haue committed sinnes, they shall be forgiuen him, &c. Againe, The feruent prayer of a righteous man auayleth much. Elias was a man vnder infirmities, euen as we are, and hee prayed in his prayer that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth, by the space of three yeares and six moneths. And he prayed agayn, and the heauens gaue raine, and the earth brought forth hir fruit.

'By these words it appereth, that the praier of fayth can obtaine, and bring to passe al thinges belonging eyther to the safetie of the bodie, or saluation of the soule. As that King and Prophet Dauid by praier repelled the horrible crew of his mortal enimies. So in like manner Ezechias the king of Iudah, Ierusalem beeing besieged by Sennacherib King of the Assyrians gathered not a companie of soldiors, but onelie went against his enimies in praier, preuailed against them, and preserued the Cittie with the vtter ouerthrowe of his aduersaries: Likewise by his humble praier he escaped death, and faithful supplication prolonged his dayes. This made Saint Augustine to saie, The praier of the righteous is the keie of heauen. The praier of the godlie doth ascend, and the mercy of God doth come downe.

'So that knowing the dignitie of this familiar talke with God, and considering the commoditie which commeth thereby, me thinkes nothing should dismaye a Christian from calling vppon God. For notwithstanding it exceede the power of man to reason with God: yet doth the holie spirit dwelling in the faithful holpe our weakenesse, and not onlie emboldeneth vs to approch before his Maiestie, but also maketh intercession for vs with groanes vnspeakeable. As we read that women beeing of nature weake vessels, oftentimes by praier haue aprehended god, and detained him as may appeare in the woman of Canaan.

'Finallie so many occasions are there to moue and stir vs dailie vnto praier that sufficientlie they cannot be expressed. And if at anie time often praier were needfull, I persuade myselfe, that now in this last and olde age of this doting worlde, wherein as more greeuous and wofull wickednes doth reigne than at anie time: so it is to bee feared that in the Church more horrible punishements, and in Common weales more miserable confusion will ensue than euer did, it should be practised; which euils can by no other meanes be auoided, but onlie by daylie, earnest, and faithfull praier.

'The fountaine of all true wisedome and learning God almightie, continue among vs for his sonnes sake the puritie of his word, togither with the study of good letters, maintaine peace and concorde in his Churche, and make vs all continuallie to addict ourselues to aduance his glory both in deede and worde, and to benefite his churche to the vttermost of our power, that liuing alwaies in his feare, we may die in his fauor, and rise againe to euerlasting blessednes, Amen.'

We give next 'A praier to be saide at the comming into the Temple:'—

'O Almightie GOD, and heauenlie father, in the multitude of thy mercie we will cóe into thine house: and in thy feare will wee worshippe towardes thine holie Temple.

'Direct our steps in thy word. Bring vs into the pathe of thy commaundements. For thou art the God of our saluation.

'Lord, we haue loued the habitation of thine house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth.

'O Lorde of hostes howe amiable are thy tabernacles? Our soules long yea and pine awaie throughe the desire to come into thy court.

'We wil acknowledge thee in a great Congregation: wee will praise thee among much people.

'Come let vs worship and fal downe, and kneele before the Lord our maker, For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheepe of his hand.

'Exalt the Lorde our God, and fall downe before his footstoole, for hee is holie.

'We wil go vnto the altar of God, euen vnto the God whiche comforteth our soules: and in an acceptable time wil we make our praier, euen in ý multitude of thy mercie: O God, heare vs in the truth of thy saluation, Amen.'

Then follows an earnest petition for the assistance of God's holie spirit, that our praiers maie be zealous and effectual:—

'O Almightie and mercifull God, Father of our Lord Iesus Christ, for as muche as it is thy will and pleasure that in all our necessities we should call vpon thee our God, worship thee, and with yeeldinge hartie thanks extol thine holie Name, and therewithal hast promised to heare our petitions, wee are emboldened to direct our praiers vnto thy diuine Maiestie.

'But considering the weaknes of our nature to bee suche, that we knowe not how to ask as

ld, and thou alone both wiselie doost
id effectually canst grant, not onelie
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hinke vpon, our praier shal be vnto
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vhich maie with vnspeakeable groan-
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id mouth togither, we may vnfeinedlie,
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pare thou our minds to praier, make
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our wel dooing like Phariseis, to bee
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ne our heartes from beholding either
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vaine and transitorie things. But let
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with this condition, if they bring none
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ıfidence, let vs constantlie beleeue, that
ers shall effectuallie be heard through
hy Christes sake, in whom al thy pro-
e, yea, and are in him, amen.
thermore, if at any time our praiers be
ıted speedilye according to our wish,
a strong faith, that we faint not, but
may through patience expect thine aid, knowing that comming it will come, and thy truthe wil not linger.

'Gouerne therefore our harts by thine holy spirit, that we appoint not a time, maner, or limits of helping vs, but may in al thinges submit our selues to thy most heauenly pleasure, and commend our praiers vnto thee in hope and silence, for thou wilte not misse an houre, but wilte come at a time conuenient.

'Likewise illustrate our mindes with thy light, that wee caste not foorth our praiers trustinge in our owne righteousnesse, but in thy manifold mercies, through Christ, by whome wee haue boldnesse by faith, to approch vnto thy throne, and to call thee, Abba father.

'Gouerne our harts and mindes, that in praying wee neyther presume nor trust vpon our own worthinesse, and so through pride contemne others: but let vs humblie and louinglie like brethren pray one for another, that wee al may be saued.

'Take away from vs al babling and superfluitie of words, that we be not as Ethnikes, which for their long speech, think to be heard.

'Assist vs also, that the sight and remembrance of our owne vnwoorthines doo not terrifie vs from praier, and that wee be not let by other causes, from earnest crying vnto thee night and day, that the wil of thy seruants, and reuenge of thine elect may be fulfilled.

'Now therefore, heauenly father, and eternal God, giue grace, that in all places we may pray, lifting vp pure hands without wrath or doubting, and saie, Forgiue vs our trespasses, and with deepe sighings, and sure confidence continually persist in making supplications, praiers, intercessions, and giuing of thankes for all men, that according to thy promise, we may receiue as well temporall as heauenlie benefites. For this is the confidence which wee haue in thee, that whatsoeuer we shall aske according to thy will, thou wilt grant vnto vs.

'And hearing all our petitions, wee doubt not, but that our requests which at this time wee haue made vnto thee by Christ our Lord; shall in like maner be granted: whoo liueth and raigneth with thee in the vnitie of the holie spirite, a God now and for euermore, Amen.'

Rockweeds.

SO bleak these shores, wind-swept, and all the year
Washed by the wild Atlantic's restless tide,
You would not dream that flowers the woods hold dear
Amid such desolation dare abide.

Yet when the bitter winter breaks, some day,
With soft winds fluttering her garment's hem,
Up from the sweet South comes the lingering May;
Sets the first wind-flower trembling on its stem;

Scatters her violets with lavish hands,
White, blue and amber; calls the columbine
Till, like clear flame in lonely nooks, gay bands,
Swinging their scarlet bells, obey the sign;

Makes buttercups and dandelions blaze,
And throws in glimmering patches here and there
The little eyebright's pearls, and gently lays
The impress of her beauty everywhere.

Later, June bids the sweet wild-rose to blow,
Wakes from its dreams the drowsy pimpernel;
Unfolds the bindweed's ivory buds, that glow
As delicately blushing as a shell.

The purple Iris smiles, and hour by hour
The fair procession multiplies; and soon,
In clusters creamy white, the elder-flower
Waves its broad disc against the rising moon.

O'er quiet beaches shelving to the sea
Tall mulleins sway, and thistles; all day long
Comes in the wooing water dreamily,
With subtle music in its slumberous song.

Herb-Robert hears, and princess feather bright,
While gold-thread clasps the little skull cap blue;
And troops of swallows, gathering for their flight,
O'er golden-rod and asters hold review.

The barren island dreams in flowers, while blow
The south winds, drawing haze o'er sea and land;
Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing slow,
Makes the frail blossoms vibrate where they stand,

And hints of heavier pulses soon to shake
Its mighty breast when summer is no more,
When devastating waves sweep on and break,
And clasp with girdle white the iron shore.

Close-folded, safe within the sheltering seed,
Blossom, and bell, and leafy beauty hide;
Nor icy blast nor bitter spray they heed,
But patiently their wondrous change abide.

The heart of God through His creation stirs;
We thrill to feel it, trembling as the flowers
That die to live again,—His messengers
To keep faith firm in these sad souls of ours.

The waves of time may devastate our lives,
The frosts of age may check our failing breath,
They shall not touch the spirit that survives
Triumphant over doubt, and pain, and death.

—*American.*

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

HAPTER VI.

WARD FEVERSHAM.

ATIMER was sitting in the wing-room one morning writ- a letter to her sister, and her ughts had travelled on with her rds to her whom she was ad- e for Mrs Linton had not absence, and she was deeply family feud which had caused : more especially as—though nake direct inquiries of Ethel ıe doings—she had gathered er that her beloved sister's had are and suffering. Mrs Lati- d in its rapid flight across the leaned her head on her hand, painful sorrow passed over her t for herself but for her sister, feared, had not learnt to recog- f a loving Father in her trials; sed away as an earnest petition el might be a comfort and a precious mother.

imer's thoughts were broken in nd of a quick ringing step in he next moment the drawing- ıed to admit a youth of some . Mrs Latimer rose in sur-

ard, where have you sprung tood your papa to say, that you g to Feversham this Easter, but m in London?'

you might, auntie,' replied the ıs he threw back the clustering d his handsome face, 'I believe ıy so; but you know he and I gree; and I preferred coming not say you are glad to see me, e bent down his face with a o be kissed.

now that I shall, you naughty rs Latimer; but she kissed him less.

don at all times, especially now spring; besides, I wanted to see d Flora. But the truth of the ıtie, that I wished to make the my cousin Ethel; so, holidays erday, I ran down from Eton; ready for the scolding I know re for me.'

it was chiefly on that account did not wish you to come down and indeed, my boy, you ought one so, though you know how come you among us. But I would fain see you a little more attentive to my brother's wishes.'

'Dear Aunt Ethel,' replied the boy earnestly, 'I do think this is a case in which I ought to act contrary to them. You, yourself, have always taught me to be kind and considerate towards every one; and I wanted my cousin Ethel to feel that we do not all slight and neglect her. It is a shame, a great shame,' he continued, pacing up and down excitedly, 'that my father and grandmother will persist in keeping up their anger against my aunt; and I don't see why I should be expected to do the same.'

'My dear Edward,' said Mrs Latimer, laying her hand on his arm, 'this is not a subject for you to discuss; and I shall indeed think you deserve scolding if you indulge in such wrong feelings. I am very sorry you have come to Feversham; but since you are here, I would have you treat Ethel in all respects as you do Rosalie, and forget how others regard her.'

'Dear loving auntie, I will try to make her as happy as ever I can. And, auntie, you must not think all your good counsel is lost upon me, though I am so wild and careless. My father and I don't agree on many points, and you know he lets me take my own way in most things.'

Mrs Latimer pushed back the curls from the open brow that was bent down towards her, and kissed him fondly two or three times.

'By-the-by, auntie, where are my cousins? are they consigned to Miss Clayton's tender mercies?'

'No, they are both gone down to the school; perhaps you would like to join them there.'

Mrs Latimer gazed after him with a loving look, as he sprang away down the garden path, for Edward Feversham was almost as dear to her as her own child.

'Oh, this family quarrel,' she murmured to herself; 'how can we teach our children to love one another when they have such an example set them by their elders!'

The young heir of Feversham had none of the pride and haughtiness that belonged to his father. His was a free, open, warm-hearted nature; full of faults, yet always ready to acknowledge them. Almost from his birth the wild and somewhat reckless Edward had clung to his Aunt Ethel; and it was to her he owed —as he always said—whatever of good there was in him.

The 'young squire' was a favourite in Feversham; and as he passed along the village street, both young and old looked out to give him a pleasing welcome, and his smile and word were bestowed on all alike. The two girls were just coming out of the schoolroom when he reached it.

'Why, I do believe that is cousin Edward!'

exclaimed Rosalie, in astonishment. 'Why, Edward, we never expected to see you here this Easter!'

'Here I am, at all events, Alie.'

'Yes, I see; and very glad I am.'

Edward's greeting of Ethel was a very cordial one; and though at first Ethel was disposed to be distant and reserved, his pleasant manner soon dispelled that, and they bid fair to be very good friends.

'And you will stay a whole fortnight, Edward,' Rosalie said, 'I am so glad, for then you will be here on my birth-day.'

'And what is your birth-day to be celebrated by this year, Rosie?'

'Oh, I don't tell that until papa asks,' was the reply.

'Nevertheless I have no doubt your plans are all laid in that wise little head of yours.'

'Perhaps they are, and perhaps they are not; but if you want to find out what they are, you won't succeed just at present, Master Edward,' laughed Rosalie.

'I am sure,' said Ethel, 'whatever Alie chooses for her birth-day treat will be something to give others pleasure as well as herself.'

'So you have found out our Rose's unselfishness, Ethel,' said Edward.

'Yes,' replied Ethel, with a sigh; 'she is a rose without thorns.'

'Oh, no,' exclaimed Rosalie, 'there are plenty of prickles, only they are under the surface, and don't always show themselves.'

'Not very sharp ones, Alie,' said Edward; 'at least they never prick me; and you and I have known each other long enough to find out all our thorns, I think.'

Edward was a decided acquisition to the Rectory party; for though he professed to be staying at the Hall, he was seldom there except to sleep: almost the whole of every day was spent with his cousins. Lessons were laid aside, except such voluntary ones as Ethel chose to continue; and very pleasant were the rambles the three cousins took together in the bright sunshine of early April, which this year belied its character, and was dry as well as warm.

Ethel's manner towards Edward varied with her varying moods; sometimes it was as pleasant and as easy as possible, and she seemed to be growing quite fond of him, and then it would suddenly change, and she would scarcely speak to him even when addressed. Edward strove in vain to understand her, and he and Rosalie often wondered what could make her so changeable. So long as Ethel could think of Edward as belonging only to her aunt and Rosalie, she liked him and enjoyed his society; but when anything reminded her that he too was a Feversham, and one of those who had neglected her mother, then all her bitter feelings were roused, and she cared not how she showed them.

'Well, Alie,' said Mr Latimer at breakfast, a morning or two after Edward's appearance amongst them, 'what do you want to do on your birth-day this year? We are likely to have glorious weather; is it to be another trip to Wellwick?'

'No, papa; it would never do to have two years alike. I should like, if you and mamma are willing, to invite all the children I know to come here.'

'Two of them are in London, and cannot come, Alie,' put in Edward.

'Be quiet, Edward, and let me explain to papa what I mean. I want every child in the village to come, papa, that is big enough, and to have some good games of play.'

'But, Alie,' said Mrs Latimer, 'the children always have their school treat in the summer, you know.'

'Yes, mamma; but this not a school treat; this is my birth-day party, and I don't mean the school children only; I want every body—the Hargraves, and the Seymours, and the Ayrtouns, and the rest, besides the poor children.'

'Indeed, Alie; so you want to mix high and low together.'

'Yes, papa; I think every one would enjoy it more.'

'I am not so sure of that, and I doubt if our wealthy neighbours will be willing for their young ones to come. However, you may try it; only when you send your invitations, you must state plainly what kind of a gathering it is to be.'

'Thank you, papa; I am sure it will be a pleasant one.'

'I am afraid you are getting very plebian in your notions, Miss Latimer: What will grandmamma say when she knows?'

Rosalie laughed gaily, while Ethel hastily exclaimed, 'Surely grandmamma is not to spoil Rosalie's birth-day! she would make every one miserable if she could!'

'What do you know of grandmamma? you have not seen her, Ethel,' said Mr Latimer, laying his hand on her shoulder.

Ethel coloured; it was the first time she had alluded to Mrs Feversham in her uncle's presence: but she replied with a vehemence that startled herself as well as all present, 'Seen her! no, Uncle Latimer! and I hope I never shall!'

Mr Latimer's only answer was, 'Hush, my child.'

Nothing more was said then, and the conversation turned again upon Rosalie's birth-day, but Ethel took no part in the discussion.

The girls' half hour with Mr Latimer in the study was continued as usual; nothing was allowed to interfere with that: and Edward had to put up with his aunt's society for that period. This morning, when the Scripture lesson was ended, and Ethel was following Rosalie from the room, Mr Latimer put his hand on her arm to detain her.

'Stay a moment, Ethel, I want you a little longer.'

She turned, without a word.

'How are you getting on with your studies, my child?'

Ethel looked up. She had not expected it was for that her uncle had bid her remain; but she answered readily,

'Very well, I hope, uncle. I have nearly finished the history of Scotland; and yesterday

I begun Mrs Marcet's conversations, which you said I might read.'

'Oh, yes, you may read that; and Miss Clayton will talk it over with you if you ask her. I am glad to see you so eager after acquiring knowledge, Ethel. But, my child, do not forget there is a far higher knowledge than mere human learning. I am afraid you have been forgetting that lately, Ethel: you have not been striving to practice that love which "beareth all things—endureth all things."'

'What do you mean, uncle?'

'I mean what you said this morning of your grandmamma.'

'Oh, grandmamma; I have no love for her, certainly.'

'And yet you do not know her, Ethel. You form your opinion from one act of hers, of which you are by no means a proper judge. I do know Mrs Feversham; and, save in that one instance, which we all regret, I honour and respect her. And we are none of us so free from faults that we should be harsh upon those of others. Will you not try to overcome these wrong feelings, Ethel? indeed, they must not be indulged in: ask for God's Holy Spirit to help you to strive against them.'

'But, uncle, you know I too have the Feversham temper; and until grandmamma forgives, I cannot; and I am sure papa would not wish it.'

'Indeed I hope you are mistaken there, Ethel,' replied Mr Latimer, gravely. 'And the Feversham temper, as you call it, is not one to boast of: rather seek for grace to subdue all revengeful and unforgiving passions to "the meekness and gentleness that was in Christ." Will you try, my child, earnestly and prayerfully?'

'I will try, uncle,' replied Ethel, with a sigh, 'but it seems to me I shall never succeed. I sometimes wish I were like sweet loving Rosalie—never vexed with any one—but it is not my nature.'

'Nay, Ethel; I would have you aim at a far higher standard than Rosalie. Jesus Christ would have us in all things like unto Himself; and the more love reigns in our hearts the nearer we approach to His likeness. I long to see you a meek and humble follower of the lowly Jesus. Pray earnestly, Ethel, for grace to overcome your faults, and then you will not try in vain.'

'I will try,' repeated Ethel, impressed by her uncle's solemn manner.

And for a few days she really did try. Whenever the thought of Mrs Feversham intruded itself she turned resolutely away from it, until she began to think that she had really forgiven; when there came a letter from her mother, breathing such wild earnest longing for pardon, that all Ethel's revengeful feelings were roused again; and if she sought to repress all outward manifestation of them, they were all the more deep for being hidden.

The preparations for Rosalie's birth-day party were progressing as favourably as she could wish. All her invitations were accepted, and her young friends entered with zest into the spirit of the arrangements. Sundry expeditions had to be made to the neighbouring town for the purchase of toys and books, that each of the poorer children might have some little gift as a remembrance of the occasion; and the cook had orders to have an unlimited supply of provisions ready by the day.

Ethel did not take much interest in the proceedings. All the time that she could spare from her books was spent in preparing a birth-day present for her cousin. Miss Clayton had taught her the art of illumination; and Ethel liked it much, and had shown a taste for it. Unknown to Rosalie she was doing a text for her, which she hoped to have finished by the important Thursday.

It was not until Edward had been some three or four days at Feversham that he thought fit to write and inform his father what had become of him. The answer came by return of post containing a peremptory order for him to join them in London immediately. Edward handed it to his aunt when he entered the breakfast-room at the Rectory.

'There, auntie, what do you say to that?'

Mrs Latimer read the letter through, and returned it to him with the reply, 'You must go, Edward; sorry as we shall be to lose you.'

'Go!' exclaimed Rosalie, 'go where?'

'To London, forthwith.'

'That you shall not do; I shall not allow it, and you may tell my uncle so.'

'You may rest easy, Alie; I have no intention of going before your birth-day.'

'What is it, Edward?' asked Mr Latimer, looking up from his newspaper; 'your father wants you to leave us? is that it?'

Edward gave him the letter.

'Well, my boy, there is nothing for it but you must go.'

'Yes, uncle, I will go on Friday, and this is Tuesday; that will do very well. I don't see why I should disappoint you all, and myself too, just because my father chooses to summon me away.'

'Nay, Edward, the thing is plain; your father says, Come immediately, and you have nothing to do but to obey.'

Edward did not reply; and Mr Latimer rose, considering the matter as settled; but the girls were not so sure about it, as they followed him to the study.

'You do not really mean to disobey your father, Edward?' said Mrs Latimer, when they were left alone.

'You must not think me very bad if I say that I do, Aunt Ethel,' replied the boy, laying his hand on her shoulder, and looking down at her as he stood beside her, with the winning playful smile which always disarmed all anger at his faults.

'Oh, Edward, Edward, you are indeed a sad fellow! Indeed you are acting very wrongly; you ought not to have come here at all; and now the only thing you can do is to leave us as soon as possible.'

'And so you want to get rid of me, auntie?

Well, if that is it I will go,' he said, reproachfully.

'My dear boy, you know how gladly I would keep you, were it right to do so. But it is not right, and your own heart tells you the same, if you will only listen to it.'

'But, Aunt Ethel, you have forgotten this, that it is not right of my father to bid me leave you. I know his reason quite well; it is that I may not learn to know and love my cousin Ethel. But I do not see why, because my father and grandmamma choose to be angry with Aunt Mary and her family, that I should be so too; or why I may not judge for myself in the matter. I like Ethel, though she is so odd and reserved; and I mean to stay over Alie's birth-day; so there, auntie!'

'Edward, my darling,' said Mrs Latimer, gravely, 'you are very, very wrong. Here is your clear duty plainly marked out, and you must follow it, cost what it may. It will be some self-denial to us all to part with you, but that is little compared with the sin of disobedience. Oh, Edward! be warned in time, and obey your father!'

'Dear aunt, you take the matter too seriously. I do mean to go on Friday, and that will do quite well for my father.'

'But he says, go at once, Edward, and that is what you must do. Besides, I doubt, if you stay, whether your uncle will allow you to come here on Thursday.'

'Then you must smuggle me in, auntie, for I have helped Alie with the concern, and I mean to stay and see the fun.'

Edward, usually so yielding and easily led, was firm upon this point; and not all Mrs Latimer could say, could shake his determination.

'You are surely not going to leave Feversham before my birth-day, Edward,' said Rosalie, eagerly, when she again met her cousin, 'that would be too bad.'

'Perhaps if you put on your spectacles, Alie, you may be able to spy me out in some odd nook or corner on Thursday; but to-morrow I shall be invisible.'

And that was all Rosalie could get out of him.

(To be continued.)

Why Dost Thou Wait?

POOR trembling lamb! Ah, who outside the fold,
Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art?
Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold
Creeping and gnawing to thine inmost heart;
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
Thou knowest not what—perchance may never know—
Shall find thee where in darkness thou art kneeling,
And fill thee with a rich and wonderous glow
Of love and faith; and change to warmth and light
The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night?

For miracles like this who bids thee wait?
Behold, 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.'
The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in His love would lead thee gently home.
Why shouldst thou wait? Long centuries ago,
Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee.
Thou art His own. Wouldst thou His beauty know.
Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not see?
Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive,
'More blest, are they who see not, yet believe.'

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou say,
'Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead;
I have no faith, and without faith who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait.'
Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him;
And this He meant in saying, 'Come to Me.'
In light or darkness seek to do His will.
And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

—*Anon.*

Miscellaneous.

noyances.—I know it is a source of some ance to us, to see others pass us in the way; ch annoyance, when we are putting forth all wers, is an evidence of imperfection. We work our souls with patience. To *patient faith* the is *sure;* and all that to the end endure the shall wear the crown. What is it to you that are swifter-footed, and leave you behind? It e God's plan to make you a perfect *plodder;* so a!

lvinism.—The *Tablet*, a New York Roman lic paper, has the following remarks on ism:—'It cannot be denied that Calvin was reat man of the Protestant rebellion. But m, Luther's movement would probably have ut with himself and associates. Calvin or- d it, gave it form and consistency, and his has sustained it to this day. If Luther pre- him, it is still by his name rather than r's that the rebellion should be called; and nly form of Protestanism that still shows igns of life and vigour, is unquestionably ism. It is Calvinism that sustains Method- hat gives what little life it has to Lutheranism, hat prevents a very general return of Angli- to the bosom of the church. It is hardly too to say that no greater heresiarch than John n has ever appeared, or a more daring, subtle, , or successful enemy of the church of God. ists, too, are the hardest of all the enemies truth to overcome and bring back to the ; for, like their masters, they believe only in , and disregard all justice and mercy.

ie Development of the Human Mind.—We nly to study the various powers and faculties human mind to see that, wonderful as they ey have obviously been marred and spoiled, led and disordered, through the fall of man original righteousness. Yet are they noble in their present state, and place us above all orders of created beings here below. To ate these powers aright, and to attain to a and well-regulated mind, is of the highest tance to our present and future happiness, hould engage our earnest and prayerful atten- In pursuing an object so great and important, indeed encouraging to have the promise of assistance: to be assured that the Holy Spirit en for these ends, that the eyes of our under- ing might be enlightened, that our judgment e improved, and that we may have power to l the imagination and to govern the thoughts. hus that man is to 'present himself a living ice, holy and acceptable to God,' and is to e a 'temple of the Holy Ghost,' consecrated in faculties to the glory of God, and yielding the s of his mind, the energies of his body, and ffections of his heart, to the service of Him s the Creator, the Redeemer, and the Preserver n, and to whom alone all honour, and power, glory belong.—NIVEN'S *Plain Sermons for us Times.*

ow Travelling.—But you say, 'I'm such a slow ller.' Are you? Well, travel on; there is ng in the way to hinder. The ground will pear behind you rapidly enough, if you keep ng. It is not always the rushing traveller that eaches the end of his journey, where he would be.

The Enemies and Friends of the Bible.—The Bible is not upon its trial, for the word of the Lord *is tried.* Heathen philosophy and oppositions of science, falsely so called, have long since done their best to overthrow it. Romanism, armed with despotic power, has for more than twelve centuries and a half sought to crush the law of the Most High, but it has been all in vain; and now in these last days, though the enemy comes in like a flood, the word of the Lord is going forth to the ends of the earth, and God is being glorified thereby. Oh that men would be persuaded to think of the days that are past, and to profit by the experience which they afford them! How instructive is that grand drama of human affairs which distinguished the close of the last century! Where are they who acted so prominent a part in it,—the men then so illustrious in the eyes of Europe, who rejected the Bible, threw off the very profession of Christianity, and deified human reason? Where are Voltaire and Rosseau, with the philosophers and statesmen, the orators and poets who surrounded and flattered them? Alas! how dark and terrible has been their fate! As we read the statements even of their friendly biographers, and hear of their restless anxiety of mind, their fear of death, their terror of the future, we are solemnly reminded of the word of that great Being against whom they ventured to raise their puny arm: 'Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks; walk in the light of the fire and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have at My hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow.' Contrast with this the happiness of those who have taken the word of God 'as a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their paths;' who have lived under its sanctifying influence, and died in full possession of that blessed hope which it alone can give. Many great and good men have been raised up since the period referred to, simply through the power of the word of God. We have had Christian princes and statesmen, Christian warriors and philanthropists, Christian ministers and missionaries. . . . Or turn, if you will to 'the short and humble annals of the poor,' and contemplate the light and blessedness, the peace and joy, which the Bible has diffused through many a poor man's dwelling, making its humble inmates rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him. Yes, many an English workman, many a Scottish peasant, many a son of toil, many a labourer's daughter, has found in the Bible that which the world cannot give and cannot take away.—NIVEN'S *Plain Sermons for Perilous Times.*

Heaven.—Until men consent to make heaven, as it were, the background of all their earthly vista, their views—in history, and in science, and in law, and in freedom—must all be partial and fallacious.

Responsibility.—As a general thing, there is very little honesty in your soul if you stand on the verge of your responsibilities, and refuse to lift them, because they are so unlike others; they are too small to suit your pride, or too large to suit your humility. You are not half a man! You need correcting grace, first of all, to change your nature, that you may see nothing is small that God lays across your path for you to shoulder and bear on.

Gems from F. W. Krummacher.

1. YOU must begin with faith, if you wish to enter the kingdom of God, not with an examination into the ground and authority of your title to admission. Your right to entrance rests in free grace. 'Fear not!' is the command which effects for sinners the opening of the gates of the new covenant. Why do you still continue to dream of merit and reward? Learn to believe in God who makes the ungodly righteous. Look not merely at the word, 'Repent and believe!' (Ezek. xxxvi. 26) look at the other; 'Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the world' (Isaiah, xlv. 22). Cleave not merely to the sentence: 'Unless a man be born again!' but consider also the 'Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God; and not that he should return from his ways and live?' (Ezek. xviii. 23). Consider and know, that the last part more immediately concerns yourself. 'How, shall I come to Jesus without repentance, and without contrition, without lamentation, even as I here stand?' Yes, come, according as you know how to come. 'What, may I come with the assurance that although I present myself in my naked sinfulness He will not shut His gates against me?' Certainly; present yourself with such confidence. Doubtless none will be saved who come not to Jesus; but the coming to Jesus is not made conditional. Here the partition wall gives way between the righteous and unrighteous, between little sinners and great. Here is one privilege for all, one hope for those that lament their sins, as well as those who have to complain of the stony hardness of their heart. They may all approach without hesitation, when their object is Christ alone, and salvation in Him. Here is made valid the word, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out!' (John vi. 37). Observe, the Saviour does not say: whoever comes so or so, nor, whoever comes in this form and that. Without limitation, clause or condition, He says, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out!'

2. How often, when we direct troubled sinners on their sick-bed to Jesus, are we met with the reply, that they may at least venture to hope something from the Lord, through the fulfilment of the first condition under which He blesses sinners, namely, that of a rigid penance, which hitherto they had wholly neglected. If we tell them that, instead of trusting in the virtue of penance, they must cast themselves at once at the feet of the Friend of sinners, and implore His infinite mercy, they turn upon us strange and doubtful looks, as if we were directing them in the wrong path, and held in light respect the awful subject of salvation. 'But are they in that so very far wrong?' How, do you also think with them? 'Why, without the legitimate certificate of repe none will be received.' Behold, there w it again within our own circle, that error, the more it resembles truth, the more become dangerous to our soul and its Assuredly, without repentance none c saved, but also none without faith, reg tion, and sanctification. Do you then thin we must first possess these portions, in or venture to approach the Saviour? You s suredly convinced with myself that we ca have them in their fulness after we have to Him. With repentance, then, it is wise? Repentance would be a condition must be fulfilled before we can venture t our heart to Jesus? O, do not conve gift into a duty, and do not contemplate what is to be regarded evangelically. N me a single passage of Scripture, accord which he who cannot bring with him compl pentance, may not console himself with th of a friendly reception on the part of Wherever I look, I see the throne of gra where hedged round with exactions. I hea the King, without *if* and *but*, inviting feast all who hunger for it; it is prepared I hear His 'Come unto Me all ye that are and heavy laden' (Mat. xi. 28); meaning who long for disburthenment and ease.

3. O sweet and beloved kingdom! ki of the Lord of glory! Were it not tha dost interpose between the kingdoms world and the kingdom of darkness, how I rejoice at having been born? The st of my fatherland is dear to me; but unde banner I cannot conquer death, the anxiety of my heart, or the dread of et I value the benefit of living under a organised civil government; but what that contribute towards internal peace ar vation? We only hurry on in rapid through this world. A space of time—a have passed away. I must be the citi another besides the kingdom of this world majority among you, I know, belong o the latter. You may, at this hour, be satisfied and at ease, and not feel at all inexpressible privation of the more e citizenship. You possess your compete thriving family, and peace under your But wait, wait! The evil days will com you also, and what will happen then? Si enters the home hitherto so cheerful human doctor looks anxiously and cau in, and shakes his head. Alas! now yo need of the aid of that superior Physici whom once the sisters of Bethany coul 'Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick' xi. 3), for you only belong to the kingd this world, and is it not already show miserable this position is? Your ter prosperity breaks down; alas! with that all falls to ruin.

HOW THE BEGGAR BECAME RICH.*

'THERE was a certain beggar. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.'

'The beggar died.' Blessed moment for the beggar. Conducted by ministering spirits into the presence of the King of kings, God Himself wiped away all tears from his eyes; and amidst the songs of angels and archangels, and the innumerable company before the throne, he who on earth had neither food nor raiment, nor house wherein to lay his head, was welcomed an heir of God, a joint-heir with Christ, and for ever installed in an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven. Oh, the joy of that moment to Lazarus! His last enemy had been destroyed, and death had been to him the gate into everlasting life. His light affliction, which was but for a moment, had worked for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

But why was all this? Why was it that when Lazarus died he went to heaven? Was his earthly sorrow and suffering the meritorious and procuring cause? Oh, no: no! Many have suffered as much, and more than ever Lazarus suffered, who have not gone to heaven when they died. Affliction in itself, as we have said before, never could and never did take any one to heaven.

Affliction is a talent. It is true it is a rod: a rod in the hands of a loving Father, which He often uses for His children's good; but it is also a talent,—a talent entrusted to us by God, which He expects us to improve to His glory and to our own everlasting good. If we so improve it, there are few of His gifts for which we shall ultimately more praise Him; for great is the gift with which God entrusts a man, when He entrusts Him with affliction. Those that are exercised thereby, and in whom it produces the peaceable fruits of righteousness, will for ever bless Him that sent it, saying, 'It is good for me that I was afflicted.'

But woe to the man who does not see and acknowledge the hand of God in affliction. If it does not soften it hardens, and great, yea deadly is the hardness it produces. Many are there to whom God has sent line upon line, precept upon precept; sorrow, sickness, trial, want, bereavement—evils upon evils, each following each in quick succession, or perhaps coming altogether, and remaining with little variation for months and years, upon whom these things have produced no spiritual impression: under it all, their hearts have remained unhumbled, and their god the god of this world. Awful is the truth, that men may be brought, and many have been brought after years of chastening, to their last days on earth without ever having been awakened to the least concern about their souls. People whose hearts, like Pharaoh's, in spite of all God's judgments have retained to the last their natural ignorance and their natural enmity, and who have gone out of the world to give an account of the talents that had been entrusted to them, to find that their unsanctified affliction in time had only increased their condemnation for eternity.

But this was not the case with Lazarus. It is true that his afflictions did not take him to heaven, but they taught him that in the things of this world it was useless for him to seek happiness. His worldly portion was affliction, and not contented with that, he sought and found another portion; that portion did what no earthly portion ever yet did for any man: *it satisfied him.* Satisfied him in the midst of all his trials while he lived, satisfied him in death, satisfied him when his eternal state was decided, is satisfying him now, and will satisfy him, and that increasingly, for ever and ever. Lazarus being unsatisfied, and feeling that things temporal could never satisfy him, fled for refuge to things spiritual. He went to the Scriptures and the God of the Scriptures; and found in the Scriptures, under God's teaching, a satisfying portion: he found JESUS CHRIST.

From that moment, the beggar in his rags with Christ for his portion, was happier at the Rich Man's gate every day, than the Rich Man with purple, and fine linen, and sumptuous fare for his portion every day. The Rich Man could never say more than that he had a portion 'in things present;' but Lazarus, from the moment he found Christ, could apply to himself what Paul said to the Corinthians: 'all things are yours: the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is

* 'The Rich Man and Lazarus,' by BROWNLOW NORTH, Esq. London: W. Hunt & Co. 1869.

God's.' (1 Cor. iii. 21, 22.) And at last it came to pass that the beggar died, and He who had been his portion in life was his portion in death. It was because he had sought and found Christ, and for that reason only, that when the beggar died he was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

Some may ask by what authority I say all this. I answer on the very highest and most unquestionable, even on the authority of the Word of God. If you deny the authority of that Word, then we have no common basis on which we can meet together; but if you admit that God's Word is truth, then you must admit that no man goeth unto the Father but by Christ; then you must admit that there is no other name save the name of Jesus, given amongst men, whereby we can be saved. Now Lazarus went to the Father, *therefore he must have gone by Christ;* Lazarus was saved, *therefore he must have been saved by Christ.*

Anything may take a man to Christ. A rich man may feel as Solomon felt: that this world can be no satisfying portion, and the thought may take him to Christ. A poor man may feel as Lazarus felt: that this world can be no satisfying portion, and the thought may take him to Christ. Prosperity, adversity, health, sickness, joy, sorrow, the fall of a leaf, or the flight of a bird,—anything, everything, no matter what, may be made effectual to this end, in the hands of God the Spirit. There is nothing that may not take a man to Christ, but *there is nothing but Christ can take a man to heaven.*

It must have been a great privilege to have conversed with this poor beggar as he lay at the Rich Man's gate. It is true he did not live in times of such clear Gospel light as we do, yet I think it likely his love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, charity, were manifest to all who knew him, and would have put to shame much of what is now called Christianity. I am quite sure that he firmly believed in himself as the chief of sinners, and that the BLOOD OF ATONEMENT was his only hope. Abraham rejoiced to see Christ's day; and he saw it, and was glad; Moses wrote of Him, and David called Him 'Lord;' and under the guidance of the same Spirit that taught Abraham, Moses, and David, Lazarus knew Christ, believed in Him, and was saved by Him.

Reader, has the Holy Spirit taught you to know Christ? There is a knowledge that 'puffeth up,' but this is not the knowledge of those that are taught of God. If you know Christ by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, you love Him, and if you love Him, you try to serve Him, and promote His glory. This is the knowledge that profiteth. If you have it, thank God with your whole heart, for it is He alone to whom is due all the glory,—it is He alone who has made you to differ. If you have it not, and die without it, no matter what may have been your earthly circumstances, your eternal portion will not be with Abraham and Lazarus.

But not only did the beggar die, but we read, 'the Rich Man also died.'

What! Did it happen then to the Rich Man even as it happened to the poor? Could neither wealth, rank, influence, nor position procure for this man that he should not have died? No! These things could procure him many luxuries and save him while on earth from many disagreeables, but *they could not purchase life;* there is no man, saith God, that hath power over the Spirit to retain the Spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death; there is no discharge in that war. He who tells us, 'It came to pass that Lazarus died,' tells us, 'the Rich Man also died.'

Satan, if he possibly can hinder it, will never let a man remember that he must die; consequently it is one of the marks of Satan's people that they forget death; and forgetting death, they forget God and judgment, and speak and act as if their life on earth was everlasting. Nevertheless, dear reader, unless the Lord Jesus comes first, you, whoever you are, will one day certainly die. That day may look far off now, and so it did once to the Rich Man. In the days of his youth, in the pride of health and strength, when clothed in purple and fine linen, and surrounded by sumptuous fare and pleasant company—courted, feted, praised, flattered, and perhaps loved,—oh, if anyone in such times ever spoke to him about death, how distant, how dreamy and unsubstantial death appeared! how unnecessary the subject, how out of place and unwelcome. But for all that death came. Forget it as he might, even in his youngest and merriest days it was always creeping closer to him; every night as he lay down he had a day less to live; death was a day nearer to him than it was in the morning; and at last, slowly and imperceptibly, but still at last, the day which had once seemed so far off, arrived, and death *did* come. One morning the sun arose on the last day of the purple and fine linen and sumptuous fare; and as it happened to the beggar so it also happened to the Rich Man: '*the Rich Man also died.*'

And as it happened to the beggar, and as it happened to the Rich Man, so I say again, it will also happen to you. It may be to-day, or it may not be for years, but sooner or later as men said of them, so will they one day be saying of you: HE IS DEAD.

HE IS DEAD! How often have you said it

of others? You have said it of young as well as of old; of the apparently healthy as well as of the infirm and sick; of those not only that you thought likely to die, but of those you thought most unlikely; of those you thought as little likely to die as you do yourself this minute. These all died when you did not expect it: and so, when you do not expect it, perhaps will you; at all events, you will die. It is appointed of all men once to die. As you have so often said of others, so will others one day be saying of you: HE IS DEAD! May God the Holy Spirit bless this thought to you, for it is a solemn one.

And what makes this thought of death,—or rather, what should make this thought of death so solemn? I have just quoted from Heb. ix. 27, 'It is appointed unto all men once to die.' Do you remember the word of God which follows? It is the word that follows which makes death so solemn. 'It is appointed unto all men once to die, but *after this the judgment.*' Two certainties: first death, and after death the final, irrevocable judgment. That they might escape this judgment, good would it be for some men if they could die like the beasts; but that cannot be. Once born, man must go on to death, and judgment. This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Once born, the existence of man becomes as everlasting as the existence of God; and let him employ as he may the time given him on earth, on earth it is appointed to him to live a certain period; then it is appointed to him to die: and after this THE JUDGMENT.

Something more than mad are they who do not know and consider the value of time. I would ask anyone who believes the Bible to observe how multitudes use time, and then to say whether such multitudes are not madder than madmen. What is the length of every man's life REALLY? Everlasting. What is the length of his life on earth? At the longest, some seventy or eighty years. The first seventy or eighty years then of an existence that is everlasting is all that is allotted to man in which to prepare for his eternal future. Should not this fact, for which the truth of God is pledged, arrest indifference, and make the most thoughtless think? Should it not bring us all into close dealing with ourselves, as to how and for what we are spending time? Jesus Christ, the 'Wisdom of God,' says, 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven;' Jesus Christ, 'the Truth,' says, every man is a fool who layeth up treasure for himself, and is not RICH towards God. And may not even the simplest understand that that man must be under some strong delusion, who, professing to believe that he is immortal, lives only, or even primarily, for the things of earth? What were his purple and fine linen and sumptuous fare to the Rich Man, when his doctor told him he must die! And what will it be to you in that same hour, if you have gained the whole world and lost your own soul.

Oh, who can hope to tell others, or even understand himself, the value of time! Always excepting the unspeakable gift of Christ and His Spirit, God has given to man nothing more valuable. Time is man's *day of salvation.* As long as a man has time, though he is the greatest sinner on earth, he may repent, believe the Gospel, and be saved. As long as a man has time, he who is saved may daily lay up treasure in heaven, growing in grace, and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour. There was a servant of Christ's who received from his Lord a pound, and while he had time he made it two pounds. That servant has since entered into the joy of his Lord, and is now ruler over two cities. There was a servant of Christ's who received from his Lord a pound, and while he had time he made it five pounds. That servant has since entered into the joy of his Lord, and is now ruler over five cities. There was a servant of Christ's who received from his Lord a pound, and while he had time he made it ten pounds. That servant has since entered into the joy of his Lord, and is now ruler over ten cities. There will be those who sit on the right hand and on the left hand side of the Lord Jesus in His kingdom; whoever they are, they will be hell-deserving sinners, saved like you and me by grace; but for all that we may be sure that when they had it, no two sinners on earth ever made better use of their time.

Looking at it as man's opportunity, think of what is the value of time; think of what you *may* do with; think of what you *are* doing with it!

Oh, ye unsaved, eternity is before you! Spend not your time for time. Oh, ye redeemed, eternity is before you! Spend not your time for time. Redeem time for Him who has redeemed you. Every moment you redeem brings glory to God, and is treasure laid up for yourself in heaven; every moment you lose is so much wasted of your Lord's goods, and so much lost to yourself of an eternal weight of glory.

Aunt Margery's Three Maxims:

WORK—WATCH—WAIT.

BY S. T. C.,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HARLEYS OF CHELSEA PLACE,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WORK.

IT was hard heartfelt work for Kate to bid adieu to the dear old home, which had sheltered her for more than six happy years, and to receive the parting farewells of her aunt's servants, two of whom had been the first to meet her when she arrived there. It was no easy task to say 'good-bye' to those who had long looked upon her and called her their 'sunbeam,' and who believed there never was such a young lady as their own Miss Kate. And Kate found it so; but she set herself bravely to perform her appointed duty, looking to Him who has promised to perfect our weakness in His strength. She had heard of a situation as governess in London soon after her aunt's death, and, after making inquiries, finding it was one she could fill, she had thankfully accepted it; so that when she left her old home, it was to go to her new one. Mr and Mrs Day were very anxious for her to have spent a few weeks with them before going away, but she felt she had better not, and told them that the second parting would be more than she could bear. Mr Day accompanied Kate to London, even driving to the door of her future residence with her; and it was with no slight emotion that he helped his young charge to alight from the carriage, and kissed the pale face lifted so trustingly to his own. How he hoped, as he watched Kate enter the hall, and saw a lady come out of a room to meet her, that the lady's heart might open to receive the mourning stranger kindly, and that the orphan girl might find a sympathising friend in her.

Kate's heart beat fast as she stepped for the first time within the threshold of her new home; she dared not trust herself to take one glance behind her, for she knew another look at her dear pastor would quite unnerve her, and she wanted to meet the lady coming towards her with some degree of composure; so she drove back the tears rushing into her eyes, and timidly advanced towards her future employer. Their hands and eyes met, and involuntarily Kate felt—'she does not like me,' and it was with the greatest difficulty she could restrain from bursting into a flood of tears. Mrs Jameson preceded her into a large handsomely furnished room; and having ascertained that she would like to go to her bed-room, rang for a servant to show her thither. That Kate's supposition was correct, was quite true. Mrs Jameson did not like her, though, to do the lady justice, she had been quite prepared to like her very much. But she had a great dislike to good-looking governesses, and Kate most certainly came under that description. Mrs Jameson was a pretty little weak-minded woman, one who could not bear to see any one better looking than herself; and when Kate raised her soft blue eyes, rendered softer by the tears which would find their way into them, the vain little woman thought them prettier than her own, and disliked her accordingly.

'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' sighed Kate, as she sat down and glanced round her well-furnished chamber, which presented a most comfortable appearance, 'I would have been content with a garret if I could have been sure that Mrs Jameson liked me. Oh, dear! oh, dear!' and the poor girl covered her face with her hands, and wept. Presently she was aroused from her grief by a tapping at her door, and a servant entered, inquiring, 'Whether Miss Hailand would like refreshments in her own room, or in the school-room?' and further stating, that 'the children were just going to tea.'

Kate said she would join the school-room party in a few minutes, and having ascertained that an opposite door led into it, set about bathing her face, and arranging her hair, determining that she would not let her feelings get the better of her; but would endeavour so to act, that if Mrs Jameson did not like her then, she should learn to do so when she knew her better.

'How pale you look, Miss Hailand,' said Mrs Jameson, as Kate presented herself in the school-room; 'do sit near the fire. I forgot to order a fire in your room—these October evenings are very cold. Mr Jameson is dining out, and I am going to take tea with the children; so I will take your place at the tea-table. You have not seen the children yet? Oh, here they are;' and as she spoke two young girls and a boy entered the room.

'This,' said Mrs Jameson, touching the shoulder of the tallest of the trio, 'is Bella; she is just twelve years old, and, I am sorry to say, very careless; and this one is Mary,' continued the lady, removing her hand from off Bella's shoulder and laying it on Mary's head, 'she is either very stupid for ten years old, or very thoughtless and naughty; and that is Montague,' observed Mrs Jameson, looking towards the boy, who was standing on one leg by the door making grimaces at his sisters; 'he is not quite eight, and is very troublesome, but sharp.' Bella and Mary shook hands very shyly with Kate,

evidently not best pleased with their mother's comments upon their characters; but Master Montague, with a sudden spring, bounded forwards, and put up a very rosy pair of lips for a kiss, which he immediately received from poor Kate, who was only too glad to accept any overture of friendship.

'Fie for shame!' cried Mrs Jameson. 'You rude boy, what will Miss Hailand think of you?' inquired the lady mother, shocked at her child's familiarity towards a stranger.

'Why, that I'm a trump!' shouted the boy, throwing himself upon the floor, and turning a somersault.

'I am afraid you will discover Monty has been very much indulged, Miss Hailand,' said the mother, apologetically. 'He is not a bad boy, only he has had his own way too much. He was my first, and indeed until a few months ago, my only son. I have had eight girls, and only two boys. My last baby is just four months old, and papa and I are so pleased that we have another boy.'

'I aint, though,' interrupted the trump, assuming a natural position. 'Nurse says Tots will put my nose out of joint, and I'd rather keep it where it is.'

'Hush! you naughty child, go back to the nursery and get your hair brushed again! Do, Miss Hailand, come to the table. I am sure you must be ready to faint for want of something—and that boy's noise must have made your head ache.'

Kate took a seat at the table, the opposite side to Bella and Mary; and Monty withdrew to the nursery to get his hair brushed, where, finding the nurses and two little ones at tea, he remained to partake of it with them.

Nothing could be kinder than Mrs Jameson's manner was, when she pressed Kate to take freely of the plentifully spread table. She prided herself upon her hospitality, and the new governess, good-looking though she might be, must be a participator of it. Besides, Miss Hailand was so pale that she was not quite certain that she was as pretty as she had first thought her—but those soft blue eyes, how she did wish they had been green or any other out of the way colour.

After tea, Mrs Jameson sent Bella and Mary away, and drawing up to the fire, begged Kate to do the same. She then informed her that only five of her ten children were alive, and that the three Kate had seen were to be her pupils, the other two being babies.

'I am afraid,' she observed, in reference to Monty, 'that you will find him rather tiresome; but he will not be under your care long, for Mr Jameson is looking out for a school for him to go to, when he has completed his eighth year. At present he is half his time in the nursery, for we do not wish him to be forced with his studies. Bella is clever, but, as I before said, careless; and Mary, I am half afraid, has not too much sense—she is unfortunately dull and awkward.'

Further conversation ensued relative to the hours for lessons, meals, and play, Mrs Jameson assuring Kate that she wished her to make herself comfortable, and not to fail to order anything of the servants conducive to her happiness. She then took Kate into Bella's and Mary's bed-room, which opened into the school-room the opposite side to Kate's; telling her, though her daughters were so close to the school-room, yet they would never be there after lessons, having a play-room upstairs next to the nurseries, to which she would introduce her the following morning.

It was with a feeling of relief that Kate saw Mrs Jameson lead the way to her own bed-room, saying that she was sure that she must be very tired, and would be glad to get some rest; and she could scarcely refrain from expressing her gratitude, when, upon opening the door, she observed a blazing fire and an easy chair wheeled up beside the fire-place, giving the apartment a cheering homely look. Mrs Jameson noticed Kate's surprised and pleased countenance, and inwardly plumed herself upon the advantages a governess had in her establishment; she then very graciously bade Kate good night—begging her to ring for whatever she required.

'It is all very comfortable and cozy,' thought lonely Kate, as she glanced around her; 'and it was very kind of Mrs Jameson to have such a nice fire for me. But I wonder whether it is customary for ladies not to shake hands with their governesses, but on state occasions. One touch of Mrs Jameson's hand would have done me good, it would have made me feel a member of her family; that very polite little affable bow has raised such a barrier between us. But I will try to make her like me. Oh! dear Aunt Margery, how I shall miss you in this large grand house! and how I shall think of you and try to live as if you were close beside me, my precious aunty;' and Kate kissed a small likeness of Aunt Margery, which she had just unpacked.

Kate was so weary that when she went to bed she soon fell asleep, and slept soundly until the morning. She had committed herself to the care of Him who careth for the orphan, and had resolutely set herself to do her duty in that station in which it had pleased God to place her. No useless regrets for the past, no dallyings with the present—had she allowed or did she allow to mar her peace; but with a firm faith in Him who doeth all things well, she was content to leave the uncertain way, to the certain end, in the hands of her heavenly Father; assured that He could not fail to lead her aright.

Kate had requested the servant who attended to her room, to call her for a few mornings, until she should be accustomed to the proper hour for rising. Punctually, therefore, as the school-room clock struck eight she entered the room, but not to find her pupils there. The fire blazed, the breakfast was all ready, but no children were visible. After waiting ten minutes she tapped at Bella's and Mary's door, inquiring if they were dressed?

'No, Miss, that they aint!' called a sharp voice from within, 'they're the provokinest

young ladies that ever was. I'd as lieve dress three babies as one of them.'

'Hold your tongue, Jane!' called one of the children.

'I shan't, Miss,' was the immediate reply.

Kate instantly opened the door, thereby discovering Mary still in bed, with one leg thrust out of the bed-clothes, on which the servant was endeavouring to draw a stocking—no easy task, for Mary was shaking it without intermission. Bella was half dressed, wrapped up in a warm dressing gown, busily occupied with a book.

Miss Hailand's unexpected entrance brought the party to reason. Bella cast aside her book, and began to go on with her dressing; and Mary jumped out of bed so suddenly, that she nearly overset the servant.

'My dears,' said Kate very decidedly, 'you must not keep me waiting another morning. Your mamma told me the breakfast hour was at eight; recollect, I shall expect you to meet me for the future at that time in the schoolroom.'

Bella shrugged her shoulders, but said nothing; whilst Mary muttered something about 'Miss Masters did not ever make them get up, and they weren't slaves to be ordered about.' Kate thought it best not to appear to have heard Mary's rude speech; but quietly looking at her watch, observed, 'It is now a quarter after eight, I shall wait until half-past, when I hope you will both be quite ready to join me at the breakfast-table. I should be very sorry to have to send a message of complaint to your mamma about either of you,' and without glancing towards her pupils, she left the room, closing the door after her.

'Well, I never! you've got your match this time,' said Jane, highly delighted with the new governess' spirit, 'you'll be taught manners at last, or my name 's not Jane Jenkins.'

'Hold your tongue! we shan't! for I'll tell mamma, that I will,' cried Bella, 'we aren't going to be ordered about by a governess.'

'No, that we aren't! nor we won't!' joined in Mary, though it is certain she busied herself with dressing as fast as she could; and both young ladies were quite ready when, at the expiration of the quarter of an hour, Kate again opened the door to see if they were dressed for breakfast.

'Now, my dears,' said Kate, very kindly, 'I am glad you are ready, I thought you would be. Let us begin breakfast at once, the tea is getting quite cold. Take your own seats,' and she took her place at the table, and began to pour out the tea.

'The girls sulkily obeyed, and placed themselves one on either side of Miss Hailand, who did her best to make them sociable, but all to no purpose; they would not talk or be agreeable, but sat nursing their indignation at her interference with their getting-up habits. They knew it would be useless to appeal to their mamma about the new governess, as their father had positively declared, if they could not get on with the lady who was coming, he would send them to a boarding school a long way off, and be plagued no more about them. Poor man, he had not the pleasantest life in the world; with his pretty jealous little wife, and his petted passionate children, he was often heard to say, 'they were enough to drive him out of his mind.'

Three governesses had already been under his roof during that one year; and it was at the departure of Miss Masters that he had come to the decision that Miss Hailand should be the last; and if she could not manage his 'rebels,' as he was wont to call them, he would send them from home to some one who could. Of this determination the children were perfectly aware, but Kate was not, perhaps it would have been better if she had been. Kate was very fond of children, but she had never been used to spoiled ones; and her heart began to fail her, as she glanced from one to the other of her pupils, as they sat at breakfast. 'Mary is not stupid,' she thought, 'but stubborn; and Bella is careless from contemptuous indifference. I wonder whether they are affectionate girls? if they are I might do something with them.'

Kate might well sigh, she had not the best ground to work upon; it would be long before the good seed would take root in those young hearts, and the breaking up and preparing them for it would be hard work indeed. 'They are so young in years, and yet so old in their ways,' thought Kate, as she continued her meditations after the girls had left the room. 'Oh shall I be ever able to manage them? I want some one to direct and teach me—how shall I act—where shall I begin?' Suddenly flashed through her mind the text, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.' Oh, what comfort and consolation were in those words, and how joyfully did poor lonely Kate stay her perplexed spirit upon them. It was to her 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,' and she could rest with childlike confidence beneath it. Resting beneath it, she looked with faith beyond the things of time, and beheld the land afar off, where shadows cease; where the Lamb is the light thereof, and where her dear Aunt Margery, she trusted, rejoiced in the resplendent glory which no earthly eye can look upon and live.

When Mrs Jameson entered the schoolroom, she was astonished at the bright smile with which her new governess rose to meet her. She knew that she had just come out of great trouble, and her mourning dress attested it; she was poor and filling a dependent situation; how was it therefore she looked so peaceful, nay, happy? It was strange, she thought—but, no doubt, she had found what a comfortable situation she had stepped into, and was determined to make the most of it. Having come to this conclusion, Mrs Jameson, with great affability conducted Miss Hailand to the nurseries, and various part of the house, evidently priding herself on the elegant home she was able to show her. Just as they were returning to the schoolroom, Monty burst out of

rtment close by, and running towards
houted, 'How d'ye do, Haily? is not
jolly old house?'
e, taken by surprise, made no answer,
t out her hand to the child, who caught
f it, and began swinging it backwards
wards; whilst Mrs Jameson, scandalised
ty's rudeness, scolded him well for pre-
to address Miss Hailand so familiarly.
trump; and you know I am,' cried the
nd you, you are only a silly old woman.'
Jameson's face flushed with annoyance;
other time she would probably have
l at her Monty's funny sayings; but Kate
ly dropped the child's hand, and in a
at commanding voice, said—
onty! I am surprised at you; never let
r you speak to your mamma in that way

nty, totally unaccustomed to Kate's dig-
nanner of reproval, gazed with astonish-
t her; but seeing a look upon her coun-
indicative of great disapprobation, he
lently behind her, until they reached the
oom, when, springing forward, he caught
her dress, and, holding up his face, said
ly—
ss me, Haily, and I won't do it again.'
e's heart beat fast, and tears of gratitude
into her eyes, for she felt there was one
uld love her in that household, and who
uld influence for good, and stooping
she affectionately kissed him, saying,
run and kiss your mamma, and tell her
ll try and not be so naughty again.'
nty hesitated; young as he was, his pride
l at making such a concession to his
, whom he had never been taught to
o; but Kate's look of anxiety settled
tter, and the boy ran up to his mother,
out—'Hailey says, I am to try and not
naughty again, and I'm going to try
.'
at's right, and I hope you will, for you
wing a very rude disagreeable child,'
s mother's reply; 'and you must not
ss Hailand Haily, she will not like it.'
nty cast an appealing glance towards
who set his mind at rest by saying—
shall never object to your calling me
when you are a good boy, but if you are
y, I will not allow you to address me so
rly.'
was a very fine morning, and at Mrs
n's desire Kate took her pupils for a
alk, no lessons having to be learned
he evening, when they were to be pre-
for the following day, and Kate was
in the regular routine of her school

nty, who appeared to have taken a great
o his new governess, conducted himself
ell whilst in Kate's presence, though
ld not help overhearing two or three
les, in which he took a prominent part;
she did not really witness them, she considered it politic not to mention to the boy what she had heard, until they had been acquainted a little longer.

School duties having once commenced, Kate's days passed in a sad monotonous way, only occasionally diversified by a passionate outbreak on the part of one of her pupils. Of Mrs Jameson she saw little, of Mr Jameson nothing, and of Bella and Mary she feared she could make nothing. They were so cold and impassive that Kate's heart ached whenever she thought of them, and her whole hope and comfort soon centred in Monty, who, but for having been so much indulged, would have been a noble character. He was clever, generous, and warm-hearted, and the very sight of him did poor Kate good, who longed to see the evil from over-indulgence counteracted, and the boy's amiable tendencies developed. His first fancy for her had continued, and he was soon never better pleased than with 'dear Haily,' as he chose to call her. But alas! Mrs Jameson, jealous little weak-minded woman that she was, no sooner discovered the boy's partiality for the new governess, than she took umbrage at it, and forbade his going into the school-room, but for lessons. This was a great trial to Kate, for she could not in the least understand Mrs Jameson's reason for doing so, and she felt it bitterly.

Six months had come and gone, and Kate Hailand was still governess at the Jamesons. The spring was opening fair and lovely, but there was no spring in Kate's heart; the want of sympathy from those with whom she dwelt, seemed to be chilling up the warm affections of her soul, and she lived in the remembrances of the past, rather than for the present. Hopefully and prayerfully she had begun to Work; at the end of six months she was prayerful, but had ceased to be hopeful. She had not seen her friends, the Days, since she left her old home, and she had not ventured to hint in her letters to them the many discouragements and trials of her new one. Evening after evening she sat by the fireside, dreamily looking back upon the past, ever fearing to anticipate the future.

'This must not be,' thought Kate, one night, when she had sat longer than usual, brooding over her troubles. 'This must not be—surely I am wrong somewhere. My heavenly Father never placed me here to make me miserable. Oh! Aunt Margery, I am going all wrong without you. I do strive to do my duty. I do Work, darling; but I am not happy, as I used to be. I have no one to love. I feel I am not a bit of good in the world.' But a still small voice stopped Kate's repinings, and caused her to spring from her seat, exclaiming, 'I will! yes, that I will!' Memory, faithful to her trust, had brought back one of dear Aunt Margery's Maxims to Kate's troubled mind, and it was simply.—Watch.

(To be continued.)

The Pool of Bethesda.

A QUIET dreamy shade,
A peaceful spot at noontide, calm and cool,
Where the five porches rest and shelter made
About Bethesda's Pool.

Under the arches there
How wearily they say;—a mournful throng
Of stricken ones bowed down by pain and care,
When Jesus passed along.

The Man of Sorrows sees
The sightless eyes, the features worn and thin;
And mourns for bitter human miseries,
The fruit of human sin.

With tender pitying glance
The Saviour's eye among that number seeks;
Gently He scans each weary countenance,
And unto one He speaks.

Like precious balm outpoured,
The words of Jesus soothed the sufferer's soul;
Yet 'twas a simple question, for the Lord
Said, 'wilt thou be made whole?'

And the man answered, 'I
Have none to help me when yon waters clear
Are troubled by the Angel, I must lie
All weak and powerless here.

'For eight-and-thirty years
Have I my sore infirmities endured,
I weary Heaven with my prayers and tears,
And yet I am not cured.

'Others, whose need is less,
From the deep pool new health and strength obtain,
Before my slow and halting steps they press,
While I unhealed remain.'

Christ saith unto him, 'Rise,
Take up thy bed and walk;' and God's own might
Came with the words, for filled with glad surprise,
The sick man stood upright.

And through his wasted frame
Coursed the blood freely as in days gone past;
Back to his pallid cheek the colour came,
He was made whole at last.

Bethesda's Pool is dry.
No trace of porch or ornament remains;
And o'er that scene of holy memory
Sad desolation reigns.

Yet surely as of yore
In the world's crowded places, day by day,
Filled with divine compassion, evermore
The Healer goes His way.

And still with patient feet
He cometh to the sinful weary soul;
And in that gentle voice so calm and sweet,
Saith, 'Wilt thou be made whole?'

O, if the burdened heart
Its need of that all-powerful Saviour feels,
It finds the Master glad to do His part,
He speaks the word, and heals!

And ye who watch and wait
Year after year for blessings still delayed;
Be comforted, the Lord may tarry late,
But He will bring you aid.

The time is drawing nigh
When all the sorrow of the flesh shall cease,
A day will come when Jesus passing by,
Shall give you strength and peace.

—*Sarah Doudney.*

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

[RISTIANS believe God *hears* prayer, but how many act as if their prayers had passed into empty space never to return, like arrows shot into the darkness of night! We nd we watch for the tiny sprout and g plant and the blooming flower; effort and we look for the result in various kinds, but we pray without and when we have obtained our ave forgotten that the gift is an God. The church in early days Peter's deliverance, and when Peter door, they were astonished. The to-day is found in the same un- uld we could rise to a firm belief f prayer, as being as firm a law as itation. He who said, 'Seek, and ye ound together a cause and effect in just as surely as He bound the par- tter in the age of creation. Let roof be added to the thousands Christian life affords.

as trouble in a home I lately visited. s of the house was a Scotch woman e. Her face struck me as belonging was, like the Master, 'acquainted There is a quiet beauty often to be esting on those in whose life tribu- wrought patience, experience, and ing out in expression and glorifying careworn in repose. The shading ow refine the very appearance of e shadows of the picture subdue what would otherwise be too gaudy in effect. I knew there was looked on that Christian woman's s! Christian sympathy could bring lief. 'Your best plan,' said I, 'is ur sorrow to your Father in heaven. ves you will make the path plain, give strength to bear the trial, or the burden. Have you not found past, and can you not therefore say hou hast been my help, therefore in of Thy wings will I rejoice."' lighted, as I spoke.

'Yes, sir, God himself taught me that; nane ken better than I that God answers prayer. Would you mind, sir, if I tell you what happened wonderful like, in my life, lang years ago.

My father was a gude man, an elder in the kirk, and he brought us all up to fear the Lord. Ah! mony's the day I've sat and listened to him and some gude minister talk aboot the things o' the kingdom of the Lord, for he loved his Bible mair than all beside. My mother died long before my father, and at last cam' the woeful day when he was taken away. And then, sir, trouble fell on us. There was no will, and a brother who went to sea when a lad, and who had never been heard from, cam' back a' at ance, and he took the house and the land, and there wasna much mair. A younger brother and mysel' lived awhile at the old house, but there was bickering between him and his brother, till at last he and I went together to Glasgow to see if we coud na' support oursels. And then troubles cam' faster, for it was hard work to get enough to keep us in lodgings and food. A married sister in the Highlands sent us help now and then, but for the rest we worked. My brother worked at a mill, and I kept indoors, sewing, and seeing to matters aboot the house, and having his meals a' ready when he cam' hame, tired out, puir fellow.

Well, sir, the time I spak aboot was one black afternoon, and I remember it as if it were yesterday. Everything had been spent, and where to go I didna' ken for the life o' me. There was nothing in the house but some oatmeal, and nae siller to get milk for the parritch, and for a hungry man parritch without milk is puir eating. Indeed, sir, I went up and doon feeling waur o'er it every minute, for I kent my brother would sune be hame. And at last, what should I do, sir, but get doon on my knees and ask the God of my gude father to help me, for there was nae help here on earth. I didna' say much, but I said that again and again, and then I was somehow in comfort.

It was na' an hour after, when there cam' a knock of the postman, and when I ran doon to

the door, there was a letter for me. I opened it a' in tremble, and what should I see but a bank bill for ten poun', and there was writing from a man who had lived near my father, and been helped by him with money now and then. He said he didna owe it, for my father had given it, but now he was doing well, and he wanted to pay back a' he had been given, and this was the begining. He had heard I was living there wi' my brother, so he sent it to us. Indeed, sir, I only read a part of that letter, for I couldna see a' the words at first. But when I read it through, then I went doon on my knees again before God, and I just cried, for my heart was so light. Now, sir, can I doubt that God answers prayer. Wasna that His doing?'

What could I reply? Let the infidel talk of unchanging systems and superstitious fancies, but those simple words proved again what that Christian woman had been taught, that this was no 'orphan world.' Together we knelt at the mercy-seat before that great Redeemer and King who makes all things work together for good to those who love Him. And then I went away, having been taught rather than teaching.

—*Rev. William R. Duryee.*

LIGHT IN THE DWELLING.

STOPPING for a short time in a village at the north, during a summer tour, and having occasion to need some plain sewing done, I was directed by my humble washer-woman to an old lady, who lived in a lowly part of the town, in an upper chamber, and earned her support by the needle. On finding the poor dwelling, I passed by the lower storey, which seemed to be occupied by a number of persons, of not very cleanly appearance, and reached a narrow staircase in the back part of the building. A small room opened at the head of the stairs, which wore an aspect of great neatness and poverty. An old carpet covered the floor, scrupulously clean, and well-mended. A table, covered with a scanty piece of white cotton, stood on one side of the room, and a few books gave an appearance of cheer to the otherwise somewhat desolate apartment. A very small cooking-stove, well blackened, added to the look of comfort. The only occupant was the old lady to whom I had been directed. She was dressed in a faded calico, very clean; a plain collar, and a pure white muslin cap, bespoke the purity of her mind and heart. I was much struck by the dignity of her manner, which indicated converse with herself, and forbade too close an approach by others. I hardly knew how to address her, being a stranger, and feeling an unusual respect, which called for unusual deference under the circumstances. However, having made known the errand, and received satisfactory answers, I ventured to remark, 'You seem to be alone here.'

'Yes,' she replied; 'I have lived in this room thirty years.'

The tear started to my eye, and my heart melted with pity.

'Thirty years alone! and have you no friends?'

'I had a husband, and an only daughter. It was pleasant to see her coming in every night from her work: for she used to go out sewing in families during the day; but it is a long time since she died, and I have been alone since; I miss her very much.'

She cast down her glance as she said this, and I thought I saw her eye glisten; but no tear dropped, and the features of her face remained in their calm dignity. I was moved with sympathy and tenderness. An old woman! with naught in retrospect but sad memories! Those vanished loves! those conjugal and maternal endearments! those voices of kindness! that buoyancy of youth! those hopes of life's spring and summer! the hearthstone of home! all vanished for ever! And the prospect! An open grave! a dark, cold valley! a disabled age! a lonely death-bed! Poor, poor humanity! O to be born to live for such a fate as this! to have a heart full of affectionate yearnings, a mind capable of intellectual gratifications, an imagination, which the brightest visions of earth can never satisfy! and to be an old bereaved woman, living alone in an upper chamber! Almost in an agony, I cast about for a refuge for this shipwrecked one. Was there no loving embrace to enfold that aged form? No strong arm to guide the feeble step? No heart to do her reverence? My eye rested upon the table, and with an unspeakable feeling of relief, I remarked cheerfully, 'I am glad to see that big *Book* on the table; I hope you get some comfort out of that?'

'Yes, indeed, ma'm, I do; it is all the comfort I have, and it is enough. I have a Friend that always sticks close to me. I never feel lonely. That Book is comfort enough!'

'You really feel it to be so, do you?'

'Most certainly, ma'm; I never know what it is to feel alone; I tell *Him* all.'

'Let me ask you a question. Could you now have back your husband and daughter, and be surrounded with every luxury of home, would you take them in exchange for the comforts and hopes you enjoy from that Book? Tell me truly.'

In an instant she replied, and her aged face was illumined with the earnestness of her answer,

'No, indeed! Never! Nothing on earth would I take for what I get there!'

How could I doubt her! I came down the little narrow back staircase full of joy and wonder. That human heart had found its only, its everlasting rest! Earth recedes, it disappears; heaven opens on her eyes! How was my heart stilled before the sublimity of a faith which could make riches of poverty, companionship of desolation, hope of despair.

in cavillers at the Book Divine! before eer away the support, the consolation of etched, bring forward some more practi- lusion for the miserable of earth.

is incident was the more impressive, as he comfortable surroundings of a pleasant ome, but a few days before, I had heard peak slightingly of those sacred things he had been taught to love and reverence odly father. 'The cause of Missions, ittle to show for all the expenditure of and money.' 'A special Providence an lity.' 'The Old Testament, with its ity or *immorality*, not suited to this age,' His little ones were taught to kneel at no family altar; the harmony of their young voices was not heard in the morning and evening hymn to which he was accustomed in the parsonage. Why should he believe in the old doctrines when he had left the old paths?

Dear children of the covenant, return to the refuge you have left!—It has been, it will be, a dwelling-place in all generations! It is *your* inheritance! *Yours* are all the promises to the seed of the righteous! Cast not away your *birthright*! The faith of the aged widow in her solitude is a royal possession, and will be her joy, when the sun of these original thinkers and scoffers has gone down in endless night. —*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

WEEPING FOR ZION.

THE picture is graphically sketched. 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst of.' The imagery is perfect;—the rivers easly pursuing their way to the sea; their fringed with trees whose roots love the ng waters; the pious Hebrews reposing ervile toil in the shade of those trees, look- on the quiet current, thinking of Zion far drooping in spirit, bathed in tears. We ese people in their humiliation and sorrow, ur sympathy is enlisted. Raising our eyes the pensive mourners, we perceive their suspended on the willows that overhang and dip their pendent branches in the s. How impressive, how touching! A ng people with their instruments of music upon the tree that is to all nations the m of grief and sadness! How plaintively hole scene speaks to the heart of humanity! m has the poetic painter grouped so many ing circumstances, or given to his tableau ch of tenderness and pathos. We do not er that Dr Watts, after repeated attempts rsify this psalm, abandoned the hope, and s place a blank.

hese people whom we see, not melancholy, fflicted in spirit, are among strangers, far from their own country, to them

'The loveliest land on the face of the earth,'

and of hills and valleys, and running s; the repository of patriarchal dust; the where sleep the generations of their fa- , the home of their own childhood. From country, rich to the Hebrew heart with wing associations, they have been removed med invaders, and now in a land of idols, are bondmen to pagans. But pitiable as ir lot, it is not their condition that they re. Oblivious of self, there is something hey better love, and that appeals to deeper bilities. Jerusalem, the metropolis of their n, the city of their hallowed solemnities, eap of unsightly ruins. The costly and iful house where their tribes have wor- ed is a despoiled and broken structure. The altar-fires are extinguished. The holy of holies, robbed of its sacred memorials, is trod- den by unconsecrated feet. The High Priest, of Aaronic lineage, and clad in expressive vest- ments, no longer comes out from communion with the Glorious Presence to pronounce bene- dictions upon the people. No fumes from the censer now curl around the capitals of the lofty columns; no melody of the grand hallelujah now swells and dies away among the beautiful arches. In the court of the congregation the briar and the thistle flourish; where stood the mercy-seat, overshadowed by the cherubim, the coiled adder basks in the sunshine; along those extended corridors, which, for centuries, resounded with the praises of Jehovah, no sound is heard but the twitter of the swallow, or the croaking of the raven. These are the images before the minds of the downcast in the willow shade. As prisoners of war, as slaves of their conquerors, their personal privations and hardships are doubtless many and severe. But they are not mentioned. It is Zion they remember; Zion around which cluster and cling their warmest thoughts and tenderest sympathies; Zion as she was, compared with what she is. Distance and time have not weakened their attachment. Ba- bylon they cannot love, Jerusalem they cannot forget. Zion is dear, even in her desolation. Till she is redeemed, restored, and rebeautified, they weep, and leave their harps unstrung, untouched.

Similar are the feelings of every true be- liever. To him the Zion of God is an object of profound interest, undying attachment. He takes pleasure in her stones, and favours the dust thereof. Nothing enters so deeply into his soul, or awakens such tender emotions, as whatever affects unfavourably her welfare. The grief of the sorrowing Hebrews over her de- pressed condition is the grief of the living Christian in view of her declensions; with this difference—the former could do nothing for her restoration—the latter can do more than weep and deplore. Let not the children of Zion now sit down in moody lamentings, but by prayer and effort endeavour to restore her dilapida- tions, and make her again 'the perfection of beauty, and the joy of the whole earth.'

—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Gems from F. W. Krummacher.

1. 'THE Lord cometh!' is the first. The heart of many an one thrills at this call. He thinks of the approaching and complete establishment of the Lord's kingdom upon earth; and he sighs, 'Ah, didst thou but come!' Yes, our heart also joins in this longing of eighteen hundred years; for even so long has it been in the church, not like a flood water which is gradually lost in the sand beneath, but like a stream which the nearer it draws to its destination rolls onward with greater power. How many a prophetic omen has there been, that the grand moment of jubilee is not far distant. We already perceive signs of the publication of the Gospel 'in all the world;' that of the shaken foundations of Mohammedism; that of the re-emergement of the beast from the abyss; that of the decline from Christ and His Word extending through the world; and that of the 'powerful errors' of an anti-christian spirit acquiring domination over the cultivation of genius; of the idolisation of men, and of many more similar signs.

2. We greet, God be thanked! in our professors' chairs at our universities, many faithful theologians in our days; but how many are there among them who remind us, I will not say of the Apostles, but of the heroes of faith in the age of the Reformation? Wherein lies the striking distance between the former and the latter? For what reason does their influence upon the church of their age show itself so weak, so slow? How does it happen that before them the spirits of unbelief and libertinism do not feel restrained, much less fettered, and that though there is found, in the banners of those professors, the good watchword, yet not in their mouth the two-edged sword, or in their appearance the power of an all-governing spirit? Alas! the divided hearts! the pitiful honour-taking from each other! the coveting even after the applause of enemies! the double desire after a corner in the hall of the heroes of Christ's kingdom, and at the same time after a niche in the pantheon of human fame! To these good men the increase of those against whom they make war is at least as precious as the triumph itself that they may gain over them. But with such half-fighting, how are home-telling blows to be given, and determined efforts to be made? It cannot be more than a mere flash of fire at which no enemy shrinks. The reformers sought only one thing—Christ's honour and the victory of His cause; and in this oneness lay their virtue and their strength.

3. Listen, how consoling is this! 'That love His appearing!' Oh, those are a great people. It is not those alone, who from the height of faith shout forth their hallelujahs, who spring with their God over the walls, and step upon adders and scorpions; such are also the cooing doves in the valley, such are the crushed worms in the dust. O ye poor mourners for sin, is not the coming of Jesus dear to you? Ye who are sunk in the depths of woe, what would be more dear to you than that Jesus should appear to you? Ye that languish from the drought, whom do you thirst for? For Jesus! Ye fallen in Zion, can you, after your eyes are opened at your fall, be at peace, before Jesus appears? Ye weakest of all in the kingdom, who only timidly inquire, 'Where do you rest at mid-day?' Ye who even lament, alas! that you have not enough desired His coming, tell me whether it be dear to you? There you stand on the shore, and look out and watch if the pennant of the small vessel waves, which is to bring to you Jesus your only deliverer. Ah, well may you all say, consoled with Paul: 'Henceforth is the crown laid up for me.' It is so! Comfort yourselves therewith in joyful confidence. Even should Satan wish to lead you astray, and would say to you, as once king Saul said to his servants: Will the son of Jesse give every one of you fields and vineyards, and make you all captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds? (1 Sam. xxii. 7), still defy him and reply: Yea, thus it pleaseth the son of Jesse to do unto us, turn thee hence from us, thou Satan.

4. Promises of freest grace meet me everywhere. The blessed message is directed to 'sinners.' He will not merely give them life, He also gives them repentance. 'A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh (Ezek. xxxvi. 26). Oh, how many are there whose eyes were never moistened by sorrow for their sins, who, moved by an indistinct feeling that both in life and in death they had need of Jesus, and encouraged by the condescension and favour of that Friend of sinners cast aside doubt, took refuge with Him, and behold! when the countenance of that Divine Mediator beamed with love upon them, the tears of repentance gushed forth. Away, then, with that legal and fatal illusion, as if a title to admission into the house of the Lord were to be obtained by, I know not what of grief and mortification, that must be previously undergone. Do not so foolishly delay the rising of your day of joy, and do not needlessly make that yoke heavy, which He Himself affirms to be easy and light. Abandon all ideas of bargain-like works of penance, and know, that if such are requisite, they are but as the mouth which receives, and not the hand, which works and earns.

CHILDREN OF FAITH.*

2 KINGS vi. 13–17.

HISTORY now transplants us to Dothan, a small mountain town of Samaria. It is about the hour of midnight, and the whole country around lies sunk in the deepest ce. Only in the forest beneath, at the foot e mountain, a rustling sound becomes more more audible. This proceeds from the Syrian , which has learnt that Dothan contains the het who has defeated their plan. At the mand whispered forth to them, they form r camp around the small town, as silently as ible, in order to demand, at break of day, delivering up of Elisha, and which they are ared to enforce sword in hand, by means of ng ladders. We will quietly await and see t the morning will produce, which indeed nay with all possible ease of mind. Let us ntime try to gain an entrance into the house e dwells the 'doomed man,' the persecuted, eavily threatened man. The house is lofty adjoins the city wall, with its upper storey ecting over. From its windows the eye s down upon the hill, and beyond it rests the open country around. Doubtless it is ospitable dwelling of a believer, which at period might be expected to be found in y town and village in Israel. From the tion of the house against the wall, it is to resumed, as was also the case with that of ab in Jericho, that it did not belong to the distinguished buildings of the place. The ured house has now received us. Ah, hush, ! What peace, what happiness do I not while in it! Is it not likewise so with you, red? If not, it would indeed be no good

It is true, the furniture around us is but , and the walls present only a bare, tasteless arance. Perhaps you prefer the purple, ich and the stately. My taste is of quite pposite nature. *Spiritual* beauty in my eyes before everything. I love the modest ancy of a tabernacle of God amongst the ren of men; I am charmed with the un- g wreaths of remembrance therein, re- ing of greetings, of surprises and supports, which He yesterday and to-day still shows Himself, and oh, the heavenly air of true love and brotherhood, how refreshing is that! How peaceful it breathes! O, here is Bethel and Bethania! Here it breathes around me like soft echoes of eternal Sabbath bells.

But see, we have here a small book: the Psalms of David, the immortal lays of the night! And yonder is a parchment bearing upon it the history of the kingdom, the history of the miracles of God to His people, as written for the faithful for their lasting comfort, by the Holy Spirit, by the hand of Moses and other prophets! And under this roof the golden thread of that history is being further spun. We find ourselves in the centre of the chain of the revelations of God, which meet together in the book of life, which are to serve the people of the earth as an everlasting restoration. And am I not to feel comfortable and at home here, where heaven is open, and life, moving in a higher region, already mirrors forth images of the eternal home?

We now open the door of a small chamber. Behold, there reposes the threatened man in soft slumbers. Step in gently, for his sleep appears to be calm and sweet, uninterrupted by anxious dream or scene of terror. A heavenly peace rests like moonlight upon his brow. Sleeping too, the man reposes in God. In the midst of sleep, the promises of his Master breathe like heavenly harptones around his believing soul. You look around in his room anxiously, to see whether or not he may have at his command, for his defence, a sword, or at any rate a shield and breast-plate. But no, nothing of that sort is visible. You only find a pilgrim's staff leaning against the wall. His sword is the word, his armour is his faith. You think, perhaps, that you ought not to let him sleep, and feel it your duty to awaken him without a moment's delay. Ah! no, awake him not. Let him slumber until the morning lay of the birds awakes him, and the rays of the morning sun dawn upon his eye. 'But,' you say, 'let us lock the door and draw the bolt!' O! no, by no means, my friends! He already reposes under lock and bolt. Forget not that here slumbers a man, over whom, like a golden shield, hovers the divine annunciation, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine!' (Isaiah xliii. 1). And whose pillow under his

*The author of this lecture, Dr KRUMMACHER of feld, has just lately gone to be with the Lord, h he served so faithfully here. We would by extracts recall to our readers both the man him- nd his noble testimony.

i.—18.

head is the arm of tender love; whose defence and weapons is the eternal watchfulness of that guardian who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Sweet angels, armed as a protection and resistance for him, keep watch in his camp, and thousands of promises, as sweet as they are inviolable, surround him as a rampart. Well may he then slumber without care or anxiety, in spite of the forest of lances under his window, and in spite of the thunder-cloud over his head. O! what an elevating spectacle is Elisha thus sleeping! Truly, here is more than a slumbering king amidst his armed guard, and a hero sleeping upon his sword! Come, let us retire to a little distance; or do you long to whisper a soft greeting to the slumbering prophet? If so, then let it be with the words of the psalmist: 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. O! taste, and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him' (Psa. xxxiv. 7, 8).

'Beloved of heaven! no longer doubt or fear;
The angels of the Lord around thee stand,
In faithful watch, to guard thee from all ill:
Why fear'st thou then the feeble power of man?

Come, all ye people, hasten, and behold
How ever kind and merciful is God.
Oh! daily in His tender love renewed:
Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord.'

The early crimson hue of morn is just beginning to tinge with its misty gold the distant tops of the mountains, when Elisha's servant rubs his eyes and awakes from his sleep. He has to set out upon a message to-day from his master, and it is necessary that he should start upon his journey in good time. If the recollection of this prevented him from enjoying uninterrupted repose, it now operates upon him no less when awake, and urges his rising from his bed with all possible expedition. After getting up the first thing he does is to go to the window, probably to look at the weather, or the time of day. But, to look out and, tremblingly, with amazement and alarm, to totter back again into the room is the work of a moment. Pale as death, he flies to the bed of his master and cries out loudly, as if the world was on the brink of ruin: 'Alas, my master! how shall we do?' You will perceive that he has doubtless caught a sight of the host beneath, which, with horse and chariot, is encamped around the town; and, indeed, the effect of this sight was perhaps such as all but to kill him. But how different to Elisha's happy sleep, so free from care; and how striking a contrast to his serene and cheerful waking! The boy, however, only sees as a man sees, and only contrasts the force of the thousands by whom he beholds himself surrounded, not, as he ought to have done, with the strength of Jehovah, but with h and Elisha's natural strength; and wit nothing otherwise could of course resul an 'alas, my master!' and fear and alarn

'Alas, my master! how shall we do?' boy, to place your master by this 'hov *we*' upon an equality with yourself! have to fear and tremble for yourself, l in no anxiety about that favourite of God the boy attributes as little faith to Elish himself. His spiritual man has the eyes and sleeps, and only the natural man is and in action.

It may happen to similar children o that in considering their circumstance situation, they suddenly stand again up old point of view, as if the Spirit had n enlightened them, and they had no othe sure than that of a merely rational estim which to judge. They weigh only in opp to the danger, their own strength and if another was not ready at their com and if they find they are not equal to against the power which threatens them throw aside their arms, and give the ca as lost. There lies then for a time, bo the usurping bigoted throne of blind n the new man who knows of a God of mer help, and can as little use his tongue as hi and at this moment, only nature thinks, s feels, and calculates in him, and takes it sures. All of course, equally wise; h earthly, carnal. There an Abraham goe in order to secure himself against the a of dying without progeny, selects a Hag Rebecca, in order to gain for Jacob, the lege of first-born, takes a course of cra falsehood. An Aaron makes for the reb people the golden calf they demanded, i of dedicating their gold to the Lord. A when he thinks himself in danger, enters the slippery path of dissimulation, inst the straight road of confidence in God. are sad appearances which might lead o believe that these people distinguish t selves in nothing more from the great m the unconverted.

But this renewed dominion of the fl them is only revolutionary inter-dom transient mutiny-rule. The better unde self rises again. They reflect, and this r tion,—O what golden germs of blessed festations does it bring with the tea repentance and shame out of the conscio of faith, which for a period has been obsc They comprehend with new clearness state in their relation of children, in privileges in Christ, and they soar, wrap God, with peaceful and untroubled clapp wings, beyond the regions of the earth.

r soul, thou hast trodden down
Judges v. 21). Know ye this word
d strength? It forms the antithesis
las, my master, how shall we do?'
:o you from the song of triumph sung
ophetess Deborah. The Lord had
n over the disobedient Israelites to
hment of their enemies. During
urnful years they sighed under the
ge of Jabin the Canaanite prince,
prophetess Deborah, awakened by
moned all to arms, promising that
uld follow their banners; and surely
pen, that at the very first attack upon
ny, of a strength far greater than
, the terror of God was struck upon
host, and thousands were stretched
i the field, by the sword of the pur-
ak. Sisera, the leader of the Canaan-
e terror of Israel, had in the meantime
it, and sought refuge in the hut of a
ut there vengeance overtook him also.
f Jael penetrated through his temples
leted Israel's victory, and thus it
ll merit the sounding of the song of
'So let all thine enemies perish, O
; let them that love Him be as the sun
goeth forth in his might' (Judges v.
my soul, thou hast trodden down

Let the last words, ye co-redeemed
be our device, however the strong
lled, who wish to ensnare us.
led by the Spirit, you made before the
God a vow to sin no more. You did
oing so, yea, you did what is indis-
for the inheritors of heaven. But I
will be forced on the close of many a
rike your breast and say: We have
ir covenant. You have been guilty of
ials of the name of Christ. If again
lts be committed, know that you have
h the strong, who are not to be trifled
o not treat them lightly, nor think in
i have forgotten yourselves, and do
vour to excuse your erring by attri-
to your 'good will,' or your 'weak-
herwise these strong ones will advance
, before you are aware of it, will throw
es upon your conscience, tear up the
your peace, will become a mark of
and banishment within your soul, will
ou of all desire to pour out your con-
o God, will weigh upon your breast,
our prayer, and render gloomy your
of child to your heavenly Father.
e do not treat your errors like flakes
which are shaken off the clothes with-
ble, but acknowledge them as what
as abominations in the eyes of God,
against His holy command and worthy

of condemnation. But at this point be also upon your guard, be not over-reached by them, lest they fall upon you like furious hyenas, and with the thunders of awful accusation bring you to desperation. Lose not a moment, therefore, but before these monsters with their damning strength, advance towards your conscience, seize and unfold the standard, and cry out, 'O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength.' Put a check and restraint upon your sins, by frequent meditation upon the grand ransom which was paid for them. Hold them under the feet of your faith, preserve to yourself a perfect conscience. To that you have a divine right, since these sins, even these lie buried under the cross, and, 'there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus' (Romans viii. 1).

Powerful are also the dark guests which are called cares; whether cares about food and clothing, or whatever else may be threatened. These mighty ones make shocking devastation where they find an open field, and in their fury they aim at the most precious of our possessions,—our peace. Therefore get under arms against them before you have received their viper bites! attack them also in the flank with Deborah's watchword! How? you would allow yourselves to be overpowered by these nocturnal spirits; you to whom is said, the hairs upon your head are all numbered; you, to whom it is announced, 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things!' (Rom. viii. 32). You, who with the inexhaustible bank of an all-sufficient God have letters of credit to present, such as the word of the birds in the air, and of the lilies in the field, and the apostolical 'casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you' (1 Pet. v. 7). Ye bosom children of the living God, ye apples of the eye of His eternal fatherly love, you would ask, what shall we eat, what drink, with what clothe ourselves? You would anxiously inquire, how you are to go through the world, and how here and there you may remain preserved? O, remember only, who in truth you are, and how placed, and hunt out with the divine promises, the swarm of hornets from before your threshold! Greet the stinging brood with the watchword of faith: 'O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!' For in that you sing at the same time to the Lord Jesus the most acceptable hallelujah!

But are these cares our worst enemies? and is there not a greater and more dreadful brood creeping around us? There is the roaring lion, which goes about, seeking whom he may devour! There are the bad spirits, the angels of darkness reigning in the air, and only bent

upon our eternal destruction! Truly, these may above all others, be called the strong! Alas! those fire-darts they shoot forth! those trap-holes that they dig! those chains which they forge! How, I ask you, do you intend to oppose these powers? Will you only tremble in terror and lose all courage, or prepare for the attack, as if you had now only first to encounter and conquer them? Far from you be either the one or the other. In both cases you would deny the Gospel, and affix a stain upon the Lord Jesus. No, let the onset be one of triumph, and let a jubilee of victory, t which these mighty ones were long sin armed for you, were deprived of their d ing power, and exposed to public view, first result that is made upon you b roaring! In the look of faith at Hin also the kingdom of hell with the c my soul, thou hast trodden down str This watchword makes devils trembl destroys even their most crafty proje designs.

(To be continued.)

Songs in the Night.

I.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

'WHAT of the night?' It dark and darker grows;
The very heavens above seem black with woes.
By mighty winds the gathering clouds are hurled
In awful conflict, round our fallen world.

'What of the night?' The careless ones are lying
In slumber deep, and know not they are dying.
I sound the trumpet in their ears in vain,
Fettered, and sunk in darkness they remain.

'What of the night?' The saints their watch are keeping,
But every eye is dim and swollen with weeping;
And every heart is sad—and oft they sigh,
'When will the morning star appear on high?'

And carefully they trim the feeble light
Within their lamps, to guide them through the night.
But O! it wavereth much through doubts, and fears,
And oft is well nigh quenched by floods of tears.

'What of the night?' Each to the other say,
'When shall we see the dawn of endless day;
Our spirits tremble, can it be the Lord
Will prove at last unfaithful to His word.'

'What of the night?' Hush! on the breeze is borne
A still small voice to comfort those who mourn;
'Though yet I tarry, dry the tearful eye—
Lift up your heads, redemption draweth nigh.'

'Quickly I come. O! droop not thus forlorn:
Look up and smile, joy cometh with the morn.
Quickly I come to banish all your fears,
And God's own hand shall wipe away your tears.'

And then I heard the voice of earnest prayer;
Sweetly it sounded on the midnight air:
'Even so, Lord Jesus, come and chase our gloom:
The night is dark—O! take Thy children home.'

A. M.

A SERMON ON THE TIMES.

In 'hard times' retrench wisely.

THE subject may be treated negatively and positively.

I. NEGATIVELY. Under the necessity of doing something, men often do first that which they should st, or not do it at all. It is well, then, to der wherein a family should not retrench.

They should not withhold the minister's id. It is so small already as hardly to him comfortable. It will not bear curent.

Do not diminish your benevolent contrins. These have been always too low. onaries, and students for the ministry, been always kept so near to the lowest of a decent subsistence, that a farther reon should not be thought of.

Do not withhold from the poor. In their he Lord is a borrower, and He will repay.

Do not stop your religious journal. It but a trifle, and it repays many fold. If top it, you stop a source of joy and edifi to all the household. You will get behind mes. Knowledge will decline. A stimuo activity will be removed. A means of l growth will be abstracted. Intellectual, , and spiritual edification will be sadly led.

hen hold on to your paper, help the poor, ibute to Christ's cause, and sustain your ter to the last.

. POSITIVELY. Retrenchment is to be made. God calls it in His providence. He makes it a necessity.

1. Cease to spread your luxurious table. Your body and mind, as well as your purse, will be benefited by this curtailment.

2. Give up expensive dress, and repair the old garments. This will be so much clear saving, without diminishing one comfort.

3. Cease from liquor and tobacco. This will require great self-denial; but it will be an immense benefit; physically, morally, spiritually; in your family and to your pocket. If you shall succeed effectually in this, you will live to bless 'the hard times' which induced the reformation.

4. Buy no more trashy literature. To the waste of money, it adds a loss of time, pollutes the imagination, defiles the moral nature, wastes or chills the benevolent affections, disqualifies for life's higher joys, and incurs, in the end, fearful responsibilities.

ADDENDUM. Be industrious; father, mother, sons, daughters, all industrious in something that will pay, even though it be on a scale which is very small. This will not only relieve for the present, but it will tend to a good habit, leading to competence and wealth.

INFERENCE. The hard times may be so met, and retrenchments so made, as that not one real joy shall be diminished; and so as that many most important benefits shall result. Whoso is wise, let him consider these things.

—*Presbyterian Banner.*

'ONLY BELIEVE.'

my son,' said one, 'if there were but men to be saved, "only believe," and be ou shall be one.' 'Only believe,' and not will the gates of the celestial city open to e us, and angelic choirs give us glad wel, but even here we shall rest in the shadow reat love.

But dangers stand thick on every hand,' sts Faintheart; 'how can we help being us?' 'Only believe;' 'the Lord is a l to them that put their trust in Him.'

ilver-tongued temptation may assail us.' s able to succour them that are tempted.'

What if poverty be our lot?' 'The Lord eth the poor.'

What if riches, and we are cumbered with cares?' 'Give to the poor, and thou shalt treasure in heaven.'

We may be homeless?' 'Our Lord had not e to lay His head.'

Friendless?' 'There is a Friend that th closer than a brother.'

Afflicted?' 'He bindeth up the brokened.'

'Unjustly accused?' 'The Almighty shall be thy defence.'

'The night cometh?' 'He that keepeth thee will not slumber.'

'Accidents may befall us?' 'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.'

'Pain and sickness?' 'The Lord will make all thy bed in sickness.'

'The infirmities of age?' 'They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.'

'There are heavy burdens to be borne; perchance incessant daily toil?' 'There remaineth a rest.'

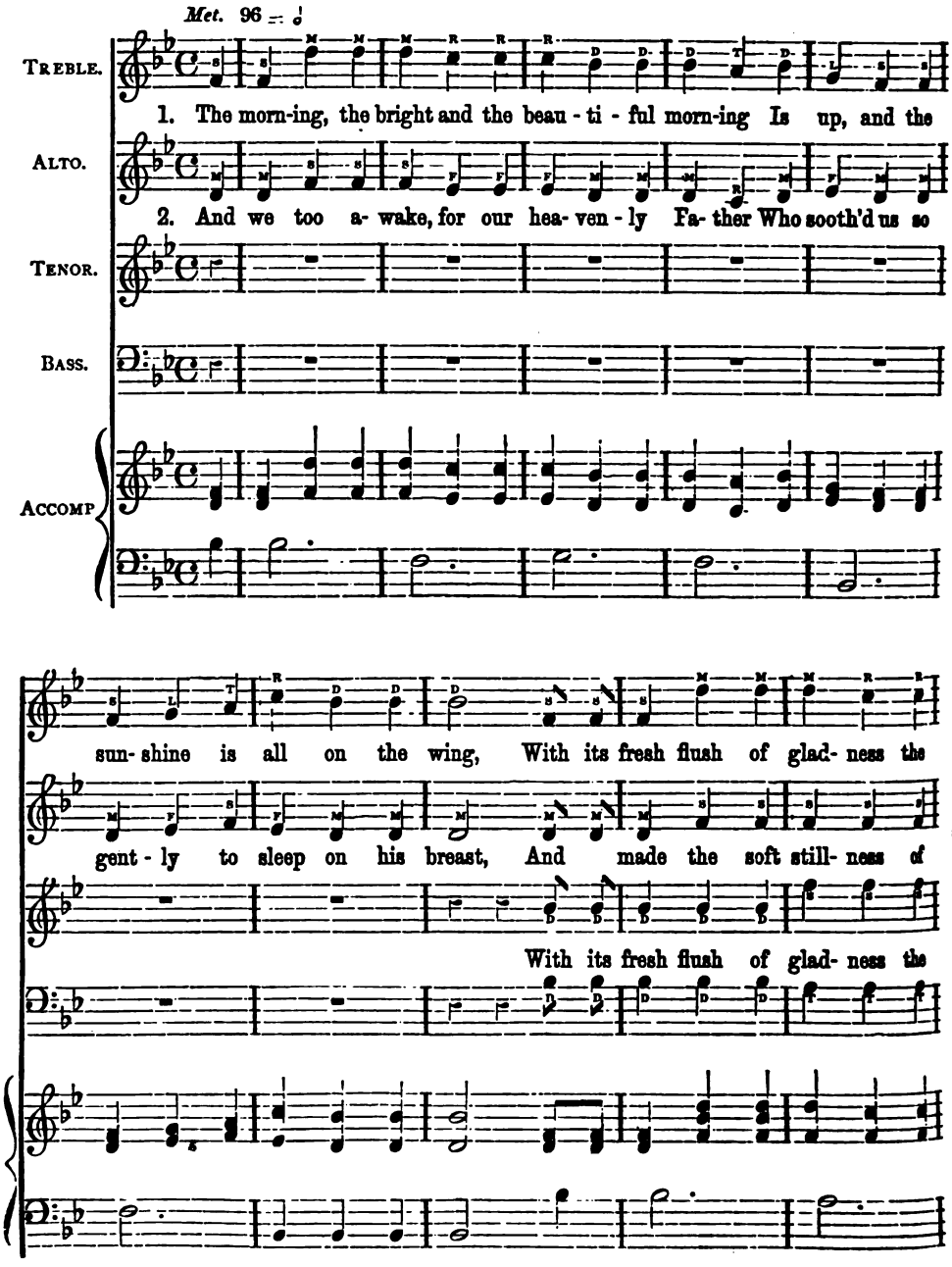
'Wearisome nights may be appointed to us?' 'He giveth songs in the night.'

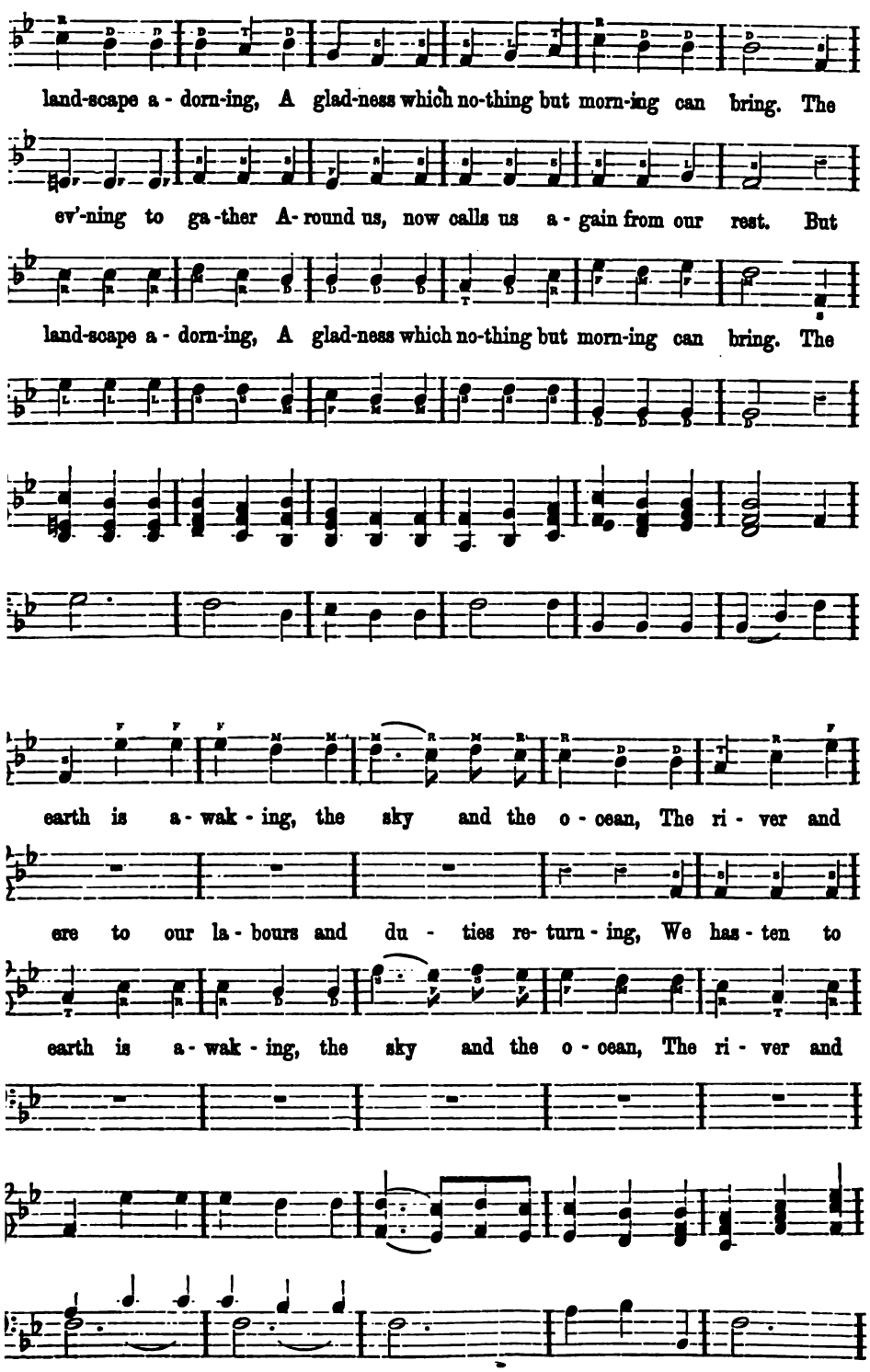
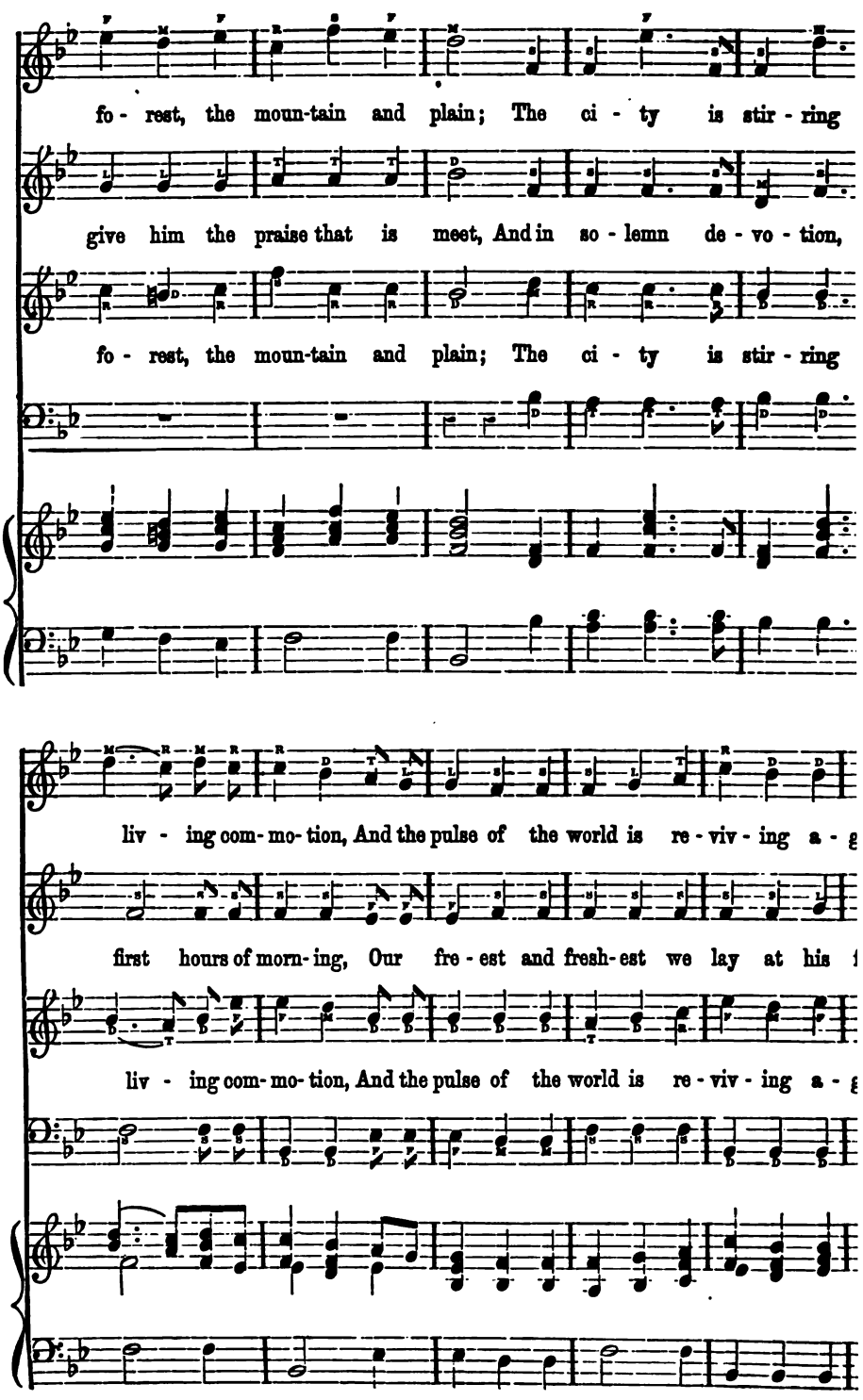
'Death will surely come. It knocketh alike at the lordly palace and the lowly cottage.' 'It is well with the righteous. Death is swallowed up in victory.'

'To the believer, every providence is but another stroke of the chisel upon the marble block, shaping it for its position in the heavenly temple.'

The Treasury Hymnal.

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Persian Melody.*

Met. 96 = ♩
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp
1. The morn-ing, the bright and the beau - ti - ful morn-ing Is up, and the
2. And we too a- wake, for our hea- ven - ly Fa- ther Who sooth'd us so
sun- shine is all on the wing, With its fresh flush of glad- ness the
gent - ly to sleep on his breast, And made the soft still- ness of
With its fresh flush of glad- ness the

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

land-scape a - dorn-ing, A glad-ness which no-thing but morn-ing can bring. The
ev'-ning to ga-ther A- round us, now calls us a - gain from our rest. But
land-scape a - dorn-ing, A glad-ness which no-thing but morn-ing can bring. The
earth is a - wak - ing, the sky and the o - cean, The ri - ver and
ere to our la - bours and du - ties re- turn - ing, We has - ten to
earth is a - wak - ing, the sky and the o - cean, The ri - ver and

fo - rest, the moun-tain and plain; The ci - ty is stir - ring
give him the praise that is meet, And in so - lemn de - vo - tion,
fo - rest, the moun-tain and plain; The ci - ty is stir - ring
liv - ing com- mo- tion, And the pulse of the world is re - viv - ing a - g
first hours of morn- ing, Our fre - est and fresh- est we lay at his
liv - ing com- mo- tion, And the pulse of the world is re - viv - ing a - g

THE HORRORS OF A HINDOO CITY.*

HUS separate from their Christian rulers, the native population of Calcutta follow their own religious faiths. Within the city probably 70,000 or 80,000 are Mo-ns, and 400,000 are Hindoos. The will add more than 200,000 to the d a few thousands to the former.

e realise what it is to belong to these to be brought up in them from child-learn their formulas, to share in their to have all religious belief moulded by see parents, relatives, neighbours, ng and following them without doubt; ng all who leave them as apostates mit black crimes, and denouncing eds as untrue? The Calcutta Moham-s a body are very ignorant of their There are many most respectable f landholders, lawyers, and merchants, ively well-taught. There are many rofessors, teachers, and scholars con-ith the Madrissa College; others who e acquaintance with Arabic literature; pious hadjis, who have accomplished image to Mecca. But the thousands eople are ignorant, and do not read d books. They may have learned the nula: 'There is no God but God, and ed is His prophet;' they may know a yers; they may know the proper the bendings, kneelings, and prostra-be performed at prayer; but they hing more. They rejoice in the festi-ey prepare the gay tizzias at the time Mohurrum in honour of Mohammed's ed grandsons, or chant the hymns, or piles of lights, or distribute the toys children, or let off the fire-works and rattle of the drums. They may fast e day-hours of the month of Ramazan, at the following Eed. They stand in the s of worshippers who gather at evening he court of the great mosque, and, at signal, bend and kneel and bow, and stand, and kneel again; or, as solitary ers, they may stand out upon the in, facing the setting sun, and kneel and mutter, and rise, and again fall . But beyond all these barren forms w nothing. Their minds are blinded. ghty self-sufficiency which, from the of the system, has been impressed its disciples; that thorough belief in ct completeness of its knowledge, and lessness of all information beyond it s become a settled article of their daily faith, has involved the natives of India s the natives of Arabia and Africa, to ; was first taught. No sect of re-s is so completely free from doubts, none so readily deny the truth of all other faiths. Inquiry, investigation, real search after truth, have died out of them. And the Christian missionary has to mourn not only that they are ignorant of the true character of God, of the story of His love, and of the way of life, but that eye and ear are so firmly closed against all entry of those great truths into their hearts. It is not the fault of missions that so little has been done hitherto among the disciples of Mohammed in all lands; it arises from the position of the people themselves, who, by the teaching of centuries, by the habits of centuries, have closed themselves round with adamantine walls, and allow no light to enter in.

The six hundred thousand Hindoos follow an altogether different system, and exhibit an altogether different state of mind. With all its exclusiveness, Hindooism has ever exhibited great freedom of speculation; many schools have risen up in the course of ages; many reformers have struck out new systems and gathered disciples around them. The philosophies of early days have never ceased to find followers, and exert a most powerful influence on the entire range of national thought and life down to the present day. But while they may influence dogma and principle, they do not determine the current faith of succeeding generations. That is simply idolatry. Hindoo idolatry has been a growing thing, and it has always been sinking lower and lower. It has grown more debased in the number of its gods, in the character ascribed to them, in the legends of their doings, and in the forms they are said to have assumed. The older images of gods and goddesses have something of manly beauty; but what image can be more ugly than Jagannath, or more ridiculously contemptible than Dakhin Roy. The ancient hymns had poetry in them, and fire; the later legends of Siva and Krishna are indescribably wicked; and in this respect the Hindoo books have furnished missionaries with a perfect armoury of offensive weapons, which they have not been slow to use.

The city of Calcutta contains one hundred and sixty-seven Hindoo temples, all small buildings, which simply enclose a shrine. One temple in ruins, at the northern part, is very ancient, and bears an honoured name. While the great temple of Kalighat, in the principal southern suburb, a temple of Siva and Kali, renowned for its power, is by far the most frequented of their many shrines, and receives a valuable amount of offerings. About twelve principal festivals are celebrated by the Hindoos at large during the year, and some of them occupy two or three days. The festival of Durga, in September, takes strictly four days, and its ceremonies, dances, and feasting are spread over a longer period. This is the chief family festival in Bengal. The image with its attendants is set up, Durga is called, she wakes, she comes, she is welcomed and treated as an

*ULLENS' 'London and Calcutta.' London: and Co.

honoured guest, sacrifices are offered, she is worshipped, the sacred feast is eaten, songs are sung, and dances are performed in her honour. Throughout the year the whole population bathe in the Ganges, assured that the holy water cleanses away their sins.

The heart and centre of all this worship is IDOLATRY. It is a system which at once breaks two commands; it has other gods beside the true; and it bows down to images and worships them. The doctrine and the practice are accepted by the whole people. They are an institution which every true Hindoo is bound to follow. The rules of caste, an evil of great magnitude in themselves, and deriving their sanction from the gods, bind the people to the maintenance of idolatry. The new school of educated men, who do not and cannot believe in the idols, yet feel compelled, at the great festivals especially, to bow down to the idols. They are often reproved by missionaries for so doing, and are charged with inconsistency; but if they are to maintain their social position among their caste-mates and companions, they must compromise themselves. It is because Christian converts cannot and will not bow down to the idols, and cannot keep the rules of caste, that they must leave the system altogether.

The Hindooism of Calcutta and Bengal is but the local extension of a system which has been growing for nearly three thousand years, and which in its fullest force must be seen in its original seat in northern India. Within the last hundred years it has come under the control of mighty influences from English public opinion and English public law, which greatly restrain its most evil institutions. When it had undisputed sway its cruelty and inhumanity produced an incalculable amount of human suffering. In Bengal alone hundreds of women every year were burnt on the funeral pyre. Along the whole line of the Ganges the sick were laid to die, and were often stifled by the mud that recovery might be rendered impossible. Infants were thrown into the sea at Saugor. Men drowned themselves at the junction of holy rivers. Pilgrims threw themselves beneath the car of Jagannath. Devotees hid themselves in the woods; clenched their hands till the nails pierced through; or lived among the funeral ashes; or hung themselves head downwards from the branches of trees; or lay on beds of spikes, or loaded themselves with iron chains. Where Hindooism required, its higher laws sacrificed family feeling, security of life, and public rights. The priesthood claimed all and kept all down; it was useless to gather wealth which could never be enjoyed; and the peasantry were poor in the extreme.

True to such an origin is the moral condition of the people at large; and in this Mohammedan and Hindoo do not greatly differ from one another. To say the least, the entire range of moral opinion in these native populations lies far below the general range of such opinion in any Christian country. Some native races are distinguished for their truthfulness, others for their freedom from drink. Hindoos may claim the latter position. But little else can be said in their favour. All their public institutions, their social life, their family ties, their private and individual thought and practice are influenced by their religion, are saturated with it, and manifest it in a thousand ways. It never taught them truthfulness; it exhibits the gods as models of impurity; it knows nothing of public spirit. The story has often been told, how Mr Ward's pundit, reading with him the first chapter of Romans, declared that the Apostle Paul had here exactly described the Hindoos. There are doubtless myriads of exceptions. Hindoo mothers are very loving; Hindoo men are kind-hearted and hospitable. Millions of Hindoo wives are faithful. But the practice in such cases is higher than public opinion. And the opposite prevails; the opposite is not greatly reprobated, and cannot publicly be punished.

All over the country the grown widows in villages form ties with widowers and others, and live faithfully, but Hindooism allows them no marriage rights. In the cities vice scarcely cares to hide itself. In the native town of Calcutta, on the most public roads, in the evening hours, may be seen long lines of women, 'loud and clamorous,' trying to seize every passer-by. At a native festival, while a dancing girl, in the midst of decent visitors, was going through the usual dull performance, a Bengali gentleman said to a missionary, 'Oh! she can do more badder than that.' Mr Bayle St John's account of life in Alexandria is low enough, but it does not exaggerate what may be seen among similar classes in Calcutta.

Nor is this all. The most dreadful stories are current in native society of the doings of individuals. Charges are brought against families as to the relation of the members with one another of the worst kind. Twenty years ago the native editor of a most respectable paper threatened to publish the initials of native gentlemen well known in certain families if their outrageous immoralities did not cease. Such evils are not unknown in London, but the extent to which they prevail, and yet are not reprobated, is very different in the two cases. Certain publications, which were laid before the Supreme Council with a view to legislation, were ten times worse, in the intensity of their wickedness, than the worst publications of Holywell Street. No buildings in Europe were ever ornamented with the figures which covered the temples in Orissa. No songs were ever sung in a London casino to be compared with the outrageous verses recited by the orator to the pilgrims drawing the car of Jagannath.

But these facts do not exhaust the subject. There are slums in London, known only to city missionaries and the men who work with them, in which violence and vice abound to a degree which cannot be told. But the slums of heathenism go a long way lower. They reach the very horrors of immorality. Rome knew them well. Delhi, Lucknow, Constantinople, know them yet; and the former cities had them

worse still before the puppet courts, with their myriads of profligate retainers, were swept away.

Travellers tell us that in Iceland everything bears in an intense degree the marks of the long and severe winters to which that strange island is perpetually exposed. The great rocks are rent by the mighty frosts; the land is broken up with them; there are no roads, and it is difficult to move about even a few miles. The people are few, and are left far behind in the general progress of the world. Of simple habits, they are separated from their fellow-men, and almost so from each other. In their great ignorance, in their small amount of enterprise, in their family habits, in the fewness of their wants, in the very smell of their houses, everywhere is seen the presence and influence of a mighty power which limits their labours, cuts them off from their fellow-men, and forms their life into a whole consistent with the circumstances in which they live. Such is the social and public life of the natives of India. Religious doctrine, priestly influence, individual and social morality, public opinion, the aims of life, all form a compact and complete whole. Action and reaction are ever at work. And for ages, all real power to elevate being absent, the moral tendency has been downward. The immorality of the people has invented wicked stories about their gods, and the stories have made the people more wicked still. A sadder picture was never presented to human eye. 'Tears such as angels weep' may well fall when we look at its inner meaning. Though noble races, with quick intelligence, speaking noble languages, possessed of deep feeling, of warm social affections, what has been set before them as their great aim in life? Hindooism has taught them to make money, that they may win merit, and so, in various migrations, may rise higher, higher, till they reach a perfect bliss in the heaven of Siva or Vishnu. Meanwhile they are not satisfied. What service fills them with delight? What joy, what hope have they in their relation to their Father in heaven? What comfort have these men and women in life's bitter sorrows? What real hope have they in death? They know not their Father as such. None ever taught them of His love; none ever told them how near He is, how full of tenderness and yearning. They have been left wandering and in darkness, and for ages and ages no man has cared for their souls.

In this compact mass of human error, amid the eight hundred thousand souls of the city of Calcutta, a people occupied, busy with life's work and with life's cares, are labouring thirty-four Christian missionaries. They belong to seven denominations, including two branches of the Church of England. Leaving to other ministers and clergy the special care of their fellow-countrymen, or giving to them but a portion of their own service, they devote their time and thought and labour specially and directly to the natives of the city. The Mohammedan population they touch but lightly; their usefulness lies almost entirely among the Hindoos, Bengalis strictly so called. In these labours they are joined by twenty-five native catechists, by six native ministers, and probably twenty Christian teachers in schools. Apart from the converts that have been gathered, there have been built twelve small chapels in various parts of the city, for preaching to the heathen. These are small buildings of plain appearance, of which the largest will hold about a hundred and fifty people. During each week about thirty such preaching services are held in them, at which probably fifteen hundred persons hear the gospel. Perhaps some few return again and again every week. The majority hear but once; and except that once, very many never listen to the gospel throughout their lives.

For the young people of the city the missionaries maintain twelve English schools, of which four hold a conspicuous position, and have their names on the records of the University. They are the Free Church Institution, the Institution of the General Assembly, the Cathedral College, and the London Missionary Society's Institution at Bhowanipore. The Serampore College and its work lie beyond the district now specially described. These twelve institutions and schools contain four thousand scholars, of whom four hundred are receiving a college education. They are all taught both the English and Bengali languages. They study all the ordinary subjects of a sound education; read Milton and Macaulay, Grote, Arnold, and De Morgan; are carefully taught the Scriptures; and read books on the evidences, such as Butler, Paley, and Chalmers. Some twenty vernacular schools are maintained in various parts of the city, with six hundred boys, the training in which is very simple. Female education has in recent years occupied much attention. Opportunities have been given to several ladies to give systematic instruction in the native family houses, and a large number of women and girls belonging to respectable families have been regularly visited for the purpose. For forty years a Bengali Christian literature has been under systematic preparation by the able Tract Society; and the improvement and circulation of the Bengali and other Scriptures have been the special care of the Baptist Mission, and of the Calcutta Bible Society. During these forty years, notwithstanding all denominational drawbacks, the union of affection and hearty co-operation in common labours have been exhibited by the Calcutta missionaries to a remarkable degree. To a very small extent have the Hindoos witnessed division among them; in almost every form of effort, they find in them the same spirit, the same aim; they hear the same great doctrines; and with the converts of every mission, the missionaries of other missions have often sympathised and rejoiced.

(*To be continued.*)

Gems from F. W. Krummacher.

1. THE more completely a man has found in Christ his all in all, the more distinctly will he manifest a knowledge of pure truth. Christians who fancy they must possess partly in themselves the ground of their acceptance with God, will always, more or less, carry about them something of boastfulness and display. For the sake, indeed, of their hope of heaven it is, as they think, absolutely requisite, that they should be seen invariably in a certain godly attire, as also it must be of no little moment to them, to hear pronounced by others the sweet opinion, that they are pious, and anointed and righteous people. Alas! it is indeed in the sand of self-glory that their anchor rests: what wonder that they are ever occupied with shovels or brooms to keep it in a perfect heap together. With those who have grace, it is otherwise: they are free royal people, elevated above the judgment of others as they are above their own heart, by the consciousness that as their heart condemns them not, God is greater than their heart, and knows all things. These do not give themselves up to frivolous reliance upon self-works. Rich in golden virtues in Christ, they value not all those copper coins, as they are not taken into account in the great balancing of accounts before the Lord, because there, besides the merits of the citizenship, none others will either be required or admitted.

2. With a mocking air he addresses 'the man of God,' and repeats the history to render more conspicuous the rancour of his unbelief. 'Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?' There we have a man of whom we might suppose he had sucked of the milk of our age! In our time there exist many such persons, who would submit rather to the acknowledgment of every sin and shame, than to that of a miracle-working God; who do not blush to degrade their tongue into a sewer of the filthiest language, but who cannot without a blushing shame, pronounce the name of God, where it must be done earnestly; but oh! how happy are they if they can make use of the expressions,—nature, fatality, heaven, and so forth, in order therewith, as with tacking sails, to slur past that name in the most convenient style; and if they had no other choice left, they would infinitely prefer that their moral character should fall under suspicion, than their so-called intellectual enlightenment.

3. O, be assured, that unbelief, however fondly a man may try to represent it to himself as the effect of profound research and observation, is, at the bottom, nothing else than an entrenchment which, following very gloomy counsel, sinful man has thrown up for himself, in order that behind it he may pursue the broad path of vanity, more unmolested by his conscience. It is not acuteness of mind, such as the so-called freethinker would fain have ascribed to himself, which is the first and immediate source of unbelief; the source is rather the corrupt heart, sold under sin. Rationalism is rooted in the disposition, not in the intellect.

4. Proceed onwards towards Golgotha, without tarrying, the grave of your transgressions, and seek there release from your sins! Do not, when tribulation surrounds you, let yourself be led captive by fear and dejection. Journey on! A day of jubilee will succeed to the season of weeping! Soar up in spirit into the light of that day, and be blessed in hope! Journey on, whether you are deficient in this thing or that. Do not stand sighing before the empty chest; rouse yourself, and repair to the rich store-house above, where everything is prepared, and you will ever be gladly welcomed! Journey on, in spirit lifted above everything that may here benight and oppress you. On! on! through the realm of want into the region of redemption, where you are expected; through the day of toil to the great Sabbath; past imperfect works to perfect works; through death into life; through the grave into the paradise of joy and delight! But behold, you already journey on, and all that is in you already bears the staff of pilgrimage. Your sighs ascend to the throne of grace; your faith soars to Christ; your love points to the eternal magnet; your longing is to the perfected community of God; your hopes rise above the childish trifling of earth to the kingdom of glory, and you yourself are about to enter upon the pilgrimage to the grand coronation feast, and your eternal glorification. Blessed company of pilgrims! Yes, journey on! Journey on!

5. O thou blessed security, in which we have to rejoice through Christ. There is no storm, whose power breaks not in Him; no evil, which is not transformed by Him into a blessing. He extends for us over all chasms the bridge of His Almighty protection: He bears us on eagle's wings over rivers and mountains. The prospect of the future of our life, is clear and serene until beyond the day of judgment. The stones of stumbling are removed from our path, and the ambuscades portending danger are disbanded, or at least, disarmed. O, happy then are those who, escaped from the errors of the world, have cast their anchor on the bright shore of the eternal gospel, and supported by the Friend who promises and provides everything, walk on the road of their pilgrimage, which leads to the city of golden streets. It is in the ranks of these pilgrims, and here only, where is sung the great song of victory: 'O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!'

CHILDREN OF FAITH.

2 KINGS vi. 13–17.

(*Continued from page* 148).

BUT there are many others of the mighty, against whom I would recommend your bringing to bear as a device the word of Deborah. There exist among you yet many ces, doubts, and scruples; and these are ighty and spiritual destroyers. Thus oubt whether we may pray uncondi- y for aught we require, after the scrip- as even affirmed the question in the lecided manner: 'And all things what- ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye eceive' (Matt. xxi. 22); thus it says, it attaching to this word any limited reakening clause. You feel a doubt er all promises of the divine word are to you, whilst such must of course be stood to be so, inasmuch as they are ively given 'to the seed of Abraham,' is, 'Christ,' and whoever believes in , is one with Him. It appears to you or a man to declare, 'I can do all things h Christ which strengtheneth me' (Phil.); whilst in all the saints of the New nent this consciousness exists, and we are ss expressly encouraged to believe the n our heart. You ask anxiously if it is ted to enjoy an uninterrupted peace, behold it is not only permitted but mended, nay, commanded: 'And let the of God rule in your hearts, to the which e are called in one body; and be ye ful' (Colos. iii. 15). You foster mean- d scruples as to whether a constant t in the Lord is consistent with the y of sanctification; and yet it is written, the joy of the Lord is your strength!' ou doubt whether internal Christianity able of growth and farther development, , nevertheless, you hear the apostles say, after time, Watch the inward man; in- in the work of the Lord! and as their further say: Therefore call together and all these anxious doubts and scruples in , light them with the torch of the Gospel your eye, set your foot upon the neck of for they needlessly embitter and trouble life in the Lord, and let them also hear ords, 'O my soul, thou hast trodden strength!'

Yes, whatever may inimically draw itself around you, whatever may surround you threateningly and closely, whether spirits or men, circumstances or thoughts, let them shrink and be terrified who have no God and no promises; but be you manly and conscious of the nobleness of your position. An 'Alas and woe, my God!' does not become those who sit under the shelter of the Almighty. Walk in harmony with a gospel which entwines around your brow the wreaths of the victory of your king, and let your crest bear the inscription—'*O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!*'

'Alas, my master!' Thus cries out the boy; but he mistakes if he thinks to find in his slumbering master a participator in his alarm. The cry of need breaks to pieces against the mighty pillars which support Elisha's peace, and only sharpens in him the consciousness of his security in God. It only needs that the æolian harp of the soul be properly struck, and then the storm, not less than the zephyr, will draw from it harmonious sounds. There are choirs of temples in whose echo each vibration becomes a solemn euphony. Such a choir was the faith-filled breast of Elisha. Certainly the prophet awakes up from his sleep; but his awaking is like a serene, care-free child, yea, like the sun at dawn of day when it ascends in triumphant calmness over the mist of early morn. With an equanimity in the lineaments of his countenance which might have hushed an ocean of anxiety and care, he rises from his couch and follows the boy to the window. Then he beholds the surrounding host beneath and feels no doubt as to whom this blockade is meant for; but he sees also something still more than that, and says to the terrified servant, with the calmest self-possession, 'Fear not! for they that be with us are more than they that be with them!' What an evidence of conscious security! Elevated expression of faith! Elisha accepts in full confidence what stands written as the peculiar privilege of the elect of God. The promises of the word are to him bills of exchange as good as ready gold. He at once dashes to the ground each gainsaying experience as a merely unsubstantial APPEARANCE. 'The Lord has said this and that; and so it will happen, though some-

thing else appeared a thousand times more probable.'

He is no fool to decline in false humility the elevated and secure position which is appointed for him in the scriptures. If God will therein show the abundance of His love by surrounding him, a sinner, with heavenly guards, he is content. He willingly yields himself as an object and example of the eternal mercy; for in his greatness the name of the Lord is glorified, and in his elevation triumphs the grace of the Lord. 'There are more with us than with them!' This consciousness is the holy source whence all true divine heroism is derived; it is the consecrated fountain concealed in the heart, whence flows that silent chivalry without fear and without reproach, which was shown to us by so many witnesses of Christ in ancient times, who seemed like beings of a higher and superhuman order. How much of spiritual wonder is presented to you in a Huss, a Luther, a Calvin, and other heroes of the kingdom, the fruit of the strong and fertile roots of that faith! With the sword of this faith the great triumph of the Reformation was achieved, and continually will he maintain the field, were hundreds of thousands to oppose, who knows how to meet them with that watchword.

After Elisha, in proud tranquillity, had addressed to the trembling boy that word of encouragement, he raised in supplication his eyes to heaven, and said: 'Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes that he may see!' And scarcely has he pronounced the prayer, when—O, how is the boy wonder struck! Is he dreaming or awake? Behold! behold! what a scene strikes upon his astonished eyes! Within an inner circle of the mountain another camp is drawn around, a camp of protection and defiance; but not of this world. A heavenly host lies like an illumining belt around the height; beaming forms of angels, etherial horses of fire, and chariots of war as if formed out of enchained lightnings. The Syrians do not observe it, but Elisha beheld it at the first glance; and the boy as well sees it now. What is it? It is no phantom, my beloved, nor any unsubstantial representation. It is actual, real; a celestial power, which does not appear first to the internal vision of the boy, but before the boy observed it, was already prepared for him outwardly. But why did he not perceive it sooner? You hear, it was because his eyes had not been opened sooner. The eyes of faith? No, not so; it is here the question of seeing and not of faith. It was then his corporeal eyes, which here experienced a miraculous sharpening, or even participated in a momentary glorification by the power of which they suddenly possessed *the capability of penetrating* even through the veil of the world of spirits? Or, is there lying dormant in every man another pair of eyes besides the external corporeal ones? Or do we possess altogether another inward being like the outward one, but formed of totally dissimilar ethereal substance, and enwrapped by the outward, earthly corporality as by a coarser covering? And perhaps it is this inward being, which in this state of clear-sightedness proves itself active and free in so many undoubted instances? It is to such a being perhaps that the apostolical words allude: 'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (2 Cor. v. 1).

You ask more my beloved, than I can venture to answer with certainty. We are placed here in a world, the secrets of which are withdrawn from our present view. But it needs only a certain opening of our eyes and we behold even spirits. And O, how would many amongst us be joyfully surprised, if suddenly they were able to penetrate through the veil that conceals all around them. They feel themselves solitary and desolate in their private sorrows, and behold, the truest friend would stand at their side, watching over them with looks of grace and favour. They fancy themselves thrown upon their own resources, and sacrificed to the whims and caprices of a blind fate, and instead of that they would find themselves led by the hand by an Almighty Parent. They complain of an abandonment, and talk tremblingly and dismayed of lost posts at which they were stationed, and all at once they would perceive a wall of fire around them and superhuman invincible heroes would guard the place they occupy. Thus would their cry of alarm soon be changed into shouts of joy and victory, and the 'Alas, my master, how shall we do?' into a courageous and decided 'They that be with us are more than they that be with them!'—Your eyes would then behold those who live beyond the community of God, and who nevertheless, with a groundless 'Peace! peace! There is no danger!' pass onwards. O, the horrid groups, for the sight of which, these must prepare themselves. Instead of being surrounded by blessed angels, they would be environed by powers of the Abyss. In the guiding reins of the prince of darkness they would proceed along downward paths, paths of damnation and death, and a horrible rabble, laughing in scorn, would keep them prisoners till the yet more horrible catastrophe.

Thus then were they real objects that the boy beheld? Indisputably so. But what say you at seeing a single mortal stand so highly with God, that the sending of a heavenly army

appear an extraordinary expedition
done for the security of this man;
holding a whole city divinely pro-
that one reason, namely, because
guest happens to be within its walls?
thought forced upon you here, that
ited favour of Jehovah towards him
essarily be produced by something
his personal excellence, which is still
, and abundantly polluted? Does not
ising distinction of a poor sinner lead
k beyond him for the cause of this
n, and do we not see that it is
for the righteousness of a third
And justification through faith here
ps forward, and alone amply solves
ent enigma in such an elevation of a
n. Upon this every thing is founded
fall to the lot of the children of God;
supported the blessed consciousness,
hat was given to the greatest in the
of heaven, the lesser have a share,
hey all shine in one dress; from it
us the cheerful contentment with
hild-like and fearless, we partake
hesitation of the 'undeserved, un-
kindness' we receive from the hands

ication in Christ makes a complete
is the source of true courage which
hakes. It joins to the purest humility
sacred consciousness of self. It con-
to true freedom. A justified mortal
lifted above his infirmities as well as
virtues. Of the former, which no
file him in the sight of God, however
e may judge them, he no longer makes
of the latter, upon which he no longer
before God, he, like the possessor of
vith his copper coin, makes no account.
mankind; but he trembles not before
gment. He serves the Lord in them;
thanks he bears, with pure mind, to
of Jesus. He knows he is in good
ith God, and in this consciousness he
mortal's face, and stands wherever
tand, without mask and undismayed
e of the whole world. He does not
l of his divine dignity and instruction
after the vain glittering objects, to
hich the world takes so much trouble.

With magnanimous view and character, he rises above its cares and designs, and fears no longer death, because he is no longer subject to it as the punishment for sin; neither does he dread the downfall of the world, because he is for ever sheltered in God. He already lives in the period of eternal life, which is not shortened or interrupted by the death of the body, he is only disincarcerated and released. He prays with full confidence, as a child that knows its father;—he receives joyfully and freely. He fights with a free conscience, certain of victory. He looks fearless on every storm, because he knows who dwells in that storm. He is not anxious about the continued duration of the church, for he knows the plan and power of its head. Much less does he care for the individual duration of his own life; for he is, body and soul, no longer his own, but God's. Thus he stands a truly free man, uncrushed by necessity; assured of the most blessed result; unbent amidst ignominy and scorn; tranquil and reserved amidst injustice and misapprehension; careless, where all is care; firm and composed amidst threatening danger; humbled, but unterrified at the tribunal; stronger than death and more triumphant than hell.

Yea, if there is aught on earth which merits the name of true magnanimity, it is rooted in a conscience perfected in the blood of Christ. Such a conscience gives that firmness and gait, which we must call, even under the jacket of a labourer, royal. This inward freedom produces those powerful minds which, wherever they appear, immediately make their silent but triumphant influence felt upon the soul. Such men of God are capable of reproducing for us the angel-appearances of former times. Their deep energetic serenity sinks into our hearts and attends us in action. Their presence gives us courage, calms us, and raises us with them to their more elevated paths. Words, phrases, and gesticulations do not effect this. Pretend to be bold and joyful in faith as you please it still has no effect. The wonder-working power lies alone in the inward truth. Without this, we remain in the richest spiritual preparation, as 'clouds without water.' Be really bold in God, and though silent you will stand for thousands as a desired watch-tower!

DREAM OF FREDERICK, THE ELECTOR OF SAXONY.

THE following remarkable dream of the Elector of Saxony (Frederick), I find in Godfried Arnold's '*Kirchen und Ketzar Historien*' (History of the Church and Heresies), printed in Schaffhausen, in A.D. 1740; where it was written as having been related by the Elector himself to his brother, Duke John, and his Chancellor E. L. . . . . Here is the dream:—

'As I was lying upon my bed in the evening, somewhat faint and tired; while I was praying I soon fell asleep, and slept soundly, and rested comfortably for about the space of two and a half hours, after which I awoke considerably refreshed. I lay upon my bed, and had all manner of thoughts, and among other things, I reflected how I might fast to the honour of all beloved saints, as well as myself and my courtiers. I also prayed for the poor souls in purgatory, and concluded in my mind to come to their aid and assistance in their flames. I also prayed to God for grace, that He might lead me and my counsellors, and my country, into all truth and save us, and that He would control, by His omnipotent power, the evil designs of those who would make our government troublesome. Being filled with such thoughts, soon after midnight I fell asleep again, and soon commenced dreaming. I dreamed that God sent a monk, with a fine honest countenance, to me. This monk was the Apostle Paul's natural son, and had for his attendants, by God's command, all the beloved saints, who were to bear witness to the monk, that there was no deception in him, but that certainly he was sent from God; that God commanded me to allow this monk to write something upon the chapel of my castle at Wittenburg; that if I would do so I should never be sorry for it. I told the monk through my Chancellor, that as God had commanded me to let him write, and as he had such powerful evidence, he might write all that he was commanded to write. Immediately the monk began to write, and made his letters so large that I could know them here in Schweinnitz (at this place, about four miles from Wittenburg, the Elector was at the time he had this dream), and used a pen so long that the other end of it reached to Rome, and penetrated into the ear of a lion which lay there, so forcibly that it came out at the other ear, and then extended still further, until it came in contact with the triple crown of his holiness the Pope, and gave it such a powerful shock that it begun to shake, and to fall from the head of his holiness. E. L. and myself stood not far from his holiness at the time, and as his crown was falling I stretched forth my hand to assist him in keeping it in its place. At this I awoke, holding up my arm, a good deal frightened and angry at the monk, because he did not guide his pen more carefully; but upon a little reflection, I found it was a dream.

'I was still full of sleep, and soon m were shut again, and I fell into a sound and, before I was aware of it, the same appeared to me again the second time; had again to do with the monk. I saw l continued to write; and with the stump pen he kept on stinging the lion and the At this the lion roared most dreadfully, a whole city of Rome, and all the ranks and in the holy kingdom came running to the to see what this was. The Pope req those ranks and orders to restrain the and inform me of the violence he was do his holiness, because this monk was country. Here I awoke the second tim my dream, and marvelled that I had dr it again.

'I did not, however, suffer this thi trouble my mind, but prayed that God preserve his holiness the Pope from all and thus I fell asleep again the third The monk appeared to me again, and thi we endeavoured hard to break the monk' and to lead the Pope out of its way; bu more we exerted ourselves to break th the more inflexible it became, and the n rattled and jarred as though it were in rattled and jarred so much that it hu ears, and penetrated my heart. Finally, came vexed and tired of it, and we ga and went away, one after another, and hi selves, fearing that the monk might be a do more than eat bread, that he might pe do us some harm. Notwithstanding, I c to be inquired of the monk how he ca possession of that wonderful pen, and wh the reason that it was so tough and solid answered, that it was taken from an old mian goose a hundred years ago, and tl old schoolmaster of his had honoured hi presenting it to him, requesting him tha cause it was a good pen, he should keep i use it in remembrance of him; that he h had tempered it; that the reason why i so long and strong was, because no man take away the spirit from it, nor drain th out of it, as was the case with other pens this he himself was greatly astonished.

'Soon after this a great cry arose, th of this great pen of the monk numberless writing pens had grown in Wittenburg that it was amusing to see how learnec strove and contended about it; that pe them thought that, in the course of time, of these pens would become as inflexibl strong as the one in the monk's hand; an something remarkable would certainly i this monk and his pen. I now concluded dream (the sooner the better), to have sonal conversation with the monk. I from my dream and found that it was mo Wondering at my dream, I reflected up and the fact that it was repeated three

ıccession in one night, made a deep impres-
on my mind.'

This dream the Elector dreamed on the
ıt before Luther began to write against
sel. The author of the book whence it is
n interprets it in the following manner:—

1. The monk with a fine honest countenance
uther, who caused the triple crown to shake
he head of the Pope.

2. His being called the natural son of the
stle Paul, was because he preached the doc-
e of justification by faith, through the mercy
od, with the same energy against Popery as
did against those who sought justification
he deeds of the law in his day.

His long pen, taken from a Bohemian goose
ndred years before, refers to John Huss
Huss, in the Bohemian language, means a goose), who had been burned at a council, held at Constance a hundred years before, as an arch heretic, and at which time he delivered the following prophecy: '*To-day you roast a goose, but a hundred years hence there will come a swan which you will not roast.*' This was accomplished one hundred years after the death of Huss, when Luther arose to sing his evangelical Swan-song.

4. That the monk's pen could not be broken, was because its spirit could not be taken away; that is, while God's Spirit was with him in the work, through whom Luther not only received courage to commence the great work, but has himself carried it on, and will continue it until the end of time,—no opposition that can be brought against it will be successful.

—*Translated from the German.*

Songs in the Night.

II.

EXODUS XIII. 21.

PERCHANCE the presence of the Lord,
In days when health was given,
A cloudy pillar seemed to us
Between the earth and heaven.

Throwing on all the glory there
A covering, which allured us
Forward to press, and see those joys
Of which the Word assured us.

Yet even then the world's false snares
Our earthly hearts were pressing,
To turn from off the narrow road,
And lose the promised blessing.

But, when the night of sorrow came,
And all the world had left us:
When sickness, with its chilling blight
Of strength, and song, bereft us:

When day by day our soul's worst foes
Their cruel watch were keeping,
And we, too helpless for the fray,
Just trod our path in weeping;

Did not a glorious Presence then
In burning flame hang o'er us;
Throwing a golden thread of light
Upon the path before us:

And upward in the darksome night
A flush of glory sending,
Reveal unto our longing sight
The land to which we're tending.

O! if to guide us here below,
So clear a light is given,
What will it be to see it shine
Without a cloud in heaven

A. M.

THE HORRORS OF A HINDOO CITY.

(*Continued from page* 154).

THE educational efforts of missionaries in Calcutta have proved of special value. With the growing and now very great demand for a good English education, it would have been a fatal mistake to allow broad systems of instruction to grow up on unsound principles. The example set by missionaries, the views they advocated, the objections they offered, have in this respect done invaluable service. To their efforts are largely due the sound basis on which now rest the regulations of the Calcutta University; the greatly improved tone of education in the government colleges and schools; the high character of the standards and authorities studied in these institutions; and as a result, the generally healthy tone and character of the numerous English schools taught entirely by the natives themselves. Quite apart from the converts they have won, the influence which Christian teaching has had in moulding the education, the knowledge, views, and general public opinion of the fifty thousand educated gentlemen of Bengal, has been of the highest kind. Had they done nothing else (and they have done a great deal more), all the time, labour, and money they have devoted to education would have been thoroughly well spent. One word may be added here about the Government colleges and schools, and similar non-Christian institutions. To say that their education makes infidels (as some continue to assert in England), is to employ harsh and unjust language. It might have been used twenty years ago. Some of the early principals and teachers of Government colleges exercised on the minds of their students a very baneful influence. But for a long time the English staff of the colleges has been of a high order. Not only has it been joined by scholars of repute in the home universities, but men of piety also have been numbered among the professors; and an excellent general education has been given, with a moral tone far higher than that of former days. The students and scholars of both Government and native schools are in constant intercourse with missionaries; in large numbers they attend the lectures specially prepared for young men; and both copies of the Scriptures and of suitable Christian books are widely circulated among them and are read.

One special result of missionary labour in Calcutta and its immediate suburbs is seen in the fourteen native churches that have been gathered, containing five hundred communicants, and a nominal Christian community of one thousand six hundred individuals. These converts have been drawn from various grades of society. A few are domestic servants; several are connected with printing-offices; many are employed as clerks in Government or mercantile offices, and a considerable number are enjoying very respectable pay. An unusual proportion are the fruit of Christian education, and have been torn with hard struggles of feeling, and with a martyr's sacrifices, from the families and homes that were held very dear. Many have tried to accompany or to follow them, and have found the trial too hard. But a goodly number have borne the fiery test, and have helped to build up the native churches with strength. Good progress has been made in their Church funds. Though zealous as Christians, many of them are most respected among their Hindoo fellow-clerks; and a small band of them have been ordained as ministers of the gospel.

Allowing all this; recognising the full value of the work carried on, of the instructions given, the personal influence exercised, the results gathered, what does it all amount to? In a vast city, containing eight hundred thousand Mohammedans and idolators, are labouring thirty-four missionaries with fifty native companions. How disproportionate the effort! how modest the results! We know the four thousand five hundred boys and young men whom they influence daily; but what impression is made upon the one thousand five hundred heathen hearers who 'by chance' listen once to a Bengali sermon, and never hear such an appeal again? What impression is made on the hundreds who get possession of a Christian book and never have it definitely explained? 'What are these among so many?' It is not five barley loaves among five thousand, but among five hundred thousand; and the 'twelve' disciples are no longer 'twelve' to aid in the distribution. Where, then, is the special likelihood that a native of Calcutta will get to hear the gospel, while Englishmen at home remain neglected? Where are the special privileges which the Bengali enjoys? Where is the evidence that even a peculiar interest is felt by any one in his spiritual condition and wants? We shall see on a later page how any six earnest churches do for London more than all that is done by all churches for Calcutta; we shall see that in various forms of missionary effort they expend more money, and in unpaid labour, added to that money, employ ten times the amount of Christian agency. The Christian workers in London labour amid endless facilities for progress, and under God's blessing make it rapidly. The Christian missionaries of Calcutta are overwhelmed by numbers; their people are caste-ridden, idolaters, prejudiced, blinded; they can only become Christians under penalties, and, except a few thousand, rarely ever see a Christian at all. Better a thousand times be an Englishman in Cornwall, in the Black Country, or in Suffolk;

a thousand times be an Englishman in
ıgton Potteries, in Lambeth, or Bethnal
, than a bigoted Mohammedan in Calcutta,
riest-ridden, caste-bound Hindoo.
t Calcutta is in many respects favoured.
much darker the case in other parts of
and in other parts of the world! Look
t INDIA. It is nearly as large as Europe,
almost as densely peopled. It contains
y great cities, with over a hundred thou-
eople each. Cities with over thirty thou-
are spread all over the empire. Towns
a few thousands may be numbered by
eds, and the villages are all but innumer-
Except the three capitals and seaports,
y has more than ten missionaries. Widely
th has been spread, millions upon millions
never seen a missionary. Till ten years
missionary had ever settled in Rajpoo-
no missionary in the province of Oude.
wo hundred millions of souls, with all
errors, the work of centuries, with all
vices, all their tendencies to evil culti-
, indulged, and transmitted for centuries,
e that favoured empire. Pass on to the
of CHINA, full of life and activity, of
ıt industry and well-applied skill. Over
rtile provinces are spread four hundred
ns of human beings. A few great cities,
Canton, contain half a million; or, like
ow and Peking, a complete million of
Huge towns may be counted by hundreds,
l and well built, with narrow streets, the
filled with goods. The rivers swarm with
and trade flourishes on every side. The
r affections have taught the people law for
ries. Philosophy has abounded; learned
ıave sought to find truth and the way to
n. Taonist, Confucian, and Buddhist have
ined to lead China upward; but China has
scovered the secret of happiness: the land
of idols, the respect for elders has pro-
l the worship of ancestors, and no people
ore destitute of a real hope in death.
ıss on to TARTARY, with its wandering
; to SIBERIA, with its scattered few.
at JAPAN, with its active millions; pass
BORNEO, and JAVA, and the CELEBES, rich
terial wealth, and filled with men needing
and truth and mercy.
eturn to civilised EUROPE, with its vast
, provinces, and nations, bound fast in
c and Popish errors, longing for liberty
waking up to it; but priest-ridden, un-
ıt, filled with evil-doing, still wandering
om God. Pass over to the vast continent
UTH AMERICA, to which the free gospel is
ıt unknown. Look to AFRICA, given up to
ulman bigotry and tyranny, to the crush-
ruelty of the slave-dealer; to a depth of
ement, and of wrong and misery, that
ɔt be surpassed elsewhere.
Let us add to this enumeration some con-
on of the *variety* of the evil-doers. In one
there is subtle speculation; in another,
vice; here utter indifference, there wild
icism. In one tribe crushing ignorance;
ıother, daring philosophy and luxuriant
imagination. Some there are, who, under the stimulus of history and myth, are virtual adorers of humanity, as the Confucianist and the northern Buddhist; others, without tradition, or love, or duty, cherish no reverence, and fear no evil. The regiments of the prince of this world wear various uniforms: the mutineers in God's army are widespread and bear divers colours; they speak a hundred tongues, and are scattered over the whole world. Amid varieties that we have to contend against, and the sin that we know to be grieving the heart of Immanuel, let us not forget to characterise the sympathisers with evil who are in our homes and at our side. Let us not omit to notice the men who find in the variety of the mutineers some arguments against the legitimacy of the great King, who give to these forms of evil-doing gentle names; who are hopeless about the work of their reduction, and give it up in despair. There is indeed an utter worldliness which seems regaled with the idea of the inefficiency of all missionary operations, which covers its hatred to Christ under the form of philosophical and judicious disapproval of Christian missions; which never loses an opportunity of instilling prejudices against their claims, of impugning their usefulness, and sneering at their work.'*

Appalling as the picture is, still blacker, darker shades of wrong may yet be reached. YEH, with Chinese inhumanity, may behead his eighty thousand 'rebels.' KAMRASI and his fellows, THEODORE, and tyrants like him, may kill and burn and slay; the slave-dealers may break up homes, and crush out life and rights to multiply their gains; centuries of violence and wickedness may have debased the tribes of Africa till their limbs and brain and features have been moulded to the semblance of the animals to which brutality has crushed them down. But it belongs to the islands of Polynesia to present the blackest picture which earth has ever yet found.

'I saw men (says an English sailor quoted by Captain Erskine) led along and descend into the holes that were dug out for the posts of the king's house, and *then buried up with the posts alive.* I observed this; and in order not to be deceived, I ran up close to one of the posts, into the hole of which I had seen a man descend, and there I saw, notwithstanding their hurry to cover the man with earth, his arms round the post, and his head quite clear. In answer to the questions I put respecting this, they said, the palace could not stand long, if people were not to sit down and continually hold the posts up.

'As soon as it was rumoured that the disobedient subjects of Rewa were there, the Rewa people persuaded the chief to allow them to surprise them in the night, and, lashing them hand and foot, *use them the next day for ways or rollers for their canoes*, that were to be hauled across the isthmus. As they proposed, so it

* Notes on the Christian Life, by the Rev. H. R. Reynolds.

was done, and upwards of forty were secured. They were laid out at the same distance from each other as they were in the habit of laying the ordinary rollers, and then the scene commenced. The cries and screams of the first few that were crushed were completely drowned by the hauling song; but when the song became less clamorous, one could hear distinctly the piercing shrieks for half a mile. At last it entirely seemed to subside, and a man that was in the house in which I was sitting assured me it was all over. I accompanied this man to the place. . . . . When I had seen this a kind of spell seemed to come over me, and I walked back, looking at the bodies that the larger parts of the canoes were lying upon. They were all lying face upwards. . . . .'

With what appalling fidelity has the prophecy been fulfilled: 'Behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people!' Through all the early centuries of classic days, as the 'nations, people, and tongues' became more numerous, their idolatries, their crimes, their vices, spread more widely over the surface of the world. Through all the ages that preceded the Reformation, that population grew thicker, spread out more widely, and subdued the earth to its use in regions never trodden till then. While the Gospel was growing in its strength, slowly conquering to itself science, literature, law, giving a public spirit to nations, originating gifts and deeds and institutions of philanthropy, the area of ignorance, vice, and barbarism, the area of pernicious error, of battle with the truth, was spreading more widely; and thus the sum of earth's wickedness and of human misery was ever on the increase. Continents unknown were occupied with unknown tribes. The very isles of the sea were filling with people, and the habitable parts of the earth were found all over its broad surface. The darkness grew deeper and more dense; the evils reached to giant magnitude. But another prophecy was fulfilled: 'The Lord shall arise on thee, and His glory shall be seen of thee.' The revival of the Church has increased amazingly the grasp of Christian truth on all civilised lands. Another prophecy is coming true: 'The Gentiles shall come to thy light; and kings to the brightness of thy rising.' Christianity is already master. Christian truth is already the one advancing power in the earth. All the most potent influences that govern the world are being brought under its control. Even in the blackest and most cruel of the realms of barbarism the light of His countenance shall lift the veil, and 'the isles shall wait for His law.'

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ROSALIE'S BIRTHDAY.

ALL Wednesday Edward was invisible, as he said he should be. Mr Latimer expected he had left Feversham, though he wondered at him going without bidding him good-bye; but his aunt feared it was otherwise, and that he only kept away lest he should not be allowed to come on the morrow: and Rosalie hoped she should still see him on her birth-day.

But Rosalie had not much time to trouble herself concerning him, for she was busy all the day preparing evergreen wreaths to decorate the servants' hall where the village children were to have their tea and their games afterwards; and from Edward's unexpected absence, she had only Miss Clayton's assistance in her work.

Ethel helped very little; she made one wreath, and that was all; for her text was not nearly finished; and, besides, she was much interested in the conclusion of her Scotch history; so she carried her book to her own room, that she might read and paint by turns. In the evening, however, she came down, book in hand, and settled herself in the school-room window to finish it: her present was not done, but the history was more interesting, and she must finish that whatever became of the text.

Rosalie was by the table, and in front of her was a large pile of evergreens, which she was reducing to shape and order. She looked up wearily, as Ethel entered.

'Oh, Ethel, I am *so* tired! do put that tiresome book away and help me, there's a good cousin!'

'If you are tired, Alie, why not leave it; you are not obliged to do it.'

'Oh, but they will all have to be put up in the morning, and I shall have no time to finish them.'

'Why finish at all? I am sure you have made more than plenty.'

'Oh, I cannot leave it; the wreaths are to go all round the room, you know; and it would never do to leave part of the wall without. I wish Edward was here to help me; I wonder what he has been doing all day.'

Ethel did not answer, but opened her book and began to read. Presently Rosalie spoke again.

'Ethel, won't you try to be a little interested in my birth-day party?'

'I am interested, Alie, but I want to finish my book, so please be quiet, or I must go up stairs again.'

The tears stood in Rosalie's eyes, and she was silent for a few minutes. At last she said, 'You care for nothing but books: it is books, books, always whenever I want you to do anything. It is nothing but selfishness, Ethel—and I do believe mamma would say the same.'

Ethel looked up in amazement. Could that be the meek gentle Rosalie? but she only said, 'Very well, if you think a love of knowledge and a desire to learn as much as I can in a short time, selfishness, I cannot help it; you must think so; but I do not think my aunt will;' and she rose and left the room without another word.

Rosalie looked after her for a moment, and then leaning her head on the table, she burst into tears.

'Oh, what have I done? what have I said? I have vexed Ethel, and no wonder; how could I be so unkind to her,' she sobbed.

But the words were said, and all Rosalie's tears could not recall them: so at length she dried her eyes, and took up her string of leaves again. But all pleasure in her work was over, and it was really irksome now; and every now and then the tears would come and hide all for a minute. Half-an-hour passed, and then the door opened, and Miss Clayton entered.

'Why, Rosa, my darling, you look quite overdone with your work; put it away now, and some of us will finish it in the morning. You have wreathed all your bright smiles among the leaves, there is not one of them left.'

'Oh, it is not that, Miss Clayton. I am very very tired, but I should not mind that, if I were not unhappy too. I have vexed Ethel, Miss Clayton, and I am sure I said what I ought not to have said; I told her she was selfish, because she would not help me.'

'No, you should not have said that, certainly, dear, whatever you thought; it was not kind, and if you had thought a moment, you would not have said it Alie. But the only thing you can do now is to tell Ethel you are sorry, and I have no doubt she will think no more about it.'

Rosalie had a great doubt, however, she would try it. She went upstairs, and knocked gently at Ethel's door.

'It is I—Rosalie—Ethel; may I come in?'

No. Ethel could not admit her, that was certain; for the text was laid on the table, and all the colours were about; and Rosalie must have no idea of her present until it was ready to give her. She went to the door.

'What do you want, Rosalie?'

'Oh, Ethel, I came to tell you I am so sorry for what I said a little while ago. I have been quite unhappy about it.'

'Oh, we will have no more of that now, Rosalie. I know your opinion of me, and I am sorry it is not a better one.'

'Ethel, do forget that I said it. I was tired and irritated, or I never should have so far forgot myself, and it was very wrong of me.'

'I suppose you thought it, or you would not have said it; and I cannot forget it, at least not yet. And I am selfish, Rosalie; so selfish, that I want to finish my book to-night, and I shall not have time if I stand talking here.'

She shut the door and returned to her book, while Rosalie slowly went back to the schoolroom to report the ill-success of her attempt.

'Well, dear,' said Miss Clayton, 'you must try and bear it; your cousin will forgive and forget soon, I hope; and in the meantime, let it be a warning to you to think a moment before you speak.'

Thursday morning rose clear and bright, and gave promise of a splendid day; and the party that assembled round the breakfast-table should have been a happy one, but there was a cloud on Rosalie's brow, and Ethel was moody and silent.

The birth-day gifts were all given before the meal began; and though Edward was not present, he had not forgotten his cousin. Only Ethel's was wanting; and she felt that Rosalie's charge of selfishness was not unfounded, for she had consulted her own pleasure in finishing her book rather than the text the previous evening. There was a good hour's work at the latter, and she went to her own room immediately on leaving the study, to finish it.

'I am afraid Rose is not well this morning,' Mrs Latimer remarked to Miss Clayton. 'She does not look at all bright or brisk.'

'I think I can explain the reason of that: she and Ethel have had a slight quarrel, and Rose feels unhappy about it.'

'Indeed! I am sorry to hear that: what is it about?'

Miss Clayton explained all she knew. Mrs Latimer called her daughter to her.

'Rosie, this is a sad beginning to your birth-day, to quarrel with Ethel.'

'Oh, mamma, I am so glad you know! I have wanted to tell you about it, but I had not an opportunity. I am so very sorry I said what I did; I know it was unkind and thoughtless, and I wish Ethel would forgive me.'

'I have no doubt she will, when she knows you are sorry.'

'But I don't think she has, mamma,' replied Rosalie, hesitatingly; 'because—because—she has not given me anything.'

'My dear Alie, that is very unreasonable. Very likely Ethel did not know our custom; and if she did, it does not follow that she should wish to do the same. I am afraid your presents have spoilt you.'

'But, mamma, if she had given me the tiniest little thing I should have been content—just to show she cares for me. I wish she had.'

'Where is Ethel?' inquired Mrs Latimer.

'Up stairs, mamma; she has been there all the morning.'

Mrs Latimer went up to Ethel's room. She was sitting bending over her work, and was so absorbed in it that she did not hear her aunt's gentle knock, so that she was somewhat startled when she stood beside her.

'Ethel, dear, we missed you from amongst us; are you too busy to come and help us in our decorations? That is a very pretty text,

and you are doing it very nicely; but is there any great hurry for finishing it?'

'Yes, aunt, it ought to have been finished before this. It is for Alie; I am glad you like it.'

'I think she will be very pleased indeed with it; for do you know, Ethel, her birth-day has found her rather under a cloud: she is afraid she has grieved you by something she said yesterday.'

Ethel's colour changed, and she looked up into her aunt's face with the earnest question, 'Aunt Ethel, do you think I am selfish?'

'No, my darling: at least not more so than we all are. We are none of us free from a love of self, Ethel; it is part of our nature, and we must all strive not to let it have too much power. Do not let Rosalie's thoughtless words trouble you: she is very sorry for them, and if you will forgive her I think she will not repeat the offence.'

'Yes, I will forgive her. I was afraid it might be true, and I think it was that which troubled me.'

'Then, my child, if you fear that, you know the remedy. The more of our Saviour's love we have in our hearts, the less shall we care for self and its ends and aims; but not until we leave this world for ever shall we be entirely free from its evil influences.'

Ethel looked down thoughtfully for a few minutes; then she said, in a different tone, 'I have only about ten minutes more work at this, Aunt Ethel, and then I will come down stairs.'

'Rosalie will welcome you eagerly,' replied Mrs Latimer, with a smile, as she left the room.

Within the time she had mentioned Ethel had completed her work; and very pretty it looked, as she held it up admiringly. It was delicately coloured, and bordered with many devices. She met her cousin just coming out of the library.

'See, Alie; I must not be unlike every one else, and give you nothing. I have done this for you. I am sorry it was not finished before, but it has taken a great deal of doing.'

How Rosalie's eyes sparkled as she threw her arms round Ethel's neck, and thanked her.

'It is beautiful! I shall prize it so much, dear Ethel. And,' she added, hesitatingly, 'does it mean that you forgive me?'

'Oh, yes; we will say no more about that. But come, introduce me to your reception-room, Miss Latimer; I want to see how you are going on.'

Rosalie led her to the servants' hall, with a face sparkling with happiness. She had received far more costly gifts that day, but none gave her so much pleasure as Ethel's, because it was a proof that she and her cousin were at peace again. And she had no need to complain of Ethel's want of interest now, for she soon made herself as busy as any one.

While she and Rosalie were employed, with the gardener's assistance and Mr Latimer's superintendence, in tying a wreath across the window, they were all surprised by the sight of Edward's face amongst them, with a most innocent look upon it. Mr Latimer started.

'Why Edward, what are you doing here? I thought you were safe in London by this time.'

'No, uncle, I have never left Feversham yet.'

Mr Latimer looked grave, and drew him out of the room, that he might speak to him alone.

'Edward, my boy, you are acting decidedly wrong. Indeed you ought to have obeyed your father at once, and I expected you had done so.'

'I really do mean to go to-morrow, uncle; and I have written a very dutiful epistle, saying that I could not disappoint Rosalie by leaving before her birth-day.'

'And where were you all yesterday? we saw nothing of you.'

Edward put on a most comical look.

'I was afraid you might forbid me the house if I came, so I stayed away.'

'I should bid you go now, at once, but that you are too late for the London train; and that I suppose you know as well as I do. But, indeed, Edward, it is no laughing matter; you are very wrong in staying.'

'Indeed, uncle,' said Edward, quite seriously, 'if I had thought it wrong I should have gone: but my father's orders are sometimes so unreasonable, that I cannot obey them.'

'He is your father, Edward, and as such, you owe him a son's obedience. But I suppose I must look over it this time for Alie's sake. Only you must certainly go to-morrow.'

Both Rosalie and Ethel were delighted with their cousin's company; and, when everything was done, they retired to the school-room to rest themselves: but almost immediately Rosalie remembered she had some flowers to gather, and ran away to do them. Edward was following her, when he thought of something he had to say to Ethel, and returned.

'Ethel, did you not say your brother Guy was very fond of making boats and such like things?'

'Yes,' said Ethel, looking up; 'both he and Percy delight in cutting any bit of wood they can lay hands on. Guy makes nothing but boats—his head is always running on ships and the sea; but Percy is very ingenious; he was trying to make an electrifying machine, like one he had seen somewhere, when I came away, but parts of it would keep breaking, and he had not the proper tools for it, he said.'

'What tools have they?' Edward eagerly inquired.

'Oh, only an old saw, and a piece of an old chisel, and their pocket knives.'

'I am very glad of that, because I want you to take them some from me. I was at D—— yesterday, and laid in a stock of the nicest I could find. They are all packed in a box ready, if you will take the charge of them, Ethel?'

'That I will, with the greatest pleasure, because I know how pleased they will be. Percy has often said he could do wonders if he had but tools. But oh, no, I quite forgot,' she added, with a change of expression, 'I cannot take them, Edward; I am much obliged to you all the same, but I cannot.'

'Ethel, you are a puzzle! I *cannot* understand you, do what I will! what do you mean?'

'Only this—that I cannot accept your kindness. But I feel it, Edward; yes, I do feel it, and I think you would love and care for us if you might: but it will get you into trouble, so you had better not.'

Edward looked seriously annoyed.

'Is this family quarrel to extend to you and me, then, Ethel? oh, I did hope we, at least, might be friends.'

Ethel held out her hand.

'Yes, Edward, we will be friends! and I thank you for your kindness to me, and I will try to forget that you are a Feversham.'

'And you will take charge of my box to your brothers?'

'No, I cannot do that; for papa made it a condition of my coming, that I should accept no present whatever.'

'So; my Uncle is angry too; well, I cannot wonder. But at least you and I will do what we can to make peace amongst us; will we not, Ethel?'

Ethel shook her head.

'I love you, and my aunt, and Rosalie, Edward; but grandmamma I cannot love, and I never shall.'

(*To be continued.*)

GREEDY FOR GOLD.

RICHES, like other gifts of God, are not to be despised; but to covet them, or to 'make haste' to get them, or to seek them, as a prime end, is, in the sight of heaven a great sin. Many through it are betrayed into more revolting forms of sin; but such as escape these, suffer immensely from the influence of an inordinate love of money. Looking out upon men, how affecting it is to see them taxing their energies to increase their gains; and how sad to contemplate the many instances which prove the dreadful and degrading power of this greediness for gold. Alas, in how many instances have honesty and piety and justice and honour and reputation all been drawn in and swallowed up by this roaring, devouring, whirlpool.

This process of acquiring wealth often grows into an absorbing *passion*; and that passion, gaining control, drags the soul down so that it cannot do else than cling to the earth. I have read of an eagle that, flying over a valley of ice, saw a dead body lying. The bird descended from its lofty flight, and was so long feasting upon the carcass that when it thought to mount again it could not, for its wings had become frozen to the ice on which it rested. And how many, from a low, sordid love of the world, have become so frozen to it that they have lost all power to rise above it.

Every reasonable man knows that the higher and nobler elements of his nature crave what riches can never give, and that that is a mistaken aim of life which does not contemplate the supply of the first and greatest needs of our being. Let us beware of setting our affections on what is so deceptive and so destructive. *Grace* is to be sought before gold. We need *mercy* rather than money; and we should esteem God's *pardon* of more worth than any worldly possession. —*American Messenger.*

PEACE.

GOD'S kingdom differs wonderfully from all worldly kingdoms in one of the great elements that compose—peace. How much has human blood had to do with establishing the governments of this world! Which one of all the great empires has not, at some period, waded through rivers of blood? Even our own country has not escaped this terrible baptism. But this kingdom is a peaceful kingdom. It is true, it may be necessary sometimes for the subjects of it to engage in dreadful war; but if so, it is not this kingdom that has produced it. There is wickedness somewhere always when there is conflict. Somebody is guilty of murder for every man that falls in battle. The kingdom of Jesus Christ does not produce it. Wars come not of the peaceable fruits of righteousness at all, but of the opposite altogether—the worldly, sensual, and devilish lusts of mankind. This peace is the fruit of the righteousness that I have spoken of. There is no peace in the wicked heart. An inspired prophet has told us this. 'There is no peace,' says he, 'to the wicked.' Many people have mistaken here, and because they are entirely indifferent, because they don't care anything about the future or their salvation, they think they have peace. That is not peace. If it is, then a horse has more peace than a man, and a rock than a horse. Stupidity is one thing, and 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' is a very different affair. When the heart is conformed to the image of the heavenly, when the soul has become the subject of regenerating grace, this enmity is subdued, and there flows from the heart to God a peaceful, happy, blessed recognition, the Spirit crying out, 'Abba Father,' and there flows from God to that heart a blessed, pleasing testimony, the witness of the Spirit with our spirits that we are the children of God, and, along with that, the influence of the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, who is called the Comforter for the reason that He undertakes when this great change is wrought, to administer strong consolation to His children.

Gems from Abraham Fleming.*

1586.

1. THE ways of the righteous are in the hands of God, and He disposeth the footsteps of the just: He is at the elbow of the faithful to stay them from falling, and by His Spirit He maketh their treadings steadfast. How then is it possible for the godly man to miscarry, having the Lord God as his gracious Governor?

2. What afflictions can alter his happiness, that hath the King of Glory to be his helper: what weapon can wound his soul, that is armed at all points with the spirit of fortitude and strength? what temptations can overcome him, whose right hand holdeth fast the sword of God's word, which cutteth in sunder whatsoever it smiteth, and pierceth between the marrow and the bones?

3. If thou wast once rich, and now are poor:—once in plenty, now in penury:—once a master, now a servant:—once a commander, now an obeyer:—once favoured, now forsaken: once clothed, now naked:—once a harbourer, now harbourless:—once a man, now a wretch:—Consider thy condition: God can raise thee up, as He hath thrown thee down, murmur not at His chastisements: for He punisheth His children in compassion like a father, and not with rigour.

4. Forasmuch as there is but one way unto life everlasting, but many ways unto death and condemnation: requisite it is, that we which are placed in this world, as in a wilderness, and have a pilgrimage to walk, should first, and principally have, as they say, an eye to the main chance, that is, should have a singular regard to the safety of our souls, the preciousness of which Christ commended unto us, when He said; What will it profit a man to gain all the world, and to lose his soul?—meaning indeed thereby, that all the pomp, the riches, the treasures, the pleasures, and whatsoever belongeth to this life, are nothing countervailable or equivalent to the soul, the excellency whereof, if there were none other proof to confirm it, is sufficiently set forth by the rich ransom that was paid for it, to redeem it out of captivity and thraldom: I mean the precious blood of Christ Jesus.

5. To pass through this way, we must be content to carry the cross, even the cross of Christ, I mean afflictions and persecutions for His holy name's sake, otherwise we shall not be thought worthy followers of Him—we must denounce ourselves, we must forsake friends and kindred, we must cast away wicked mammon, we must refuse no tribulation, no torment, no loss, no damage, no wrong, no injury, no anguish, no not death itself, were it never so terrible. For if the merchantman, for lucre's sake and increase of commodity, adventureth life and goods upon the sea, enduring all tempests that arise, and suffering even the worst luck that may light upon him with a contented mind in hope to obtain the fruit and profit of his travel, shall we think much to suffer for Christ's sake, for the truth's sake, for safe conscience' sake, temporal pain and momentary troubles, knowing that these are preparatives to life everlasting, and that we cannot walk in God's way unless we yield our necks to bear His yoke.

6. There is nothing in this world, though never so precious, pleasant, profitable, or commodious, but is subject to decay. Only in heaven is the food of life laid up for the children of God to taste when it shall please Him to appoint the time. If therefore we be risen with Christ, then let us follow the wholesome counsel of St Paul, and fix the eyes of our minds and understanding on things that are above; there let our thoughts remain, our cogitations continue, and our hearts abide; heart's ease, tranquillity, quietness, peace of conscience, here we have little or none, but such as soon ceaseth and vanisheth away. All things under the sun are transitory, and more vain than vanity itself.

* From 'The Foot-path to Felicitie—and the Foot-path of Faith and Highway to Heaven, with the Bridge to Blessedness.' London: 18mo. 1586.

DEATH AND ITS DESTRUCTION.*

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

HEBREWS II. 14, 15.

HREE thoughts are suggested here, —death, destruction of death, deliverance from fear of death.

May the Lord make this subject seasonable—may it endear Christ arts, may it bring us into sympathy glorified Church above, who are at nt saying, 'Worthy is the Lamb!'

—At first death was not in the world, ly a word, a possibility; it had no sting. Man was a living soul, in the ! God, in peace and friendship with ith might have never been more than Had man retained his integrity there e been no death for ever. But man, nd deluded by the liar and murderer, nd then death came into existence. gave life to death, man's sin gave death, man's sin put a sting into he law, broken by man's sin, made executioner of its curse, and evoked : of the righteous God to render it Thus death entered into the world, d to all the families and generations The soul by nature is dead, and e body for a season lives, it is only a by and by it also will die, and then, ce prevents, comes the second death, of body and soul for ever in the place The world by nature is dead, and s lord. Men sold themselves to him, : to his side. He is stronger and an they, and he keeps them in his hey are his lawful captives, law is on le, and God has justly given them up hey are his subjects, and he works in leads them captive at his will. He arful power to oppress and torment ie world lies in him, the wicked one, nnot tell how much of the crime, and s, and misery of sinful men proceeds nstigation and influence. Were he he would lead or drive men into all enormities, yea, to destroy them-

at he did when man was living, wise, hat might he not do when man is dead, foolish, and utterly averse to all good? But God restrains him, keeps him in chains; and so, while Satan is held in by God, there is a measure of peace, order, and well doing. But when, for judgment, God lets him loose, then comes one of those disorderly periods in the world's history, when anarchy, violence, and wretchedness, prevail. This is the kingdom of darkness, the antagonist of the kingdom of God. Once we were all in it—thank God for those who have been delivered from it, and translated into the kingdom which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. But are not some here still in it? Oh! let us pity, pray, long for their deliverance. O beloved friends, how fearful your condition is.

You are only preserved by the forbearance of God. Satan blinds you, chains you, keeps you employed in vain drudgery, gives you scraps and crumbs of earthly pleasures, and if God gives you up, then he will seize and carry you away to his own place, where you will be left unprotected to his will. He is now your tempter, he will then be your tormentor.

O living dead, soon, if grace prevent not, you will be the dead dead, the twice dead, the dead for ever. But there is hope for you. He, who is the Resurrection and the Life is in the midst of us, and He is saying, 'Incline your ear, and hear. Hear and your soul shall live,' yea, live for ever.

Destruction of death. By man came death, by man comes also the destruction of death, the death of death. You see it here. 'Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death.' Is not this very striking? The children—they have all gone astray, are all dead, are all by nature children of the devil, but yet God claims and maintains His interest in them. They were His creatures, for He made them, and not they themselves; they were the sheep of His pasture, but they cut off His bands, turned each into his own way, and destroyed themselves. Yet the Lord purposes in love and mercy to redeem them, adopt them, make them His children and heirs for ever. See this in the 10th verse. They are sons and He will bring them to glory. He has chosen and raised up

* as Mr MILNE's last communion sermon.

a captain of salvation, who, by His suffering, saves and sanctifies them. It is His only begotten Son. You see here His preparation for the work. These children of God's grace and eternal purpose, are partakers of flesh and blood and their Captain must also be partaker of the same; He must become a true man, their brother, near of kin to them, their God, having the right to redeem. He can thus lawfully enter the lists with the devil, as the Redeemer of His captive brethren, and the avenger of their blood upon the murderer.

This is one reason for His becoming man. It was that He might have a brother's right to interfere in their behalf. But a second reason was, that He might be capable of suffering and death. He must have a body that could be broken, blood that could be shed, a life that could be given for the life of the world. So 'he made himself of no reputation,' and took on Him the form of a man, 'and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.' This was essential, was the very hinge and turning-point of His great enterprise.

It was by death that He was to destroy death. He lived a life of faith and love and perfect obedience, magnifying the law and making it honourable, by the ceaseless, loving, patient fulfilment of all its precepts in spirit and in deed. This would have glorified for ever unfallen man; but it did not suffice to justify fallen man, dead in trespasses and sins. The Captain of salvation must die in order to accomplish His great purpose. We can see how this is. It was man's sin that brought death into existence, gave it power, armed it with its sting. It was man's sin that called forth the curse of God's holy law. It was man's sin that filled the cup of everlasting wrath, which is the second death. It was man's sin that gave the devil his right and warrant to tyrannise over fallen man. It was man's sin that drove away the Holy Ghost, and left him a helpless captive and ready tool of the power of darkness.

But Christ, by dying, put an end to all this. He overturned, subverted, took away the whole foundation of this terrible superstructure. By dying for sin, He made an end of it, He finished transgression, and put it out of the way. Thus death died. In as far as concerns Christ and those who are His, it has no more sting, there is no more second death. There is no more curse, Christ in dying exhausted it and put it away. There is no more wrath, Christ in dying drank the cup and left none remaining. There is no more handwriting of ordinances, which is against us, Christ took all away, nailing it to His cross. Satan has no more right to come as an executioner, his warrant is cancelled, he has no more to kill, the stronger than he has strip his armour. Then was the judgment world, then was the prince of this wo out.

There is no more spiritual death to people, for the Holy Ghost abides in t of all who believe, and they resist th and make him flee. True, there are de and graveyards, but they are only a s Death comes to the believer as a messe peace, and takes the soul to heaven grave is a bed of quiet rest, where the of God slumber till the Master comes. has already triumphed, He has trample under foot. He has spoiled principalit powers, has made a show of them bef spiritual world, but He will come ba triumph openly. Oh! death where the sting? Oh! grave where then thy vi Death shall then be swallowed up. H ransom from the power of the grave, H redeem from death. He says, 'Oh! d will be thy plagues; oh! grave I shall destruction.' Then He will stand by gr formerly He stood by that of Lazaru there shall be no groan on His lips or t His eye. He shall then be manifested glory, and shall gather together all His bought ones.

Deliverance from fear of death. The bondage through fear of death. This description of all men by nature. All generate unforgiven men fear death. dark cloud that hangs over them, and there is a fearful looking for of judgmen health, prosperity, abundance of occup they may be able greatly to stifle it. Bu have no true peace, there is a worm at th of all their gourds, wormwood is mixed all their pleasant draughts.

Death in its fulness of import is a ful thing. We are so shallow and supe that we look only at the outward sig shell. But death really means to all w lost, devouring fire, everlasting burnings.

Christ, who came to take the place lost and to die their death, knew well w meant, and see how He regarded it—'N my soul troubled.' 'Abba, Father, take this cup.' It is said, 'He feared.' B that is past and over—He died and ro conquered and prevailed. And now H to all that believe, 'Let not your hea troubled.' He says, 'Fear not, I am H liveth and was dead, and behold I am al evermore. I have the keys of death and or rather Hades, the unseen eternal both place of glory and place of gloom. keys are His, He opens and none can sh

l none can open. 'Precious in the God is the death of His saints'—
ıner, circumstances, are all under His He says, 'Fear not,' be not in bond-
gh fear of death, and you respond—

meet me in the valley
When flesh and heart do fail,
nd softly, safely lead me on
Until within the veil.'

ome say, 'It is a solemn thing to die.'
every untried thing brings an awe
But resist the fear because Christ
think about death, speak about it,
y near to Him who has the power of
ho perhaps, by His own coming, may
ı the need of dying.
ou say, it is not the bodily, physical,
ı that I fear, but sometimes spiritual
good men complain of assaults of the
hey say to God, 'Thou writest bitter
gainst me, and makest me to possess
of my youth.' But I believe this is
ur own fault. We are so carnal,
we live so much in the present world,
o little under the power of the world
we live so far from Christ and God,
nercy even at the last, He visits with
stripes; yea, lets the old adversary
a little, that we may be driven wholly
fool's paradise, and set our hearts
n the paradise of God. But let us be
let us watch and pray, let us seek to
, not in a spirit of bondage, but of
l hope, and joyful expectation. Let
ı that we are pilgrims, that this is not
; and let us run our race, looking to
that is set before us. Let us learn

n peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
ly sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.'

ed friends, I have tried to set before
kingdoms,—the kingdom of life and
ath; of light and of darkness, of Christ
atan. Which do you belong to? If
ath and darkness, then I cannot invite
is communion-table, for it is the Lord's
here is the wine of the kingdom, and
me unworthily, it will be to you the
dgment, it will only harden and in-
ur condemnation. But why remain in
dom and service of the devil? Is he
considerate? Is his work honour-
re his wages good? Why then con-
h him? Change masters. You will
me. Christ longs for you, looks for
ı will draw you to Himself.
te you, who are His servants, to come and express your love to your Redeemer. The feeling of your hearts will be, 'I want to do this in remembrance of Him.'

'Yes, I love Him, who for me
Died upon the accursed tree;
Died to save myself from hell,
Yes, I love my Saviour well.'

COMMUNION ADDRESS.

God has become our brother, our fellow-man, our near kinsman. He will be this for ever. It is a great mystery, but it is full of comfort and encouragement. We know what a loving, faithful brother will do for his brothers and sisters. If they are poor, he will aid them; if weak, he will help them; if in sorrow, he will comfort them; if in danger, he will protect them. Christ feels and acknowledges this brotherly obligation. He is ever ready to comply with it. He expects that we should come to Him with boldness and confidence in all our trials; and He is surprised and grieved when we hold back or come timidly and doubtingly. When He was on earth, men saw His manhood, His brotherhood, and they came to Him boldly; they touched the hem of His garment; they besought Him to go and heal their sick, or raise their dead; they took hold of Him, and constrained Him to turn in and abide with them.

But now He has gone away, He is in glory, He sits upon the throne beside the Father, and perhaps we have somewhat lost the sense and realization of His being our brother, our near of kin. I am sure that Jesus wishes very much that our hearts and minds should be disabused of this great mistake. He wishes us to know that He is as little ashamed of us now as He was when on earth; that He cares for us as tenderly in heaven as He did when He was here. When He came among His apostles, after His resurrection, they were terrified and affrighted. But He said, 'Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Feel me and see it is myself; I am bone of your bone.' Does not this remind us of Joseph? They could not look at him, but he said, 'Come near to me, I am your brother.' What a talismanic word. Then they came near. Or take another instance. Ruth crept close to Boaz's feet, in the dark, and he was startled. But she said, 'Cast your skirt over me, for thou art a near kinsman.' He complied with her request, but he said, 'I am your kinsman; but there is another nearer than me.' Come to Jesus. He will cast his skirt over you. He will not say 'there is a nearer kinsman.' He is your nearest of kin. He has known you longer than any, and better than any. He has done more for

you than any, given more for you. He careth for you,—

His love, how great, no tongue can tell,
He died to save your soul from hell;
Nor wife, nor mother, love so well;
He careth for you.

ADDRESS AFTER COMMUNION.

'Bless oh my soul, the Lord thy God.' He brought me into His banqueting house, and His banner over me was love. But what means this banner? In the banqueting house He has stayed you with flagons, He has comforted you with apples; but what means the symbol of war at a feast of love? Believer, your Beloved is a man of war. He is the Lord of armies. He took, by His sword and His bow, out of the hands of the enemy, those fruits of pardon, and peace, and joy, which you have now been eating. See, His apparel is red like crimson, and His garments as one that treadeth in the wine fat; for He hath trodden it alone, and of the people there was none with Him; for He hath trodden them in His anger, and trampled them in His fury, and their blood is sprinkled on those garments, and He hath stained all His raiment. See, He is even now clad in the garb of the warrior. He h on righteousness as a breastplate, and a of salvation upon His head; for He kno this table is spread in the presence c enemies. There are many foes watchi solemnities, and seeking to mar ther believer, you have had a season of quiet feel joyful. It is because the banner has been floating over you. The enemy have assailed you with showers of fiery with doubts, and questionings, and ur but when they saw the glory over yo defence, they gnashed their teeth in in rage. Oh, friends! you can never be s happy but when you are under that banr has two sides, like the pillar that guided On the inner side is a bleeding Lamb, the outer side is an angry Lion. Oh! ke on the inner side, and no fiery dart wi reach you. Ever keep the bleeding L view, the mark of the spear, the prints nails, and sin, and self, and the worl never prevail against you.

If you say from the heart, my Belove the apple tree, then you must be as t among thorns. Grow like the lily, b member the thorns. We shall soon be there are no thorns!

The Coming Reign.

KING of kings! ascend Thy throne,
Visit this Thine earth again;
Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh;
Take Thy mighty power and reign.

King of nations! claim this world,
With its kingdoms for Thine own;
Raze each rebel fortress here,
Level every hostile throne.

King of Israel! now arise,
And rebuild Thy Salem's walls:
Gather Jacob's scatter'd flock;
Hear thine Israel when He calls.

King of saints! Thy ransom'd own.
They the members, Thou the head;
Speed the great deliverance,
First begotten of the dead.

King of glory! King of heaven!
King of earth! arise and reign;
All creation sighs for Thee;
Visit Thine own earth again.

King Eternal! Son of God!
Earth and heaven shall Thee obey;
Principalities and powers
Own Thine everlasting sway.

LAST HOURS OF A YOUNG STUDENT.*

views of the scheme of mercy were full and accurate. He saw that he could suffer or do nothing, and had nothing to suffer or to do, to acquire either exemption from or a right to life; that this, nature, on behalf of those who suffer and from whom obedience had already been done by Christ; being Divine, there was infinite spotless life and expiatory death, in His Word, and by the resur- exaltation of Christ, had testified ace; that all were invited, nay, to appropriate the benefit of what done; that he had just to trust about His Son's atonement, and on that word—what a solid founda- t on that atonement for salvation, doing so he had God's promise— be relied on without looking for evidence or sign—that he should

The mercy and love of God in on for sinners, in the gift of His salvation, and in His assurances as to those who, confessing and their sins, sought His favour for all this deeply affected him and adoring gratitude. He had no th the views of those who exhibit as a Being of stern, exacting jus- rath is appeased only when Christ d bears the stroke of vengeance. ary, he ever considered the Father he work of man's redemption, as er the influence of His paternal quest of the means of saving us, g a gift to us of that mediatorial s which we can now confidently is sovereign tribunal as full com- all our transgressions, a complete the demands of His holy law. It o him to meditate on the fulness ess of the Saviour's accepted work; in Jesus there was provided all sibly need to commend him to God he Propitiation for sin, the right- te, appeared in the presence of t in thought he could approach expect from God every blessing rist was worthy—claiming every- ground of the Redeemer's merits, se Christ had deserved it for sin- m he was one—that in Christ, as Refuge, the Ark of Safety, no d ever reach to smite him, no flood rwhelm.

odily strength greatly decreased, that his 'earthly house of this as soon to be 'dissolved,' he de- nembering that he had 'a building ouse not made with hands, eternal vens.' The blessedness of 'the better land' occupied much of his thoughts, sustaining and cheering him in the midst of affliction, and in the prospect of death. He thought of heaven as a place having all earth's beauty in infinite excellence and variety, but with nothing of earth's sin. In God's presence there was 'fulness of joy;' at His right hand there were 'pleasures for evermore.' There was 'a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;' there was 'the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits,' and the leaves of which 'were for the healing of the nations;' there his eyes should 'see the King in His beauty;' they should 'behold the land that is very far off;' there he should be near and like Jesus. One moment's realization of the security and happiness of heaven would, he felt, far more than outweigh all earthly sufferings and regrets. No doubt he had the Jordan to cross ere he could enter Canaan; between him and the 'sweet fields' of the 'heavenly land' there was 'the swelling flood.' But he had, along with the injunction 'Fear not,' the comforting promise (Isaiah xliii. 2), 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'

Up till the closing weeks of his life, he continued, in general, calm and peaceful, and even when he felt that he could not venture to speak very favourably of his spiritual experience, still he was not apprehensive about the future, or as to the reception he should meet with from God, not regarding Him as a Being to whom he yet required to be reconciled. As his illness increased, however, and he was visited by repeated prostrating turns of weakness, his bodily affliction—of which Satan, doubtless, took advantage to trouble him—occasionally affected his spirits, partly darkening his mind, and latterly for a while filling his soul with terror. Complaining at one time of a want of assurance, he was reminded that assurance was not necessary to salvation, though faith was, and that even faith was not required in any particular degree. We might have a very imperfect estimate of Christ; we might not see Him to our comfort; but with Christ, and what He had done on behalf of sinners, God was infinitely well-pleased, and in that lay our safety. Like the disciples during the tempest on the Lake of Galilee we might fear we were about to perish, but having Christ with us in the storm, we could not be lost. He was urged to place 'the word of the truth of the gospel' right before his mind, to cherish *as true* all that the Gospel told him of God's love and of the safety of those who believed on Jesus, and to rely on that testimony in spite of all the accusations of conscience and the suggestions of Satan. If he could not triumph as some saints had done, let him at all events trust, and he should 'be saved, even as they.' The experience of God's people was not all alike; there was as much variety in grace as in nature, and it was with Christians

* he Young Student; or Light in the gow: John M'Callum.

reaching the eternal shore as it was with those who suffered shipwreck with Paul (Acts xxvii. 43, 44): some were able to swim, others could not, and had to cling to boards and broken pieces of the ship, but 'it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.' This illustration seemed greatly to please him, as did also the lines—which formed, as it were, a practical application of the illustration, and were quoted more than once in his hearing—

'When the eye of faith is dim,
Still trust in Jesus, *sink or swim*.'

If, to himself, he seemed to sink, he should certainly rise again—for 'none perish that Him trust.'

Visiting him on another occasion, he was found in a somewhat desponding state. He had been looking away from Christ, the object of faith, and the sight of whom is so well fitted to inspire confidence, to faith itself, and the question arose, whether after all he really was believing in Jesus, and was warranted in appropriating the scripture promises of forgiveness and acceptance which are connected with faith in Him. To prove to himself that he was a believer, and that he ought to take the comfort of such promises, there was quoted to him 1 Peter ii. 7, 'Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.' He was asked, 'Do *you* not feel Christ to be precious? Is He not at this moment, above all others, the One on whom your soul sets the highest value?' He smiled sweetly, and answered, 'O, yes!' 'Then you could not so regard Him if you were not a believer; no unbeliever can have any such consciousness. Again, are your hopes of acceptance and salvation founded on anything except the mercy of God in Christ?' 'O, no! on nothing else.' 'Then what does the Scripture say of such as you? Psalm cxlvii. 11—"The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." Thus, you see, you are an object of God's complacent regard. He looks upon you with the loving countenance of a reconciled Father in Christ.' These thoughts greatly comforted him, and seemed very much to restore his confidence. He was also reminded that the serpent-bitten Israelites, in looking upon the brazen serpent, were taken up, not with the *act* of looking, but with the object before their eyes, and the promise of God, that if they looked they would be cured. In like manner, sinners should not be taken up with faith as an act of the mind, but should look to Jesus, believingly contemplating Him in all the fulness of His character as a Saviour, and, knowing that those who thus looked became thereby interested in the promise of life, calmly await the issue, expecting salvation on the authority of God's promise. Man was so constituted that if he wished to maintain any particular affection his attention must be kept directed to the object by which it was excited; for if he turned his thoughts from that which caused the feeling to analyze the feeling itself, the feeling would cease to exist. It was thus that *thinking about faith* would never give us peace, or make us believers, while *thinking about Jesus* would do so—thinking of God's testimony that in the cross of Christ He has seen an all-sufficient atonement for sin. The thought of this imparted a peace to the soul which nothing else could afford, the possession of which was an evidence of our faith—(1 John v. 10)—and the proof to us that we were warranted to appropriate the promises of salvation in Him. The injunction was not, 'Look unto faith, but 'Look unto ME;' and the effect which would follow such looking was indicated in the words immediately added, 'and *be ye saved*' (Isaiah xlv. 22). 'They *looked unto him*, and were lightened,' said David (Psalm xxxiv. 5). It is narrated of a sailor than when first he went to sea his captain told him, as he sent him up the rigging, that whatever he did he was to look up; for if he looked down and saw the waves rolling, and the ship rocking, in all likelihood he would fall into the ocean. So if we look at our faith and imperfections we are sure to get into distress; but if we constantly look up, and fix our gaze on Christ, on whom, in all His infinite meritoriousness, we are warranted to rest, our fears are hushed, and we can look forward to the future without alarm.

About this time he received letters from the Rev. John M'Auslane, Congregational Church minister, Stretford, near Manchester, which very much pleased and refreshed him. One of these pointed out how the purpose he had had in his heart to serve God in the Gospel of His Son was graciously accepted by God as a thank-offering for His own rich grace towards himself; and that the education he had received was not lost, but would fit him for higher service in the kingdom above. It also referred to what the Saviour had done for him—with which his thoughts would now be occupied more than with anything he had done or intended to do for Him and for His cause on earth, showing how he was encouraged and commanded to rely on Christ's righteousness as on a firm and enduring foundation. It was when our thoughts about that righteousness were the same as God's thoughts that we saw and felt its value; and as we looked on it as our own, as God's gift, and made ours on believing, then we could say—

'Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.'

'This is the will of him that sent me,' said Jesus, 'that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day.' In another letter Mr M'Auslane urged him to place as much reliance on the *written* word as he would on the *spoken* word of the Redeemer, supposing He were visible to him on earth. Jesus was 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' All He ever said on earth to seeking souls He would say again were He coming down among us in body. He had nothing to retract of all He said, for He could not change; and what is written in the 'testimony' was immutable truth. The written revelation was just God and Jesus speaking to us; so that when certain questions and doubts

presented themselves to his mind he should try and find out an answer and solution to them—not by his poor reasonings, but from the Word itself. For example, when the question arose—'Am I safe in trusting to Jesus?' the answer was—'He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life,' 'and shall *not* come into condemnation; but is *passed* from death unto life.' Or when the doubt arose as to our warrant to draw such comfort from such a promise, the doubt was solved by the word of God, which said, 'These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may *know that ye have* eternal life.' Other passages applied in like manner to other questions and doubts.

He was soon after called upon, in a special sense, to pass through 'the valley of the shadow of death.' It was on a Sabbath. As early as three o'clock in the morning, he was found in a state of great mental darkness and distress—unable to take comfort from God's Word, and apparently dreading to die. His mother turned to the Bible, which was ever by his bedside, casually opening it at the 143rd Psalm, which she read, and which, to some extent expressing feelings akin to his own, seemed to afford him partial relief:—'The enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead. Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate. . . . Hear me speedily, O Lord: my spirit faileth: hide not Thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit.' The writer, calling in the interval of public worship, found him in great spiritual heaviness. It was very painful to witness his depression, more especially as he was having repeated visitations of weakness and difficulty in breathing, in more than one of which, from his prostrate condition, and the death-like aspect his countenance then assumed, it appeared as if his end had come. He was urged not to give way to despair. God had not forsaken him, and the Sun of Righteousness was shining on him still, though clouds for the present obscured His brightness. The interruption of communion between him and God was not evidence that they no longer stood to each other as Father and child, in the same way as interruption of intercourse between an earthly parent and his son would not be the proof of their relationship being dissolved. And here he was pointed to the case of Christ Himself, who, in the agony on the cross, when there was 'a lowering cloud of vindictive wrath, surrounding and breaking upon Him as our surety,' and when He felt himself forsaken by the Father, nevertheless claimed relationship with Him still, crying '*My* God, *my* God.' This was a season when he was peculiarly called upon to exercise faith in God. The path along which he was now walking was gloomy, but heaven would only on that account be to him all the brighter, and his feeling of blissful security there would be all the sweeter for the terrors he had encountered on the journey. Above all, he was urged to look to Christ, to contemplate the Almighty Saviour on the cross, to see God there punishing sin in the person of His own Son, to remember that 'the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' that God was altogether satisfied with what Jesus had done, and that His faithfulness and justice were pledged (1 John i. 9) to save all who trusted Christ's accomplished work.

Oh how earnestly went up the silent prayer from beside that dying bed that light would arise, that the Sun of Righteousness would display His divine beams and cause the brightness of His face to shine upon that beloved friend! Soon the prayer was now answered. His mother, watching him as he lay, marked a pleasant change come over his features. She was about to speak, but he whispered to her not to disturb him. Ere long his own glad confession announced that the darkness was past, that the Tempter had been overcome; and with a countenance radiant as with the light of heaven, his eyes suffused with tears, he related as his strength allowed him—pausing at times to recover breath—how the happy change had come. He had just done as he was urged to do—he had looked to Jesus on the cross—looked at Him dying and making atonement—looked at Him dead and buried, and saw that he need not now fear the darkness of the tomb—looked at Him risen and exalted, His work accepted; and realising his interest in all that Christ had achieved, death became stripped of its terrors, the grave was robbed of its gloom, and anticipations of future glory gladdened his soul. Hurriedly addressing those in the room with him—his mother, the writer, and a fair young friend who for weeks had been lovingly attending him day and night, he called to them to 'Sing, sing—sing "Rock of Ages!"' They immediately obeyed; he endeavoured to unite his voice with theirs, but its utterances were broken and feeble; with his lips, however, he repeated the words, the happy expression of his countenance, the tears of joy upon his cheeks, the action of his hands—now clasped in prayer, now held out helplessly, as he acknowledged the inability of their labours to 'fulfil the law's demands'—all showing most impressively and touchingly with what intense feelings he entered into the sentiments of the hymn. It was an occasion never to be forgotten, affording an interesting illustration of the love and power of the Saviour. 'I lay my sins on Jesus,' and other hymns of a like character were afterwards sung, and from that evening the singing and reading of such evangelical compositions became a favourite occupation. He was specially fond of the hymn 'There is a life for a look at the crucified One,' one verse in particular of which he greatly appreciated—

> 'Oh, why was He there as the bearer of sin,
> If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
> Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
> If His dying thy debt has not paid?'

On only one other occasion did he suffer in any particular degree from an attack of the

Evil One, and that last attack, though somewhat sharp, was not of long duration. 'The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God,' was soon instrumental in enabling him to overcome the Enemy. One afternoon he complained that, while he saw all that Jesus had done, he felt unable to appropriate it, to make it his own. 1 John v. 11 was turned to, where it is written, 'This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.' This was the record which he was authoritatively required to believe, and by refusing to believe which (verse 10) he made God a liar. This thought seemed greatly to impress him, and, as was afterwards ascertained, the apprehension that he had been making God a liar excited deep penitential feelings. John iii. 16 was also quoted—'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' This gift was offered to all—'whosoever will' might accept it, which just meant 'anybody.' None were excluded; all were invited and commanded to appropriate Christ. This conferred on him the right to claim Jesus, to rely on His merits, confiding in the promise of God, that if he did so, he 'should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

The end was now near, and he longed for the deliverance from suffering which death would afford him. He had latterly been cultivating, during his illness, the habit of ejaculatory prayer. Now he was occasionally overheard faintly saying, addressing the Lord Jesus, 'Come, come;' and as death seemed to be approaching, the last prayer of Luther, with which he wished to expire, was repeatedly on his lips, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' On the night before his departure, his mother was about to read to him from *The Christian Treasury* a short extract which she thought suited to his circumstances, when he interrupted her, saying, 'O let the Bible be the last book you read to me!' evidently anticipating that the final hour was at hand, and feeling at such a time, as he had formerly remarked, that, much as he had loved what good Christian men had written, God's own words carried far more weight with them, and were those on which he could rest with an assurance of safety. By seven o'clock next morning—Tuesday, August 11, 1868—his troubles were all at an end. The closing scene—the struggle of departing life, the fearful breathing, lasting for some fifteen minutes, was most distressing to witness. Then, suddenly, the heaving breast became still, the head drooped, the hands fell on the coverlet, and all was over.

A MEMORY OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

T is very pleasant to sit in the deepening twilight, thinking of things that came and went in the days of long ago. Too dark to read or work, and too early for lights, everything seems to invite reverie.

But I had been sitting by the fire in this mood long after there was any excuse for it. I had been reading the 'Study' of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' in a recent number of the *Treasury*, and wishing it had come before—remembering the fascination that poem had for all who came under its spell. And the poet-laureate's questionings were clothed in such bewildering beauty, that one did not—at least very young and ardent readers—start back as from anything dangerous—though often a wrong thought falling upon the mind, is like dropping a pebble into a still lake—we know not where its eddyings will cease.

I began to wonder that Christians did not always bring their reading and everything else to the test of Scripture, instead of battling opinion with opinion, which, so far as truth is concerned, is like fighting with wooden swords. I began again to think, that we young Christians have fallen upon rather hard times, when the world is so religious and the church so worldly, that if we would obediently tread the 'narrow' path, it must often be *alone*, separated in thought and feeling even from many professing Christians around us—ah! no—not *alone*, the Lord Himself will draw very near to His troubled and perplexed children, and for every sneer and scornful word borne for Him, will give them one of His own smiles, which it were worth dying to win. Oh! to have the heart fixed upon Him, desiring only His honour and glory. It would simplify many a difficulty.

You see I was getting into rather a querulous state of mind, but at last memory *rested* upon a scene of my school-days, that rose before it so fresh and fair, that it cheered, soothed, and strengthened for many a day. How vividly it came back upon me—how bright the colours, as though time could not dim them!

It seemed impossible to realize that years—real long years—had passed since I stood in that dear old room, one of a group of girls, now scattered far and wide—oh! to follow them—to know how many have kept that hour, 'in fond memory's fragrant amber.' Some remember it, every little detail, even the shimmering of the sunbeams through a great acacia tree that played with all sorts of fantastic shadows on the floor.

It was a bright morning in early summer, and we were gathered together for Bible class: a motley group, big girls and little ones, clever and stupid, we all met for our Scripture lesson. Though differing in many other things, we all had the same spiritual needs—here 'there is no difference.' We all heard the same 'story of grace,' but alas! in our little school-world, as when the great apostle Paul persuaded the people in Rome 'concerning Jesus,' 'some believed the things that were spoken, and some believed not.'

We were seated with our books in our hands, and listening to a hymn which one of our number wished to read. Softly she began,

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down thou weary one—lay down,
Thy head upon My breast.'

We had not heard it before. I told you it was 'long ago,' and we listened as under a spell—the living personal Jesus seemed so near, His voice inviting, and the soul's response, that every heart seemed touched, every conscience stirred—one after another might be seen quietly weeping, and as the last lines fell upon our ears,

I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my star, my sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

The stillness was only broken by sobbing here and there, which could not be restrained.

Some were weeping for very joy. It was their own new-found happiness put into words, and some wept anxious sorrowful tears. The Blessed Jesus, through those verses, was asking them to come and lay down all their weariness at His feet, and find rest—oh! such rest upon His loving bosom. Perhaps *some* were merely touched with the exquisite beauty of the lines. Eternity alone will tell all the results of that solemn hour. The words so full of tenderness, that fell from the lips of Jesus when on earth, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest,' were spoken by the same loving voice to those young hearts, and oh! that through this simple record He may now speak His own resistless—'Come.'

This story may catch the eye of some bright happy-hearted school-girl. Perhaps you turn away disappointed. The name of Jesus has no music for your ears. You see no beauty in Him who *is* 'altogether lovely.' Rest is for the weary, and you do not feel your need. But just listen,—some of your own circle may have 'given up the world,' which so charms you, and you wondered,—that fixed your life, the 'giving up;' but oh! there is your mistake. You only hear *them* speak of gain, and you wonder still you do not 'taste and see.' You listen quite impatiently when they tell you that a glimpse of the 'glory that excelleth,' pales all the beauty of earth. One soul-filling gaze upon the wonders of the 'new creation' will blind our eyes for ever to what the world calls bright and fair.

Don't think that God comes asking *you* to give, oh! no, no, no. He comes in boundless pity and love, pressing you to receive, and offering you His priceless gift—the 'Son' that He 'spared not,' but 'freely gave,' that every one who believed the record concerning Him might 'not perish, but have everlasting life.' Were a new sun kindled in yonder sky, it would not wake such startled wondering joy as one ray from the 'Sun of Righteousness' can create in the dark heart of a poor child of earth.

We do not go about in the early spring-time picking off the sheaths that hide the budding leaves, the new bursting life will do that, and then how soon is our land covered with scenes of loveliness.

The consciousness of sin will indeed make the youngest sad, too sad for the mirth and songs of earth to cheer; but the voice of Jesus, telling of His blood-shedding; the arm of Jesus, the heart of Jesus, these can give joy, and cause even a child to sing,—'*Thou* hast put gladness in my heart,' and to resolve, as she stands at the entrance of the narrow way, to walk in that 'light of life,'

Till travelling days are done.

Don't shrink because the path is narrow—

There's room for Jesus and for Jesus only,
And for His timid sheep.

Think of the companionship of One who can neither die nor fail every step of life's journey, 'Till the day break and the shadows flee away.' When *He* comes, oh! what a 'morning of joy.' Do you think we shall *then* regret having been content for the 'little while' to 'walk by faith and not by sight.'

NO ONE EVER SPOKE TO ME OF MY SALVATION.

A MAN who had been led to see his sinfulness and his fearful doom, being surprised that he was allowed to go on quietly in impenitence, exclaimed, 'No one ever spoke to me of my salvation.' There were in the place many Christians who professed to long for the conversion of souls. If he had been sick, some one would have sent for a physician. If he had been starving, some one would have given him bread. If he had been naked, some one would have clothed him. But his soul was wretched, and miserable and poor, and blind and naked, yet no one pitied him. He was blamed, he was shunned, but he was not treated as a fellow-creature, whose soul was exposed to eternal wrath, ought to be treated.

Is there any one living near you that can say, 'No one ever spoke to me of my salvation?' You talk about the weather and the crops, and births, accidents, and deaths; do you ever speak to any one of Jesus? Do you ever affectionately tell any to flee from the wrath to come? If not, is it kind? is it faithful? is it honest to your Christian profession? does it accord with your prayers? can you consistently pray for a revival of religion? can you have any compassion for souls or any love for Christ? Never let any one die in your neighbourhood, or even live there long, and be able to say, 'No one ever spoke to me of my salvation.' A tear, a sigh, a kind word, a pressure of the hand of Christian sympathy, a verse of the Bible, a page of pious reading, with the blessing of the Holy Spirit, may save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

'It is the fact of *responsibility* that makes existence so solemn a thing.'

—*American Messenger.*

'THY WILL BE DONE.'

BRIEF, but comprehensive petition. Four words only, yet covering in their far-reaching scope the interests of all created beings throughout the universe of God. The worldling utters them carelessly, as he repeats that wonderful prayer of which they form a part; never once thinking that everything he holds dear may be trembling in the balance as the words leave his lips.

And too often the Christian, child of God and heir of heaven though he is, utters them without a true sense of their deep and solemn import. 'Thy will be done.' Who can say this from the heart, and yet retain a will of his own in reference to temporal blessings, to friends, health, or even life itself? 'Why do you ask me what I like?' said the excellent Simeon of Cambridge, on his dying bed; 'I am the Lord's patient, and cannot but like everything He gives me.'

> 'Oh, who so fit to choose our lot,
> And regulate our ways,'

as the God who created us, the Saviour who died to redeem us, and the Holy Spirit who sanctifies, comforts, and fits us for heaven? God's judgments are a great deep. His providences may seem a baffling enigma; but if the believer can truly say, 'not my will, but Thine be done,' he will find the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keeping his heart and mind through Jesus Christ.

A mother, as she knelt by the side of her sleeping infant, breathed forth from a glad and grateful heart the petition, 'Thy will be done.' She thanked God for this most precious of gifts.

> 'To find its fairy footsteps following her,
> Its hand upon her garments, or its lip
> Long sealed to her's, and in the watch of night
> The quiet breath of innocence to feel
> Soft on her cheek, was such a full content
> Of happiness, as none but mothers know.'

But those twining arms were unclasped from her neck, those soft eyes, into whose blue depths she had loved to gaze, were sealed up for ever, and the darling of her heart lay heedless of the tears that fell like rain on its marble brow. Yet in that hour of sorrow the Redeemer, who wept with the sisters of Bethany at the grave of Lazarus, and whose ear is still open to the call of human woe, came to her relief. 'As one whom his mother comforteth,' so He comforted His wandering, but penitent child in her time of need. Melted and subdued by such forgiving love, the mourner raised her weeping eyes, and was enabled to exclaim from the depths of a chastened and humbled heart, 'Thy will be done.' Thy joy of the Lord came down into her soul; and though the world might never again be to her what it had been, the thought that a Father's hand had smitten her in love and faithfulness gave her strength to go on her way rejoicing.

—*American Messenger.*

'With Clouds He covereth the Light.'

THAT our dim eyes undazzled may remain,
He covereth the light,
And over sea and mountain, vale and plain,
Drops the soft veil of night.

So lest the world betray us with its smiles,
Its glare of fame or gold,
Or pleasure lure us with its specious wiles,
From the safe paths of old,—

He sendeth disappointment, pain and loss,
To temper life's bright ray;
Lays on our stricken hearts the heavy cross,
And strews with thorns our way.

But when our souls awake to see the love
That rules our chequered fate
And through the mist that screens the heaven above
Calmly God's smiles await:—

Then though the light be covered to the eyes,
The soul can dwell serene
In its own world of sunshine and fair skies,
Of flowers and fadeless green.

H. J. L.

Miscellaneous.

o Christ.—Brethren, let us aim as to live to Christ. How bright the surrounds the memory of those who o! Trace them in thought throughout the early Christians, amidst constant from Jew and Gentile; the saints of ges—those lights shining in darkness, e world was not worthy; the great who were not afraid to lift up their gainst prevaling errors and corrupoldly to come forth from the great he Christian philanthropist of later whose love to Christ has constrained te themselves to His service in various have been the means of reviving the religion at home, and who have gone claim the gospel abroad, and sought heavy burdens which still existed in ng Christian light and liberty. How s the memory of men like these! how heir names! how bright the example have left us! And why? *They lived* hey loved, and honoured, and served unted all things but loss for the exhe knowledge of His name.—NIVEN'S *s for Perilous Times.*

the Scriptures.'—A little girl was on hool one morning, with her arm full of as she hurried along, a loose leaf fell tament. Just then a man, who was an ened to pass along, saw the leaf drop, and the first words on which his eyes se: 'God so loved the world that he ly-begotten Son, that whosoever beim should not perish, but have ever-

The truth struck him so forcibly, and n impression on his mind, that he at d his course, and became a happy, ristian man. If he had ever read the d never found this verse, or if he had had never seen the truth before. If he ard the ministers of Christ preach the sermon ever affected him as did this t message. The story of God's love art, and led him to the Saviour. The gave him light. God has thrown not f of the Bible in your way; He has o whole Testaments in your hands, and His love for you on every page. Do you end you His Holy Spirit to show you the e you light?—*Ibid.*

ace.—A theological student once called l Alexander in great distress of mind, ether he had been converted. The old raged him to open his mind. After he , the aged disciple, laying his hand on d: 'My young brother, you know what —what faith in Christ is. You think you d and once believed. Now don't fight ; go it all over again. Repent now; hrist; that's the way to have a conf acceptance with God. I have to do ten. Go to your room, and give your t this very moment, and let doubts go. not been His disciple, be one *now*. Don't ril on his ground. Choose the ground ighteousness and atonement, and then

Small Talk.—But of all the expedients to make a heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continue existence in such famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are, who will go on from fifteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendours and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder 'where Mrs Somebody got that divine ribbon on her bonnet!' The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think 'it's high time, if John intends to marry Lucy, for him to pop the question!' When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.—E. P. WHIPPLE.

The Christian Life.—In the Christian life itself, is not religion something which is put into it, rather than the substance of which it is made? Is not piety used as the garnisher of food, instead of being our very meat and drink? Do we not eat one dinner of sanctity on Sabbath, and then try to live on the odour of it all the week? Are we not Christians because it is respectable; because, on the whole, it makes life more polished, more agreeable, more sweet tasted, rather than as a matter of life and death? And, if we did not go to church, and stop now and then at the communion table, and let fall occasionally a few pious words, would it be known, from the very substance of our souls, that we are servants of the Lord Jesus?

An Incident.—One of the loftiest and purest women who ever lived, was in the habit of writing every question and answer of the lessons she taught her class in the Sabbath school. Many sheets were thus collected. When she came to lie down on her last earthly pillow, she gave her writings to a young friend, who soon after moved into a country district. The young girl's father was engaged in building, and profanity was awfully prevalent in the neighbourhood. Among the men who were hired, was one pre-eminent in this bad art, and more especially did he profane the holy name of his Maker. By some accident, a stray leaf of this lady's writing had escaped from the window, and blew into the building where this man was at work. Thinking it a letter or paper of trading, he took it up, and read, 'What is the doom of the swearer? Everlasting death, and banishment from God. Our Saviour says, "All manner of sin shall be forgiven; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost hath *never forgiveness.*"' The man read, and thought, stunned. He went away quiet and humbled. The good which the silent pen does lives when the hand which held it is still for ever.—*American Messenger.*

Gems from John Frewen,*

A PURITAN DIVINE, MINISTER OF NORTHIAM, IN SUSSEX,

DIED IN 1628.

1. SEEING our Lord Jesus Christ is our head and Captain, it cannot be but that our Life must be as a continual fight; for Satan, who is a deadly enemy to the Son of God, will never leave the members of Christ in rest, but will torment and vex them, so that they shall have nothing but disquietness in this life: And therefore we must take good courage in Him that hath overcome the world; and our trust in Him must be such, that we do not doubt but that the victory which He hath gotten, is gotten for us.

2. The Law showeth us our sin, the Gospel showeth us a remedy for it. The Law showeth us our condemnation, the Gospel showeth us our redemption. The Law causeth wrath, the Gospel is the word of Grace. The Law is the word of despair, the Gospel is the word of Comfort. The Law says pay thy debt, the Gospel says Christ hath paid it. The Law saith thou art a sinner, despair and thou shall be damned; the Gospel says thy sins are forgiven thee, be of good comfort thou shalt be saved. The Law saith make amends for thy sin; the Gospel saith, Christ hath made it for thee. The Law saith thy Father in heaven is angry with thee; the Gospel saith Christ hath pacified Him with His blood. The Law asks where is thy righteousness, goodness, and satisfaction; the Gospel saith Christ is thy righteousness, goodness, and satisfaction. The Law saith thou art bound and indebted to me; the Gospel saith Christ hath delivered thee from them all, he that believeth not God's word, believeth not God Himself, the Gospel is God's word, therefore he that believeth not the Gospel, believeth not God Himself.

3. It is the part of Christians so to live, so to behave themselves, and so to suffer all things, that Christ only may be the cause of the hatred and persecution which they suffer; and then this is and ought to be a comfort unto we suffer for Christ then are we His shall we say with the Apostle Paul, and are rebuked because we trust in God, which is the Saviour of all men of those that believe. This is a gre tion and comfort, that how great s dangers be, if Faith be present it is up a discouraged heart. Safety an promised not by resisting, but by su the Lord doth plainly declare; by yo possess your souls—this is a wonderf tion. They who fight under princes, ful of the victory, but Christ promis without all doubt, to them that fi end. Let us not therefore fear o fight for the glory of the Lord, al whole world rise against us becau and prosperous end is promised t Christ Jesus the Son of God, who i keeper of our Salvation.

4. The Lord is debtor unto n is of His free mercy, whatsoever He man. He may bestow His benefits u soever He will. I will show mercy I will show mercy, and I will have on whom I will have compassion. I words He noted the highest cause of Grace, namely His voluntary decree appointed His mercy peculiarly for c yet God in rejecting whom He will, without blame, but also wonderf wisdom and justice. 'Hath not the p over the clay to make of the sam vessel to honour and another to The causes of rejection are hid in and unsearchable counsel of God; eousness whereof we ought rather t than curiously seek after. Whats any creature, is the ministry of th God. The faithful being vessels of made instruments to set forth the m Lord; and the unbelieving being wrath, are predestinate to show fortl ment of God, and both the one an to His everlasting glory.

* From 'Certain Fruitful Instructions and Necessary Doctrine meet to edify in the Fear of God.' 18mo, 1587.

THE THIRST-QUENCHING WATER.*

HE thoughts of the woman of Samaria were of the earth earthy. Nothing but the Well at her feet presented itself to her dim unspiritualised vision, as the mystenger spake to her of 'the gift of God' living water.'

elled by her insensibility to divine the Heavenly Teacher pursues His t, however, by answering her challenge icating the dignity of His own person with that of 'Father Jacob.' He had nd in view. He wished to raise, not but all who in after ages would read of the wayside fountain, above the earth to 'the river of God which is ter.' Again, therefore, He recurs to and continues the emblem by the nent of a startling and significant He begins His reply with the asserrding the well of the Patriarch at y stood, 'Whosoever drinketh of this ll thirst again;' an assertion which opriately be invested with a wider enshrining as it does the great truth, eature and created good is inadequate o satisfy the yearnings of the human

ry breast there is a craving after . 'Who will show us any good?' is the soliloquy, of weary humanity. many streams of created enjoyment. these lawful, innocent, exhilarating, re the blessing and favour of God on them; others, poor, mean, degraded, . But even the best and purest, r themselves and apart from Infinite , can afford no permanent bliss or n. They do not, cannot quench the thirst. Pitcher after pitcher may be the well's mouth;—the golden goblet the jewelled flagon with the luscious f earthly glory, the brimming transcher drawn up by the silken cord of ection: but He who knows the human nounces 'thirst again' is the property cteristic of them all. The finite can a satisfying portion for that which for the infinite. Satisfying portion! y, with its eagle soarings, says, 'It is .' The pride of rank—crowns and coronets, and lordly titles—say, 'It is not in me.' The laurel of conquest, as it withers on the warrior's brow, says, 'It is not in me.' Gold, with its glittering heaps, laughs its votaries to scorn, and says, 'It is not in me!' The most renowned of earthly conquerors seated himself by that well. He brought the monarchs of the world to be his drawers of water: each with his massive goblet going down for the draught, and laying the tribute at the victor's feet. But the tears of the proud recipient have passed into a proverb; and if we could ask him to translate these dumb tears into words, his reply would be, 'Whosoever drinketh of *this* water shall thirst again.'

But if such be the unsatisfactory nature of earthly happiness, the brokenness of earthly cisterns,—what nobler compensations, what more enduring pleasures are there to take their place? You cannot attempt to dislodge one object of earthly affection or pursuit without having some other and better to substitute in its room. It was a *dictum* of the old philosophy that nature abhors a *vacuum*, and this is as true regarding the moral as the material world. The dove of old with weary wing, would have retained its unstable perch on the restless billow had it not known of an ark of safety. You cannot tempt the shivering child of want to desert his garret or rude shieling, until you can promise him some kindlier and more substantial shelter. You cannot induce the prodigal to leave off the husks of his miserable desert exile, before you can tell him of a father's house and welcome: you cannot ask him to part with his squalid rags and tinsel ornaments until you can assure him of robe, and ring, and sandals: the husks and the tatters, wretched as they are, are better than nothing. In one of the islands on our northern coasts, a daring adventurer clambered down one of the steep cliffs which rose perpendicular from the ocean, in search of the eggs of some seafowl; the precarious parapet or ledge of rock on which he stood suddenly gave way, and with one giant bound plunged into the boiling surf beneath. In a moment, the instinctive love of life made him spring from the yielding footing and lay hold on a branch of ivy which clung with uncertain tenacity to the precipice that rose sheer above him. Who would have had the madness or cruelty to shout to that wrestler for dear life to let go the treacherous ivy branch? Worthless as it was, it was his only chance of safety;

*ide at Sychar,' by J. R. MacDuff, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

and those on the summit of the cliff, the spectators of his imminent peril, were wise, not by word or sign to disturb his grasp of what they anxiously felt might prove a brittle thread in these moments of suspense. But when a fleet foot had returned with the rope, and let it down by the side of the exhausted man, then, with no hesitating accents did they call upon him to let go the fragile support and lay hold of what brought him up safe to their feet. In the same way do we find the inspired writers dealing with the human soul. They never are content with negative admonitions. They never exhort to 'abhor that which is evil,' without telling of some objective 'good' to which the heart can cleave in stead. 'Charge them that are rich in the world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, BUT *in the living God*.' 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. . . . The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; BUT *he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever*.'

This is the procedure of the divine Redeemer with the woman of Samaria; conveying, through her and through the outer material symbol and similitude, a deeper moral lesson for all mankind. He tells her, pointing to the well at her feet, that returning thither day by day she would require continually to refill and replenish her emptied pitcher; but that He had nobler living streams in store which would quench her soul's thirst for ever.

He says the same to us. As in her case, so also in ours, in a higher figurative meaning, He does not condemn many of these worldly streams, or forbid their being repaired to. The wants of the body, the claims of our physical and social natures are co-ordinate with our moral and spiritual; for man is a complex being, with intimate relationships binding him to both worlds, and the imperious calls of the one, can as little as those of the other, be with impunity neglected or ignored. Jesus recognises both. He who knows our frame would lay no cruel arrest on many objects of lawful earthly pursuit —many wells of earthly happiness. All He says of them is, If you restrict your journeyings to these, you will not be satisfied—you will assuredly thirst again. But I have a Well of living waters to tell you of, more lasting far than all earthly sources of supply. You will not require the glow-worm and the starlight when you have the meridian sun; the shifting sand when you have the solid rock; the tiny stream when you have the infinite ocean. 'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'

There are many salient points presented to us here. Space will only permit touching on one leading and beautiful thought suggested by the two central words of the latter verse; where all other outer objects of perishable pleasure are brought into contrast with that which is inward,—'IN HIM.' 'It shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'

The believer has an inner well in his soul; —something within the renewed being which makes him independent of all external earthly good and earthly happiness. Let outer things smile or frown, it matters not. That 'source of lasting joy' is no 'summer-dried fountain.' Being fed from the everlasting hills, it is always full, always flowing, *over*flowing. What though the world grow false,—what though worldly means are abridged, worldly pleasures fade, bereavements narrow the loved circle? the inner sources of truest peace cannot be invaded:

> 'In nightliest hours one lonely spot is bright,
> High overhead, through folds and folds of space,
> It is the earnest star of all his heavens,
> And tremulous in the deep well of his being,
> Its image answers.'

Of the believer, outwardly impoverished, it can be said, as of the Church of Smyrna of old, 'I know thy poverty, but thou art rich.' In these hidden sources of satisfaction and happiness imperceptible to the eye of the world, we are furnished with a key and solution to St Paul's paradox, 'Having nothing, yet possessing all things.' How often was the reality of this inward satisfying and sustaining good illustrated in the case of this great man. Look at the closing scenes of his life when a prisoner in bonds in the world's capital. See some of the pitchers which he brings up from this inner fountain, when all other rills were rapidly drying in their channels. 'Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. . . . I have all and abound.' Or see him in the same place, at a yet later period, when the earthly streams of comfort had well-nigh perished; lonely, man-deserted, he could yet, with the unimpaired energy of 'the life hid with Christ,' write the glowing words, 'All men forsook me. . . . Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me and strengthened me.' Or again, when, in the hour of sinking nature, his enemies were insulting his grey hairs, loading him with reproaches and indignities, and doing what they could to shake his constancy in his

ord;—when every other well and stream erted him—when his aged and tremu- n could no longer fetch up the flagon e failing earthly pool—when the pitcher ut to be 'broken at the fountain,' and el 'broken at the cistern,'—the fountain oul's peace was clear and sparkling as He seems to say, 'Attempt not to cloud es or eclipse my faith. Dream not that o act the coward's part, and purchase y from suffering and death by base tion. You may shut me off from all streams of joy—you may bind heavier these tottering limbs—you may threaten i the horrors of the amphitheatre—you inkle my insulted ashes on the waters Tiber, or scatter them on the wide sea, ie winds of heaven; but "nevertheless ot ashamed, for I know whom I have , and am persuaded that He is able to at which I have committed to Him that day."'

es and joys of earth were to his deathless soul e swept dewdrop from the eagle's wing, walking in his strength, he sunward soars.'

asked him the secret and spring of all perhuman faith and magnanimity and e would reply in the brief words, 'Christ ie hope of glory.' Jesus, in the glories erson, and in the fulness and complete- His work, was that inner fountain of s and peace,—the 'spring shut up, the i sealed,'—and 'when He giveth quiet- io then can make trouble?' The apostle e Philippians what alone would prove ret of their heart tranquillity, as it was wn, 'The peace of God, which passeth erstanding, shall keep your hearts and hrough Christ Jesus.'

hat peace ours? After, it may be, inly seeking peace—a resting place for l elsewhere, have we returned to the k—the refuge from the storm and the rom the tempest? Has the true Noah h his hand and taken us in? and are we th folded wings, enjoying that, without ll outward calm is vain, illusory, worth- conciliation through the blood of the 'Therefore being justified by faith we ace with God, through the Lord Jesus

'Reconciliation!' Have you known ning of that word, even with regard to friends: when, after years of bitter ement, the father is locked in the arms prodigal, or brother is reponed in the ve of brother, or sister is fondled in the s of a long alienated sister?—what is mpared to reconciliation with the Being ings, the Friend of all friends? For if God be for us who can be against us? if God giveth peace who can give trouble? if God smile upon us, who can really frown? If God be our reconciled covenant God and Father, then we have the sweet persuasion that all things are working together for our good; and even the very rills of creature bliss that were before in themselves unsatisfying, become invested with new elements of happiness and joy. 'I can truly say,' to take the testimony of one, illustrious as a Christian, but illustrious too, among our country's scientific explorers, and who, escaping many treacherous reefs in the literal ocean, had reached the truer spiritual haven. 'I can truly say,' are the words of the great navigator Scoresby, 'that I have found the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. I was never half so happy before I came to this knowledge, and never enjoyed so much of life. Pleasures or enjoyments which are sinful, have no temptation for me. But I have yet many rational enjoyments and pleasures—domestic pleasures, social pleasures, the pleasures afforded by intercourse with great and good men, and above all, the pleasure derived from a sense of the favour of God in the heart, which indeed passeth all understanding. I used to fancy I must give up all enjoyments if I became religious. But now I find that things I used to call pleasures now disgust me, whilst a multitude of new enjoyments have burst upon me.' 'How pleasant,' says another beautiful and well-known exemplification of the Christian life, 'How pleasant it is to have God for a friend, . . . to know that He is about my path and with me. How pleasant it is to consider that nothing can hurt me, nothing can injure me, for God is my portion for ever and ever. He feeds and will feed me; He supports and will support me. In Him I become independent of the world. I want not riches, pleasures, or the favour of men. Having God I possess all things.' 'My days,' says Doddridge, 'begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful.' 'I never knew happiness,' said Wilberforce on his death-bed, 'till I found Christ as a Saviour.' Oh, what a lever true religion is thus found to be in elevating the soul to the enjoyment of satisfying bliss! And how is it so? We answer again, because nothing finite can satisfy that which was made for the infinite. You might give to the eagle, of which we have spoken, a gilded cage, and feed him by princes' hands; but this would never be to him an equivalent for his native, free-born, sunward soaring. Water, by the well-known law of hydrostatics, never rises above its own level; and so the best of earthly joys and rills of pleasure can rise no higher than earth: they begin

and terminate here. But the living water with which Christ fills the soul, springing from heaven conducts to heaven again. Flowing from the Infinite,—flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb, from the city of the crystal sea,—it elevates to the Infinite. It finds its level in the river of the water of life which flows in the midst of the celestial Paradise. And just as on earth, so long as our mighty lake-reservoirs are full of water, and the channel unimpeded, the marble fountain in street or garden, sends up, on the gravitation principle, its crystal jets in unfailing constancy;—so (with reverence we say it) never shall these fountains of peace and joy and reconciliation and hope cease in the heart of the believer until the mighty reservoirs of Deity are exhausted; in other words, until God Himself ceases to be God. Everlasting life is their source, and everlasting life is their magnificent duration. We have witnessed the memorable and interesting spot at the roots of Mount Hermon, familiarly known as the 'sources of the Jordan.' There the river of Palestine is seen bubbling out of a dark cave, and thence hastens on through its long tortuous course to lose its waters in the Sea of Death. That is the picture and illustration of every stream of earthly happiness. They terminate with the grave. But this inner fountain in the hidden man of the believer's heart flows onwards to the Sea of Life; and the hour which terminates the worldling's happiness only truly begins his.

On the other hand; how awful the state of the soul continuing in guilty neglect of this living water! Every well resorted to but the true well; partaking of all waters but the living waters; a stranger to the alone satisfying good, feeding on husks, and starving for lack of the bread of life.

You have heard of the rage of bodily *hunger*, —what those may be impelled to in the agony of famine—in the straits of siege or shipwreck. You have heard how the very mother has been untrue to her deepest, tenderest instincts; or how the famishing crew on the wild untenanted shore have had to cast lots for nature's direst extremity. But who can tell the famine of the soul? Alas! we cannot tell it, for we cannot now at least feel it. There are expedients to which we can, and do betake ourselves to stay that infinite rage of spiritual hunger. We throw sops to the immortal appetite. There are husks with which we can keep it down, messes of pottage to decoy from the true heavenly birthright. But when the husks are ended, what then? When life is ended, what then? When cast on the inhospitable shores of a bleak and ruined eternity, what then? It will be an unresponded-to cry, ringing its undying echoes, '*I perish with hunger!*'

You have heard of the rage of bodily *thir* Here is a picture of it from a graphic pe Many years ago, when the Egyptian troops fi conquered Nubia, a regiment was destroy by thirst in crossing this desert. The m being upon a limited supply of water, suffer from extreme thirst, and deceived by t appearance of a mirage that exactly resembl a beautiful lake, they insisted on being taken its banks by the Arab guide. It was in va that the guide assured them that the lake w unreal, and he refused to lose the precious ti by wandering from his course. Words led blows, and he was killed by the soldiers who lives depended on his guidance. The who regiment turned from the track and rush towards the welcome waters. Thirsty a faint over the burning sands they hurrie heavier and heavier their footsteps becam hotter and hotter their breath, as deeper the pushed into the desert, farther and farther fro the lost track where the pilot lay in his blood and still the mocking spirits of the desert, th afreets of the mirage, led them on, and th lake glistening in the sunshine tempted them t bathe in its cool waters, close to their eyes but never at their lips. At length the delusion vanished, the fatal lake had turned to burning sand. Raging thirst and horrible despair! the pathless desert and the murdered guide! lost! lost! all lost! Not a man ever left the desert, but they were subsequently discovered parched and withered corpses by the Arabs sent on the search.

Such is life,—a mocking mirage, the phantom of the wilderness; thousands, lured by the brilliant spectre, hurry on in the chase after happiness, in hot pursuit after the vain and unreal. But all is illusive, ending in mockery and disappointment, 'as a dream when one awaketh,' leaving the thirst of the deathless soul unquenched; and, unless a nobler Fountain be timeously resorted to, this the irreparable doom, the unchanging destiny—'Him that is thirsty, let him be thirsty still.'

But, thanks be to God, there is no such malediction now ringing in our ears. We may listen rather to one of the blissful cadences of the Bible,—a sweet strain, a sublime harmony, wafted from the heights of heaven—'They shall HUNGER no more, neither THIRST any more.' It is further added, in the same beautiful passage, The Lamb that is in the midst of the throne, shall *feed them*, and lead them to LIVING *fountains of waters*.' Yes, He it is, this slain Lamb of the Heavenly Paradise, who has solved the problem of human happiness. He is the true 'Pleroma' or 'Fulness,' the alone satisfying Good groped after by the Platonic philosophy. 'In Him all fulness dwells.' It is over the

tico of the Gospel Temple, not over any then shrine, the superscription is written, ıey shall be abundantly satisfied with the ıess of Thy house, and Thou shalt make m to drink of the rivers of Thy pleasures!' at is to be our choice? The phantom or reality?—the substance or the shadow?— earthly waters, with their inseparable racteristic, 'thirst again,'—or the 'rivers of ısures' springing up into everlasting life? any moment the curtain of the seen and temporal may be rent in twain, and the world and all its hopes scattered like the leaves of autumn. As we are seated in thought at Jacob's Well, listening, from holy lips, to the contrast of the earthly with the perennial stream, may it be ours to breathe the fervent prayer:—

'Hear me! to Thee my soul in suppliance turneth,
Like the lorn pilgrim on the sands accursed.
For life's sweet waters, God, my spirit yearneth:
Give me to drink; I perish here with thirst!'

So teach us to Number our Days.

SHOULD it bring a shade of sadness,
That our years are passing by,
That the desert journey shortens,
And our higher life draws nigh?

Grieves the weary footsore traveller,
As each rugged path is past,
That his toilsome journey's ended,
Home and friends are reached at last?

Does the lonely exile mourn,
That his banished days are o'er,
That a happy home awaits him,
On a bright and long loved shore?

Nay, the hope of being daily
Nearer to the longed for goal,
Gives fresh vigour to his footsteps,
Adds new ardour to his soul.

So as years are passing o'er us,
Earth receding from our sight,
As the better land we're nearing,
May our souls be filled with light.

To behold by faith's pure vision,
Something of that goodly land,
Something that will draw our spirits,
To the joys at God's right hand.

Let us not grow faint or weary,
As we tread our onward way,
But from all the past, the rather
Gather strength from day to day.

Leaning on our gracious Saviour,
Daily proving more His love,
Every grace from Him receiving,
Till with Him we dwell above.

J. J. B.

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISIT TO THE HALL.

THE birth-day party was a decided success. The village children were highly delighted with all that was done to amuse them; especially as their games were joined in with such zest by the other guests; and Mr Latimer acknowledged that Rosalie's plan was a good one, and that it was a good thing, once in a way, for high and low to mix together on equal terms.

Edward really took his departure the next day, and Rosalie and Ethel returned to their studies, refreshed by the break which his visit had caused.

The weeks which followed were happy weeks to both the girls; they enjoyed each other's companionship in studies and amusements, and Rosalie almost dreaded the time when Ethel must leave them.

Ethel had not forgotten home friends; but if sometimes she turned her thoughts longingly homewards, it always ended with a kind of regret that she should so soon have to take up the old life again. For things were very different at the Rectory from what they were at Oakley: here, all went on smoothly and quietly, and she had as much time as she wished for everything; there, there were so many little duties to attend to, so many things to call her away from her own pursuits: and, besides, there was the constant care, which Ethel was beginning to feel now; the constant struggle to make both ends meet; and the consciousness that Mrs Linton, with her delicate health, needed many comforts which she could not have, with so many little ones to feed and clothe out of the father's scanty provision.

Ethel was laying in a stock of useful knowledge during those weeks; not only from books, but from the things which passed around her. And she was gaining ground in higher and better things too—slowly and perhaps hardly perceptibly—still she was making progress.

It was the last morning in May, and Ethel rose early that she might have a ramble with Rosalie in the grounds before breakfast. It was sweet warm spring weather; and the girls returned with bright faces and rosy cheeks to join their elders at the table.

The letters were just brought in, and Ethel eagerly seized the one Mr Latimer held out to her, for she saw it was her father's writing, and she longed for news from home. But the contents changed her bright expression to one of thoughtful sadness.

Mr Linton wrote that her mother was laid aside with one of her frequent attacks of cold, and that they sadly wanted Ethel at did she not think it was time she was r ing? They had spared her as long a possibly could, and should hope to see he next Thursday.

'Next Thursday! so soon!' thought and then she reproached herself for more regret at leaving Feversham than pl at the thought of returning home, or for the cause that was hastening her. H was so very grave and thoughtful, ths Latimer remarked it.

'Your letter contains no bad news, I Ethel?'

'Why, yes, Aunt Ethel. Mamma is ing from cold again; and that always her ill, and unable to do anything; anc thinks I ought to return next Thursday.'

'Oh, Ethel, surely not so soon as exclaimed Rosalie: 'you were to stay months with us, and you cannot have nearly that yet. I cannot spare you, i so you must just stay where you are.'

'Stay, Rosa,' said Mrs Latimer gent my sister be ill, and needs Ethel, we spare her, you know: and I daresay sl feel very glad to be at home again; s been a long while away from all her fri ten weeks, is it not, Ethel? but I hop have been happy weeks, my child?'

Ethel looked up: the tears would into her eyes, but she drove them back, was a minute before she could answer.

'Yes, aunt, very happy ones. I am you have spoilt me.'

'Indeed but I am sure we have not, th said Rosalie, affectionately, as she put a round her cousin, 'you are not a bit spo

'You say your papa has fixed Thu Ethel,' said Mrs Latimer, referring to a she held in her hand; 'I am sorry fo because this letter tells me that my r returns to Feversham on that day, and I very much have liked her to see you. B cannot be, unless papa can be induced t you to us a little longer; and I scarcely ask for that, when my poor sister is suff

Ethel started when her aunt mention Feversham; and she was going to say a very glad she should not see her, wh remembered herself in time; and he answer was that she could not stay lon mamma was ill.

Mr Latimer was called out imme after breakfast to visit a parishioner; s the half hour in the study was deferred return. Ethel was rather glad of the and went upstairs to her own room. S vexed with herself for not feeling more pl at the thought of home: but she had t

stomed to the pleasant life at Feversham
ory, and the idea of taking up home cares
duties again was anything but agreeable.
should be very pleased to see home faces
ı—if only they could all live in as comfort-
and cheerful a manner as did Mr Latimer's
ehold. The tears came again, and this
she was fain to let them have their way.
eaned her head on the table, and let them
: she was crying, but very quietly, and
ıoped it would pass off before Rosalie came
ek her. Suddenly an arm was put round
and her head drawn from its resting-place
ıe table to her aunt's shoulder.
Ethel, darling, this illness of your mother's
is not serious, I hope? you have not con-
d anything from me?'
Oh no, Aunt Ethel. There is papa's letter,
will see what he says about it. Mamma
ys suffers a good deal in these attacks, but
not think they are anything serious.'
My love for my only sister has not suffered
absence, Ethel—if possible it is ten times
ger, and I do not wonder at your feeling
and uneasy at any illness, however slight.'
Irs Feversham read the letter Ethel gave
ınd returned it with the remark,
There is nothing for it but you must go
'hursday, darling, though I feel almost as
were my own child I were going to lose.
ve grown so fond of you. We shall all
you sadly, Ethel.'
I shall be very sorry to go, Aunt Ethel,'
Ethel, earnestly. But her truthful nature
d not allow her aunt to go away with a
g idea; so she added, 'It was that more
mamma's illness that troubled me, dear
: I seem somehow to belong to you, and
ncle, and Rosalie; and it seems hard to
way from you. You have been so good
ɪind to me that you have spoilt me; that
Aunt Ethel.
And you think it a little hard to go back
e old life at home, with its little daily cares
ınnoyances: is not that it, Ethel?'
Dear aunt, how well you know me!' ex-
ıed Ethel. 'That is just it. I know it is
g of me to feel so, but I cannot help it.'
You must try to help it, dear child, or it
ındo all the good you have gained in the
s you have spent with us. I shall be very
', indeed, if we have made you discontented
your own home, Ethel. But I do not
: it will be so; especially if you try to re-
ber that all these little troubles are per-
ɔd and appointed, and that they are the
discipline you need. But we will talk
on this subject another time. I came to
'ou that your uncle was ready for you; so
ɪway to him now.'
o it was quite decided that Ethel was to
: on the Thursday. Rosalie was very down-
ɪed at the thought of losing her: she loved
ıs a sister, and she thought that her cousin
ıt very well be spared to her altogether.
ıl did not express much regret, but it was
ent she felt it; and as she sat in the pew
hurch the next Sunday, listening to her
uncle's sermon, the tears stood in her eyes as
she thought it would be the last she would hear
from his lips—at least for a long time—for Mrs
Latimer hoped they should have her with them
again sometime.

The last two or three days were spent in a
farewell visit to the school, in bidding good-bye
to several of the poor people whom she had
visited with Rosalie, and in the more formal
calls, with her aunt, upon their young acquaint-
ances in the neighbourhood. But there was
still another place to be visited, which Ethel
had reserved until the last.

It was Wednesday evening, and Mrs Latimer
was sitting by the open window of the drawing-
room reading, when the door opened softly,
and Ethel entered. She paused on the thres-
hold, and Mrs Latimer looked up.

'What is it, Ethel dear? Can I do any-
thing for you?'

'I am afraid you are busy, and I am dis-
turbing you, aunt.'

'Nay, dear; my book can be easily laid
aside if you want me.'

But Ethel still hesitated, and Mrs Latimer
repeated her question. Then she came forward,
and, kneeling down by her aunt, drew her arm
round her, and laid her hand on her shoulder.

'Aunt Ethel, just after I came here you
wanted to take me to the Hall, and I did not
wish to go: I do wish it now, if you will take
me. I should not like to go home without
having seen the place where mamma lived; and
I will try not to think of any one else but her,'
she added, in a low tone.

She spoke fast, and with flushed cheeks, for
it was some effort to speak at all.

Mrs Latimer kissed her forehead as she
replied, 'Indeed, I will take you with great
pleasure, Ethel. I think mamma would be
sorry if you went back without having seen the
home of her childhood. Run for your hat, and
we will go at once. But I thought you had
joined your uncle and Alie in their drive.'

'No; I stayed, because I wanted to go to
the Hall.'

They were soon on their way across the
park, the trees of which were all bright with
the fresh greenness of their early summer dress.
The walk was taken almost in silence.

Mrs Harland, the old housekeeper, was de-
lighted to see them, and bustled about to do
the honours of the noble family mansion, which
was in its holiday attire, in expectation of the
return of its owners on the morrow. The house
was not an old one, so there were no tales to
tell of former generations in connection with it.
But Mrs Harland could relate that which in-
terested Ethel far more,—stories of the early
life of her beloved mother; for 'Miss Mary'
had been a favourite with the old housekeeper,
and she never wearied of talking of her.

The last room to be visited was the one Mrs
Linton had occupied. It was much changed since
those days; but still Ethel's fancy could picture
her mother flitting about in it, in all the bright-
ness and freshness of youth. Mrs Harland left
them there. Mrs Latimer sat down in a chair by

the low window, and Ethel flung herself on the floor before her, and laid her head in her lap.

It was a beautiful prospect that lay before them. The bright pleasure grounds, with their gaily coloured flowers; the park, with its noble old trees, rearing their tall heads to the clear blue sky; the curling smoke of the village cottages, mingling in pleasant contrast with their greenness; and behind rose clear and sharp the rugged, somewhat barren hills that bounded the horizon in that direction; while the rays of the setting sun, as he sunk slowly towards the west, shed a flood of glowing light over all.

But Ethel took in naught of the beauty of the scenery. Her thoughts were busy with other things: she was thinking deeply of her mother and of herself—so deeply, that she quite started when Mrs Latimer laid her hand on her head.

'What are you thinking of, Ethel?'

Ethel's eyes went back to the window again, as if what she saw there, though she had not noticed it, would help her to recall the train of thought which her aunt's words had broken.

'I was thinking, Aunt Ethel,' she said at last, hesitatingly, 'how much pleasanter it is to be rich than poor.'

'My darling,' replied Mrs Latimer fondly, as she stroked the head that lay in her lap, 'how gladly I would shield you from every sorrow and trouble—from every cold blast if I could, but that is not possible. We cannot, if we would, alter our lot in life: and it is well we cannot: for it is all ordered by One who knows the end from the beginning, and who is far far wiser than we. Will you try to remember, Ethel, whenever you are inclined to be discontented, that it is because God loves you that He sends you these little daily crosses and trials, that you may not look upon life as all pleasure; but be led to turn your thoughts and affections toward higher and better things? Will you take your burdens to Him, Ethel? nothing is too small or insignificant to be beneath His notice—then you will bear them cheerfully and bravely for His sake.'

Ethel looked up into the earnest face that was bending over her as she answered, 'I will try, Aunt Ethel. But it is not for myself so much that I care, but for mamma: it troubles me a great deal sometimes that she cannot have everything she needs.'

'It is a trouble to a loving heart, Ethel, to see suffering which we cannot relieve; especially when the sufferer is one of our nearest and dearest. But we must do as the disciples did, "go and tell Jesus;" that is the best remedy for all our cares whatever they be. And this being poor, Ethel, has its bright side as well as its dark one. I often think a family that has had to struggle with the world is more united than one that has basked in its smile: it must be so pleasant to give up something really necessary, to practise self-denial for the sake of those we love so dearly; and even the youngest can bring its mite to the general good in this way—some plaything given up—some dear wish sacrificed—and the little heart feels ennobled by the effort. Have you not found it so, Ethel?'

'I am afraid I have not tried it so much as I ought to have done,' replied Ethel, colouring.

'It is not too late to begin, dear.'

Ethel did not answer: her eyes turned towards the window again, and the silence was unbroken for some time. At last she spoke.

'Aunt Ethel, you have been very good to me while I have been here: I have learnt a great deal.'

'I hope you have, my child; you have been very industrious: papa and mamma will find we are sending them quite a learned young lady.'

Ethel smiled, but quickly grew grave again.

'But I do not mean only that, aunt: I have learnt other things too. At least,' she added, earnestly, 'I have learnt to *wish* to be like you—to be good.'

'Like me, darling, only so far as in any humble measure I follow in our Saviour's steps. If you wish to grow like Him, Ethel, may God turn the wish into an earnest endeavour, and make you His child!'

'Before I came here, auntie,' said Ethel, hiding her face so that Mrs Latimer could not see it, and speaking with evident effort, 'I never thought about such things; but you and my uncle have made me think: and I hope I do wish to love and please God.'

'He is waiting and willing to help and bless you then, my child. Let that be the first earnest purpose of your life—then storms may howl and winds may gather, but they cannot harm you if safely sheltered beneath His wing.'

They were silent for a while longer; and then Mrs Latimer rose, saying, it was getting late and they must return home. Ethel rose too, and threw her arms round her aunt's neck.

'I meant to thank you, dear Aunt Ethel, for everything, but I cannot. I will try to be what you would wish me to be. I may write to you sometimes, may I not?'

'Indeed I shall expect to hear from you very often. You must tell me everything, Ethel, and I will help you all I can.'

During the walk home, Mrs Latimer gave Ethel many messages of love and affection to carry to her mother: the dear sister whose memory dwelt in a very warm corner of her heart.

Her uncle's prayer that night Ethel never forgot: the earnestness with which he prayed for her, and indeed for the whole family to which she belonged—that they might meet an unbroken chain in the paradise above.

On arising from her knees, Ethel came up to bid her uncle good night. He put his arm round her and kissed her very tenderly once or twice.

'God bless and keep you, my dear child: and make it your highest aim to grow more Christ-like.'

'More Christ-like!' those words lingered in Ethel's ears long afterwards: and a hearty resolve arose, which deepened into an earnest prayer, that she might indeed daily and hourly strive to be so.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHILDHOOD OF A GOOD AND GREAT MAN.*

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

THOMAS THOMPSON was the eldest son of Nathaniel and Margaret Thompson, and was born in London on 19th August 1785. He lived until 1865, and was one of the few remaining links between the past and present. He had seen great changes come his country. Steamboats and railways, hts and telegraphs, police and penny- were undreamt of in his childhood. In ity of his birth, feeble oil lamps scarcely d the darkness of the streets. Lumbering ey-coaches pursued their own pace, and ed pretty much their own prices. Two- stages waited in Gracechurch Street and ul's Churchyard, to obtain passengers for uburbs, and chose their own time for ng; four-horse coaches, the only lively s of the day, were very nearly a week in g to Edinburgh. Drowsy watchmen the hour of the night, and thieves were ted to wait until the constable of the dis- ould be fetched from his home or occupa- o take them into custody. Any one going ance must be tossed for hours in a sailing and the poorest person must pay nine- or elevenpence for a letter.

he political geography of Europe, and d of the world at large, underwent as llous a change in his lifetime as did the condition of England. Who would re- se Europe as it now is, or America, or , or Australia, in the maps of 1785? And science and literature, it would not do to glance over the vast field of their pro-

he change from the religious and benevolent ts of that day to this, is as strongly d. England had then no Bible or Tract ties, no Home, or Foreign, or Naval ons, no Ragged Schools or Bible-women, ty Missionaries; no attempts to penetrate ns or reach the masses of the city poor. were no pretty little books for children, no religious magazines—if indeed there any magazines at all. There were few an Asylumns, and Reformatories were own.

r Thompson was one of those who helped uld the benevolent character of the age in he appeared. From his earliest childhood red the Saviour, and to the last day of t the age of eighty, he devoted himself t Saviour's service with undeviating con- cy and growing ardour. What will not *ruck* love, suggest and accomplish? More- he was one of those who, with native energy and individuality, strike out a path for themselves, and usually come under the designation of self-made men. He was one of a rare class, who, exercising a species of magnetic influence over other minds, draw them within the sphere of their attraction, and then hurry them on with accelerated speed in the course proposed to them. And he was doubtless one of those whom Divine Providence, by a combination of circumstances and associations, raises up and endows for the accomplishment of its own purposes.

From his father, Thomas Thompson, probably derived the upright and honourable principles, and gentlemanly bearing, which attached to his own course in life. From his mother he inherited warm affections, and a peculiarly sweet disposition. His bright and buoyant temperament seems to have come direct from heaven, to sustain him under his toils, and to give success to his projects. As a son, he was a very pattern of filial obedience and love. as a schoolboy, he was diligent and aspiring. He soon distanced his companions in mental arithmetic; and before he was eight years of age, his master elevated him to the desk to write copies for the school.

A characteristic anecdote, indicative of his early love of the Scriptures, remains on record. In going to school, he had frequently passed a second-hand bookseller's, and had paused to look at the wonders of literature which lay open before him. When about six years of age, his admiring gaze was attracted by a folio copy of Matthew Henry's Commentary, in three volumes, with pictorial illustrations. The price was £4, 14s. 6d. He paid frequent visits to the open window, and each time the longing to possess such a treasure became more intense. He resolved that all his pocket-money and presents should be saved for the attainment of this object, and an aunt having given him sixpence, he proceeded to the bookseller's to open the negotiation. Full of the importance of his errand, he entered the shop. 'Well, my little man,' said the tradesman, as he stooped to his young customer, 'what is your business?' 'Please, sir, I want to buy that Bible.' 'Very well, where's the money?' 'Here's sixpence, and I'll bring you sixpence every week.' The bookseller drew himself up, too contemptuous to speak. 'I *will* bring it, sir; indeed I will!' pursued the little boy, in the honesty of his purpose. 'Get along, you little fellow, and don't come hindering me again with your sixpences,' was all the reply he obtained. He went home to tell the story of his troubles to his fond and sympathizing mother. 'Oh, it is such a nice Bible, mamma,' he concluded; 'it would make me such a good boy. Oh, I *wish* I could get it!' 'Never mind, Tom,' responded the mother, 'you shall not be disappointed. I see there is one coming out in weekly numbers, and I will give you sixpence a week to take it

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*tches of the Life and Character of THOMAS PSON, Esq. London: Nisbet and Co. 1868.

in.' This he accordingly did for several years, until complete, and the carefully preserved numbers, bound in three folio volumes at his mother's expense, remained uninjured to the close of his life.

That it was not the mere attraction of the pictures which fascinated him, is proved by the fact, that at the age of seven, he spent all his savings in the purchase of a Reference Bible, an article at that period scarce and dear, and that this book became from that time his favourite study.

When seven years of age, he was delighted to accompany his aunt to Sion Chapel, then supplied by Lady Huntingdon's chaplains. When a little older, he used to go with a friend to hear Rowland Hill. But to the preaching of the Rev. William Alphonsus Gunn, and the Rev. John Newton, he attributed the decided and permanent direction of his mind to religious subjects; and to the high standard of Christian character thus set before him may be assigned the reverential, and loving, and earnest mould in which his own piety was so early cast.

Among many remains indicative of youthful industry and piety, has been found a packet of papers, discoloured with age, consisting of notes of sermons from Mr Newton and Mr Gunn. Some are dated 1797, when the writer of them was but twelve years old, and others are evidently earlier. The clearness with which the principal points of the sermons are marked out, and the fervour of the spiritual and practical thought retained, are striking indications of young Thompson's tastes and tendencies, even at that early period. At the age of twelve he learned shorthand, in order to preserve the sermons he heard entire; but the system being afterwards superseded by others of an improved character, his labour was in great measure lost. He was favoured with the personal acquaintance and kind notice of both these venerable men, and used to relate with much feeling that when Mr Newton became feeble with age, he was allowed to stand behind him in the pulpit to render him assistance.

The pen of a much-loved niece, a daughter of his dear sister Ann, the playfellow of his childhood, and companion of his youth, supplies a few particulars of the transition period:—

'Dear mamma always spoke of him as being, when a boy, mischievously fond of fun. She would laugh as she related his playful teasings, and weep over his prompt compensations, often bringing her something which had 'taken' all his pocket-money. The broken remains, and few unthreaded beads of ear-rings, and a necklace, are still in dear mamma's trinket-box, telling tales of tenderness of the quiet dead. As he grew older, in the days when travelling was an exploit, he would expend his little accumulation on a tour with her in the summer,—once to the Isle of Wight, where they 'merry as larks,' climbing St Catherine's Point, in then unclouded summer, ending their expedition by a visit to Brighton, then a small fishing town.

'To their latest days, both my mother and *my father* had a lively recollection of the Sunday evening walk to St Mary Woolnoth, 'Thom having always some holy and tender things say to them by the way. His devotion to mother was such, that this was her consta utterance, 'Thank God, I have such a so Day by day, for long periods of illness, did carry his mother up and down stairs, and t gospel was made known to her by him, both word and deed.'

CHAPTER II.

EARLY MANHOOD.

'SEEK first the kingdom of God and I righteousness, and all other things shall added unto you,' is a promise which has seldo been more evidently and literally fulfilled th in Thomas Thompson's case. The nati energy of his character was combined wi that intelligent forethought and prompt activi upon which true executive ability, to whatev end it may be directed, is mainly based.

There was much in the circumstance national as well as personal, of his early ma hood, to call out his powers. It was a mo stirring period. The nation had rallied fro the collapse occasioned by the long Americ War and the terrors of the French Revolutio and was wrought up to the utmost pitch of e pectation and excitement by the startlin movements and dazzling victories of the Fir Consul of France. The rapid transitions i the English funds encouraged the spirit of e terprise, and the increasing demands of numerous family decided Mr Nathaniel Thom son to enter the Stock Exchange. His you son's extraordinary aptitude at calculation e couraged him in this decision, and Thoma then about fourteen years of age, was hence forth his constant attendant and assistant.

Thomas soon became something more tha a mere calculating machine. Intensely int rested in the stirring events which were th transpiring in Europe, he read eagerly, thoug deeply, and formed his own conclusions as t the probable issue of each political chang The result proved him to be almost invariabl correct, and the father daily learned to pla increased reliance on the son's judgment.

Finding himself at the age of twenty-o in possession of three hundred a year, the s ventured upon small enterprises on his ow account, never trespassing beyond the boun of prudence. All prospered; and his litt capital doubled, trebled, quadrupled, as fast he could turn it. From the moment that h had gained this footing of independence, h exercised his influence most assiduously for h younger brothers. He was constantly advo cating the value of education, and pressing o in the interest of his juniors at home, the claim of the best schools and the highest teachin attainable; and this not without success.

Nor, during these years of uninterrupte prosperity, had the cares of the world or th deceitfulness of riches choked the good see which had been so early sown in his heart. I

ear 1799 his father had purchased a house ie banks of the New River, in what was the suburban village of Islington, and had ved thither with his family. For more a year Thomas continued regularly to d Mr Newton's ministry in the morning, Munn's in the afternoon, and usually Mr and Hill's in the evening. Finding, how- that the time occupied in traversing the s to hear his old friends made sad inroads ie day of rest, he decided on finding a uary nearer home, and fixed upon Isling- 'hapel, of which the Rev. Thomas Jones he minister.

hen it was that his Sunday-school life ienced. In the year 1800, when but 1 years of age, he became a teacher in the ıy-school. In 1803 he was present at the ıtion of the Sunday-school Union, of ı he was one of the earliest members, and nained of the original committee the last ·or in 1865.

1802 he became a communicant at the of the Lord, and although but sixteen of age, he was from that time his minis- right hand. He devoted himself to his r's comfort, and assisted him in every ie of usefulness, while never for a moment ting the humility and docility which be- his age and relative position, or regarding it ierwise than emphatically a labour of love. ie incident mentioned by the evangelist in reference to Andrew, 'He first findeth m brother Simon, and he brought him to ' was ever a favourite allusion with him. rst affectionate and unobtrusive efforts to od were directed to his own family, and were not unblessed. His brother William, fterwards became a useful and esteemed clergyman of the Church of England, was in his class at the Sunday-school, and attributed his first impressions to the instructions thus received. Then his dear sister Ann, assigning her decision to the affectionate appeals and consistent example of her brother, joined the church in 1805, and his mother, always devout, was brought into the fuller light and enjoy- ment of the gospel, by the conversation of her much-loved son, and became a communicant at about the same time as her daughter Ann.

The week evenings of this period, from 1800 to 1807, were sedulously devoted to mental and spiritual improvement. Various manuscript books remain, evidencing by their clear and closely-written notes, how carefully he read and analysed the books he selected for reading. The first which he purchased and studied after the Bible was Watt's *Improvement of the Mind*. Then some works on natural philosophy and history, Foster's *Essays*, and Young's *Night Thoughts*. Next in order of date came Hervey's *Theron and Aspasio*, Wilberforce's *Practical Piety*, and Scott's *Force of Truth*, Bishop New- ton on the Prophecies, and Bishop Horne on the Psalms. Then follow the works of Butler and Paley, of Jeremy Taylor and President Edwards, Sabine's *Church History*, and Fuller's works, besides very many other books which were afterwards given by him to college and school libraries. Foster's *Essay on Decision of Character* exerted a great influence on his sub- sequent course of action, and in after years he would quote with enthusiasm a sentence of this distinguished essayist, in which, referring to the moral courage required in a course of vir- tuous enterprise, he adds, 'A man of the right kind would say, "I do not care if the whole neighbourhood were to laugh in a chorus."'

'I'm Catching Snow Flakes.'

I ASKED a little laughing boy,
His father's pride, his mother's joy,
Why he had left his school employ?
'I'm catching snow flakes.'

You little thoughtless foolish thing,
What good can such amusement bring,
That you should make the welkin ring,
In catching snow flakes?

Mamma! they are so white and pure,
They're more than lily white I'm sure;
And though they will not long endure,
They're lovely snow flakes.

Does He not send them down to me,
To make me feel that I should be
Washed in His blood, from sin made free,
More pure than snow flakes?

Then chide me not, I'm learning now
From snow flake's kiss upon my brow;
I feel the wish, the prayer, the vow,
To rival snow flakes.

H. B. W.

Gems from Richard Vines.

BORN 1600, DIED 1655.

1. IF men did but know what saving faith is, we should have either more or fewer believers,—more, —for they would renounce that superficial thing called faith, and buy gold tryed in the fire—fewer, for they would not count themselves to believe by that faith which they have. A woman may believe a man to be rich and honorable, and real in his suit, yet that belief doth not make a marriage, but actual consent to take him for a husband; for faith gives as well as takes, it gives a man up to Christ, as well as takes Christ to be a Saviour. It is not true faith that blows hot and cold out of the same mouth, and cries Hosanna to Christ a Saviour, but yet I will not have Him reign over me: The sacrament of the Lord's Supper presents Christ himself to faith thus. It presents Christ himself, His body and blood, not the benefits of Christ apart and abstract, but Christ himself. It presents Christ for intimate union with us, as the nourishment is to the body. It presents Him really as the bread and wine is really taken and received. It presents Him crucified and suffering; as if He was now dying and bleeding: in whom faith finds reconciliation, remission, justification, and redemption.

2. How miserable are they which pursue discoveries, and amass knowledge of almost everything, and yet live and die strangers to themselves. One of the first works which the Word and Spirit works in men, is to give them a light to go down into the dark cellar of their hearts, and make discoveries there; then a man begins to be amazed, and trembles at the sight of himself. It is said of the lost son, that he came to himself. Self-knowledge is the schoolmistress of humility; we are proud, because we know not ourselves; he that knows himself loaths himself, he that knows his wants, prays, he that knows his weakness, fears and flies to the Rock. He that brings knowledge of himself to a sermon, gathers out of that garden those herbs that are medicinal to him. He that knows his own temptations, avoids the occasions that used to ensnare him. He that knows his own experience, hopes with patience, when h sees no light.

3. That which is required of all Christian is to prove their own works, whether they b wrought in God, in order to their own comfor Let every man prove his own work, and s shall he have rejoicing in himself. And this i the sweet and immediate reward of all sincer duties, which leave a sweet taste or savou behind them. Enoch, before his translation had this testimony, that he pleased God: this i that reward which God gives His people befor their translation, as first fruits before the harves

4. Believers that have applied by faith th blood of Jesus Christ, when God shall let loos His last and final plagues upon the world, sha be safe—hell, and wrath, and condemnation, sha not touch them. God looks at nothing but th blood of Christ upon them.

5. God answers the expectations and satisfie the necessity of His people, by giving some othe grace than we would have, or have our ey upon. Paul's prayers were answered in sufficien grace, not the removing of the thorn,—we cr for comfortable signs, and God gives obedientia and serviceable grace,—we look for spiritua gifts, He gives humbling graces,—we woul have conquest of sin, God gives power t encounter it,—we look for lively grace, an God keeps grace alive—we expect at present God afterward gives us it.

6. The Passover and the Lord's Suppe represent Christ crucified—Christ dying o dead. It is the death of Christ, not His resurrec tion, nor ascension, that is set forth,—ye shov the Lord's death till He come,—this is the sigh which a sinful soul would see; this is the com fortable spectacle, to see the price paying, th ransom laying down, the thing in doing; hence he draws the hope and comfort of redemption and therefore the bread was broken, and the cup was full of blood, to represent to the life, thi life giving death of Christ.

7. Take heed of thinking meanly of th furniture of the Lord's table: God hath n better provision to set before a sinner, than Hi Son's flesh and blood, and His covenant of grac sealed and confirmed.

SYMPATHY AND SALVATION.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, LATE OF IPSWICH.

God forgive, I beseech thee; by whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small.'—AMOS vii. 2.
ıll become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time.'—

)S and Isaiah lived at the same :ime. The former was a herdsman ınd the latter is supposed to have belonged to the seed royal. But both were faithful in their work, lessly the evils of the times. Both d with visions of the glory of future. In the two chapters from verses are taken, we have very litions of Israel exhibited. Amos over the low state of the covenant pleading with God on their behalf. ently in sympathy with God, and ıd answered by Him: Judgments l for a time, and space was given ce. In the words quoted from d a full answer to the prayer of many similar petitioners. Sym- God is never wasted, it must bear me or other.

ints are presented in these two *rostrate people: a pleading saint: God.*

trate people. In one sense this is a It was thus when Israel fell on efore God, at the consecration of is sons (Lev. ix. 24); at the dedi- lomon's temple (2 Chron. vii. 3); jah brought down fire from heaven ıt prayers (1 Kings xviii. 38). A gh and lasting humiliation is yet to they shall look unto Him they , and shall mourn (Zech. xii. 10). ot the prostration now referred to. ıs a low and miserable state caused lness and rebellion. God promised oses, that if they would obey His ould make them 'high and great ople' (Deut. xxvi. 19; xxviii. 1); atened to bring them down very sinned and went after other gods. to do this; and God fulfilled His atening. The nation set on high the great people are become *small.* thing has come to pass again and professing Church. Similar causes have produced similar results. Still God has ever had a people, though sometimes very small. When outwardly very large and numerous, they have been in reality but few. It was thus in our Lord's time, and the apostle says, 'all are not Israel that are of Israel.' In our own times there is a danger of mistaking numbers for spiritual prosperity. Perhaps it may be said of some churches, 'the people are too many.' A large church may be a very low church. It is so when the spiritual privileges and duties of religion are not entered into and enjoyed; but when in splendour of appearance, in dress, manners, and pursuits, there is much conformity to the world. There may be a wide diffusion of Christianity without a real infusion of Christ. And a profession of religion without being possessed and pervaded by it. Light may have come, and persons not have come to Christ for life.

II. Now behold *a pleading saint.* To complain about man without crying to God is of little avail. The prophet watched events; saw God's hand in them; traced the connection between God's chastisements and the moral condition of the people, and sought to stay the descending judgments by earnest prayer. In this he succeeded for a time. We learn from the 3d to 6th verses, that God twice repented, and said, '*it shall not be.*' But it was only judgment deferred; for sin was not renounced by the people, and at last God's terrible words were fulfilled, both in Samaria and Jerusalem, 2 Kings xii. 14. Days of feebleness should be times of confession among God's servants; confession should be accompanied with hope. We should expect mercy and help from God, and desire to see His people '*arise.*'

When we despair of ourselves and all around us, we should hope in God. We see in the case of Amos, that God will honour the praying soul. In what a simple way does he narrate how God had honoured him to avert His judgments. It was thus with Moses when Israel rebelled; and many beside 'have stood in the breach to turn away God's wrath.' But there is a limit to this forbearance; and when Amos saw that God's

justice required that judgment should be laid to the line, he was silent—see verses 7, 9. But Jehovah did not cast off His people for ever. Beyond the dark cloud of indignation we see the bow of promise stretched out, and there shall be a fulfilment of all that God hath spoken.

III. In the words of Isaiah we see *The promising God.*—Jacob shall arise, however small he may be: 'a little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.' This shall be made good to Israel in the day of coming glory. But first, there will be a great casting down; the proud people must be made to feel little and low. In that wonderful epitome of Israel's entire history, called 'The Song of Moses,' we read, 'For the Lord will judge his people, and repent himself for his servants, when he seeth that their power is gone, and there is none shut up or left,' Deut. xxxii. 36. Then will He be merciful to His land and to His people, verse 43.

What this mercy will do for both land and people is fully declared in Isa. lx. The closing words of this wondrous chapter are, 'Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time.' The contrast between the people, mourned over by Amos, and exulted over by Isaiah, will be greater than between Israel when in Egyptian bondage, and when in their greatest glory under Solomon; and this glory shall be permanent, because it will have its foundation in holiness, and this holiness will rest on God's covenant character and promises. No more falling after this, for God himself says, 'I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me.'

Should not the people of God now inquire what promises they have to cheer them in their present feebleness, and earnestly plead them at the throne? We should try to realise, also, what precepts God is addressing to us. Does He not call us now to awake and shake ourselves from the dust, to arise and shine, because our light is come. The spiritual beauties a leges which Israel will possess in the l day are all ours now, and we are exh encouraged to enter into them. We be satisfied with a low state, nor be c live without nearness to God. Whil for future glories, let us do all we can a gloom and the evil. God's word to Hi darkest times is—'*shine;*' and in the wor the precept still is—'Do good to all l

May we not also learn from A much evil may be averted, and how n may be brought in and done by one is really in communion with God. fort is, that God can do a great work time, when His own time is come. 'I will hasten it in his time.' Thus it the day of Pentecost was fully come, came in great power; His emblem, th mighty wind and the fiery cloven Then more work was done in that d gards the conversion of sinners, the h of Christ, and the glorifying of God than had been done during a long time, ever before. We must not abuse this and so be content to remain in a worldly state under a pretence of God's time. The people who rece Pentecostal gift were not of this c 'They all continued in prayer and tion,' Acts i. 11. And God soon them. In Psalm cii. 13, we read, 'T arise, and have mercy upon Zion, for to favour her, yea, the set time is com is this known? 'For thy servants take in her stones, and favour the dust Sympathy with God, manifested in lan over His name dishonoured, and His pressed, is sure to bring down displays help and salvation.

There is a brief answer which may to the question, 'By whom shall Jac which, in conclusion, we do well to That answer is, BY GOD and *the godly.* efficiently, and by the godly instrum By divine power, and by earnest pray by power put forth in answer to pra the exercise of mercy, and by diligent heaven appointed means, Jacob sha Let us then, if we would see the Chur 'give ourselves continually to prayer, the ministry of the word.'

HELP FOR ISRAEL.

RLY forty years ago a few Christian friends met together to devise ome plan for providing work for ewish converts. They were labouring with one idea, arising from e constantly staring them in the ad embraced Christianity. They it were, the alphabet of the religi- Christ. They had received bapis was only a first step; and what e done? Was it right that we no further care for either their ancement on the one hand, or l success on the other. That this lly giving the Jew back to the d renounced, was no doubt what ese early advocates of the Jewish blish the Operative Jewish Conion in Palestine Place, to which raw the attention of the readers al. To lead a Jew to embrace and then to leave him to get his st way he can, and his spiritual a mere matter of chance, was hing a child the first step when mother's lap, and then giving him t the rest for himself.

t days of this Institution, the inaught shoemaking and tailoring. r, was the day of small things; and hort time bookbinding and printosed in their place. And surely an work to bring Jewish believers of, and there, with anxious care, them the guidance of a Christian rding them a Christian training discipline, reminding them of the h in public and private, and as seeking the guidance of the good he constant intercession of the ey have just learnt to love, in- m in the saving knowledge of l Book, and the necessity, on their mising those Christian duties and that every day-work to which ence has called them.

was peculiarly a Christian work, over, that commends itself to the . It is one of no political party; more, in these days of great reli-, when discussion runs so high, n so severe, it is a work where all ics may meet, and—I say it with ere all religious parties do meet, e interests of such an Institution Jew convert, who from a con- Messiahship of Jesus, has given l friends, and kindred, forsaken by m he has the most claim, comes, *urer*, for it is a home for Jewish eed most of those who enter it d baptism whilst inmates of Dr nderers' Home), but as one who has, we believe (God only knows the heart), embraced the truth of an already offered Messiah. And what else has the poor Jew to do? He has no *friends*, for Judaism, alas! teaches what so many professing Christians seem to believe, that there can be no friendship with difference of creed. He has no *home*, for father and mother have forsaken him; he has no *money*, for when he renounced Judaism, and embraced Christianity, he must also renounce the reputed wealth of his nation, and take upon himself the poverty of his Lord. He has not wherewith to get a *meal*, for his first introduction into the Christian Church must be the fast the Gospel of Christ teaches. He is robbed of all, but he has gained all! Such is the Jew, when received by baptism into the Church of Christ. Think of him in this forlorn state—an outcast, homeless, friendless, separated from those he loved, and who once loved him, the confessor of, and the believer in, the crucified Christ, the special object of the Jew's hatred. The tie cut by that one act, which binds the parent to the child, and the child to the parent, and also at the same time the chance of a livelihood destroyed by separation from friends, who could and would assist him. This is no fancy sketch. God forbid we should attempt to raise one false feeling of enthusiasm, by recital of coloured details. We may venture to lay before our readers the letter of a Jewish mother to her son, who had just embraced Christianity.*

'SCHWERIN, *5th February* 1844.

'When I received your letter of 22d of last month, I was truly happy; for what mother does not like to hear from her son? But what was my surprise when I read your letter? Is it possible? Is it indeed the voice of my only son that speaks, or is it the voice of a stranger? Is there anything more fitted to break my heart than what you tell me, that you have embraced Christianity? These sad news have not only rendered me miserable, but I am at this moment in such a weak state of health that I am forbidden to leave my room; and should it turn out to be true that you have taken that fatal step—that it is too late to recede—where shall I find words to express my miserable condition? The sad news that you have forsaken your old faith, and adopted that of strangers, has greatly afflicted me. My feeble health has sustained a shock from which it is extremely doubtful if I shall ever recover. But, my dear child, will you help me in this hour of distress? will you

* This letter was sent to a former inmate of the Institution, who is now the pastor of the German Congregation in Edinburgh. It is extracted from his recent interesting work, entitled 'The Missionary: his Trials and Triumphs.' By the Rev. JOHN BLUMENREICH. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

spare my life for a little longer, and save me from going down to an untimely grave? Then do write me without one moment's delay, and let me know if you still adhere to the faith of your fathers. Have you resolved to leave your mother, your sisters, your intimate friends? Have strangers, who can have no interest in you, induced you to renounce our holy faith, in which your fathers lived and died, and to which they were so fondly attached? But if you tear yourself from these sacred ties, if you are determined to separate yourself from us—I say, despairingly, Woe to you and to us! I imagine a secret voice is telling me, still there is hope. It is entirely in your power to prevent the scandal which will come upon us on your account. We shall be despised by all the Jews the moment they hear that you have become a Christian. You know that an apostate becomes an object of hatred among the Jews; and we, on your account, will in like manner be despised and persecuted. Therefore I do entreat you to leave your present residence, which may prove destructive to your present comfort and future safety.

'When I heard the painful tidings of your father's sudden death, I was deeply grieved. Left a widow to provide for four helpless children, and to look after their education, it was the greatest trial I ever experienced. It was a sad bereavement. But painful as was that solemn event, I could bear it much more easily than to be told that my only son has forsaken the pure faith of his fathers, and embraced Christianity. At that time I looked to you, that, if spared, you might prove a comfort to your mother and sisters. To you I looked for comfort in the days of declining health. To you your three sisters looked for direction and help. How strange, that a kind and pious son should give up those who were always his friends, and join himself to strangers! How strange, that you should forget your solemn vows! My heart was gladdened when I could give you the date of your father's death before you left home, and well do I remember how fervently you prayed for the safety and peace of his soul at every returning anniversary. Now have you forgotten all this? Are you prepared to bring shame upon your father who slumbers in the grave? He had little to sweeten life, and must you bring contempt upon him, and those he left behind? Do not forget that, in his last moments of struggle, ere he went down to a watery grave, you were nearest his heart. Probably the thought that he had left behind him a son to comfort his mother, who could be a guide to his sisters, who could offer up prayers for his departed spirit, comforted him in his last conflict.

'I tremble to think that you cast from you the brightest prospects, and despise what others would regard as a fortune. All our hopes are blasted if these missionaries, with whom you seem to have been brought into contact, succeed in turning your mind from what is good. "There is no faithfulness in their mouth, their inward part is very wickedness, their throat is an open sepulchre, they flatter w tongue." What are they but vagabo delight to cut asunder the gentle tie th the child to its parent? They are e for the very purpose of ensnaring yo Murderers and vagabonds they deser called, and tribulation and punishment sure reward.

'My heart bleeds whilst I am writi must halt for a moment, for I feel to for this correspondence. And just th you are the cause of all my sorrow. know if there is still a way open by w may escape; and if there be, then t upon your mother, sisters, and friend are all here overwhelmed with grief.

'But if flatterers have succeeded in your affections; if madness has draw before your eyes, so that you can nei nor understand the mysteries of our l gion; you might go to some of our Rabbis, and ask them to explain to doctrines of Judaism. Do not believe t arguments of the men whose aim it is to your judgment; for remember, whi flatter with their enticing words, the same time lay snares for you to ruin yo and rest assured in this, my dear son, t are not sincere, and no dependence placed upon what they say and teach. however, listen to them more than mother, the time will come when you wi of all this; but it may be too late. H never heard of such as have forsaken of their fathers, how they had to suffer for their folly? Some of these aposta been reduced to beggary, and such ma case. But if you are resolved to b Christian, and leave me without com hope, then we must part, and you mu again address me by the name of moth I shall for ever disown you as my son.

'Do not suppose you will ever su being a missionary. Such a thing see utterly impossible. You seem to for you are but a humble tradesman. you never got an education to fit yo post of a missionary; and supposing all the knowledge for such an office, w not shrink from undertaking its duties? you engage in a work the professed which is to sow disunion in a family? have you ponder over this before y party to such miserable employment. and only object of the missionary is to you to leave the God of Abraham, and pictures, images, and saints. But wh say more by way of advice? I am afflicted. Had the news of your death me, I could have borne it with more and resignation, for then I would hav forward to that happy meeting be grave; but alas! I can no longer in such a hope, since you are cut off from t of Israel. We shall be obliged to funeral service over you, and look upo dead. I can write no more. We w we can to save you from this disgrace

consider no sacrifice too great if we
ı you in our communion. The bright-
ects are still open before you if you
ıe, and nothing shall be spared on our
ake you comfortable; but if nothing
ade you to give up your evil intention,
are determined to trample under foot
d offer, and persist in your folly and
never let me hear from you another
:ause you have disgraced yourself and
ily.—Your grieved mother,

'PAULINE.'

ere it is that this Institution holds out
ing hand. We cannot, it says, restore
you have lost, but we will give you
than you have lost. Here you shall
ls, desirous for your temporal success,
e all anxious for your everlasting
nd eternal interests—that you may be
n the most holy faith of an Israelite
hat you may have grace to withstand
:ations of a naughty world, and a still
ghty heart, and prove to others, by
ıeless lives, the power of the religion
embraced. Here you shall find a
t we would remind you that we are
rners here, and that the Master whom
v bound to serve was even a wanderer.
: will give you; but you must have
; by this time, that you have received,
igion of the adorable Lord, far more
ıpted riches or cankerous gold. And
Institution offers to the Jew con-
ıe and friends, and, I may venture
rom a very intimate knowledge of
superintendents, the Rev. W. Gray
Gray, affection. It offers also to the
believing Jew, the means of living
istian ought to live, in a daily self-
ing, as a preparation for the saintly

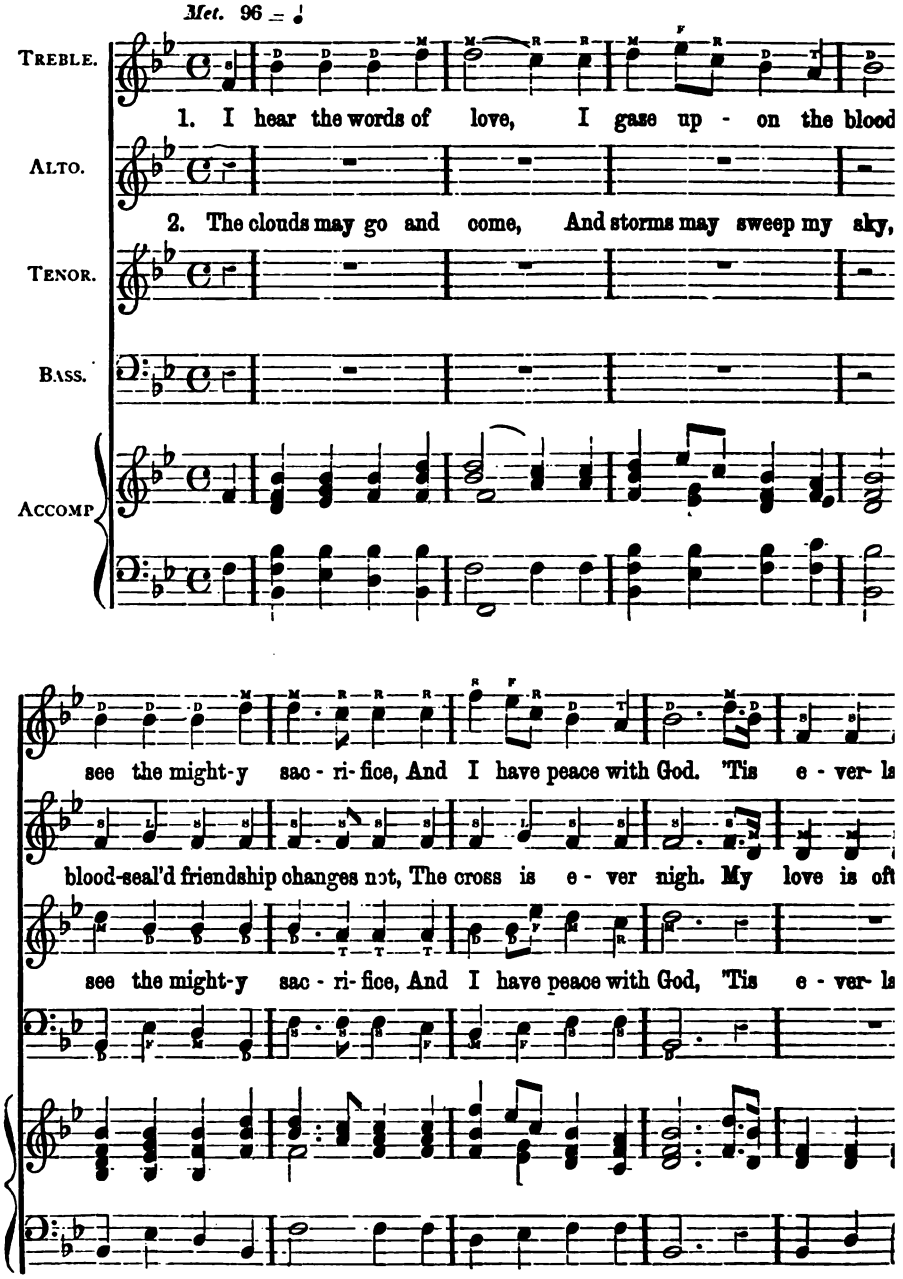
ıis is only a part of its work; it does
says to the Jew, we will provide you
: privileges, but you must earn these
· yourself. And thus whilst the in-
taught to be good Christians, it does
t to make them good and faithful
for Christianity teaches there is a
owe to our neighbours as well as a
ıwe to our God; 'For if any man will
neither shall he eat.' You must not
:hers, but you must work with your
s, and earn your bread by the sweat
wn face. Heathen philosophers have
ught their disciples that idleness is a
but that to work will gain the love
ır of the gods. And even the wisdom
ıe man is to direct his readers to the
ant, and learn her ways. In this Institution all the Jewish inmates are required to learn a trade, so as to become thorough bookbinders, or printers, or compositors. The Institute, a large building, is fitted with every possible machinery for turning out the best work and the best workmen. A great many of those who have received its advantages are working as journeymen in the Institution; and thus it not only teaches a trade to those who have none, and have no means of being apprenticed, but is able to supply work to many who have passed through its walls as inmates. In this way many are kept under Christian guidance and superintendence, and built up step by step in the religion of Jesus Christ. It is quite true, for we have no desire to give a 'coleur de rose' to a plain unvarnished statement of facts, some who have been inmates have fallen away. (There was a Judas even amongst the apostles.) The seed sown has not always brought forth good fruit; but at any rate, we rejoice to know there are many who thank God for this Institution, and who are now living Christian lives, and teaching their children to do the same. We could tell of as many as ninety of its late inmates, who are acting as ministers and missionaries to their brethren, Scripture readers, etc. We could tell of two, Stern and Rosenthal, who but lately have borne trying testimony to the sincerity of their faith, 'even before kings,' in their Abyssinian captivity. We appeal to the public for help, not merely by annual subscriptions, but by sending to the Institution printing, and books to be bound, the carrying out of which, we are convinced, will give every satisfaction.

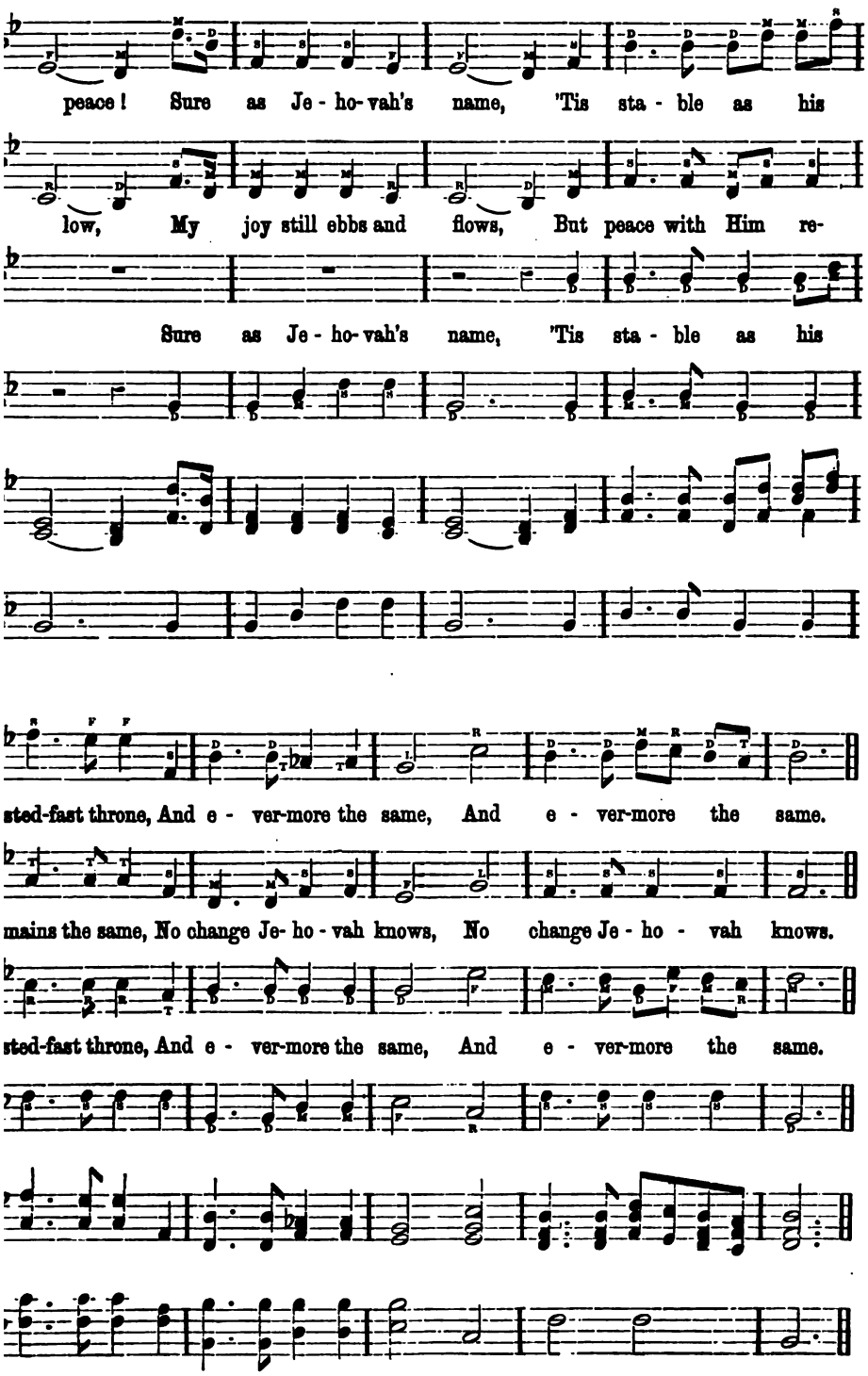
We cannot conclude this article without going back, as we did at its commencement, forty years ago, when certain zealous men first started it. What was it? What is it? Growth is the evidence of life. We do not suppose those who first started it, most of whom are gone to their account, though a few are still left to tell its story, amongst these we might mention Mr Willson, the honorary secretary, and the Rev. J. C. Reichardt, to whom, under God, it probably owes more than to any others now living,—ever supposed it would have grown so rapidly in so few years. But this growth, whilst a matter of sincere thankfulness to the committee, also entails on them a very serious responsibility, calling for a large increase of funds, and a large increase of work. We look to the Christian public, who love the great Master, who was Himself a Jew, to use their utmost exertions for its success and still farther development. Shall we look in vain?

C. M. T.

The Treasury Hymnal.

HE DIED AND LIVES.

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Music from* M. Haye

Met. 96 = ♩
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp
1. I hear the words of love, I gaze up - on the blood
2. The clouds may go and come, And storms may sweep my sky,
see the might-y sac - ri- fice, And I have peace with God. 'Tis e - ver- la
blood-seal'd friendship changes not, The cross is e - ver nigh. My love is oft
see the might-y sac - ri- fice, And I have peace with God, 'Tis e - ver- la

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flatt*

peace! Sure as Je - ho- vah's name, 'Tis sta - ble as his
low, My joy still ebbs and flows, But peace with Him re-
Sure as Je - ho- vah's name, 'Tis sta - ble as his
sted-fast throne, And e - ver-more the same, And e - ver-more the same.
mains the same, No change Je- ho - vah knows, No change Je - ho - vah knows.
sted-fast throne, And e - ver-more the same, And e - ver-more the same.

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

CHARLOTTE'S 'FANCY.'

'PAPA, I do believe that is Ethel! yes, I am sure it is!' exclaimed Guy Linton, who, with Percy, had accompanied their father to the railway terminus at Beckworth to meet Ethel: and as he spoke, he darted forward, and flinging open the door of the second class carriage, sprang in, and saluted his sister with a hearty kiss.

Mr Linton's welcome, if quieter, was equally cordial: but he had not much time to spare for talking then, as the train that was to convey them to Oakley was on the point of starting.

May and Gertie were on the look out at home; and on the first glimpse they caught of Ethel, both ran down the gravel walk, trying which could be the first to meet her. And then, when they brought her into the house, the little ones crowded round, and such a hubbub there was to be sure! every one talking at once, and even baby Lena, as she danced up and down in Charlotte's arms, must add her crowing to the general noise. But Ethel soon disengaged herself from them all, and ran upstairs to her mamma's room.

Mrs Linton was sitting by the window, wrapped up in a shawl: she half rose eagerly as Ethel came and knelt down beside her, and throwing her arms round her child, clasped her in a close embrace.

'My darling, I am very glad to have you back: we have all missed you sadly.'

'And I am glad to come, dear mamma.'

Ethel could with truth say so now: for if she had bid good bye to Feversham with feelings of regret, the warmth of her welcome home had driven them away—at least for the present.

'And you left your aunt well, Ethel? my darling sister!'

'Oh, yes: and she has given me such lots of loving messages for you, mother, that I think we must put them off until to-morrow, or I shall tire you to-night.'

'You must be tired yourself, Ethel, after your long journey: I have told Charlotte to have a good tea for you. But tell me one thing before you go. Have you seen my mother? is there any hope of forgiveness?'

Mrs Linton waited eagerly for the answer: and for the first time Ethel regretted that it could not be a favourable one.

'Dearest mamma,' she said, soothingly, 'do not trouble yourself about it: grandmamma was not at Feversham, she was only returning to-day.'

'To-day! and you did not wait to see her! oh, Ethel!'

'I could not, mamma. You know papa wrote for me to return to-day: besides, if I had waited, I could have done no good.'

'I know, my child. I was unreasonable to expect it; but I hoped against hope. I shall never see my precious mother more.'

Mrs Linton shed no tears as she said this, but the words were spoken in a despairing tone, that went to Ethel's heart. She soothed her mother as well as she could, and when she left her, Mrs Linton was apparently calm. Ethel went to her own room with her feelings more bitter than ever against Mrs Feversham.

The party were assembled at the tea-table when she went down again: and Ethel was amused to see the womanly way in which May presided, and the care with which she prepared her mother's repast and carried it up to her. It was a merry party, and Mr Linton did not check the cheerful mirth around him; he even occasionally took part in it himself: but when the meal was over, the overflow of spirits had to be controlled, for lessons must be prepared for the next day: so the four elder children had to set to work—somewhat unwillingly, it must be confessed.

Ethel meanwhile returned to her mother. Little Katie begged to go with her: she would be very quiet and good if she might only lie in Ethel's lap and look at her; so Ethel consented.

'You darling sister!' said the child, squeezing her hand. 'I am so glad to have you back; it hardly seemed home without you. I love you so very dearly.'

'So you have missed me, my pet,' replied Ethel, as she kissed her tenderly.

For the next hour Ethel sat by her mother's side talking to her of Feversham; and Mrs Linton listened eagerly, for it was a subject of which she could never weary. Half forgotten memories seemed to return in all their freshness, as Ethel spoke of people and things which had been so familiar in her early days; and they would have sat there much longer, had not Charlotte come to see after her patient, and playfully forbid Ethel talking any more. So she went away, lest the temptation should prove too much for both.

Outside the door of her mother's room she met with Guy, who, having finished his lessons was waiting eagerly for her. He took her up to the spare attic next to the nursery, which in summer the boys used for their workshop. Percy was already there.

'Look here, Ethel,' exclaimed Guy, 'this is

what I brought you for: some good fairy has sent us this, while you have been away;' and he opened the lid of a large box, and displayed to view a quantity of tools. 'Here is everything we can possibly want, is there not, Percy? and I am dying of curiosity to know where they have come from.'

Ethel smiled; she thought she could have enlightened them, but she kept her own counsel.

'Don't trouble your head about that,' said Percy, going on steadily with his work: 'you can finish your ship now, and that is all you need care for.'

'Oh, it is all very well for you to talk, Percy; you are as cool as a cucumber about everything; but that is not me. I wonder and wonder who can possibly know enough of us to have sent it. Ethel, cannot you help me to find it out?'

'Are you quite sure there was no name with it?'

'No, only this:' and he produced the card on which the address was written. 'I unnailed it from the lid, and was rewarded for my trouble by finding this on the other side, "For Guy and Percy Linton, from an unknown friend." I should like to know who that can be.'

'I suppose your friend wishes to remain unknown, Guy, so I would not try any more to find out. It is a very useful present, so pray enjoy it, as Percy is doing.'

'Papa seemed quite angry when it came, Ethel: I do believe he would have sent it back, only the best of it was, that he did not know where to send it. I daresay he thought the Fevershams had something to do with it: as if they would trouble their heads about us!'

'Do not speak ill of the Fevershams, Guy!' exclaimed Ethel, with a quick movement of annoyance.

'What! have you come home one of them? if you have, you won't suit papa, I can tell you: he did not half like your being there, I am sure, Ethel.'

'My aunt and uncle have been most kind to me, and I love them dearly,' cried Ethel, warmly; 'and at least I have learnt not to speak evil of one's relations, whatever one may think.'

'If you loved work as much as you do the sound of your own voice, Guy,' remarked Percy, 'your ship would have been finished by this time.'

'Oh, I am not going to work to-night; Ethel has only just come home. Come, Ethel, let us have a stroll in the garden; it is a splendid evening.'

Ethel hesitated. She would much rather not, for she knew the desolate neglected garden at the back would present an immense contrast to the well-kept pleasure grounds at Fevershams; but fortunately she remembered the unselfishness she had of late been accustomed to, and without a word she went for her hat. Guy followed her, whistling, down stairs.

A few minutes later, and Ethel again stood in her brothers' workshop; and Percy, as he bent over his work, was startled by the light touch of her hand on his shoulder. He raised his head, and threw back the hair that hung over his forehead, rather wearily.

'Percy, will you not come with us? you are not too busy, are you?'

'Busy, no!' he exclaimed, as he threw down his knife; 'but you and Guy will not care for a slow humdrum fellow like me.'

'Nonsense, Percy; if you are slow, you are persevering; I have heard papa say that hundreds of times. And as for not caring to have you—you don't think that, I am sure.'

'Indeed I do,' replied Percy, earnestly: 'I often think I am better here out of the way of everybody.'

'You are here far too much, and run a good chance of being moped to death,' replied Ethel, laughing. 'Hark! there is that impatient Guy calling: he won't wait much longer; so come, Percy.'

She took his arm, and Percy rose and went with her.

For the next hour Ethel wandered up and down between her brothers, enjoying the walk more than she had thought possible: for they were discussing how pretty the garden might be if it were only cared for a little more: and they laid it out in imagination, so as to make quite a tasteful little garden of it. Guy was all eagerness to begin upon it; and this new idea drove away for a time the reigning one of ships and boats.

'Ethel,' said Percy earnestly, as they entered the house again, 'do you really wish to have the garden as we have planned it?'

Ethel replied that she did wish it very much; and Percy resolved that as far as he had the power, it should be no longer neglected.

It was scarcely ten o'clock when Ethel sought her room; and the long twilight of the June evening had not faded out of the sky. She put out her light, and sitting down by the window, leaned her elbows on the frame; and burying her face in her hands, gave herself up to thinking.

And her thoughts wandered back to Feversham; and she pictured how her friends would be going on. They would most likely be at prayers then, she thought, and then Rosalie would bid her parents good night and retire: and Ethel almost wished she too could receive the warm, affectionate kiss of her aunt; and the grave but no less kind one of her uncle, ere she was dismissed for the night. Then she wondered if Rosalie would miss her, and the few loving sisterly words with which they had always parted at the door of Ethel's room.

From these thoughts Ethel passed to others —of the good she had gained; for Ethel felt that she had indeed gained some good during her ten weeks' absence: and as she sat there, she resolved that she would strive as much as lay in her power to make her own dear home like the home she had left.

At this point in her meditations, she was roused by a very gentle tap at the door breaking in upon the stillness of the night; she did

not answer, and it was not repeated; but the door softly opened, and Charlotte entered, closing it after her. She came forward with a quick, light step.

'Miss Ethel, I was afraid I should find you so,' she said, in a low voice, so as not to disturb little Katie.

'I am not sleepy, Charlotte; so it is of no use going to bed. Come and sit down and talk to me.'

The old servant put her arms round her favourite, and pressed a hearty kiss upon her cheek.

'Miss Ethel dear, you are almost too old for me to take the liberty; but it is so pleasant to have you home again; the house hasn't seemed like itself without you.'

'Every one seems glad to see me back, I think,' was Ethel's reply.

'But you are not altogether glad to come, Miss Ethel. I could see that in the glance you gave round the parlour, when you first came in.'

Ethel coloured, but Charlotte did not notice it in the fast waning light.

'It did look so very different from my aunt's rooms,' she said, 'that I could not help feeling it just at first; but I shall soon get used to it. But I want to know, Charlotte, what you think about mamma? it seems to me as if this is a worse attack than any she has had; do you think she is really worse?'

'Oh, no, I hope not, Miss Ethel. She has been wearying herself rather for want of you, I think; that is all. You need not make yourself uneasy about your mamma, Miss Ethel.'

'About whom then?' asked Ethel; for the tone of Charlotte's voice was so peculiar, that she thought she must mean some thing.

'The little lamb that lies yonder,' replied Charlotte, pointing towards the bed.

'Who? Katie?' exclaimed Ethel, with a sudden pang; 'Oh, you know she has always been delicate, Charlotte; I did not see any difference in her.'

'No; because those who love her best, won't see it; but I see it, Miss Ethel.'

'See what, Charlotte?' asked Ethel, almost impatiently, in the sudden fear which Charlotte's words had caused.

'That our little darling cannot bear the cold breath of the world, and that the Saviour will soon take her to the shelter of His arms,' was Charlotte's solemn reply.

Ethel was silent for a minute or two: then she said resolutely, 'You are fancying this, Charlotte. Katie is not strong, I know; but she has grown fast, that is all.'

'Well, Miss Ethel; I can't make you see with my eyes, nor hear with my ears; and I have not mentioned this to any one else; but I do think the little one is fading away before our eyes. Aye, and she is fast ripening for heaven too, with her wise sayings, and her questions that it would puzzle many an upgrown person to answer. I have seen it once before, Miss Ethel, in my own little sister; and I don't think I am mistaken. Jesus has put His love deep down in that little He is so early going to take her

But Ethel would not thin the little ones Katie was the eldest sister—perhaps because sl the most care and protection—a most angry at the very thought But she would not believe it; i of Charlotte's odd ideas, and it w away. As Ethel did not ans spoke again.

'Perhaps I have been wrong Miss Ethel; and you only just co I felt as if I must tell somebody; and the mistress were both out —the knowledge will come sc them.'

'Why, really, Charlotte, h talk! You forget that papa con mot about her only just before said there was nothing the ma and she would grow stronger in

'I know,' was all Charlotte's

'Miss Ethel,' she continued, in quite a different tone, 'you been in bed long since, and her still; I must go now. But pro you won't think any more; if ma here to look after you, you wo asleep by this.'

Ethel rose with something of of manner.

'I have been accustomed to as I please of late, Charlotte.'

'Forgive me, Miss Ethel, if I far. You must put it down to t having you home again to talk t

'I should have thought you to be rid of such a wayward, ill as I am, Charlotte,' said Ethel compunction.

The old servant stretched she did not clasp Ethel in her affection prompted.

'Miss Ethel, my darling, I you more dearly if you were my as for the temper—we are all Feversham temper, Miss Ethel.'

'Proud of it! oh, no,' exclain she said no more, and Charlotte night, and went away.

When she was again alone th to Ethel what Charlotte had sai She did not believe it—she woul was with a sort of aching at her lighted her candle, and went where her little sister lay, in the childhood. To Ethel's eyes she l as she had always done; the shone on her fair cheek, and t hand, as it lay on the counterpa and worn, but then it had alw Ethel could see no difference; s natural aversion to sorrow, she t the sudden fear which Charlot caused, as tired and weary with citement, she lay down by Katie

(To be continued.)

Little Feet.

TWO little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of Life's mysterious land;

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How they will be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet—
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of Sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

—*Florence Percy.*

Gems from Robert Traill.

BORN 1642, DIED 1716.

1. THERE is no court in all God's dominions, that a sinner can come to, and find any mercy or grace, but only at a throne of grace. If you talk of law, or justice, or equity, these are all frightful courts to sensible sinners. They know their cause and their case is bad; and that if they come to any bar, but that of the throne of grace, they must be cast. But at this throne of grace, they that have nothing, may get all things; they that deserve nothing, may get everything; they that deserve wrath, may obtain mercy; they that are cast and condemned at the court of justice, may be acquitted and freed from all sentences, and be adjudged to eternal life by the grace of God in Christ Jesus. All that is needful to salvation is dispensed at this throne. Yet all that is given is old in the purpose of grace from eternity; old in the everlasting covenant; old in the purchase of Jesus Christ; only it is newly given according to the sinner's necessity.

2. When you come to the throne of grace, come to receive out of Christ's fulness, and come not to bring grace with you to add to Christ's store. He loves to give, and glories in giving; but He scorns to receive grace from you; and in truth, you have none but what He gives. Bring your wants to Him to supply, but bring not your fulness to brag of. Spread your sins before this throne, with shame and sorrow, and plead for a gracious pardon; but take heed you bring not your sorrow, tears and repentance, nay, not your faith itself, as a plea for that pardon. Faith is the tongue that begs pardon; faith is the hand that receives it; it is the eye that seeth it; but it is no price to buy it.

3. The promise of grace and salvation by Jesus Christ, is the rope and cord that God casts out to sinking sinners: it is equally in the offer of all in the Gospel. It is true, that the Lord means and designs it to some particular persons; but that design is secret, and utterly unknown to all, till the promise itself be apprehended by faith, or finally rejected by unbelief. Ebed-melech let down a rope to draw Jeremiah out of the dungeon by. The cords could never have pulled him up unless the prophet had put them under him, and unless his friend had drawn him up. He did so, and ventures on this means of escape. He venture strength of the cord, and on the tru his friend. If either of them had fa he might have fallen down and broke or stuck still in the mire, and starv pit.

4. The promise of salvation is a g rity; but it is only so to them that c selves on it, and trust to it. Who trust in God's promise in Christ, will it is able to bear all their weight, i never so great. Therefore lay this w mise to thy cold heart, and, by th blessing, life and warmth will come the strength of the promise, by castin burden on it; and it will never sink un nor thou perish by its failing.

5. Sinners perish under the Go because there is no cord of salvation to them; but because they either lo they are in, or cannot trust God's fait mise of salvation by Christ for their d

6. Nothing will more bitterly aggr eternal misery of the damned, than th brance of this, that they had a day, a day grace offered to them, and that reject the offer.

7. Men's carnal hearts are now cavils against the unsearchable met ways of God towards the sons of men last day's judgment will determine an that in the perdition of the ungodly, t and is, most pure and unspotted ju righteousness; and, in the salvation o elect, pure, perfect, and predomina that reigned in them, and over them, an them, till it brought them to heaven.

8. Whose fault is it, that thy in Christ is not put out of question. We tians more in self-examination, more walking with God, and were more in faith, and if they had more near co with God, this shameful darkness and would quickly vanish. It is a thin heavily bewailed, that many Christi lived twenty or forty years since Chr them by His grace, yet doubting life; they doubted when they began on doubting, and many die doubtin the blame is justly to be laid on th Assurance of faith is a duty as w blessing.

DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

REV. xx. 14.

IT is of His two chief enemies that God here speaks; 'death and the grave,' or 'place of the dead' (Hades), for such, and not *hell*, ought to be the rendering of the latter of the rds.

s is not the first time nor the only place h they are thus classed together. There xing series of passages, running through pture, in which they are named as allies; workers in the perpetration of one great darkness from the beginning. Often ath and the grave in the lips of Job. hus speaks of them, 'in death there is embrance of thee, in the grave who shall ee thanks' (Ps. vi. 5); Solomon thus em in figure, 'love is strong as death, y is cruel as the grave' (Cant. viii. 6); ah thus refers to them, 'the grave cannot thee, death cannot celebrate thee' (Is. 18); Isaiah thus mentions them in their ion with Messiah, 'he made his grave e wicked and with the rich in his death'); Hosea thus proclaims their awful nip in evil, 'I will ransom them (His from the power of the grave; I will them from death; O death, I will be gues; O grave, I will be thy destruction, nce shall be hid from mine eyes' (xiii. ul thus takes up the language of the old ls, 'O death where is thy sting, O grave s thy victory' (1 Cor. xv. 55); and then, summing up of the whole, we have these words of the Apocalypse, 'death and ve delivered up the dead which were in . . and death and the grave were cast lake of fire.'

se last words accord strikingly with a Hosea; yet they are not meant as a notation or reference, but as an intima- fulfilment, an announcement as to the which God is to execute His threat—'O I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will lestruction,' is the old prediction, and of an records the awful fulfilment, 'death grave were cast into the lake of fire.' the end of that awful death-power which loose in Paradise, and which has con- o exercise dominion upon earth through vo channels. The reign has been long ; it has been one of dissolution and blight 18.

and terror; but it ends at last; this dynasty of darkness, this double vicegerency of hell is broken in pieces; death and the grave are cast into the lake of fire,—which is the second death, the death that absorbs all other deaths; the death of deaths, the deepest death of all, the death after which there is no life, and no resurrection, and no deliverance for ever.

These two enemies of God and man are here personified as two powers of evil, the one the handmaid of the other; twin-demons, coming forth from the blackness of darkness, and returning to the darkness from which they sprang; servants of or rather co-operators with the prince of darkness, with him who has the power of death, even the devil, in carrying out the inexorable sentence, 'dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' They are treated as two hideous criminals; who, though for a time permitted to go forth, like the Assyrian and Babylonian ravager, to execute the divine commission, are, at last, called to reckoning for the havoc they have wrought, and dragged forth, as pre-eminent in crime, to receive their sentence of doom, and to be cast into the lake of fire.

Death has been the sword of law for ages; but when it has done its work on earth, God takes this sword, red with the blood of millions, snaps it in pieces before the universe, and casts its fragments into the flame, in the day of the great winding up, in token that never again shall it be needed either on earth or throughout the universe. The grave has been the chain and the prison house of justice; but when its purpose is served, and justice has got all its own, in the heaven of the saved and the hell of the lost, God gathers up each link of the chain and flings them into the lake of fire upon the head of the great Potentate of evil; He razes the dungeon to its foundation, and buries its ruins in a grave like that of Sodom, the lake of the everlasting burnings. Death and the grave were cast into the lake of fire.

The great truth taught us here is God's abhorrence of death and His determination, not merely to end it, but to take vengeance on it. Let us then inquire into this, and into the reasons for it.

I. *God abhors death.* The fact of its exist-

ence on earth by His permission is no proof of His non-abhorrence; else would the prevalence of sin, side by side with death, be demonstration that He does not hate it. Not familiarized with death, as we sometimes are by its frequency, He abhors death more truly than even we do who are the subjects of his ravages. We cannot but hate death, even when we have ceased to fear it and know that for us its sting has been extracted. We hate it and thrust it from us; loathing its advances, and waging daily war with it, seeking by every appliance of skill to overcome it and ward off its stroke. We hate it because of its shadow and its coldness and its silence. We hate it as the great robber of our loves and joys, who gives nothing but takes everything. It cuts so many ties; it rends so many hearts; it silences so many voices; it thins so many firesides; it comes with its dark veil, its screen of ice, between friend and friend, between soul and soul, between parent and child, between husband and wife, between sister and brother. Of human sympathies it has none; it concerns not itself about our joys or sorrows; it spares no dear one, and restores no lost one; it is pitiless and dumb; it is as powerful as it is inexorable, striking down the weak and wrestling with the strong till they succumb and fall.

No wonder then that death is so unloveable to us; nay, of all objects the most unloveable in itself, though occasionally acquiring some faint attractiveness, or at least losing some little of its hatefulness by its being made the termination of pain and conflict and weariness, and the gate into the presence of Him who is our life and joy.

After all, however, our estimate either of its attractiveness or repulsiveness would be of little moment were it not that on this point God takes our side. His estimate of death coincides with ours. It is to Him even more unloveable than it is to us. He has set limits to its power; He has made it to His saints the very gate of heaven, for 'blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' He has proclaimed resurrection and incorruption; but still, with all these abatements, He loves it not, nor is reconciled to it in one act or aspect. It is in His eyes even more than in ours—an enemy, a destroyer, a demon, a criminal, a robber. So thoroughly does He loathe it, that in order to make His displeasure known, He reserves it to the last for doom; He sets it apart for a great outstanding condemnation, and then casts it into the lake of fire.

But besides this final condemnation, He has given us others equally explicit. He calls it 'the king of terrors,' 'the last enemy,' and *thus addresses it*, 'O death I will be thy plagues, O grave I will be thy destruction; r shall be hid from mine eyes,' *i.e.*, ne revoke My sentence against thee (Hos Hardly could words be found to exp strongly God's estimate of death, determination to abolish it utterly an For six thousand years it has been filler of His purposes, His rod for the ment of His saints, His scourge fo earth of His enemies, yet He loves it n soon as His ends with it are accompli will show His displeasure against it, I it into the lake of fire.

There is then abundant consolatio this dying world, from the thought sides with us in our abhorrence of the grave. He is the enemy of our and specially of this the chief. raised His Son from the dead, He s that life, and not death, was in His both for Him and for us. Resurre once our faith and our hope. In love He has revealed to us the comin over death, when He who is our life pear, to be glorified in His saints, admired in all them who believe. B rose we shall arise. He has taught 'I know that my Redeemer liveth add, 'God shall redeem my soul from of the grave.' He has made us to sure words, 'Thy brother shall rise a will raise him up at the last day;' change our vile body, that it may be like unto His own glorious body.' covering dust with dust at the grave we look beyond the tomb and see t our eye rests not upon corruption incorruption; our fellowship is not v but with life. We shall arise; 'tha sown in weakness shall be raised i The reign of death is hastening to a reign of life about to commence its ete ness. Our true life is coming; the is on His way; He will redeem His the power of the grave, and swallow in victory. Behold I come quickly, We respond, Amen, even so come L

II. *God's Reasons for abhorring* contains nothing in itself that is love has it done any excellent works b which God or man might love it. is one of evil, not of good; of w sadness and terror; of breaking do building up; of scattering, not of g of darkness, not of light; of disease and tossings to and fro, not of h brightness. But God counts it spe loveable, for such reasons as the follo

(1) *It is the ally of sin.*—'Sin ent

ırld, and death by sin' (Rom. v. 12). sin it has gone hand in hand, passing the generations, and spreading itself the earth. Partners in evil, sin and ıave held dark fellowship together from ginning, the one reflecting and augment- e odiousness of the other; like night orm, each in itself terrible, but more e as companions in havoc. God abhors ıs the fellow and the offspring of sin.

It is Satan's tool.—One of the most fear- Satan's designations is, 'He that has the of death.' Death is Satan's most con- work, his trustiest weapon. To inflict , but not to heal; to wound, but not to p; to kill, but not to make alive—these e works of the devil, which God abhors, hich the Son of God came to destroy. 'orkman and his tool, the master and his t, are alike hateful in the eyes of that God ves not evil but good, not death, but life.

It is the undoing of His work.—'In the ıing God created the heavens and the and God saw everything that he had and behold it was very good.' Specially e rejoice in man, as His handiwork and 'operty; and in man's body, as that mate- rm which His Son was afterwards to e. God did not mean creation to crumble or evaporate. But death has seized it. oison of hell has penetrated everywhere. body and man's earth are falling to pieces, nined by some universal solvent; the r, and the order, and the power, giving efore the invader. The sculptor does not he hand that spoils his statue, nor the r the fever that preys upon her darling; d has no pleasure in that enemy that has uining the work of His hands.

It has been the source of earth's pain and .—Pain is the messenger of disease, and : is the touch of death's finger; and with : and death, what an amount of sorrow ›ured in upon our world. *We* come in- tact with sorrow only in fragments or as it falls upon ourselves and our friends. nnot estimate the accumulated grief of a r a century, or even of one day, all over There is no sorrow-guage to measure uantity that has fallen all over our earth its first drop alighted. If there were measurement, we should be appalled at ıount of sorrow which death has inflicted r race. But God has measured it. He what the amount of human grief has and He abhors alike the evil and the f it. He does not love sorrow; He has asure in pain; He is not indifferent to n's groans; and He will yet avenge lf, and avenge man and man's earth for all the woe which death has wrought, in the day when He destroys death and banishes pain, and dries up tears, and delivers creation from the bondage of corruption.

(5) *It has laid hands on His saints.*—Though He permitted Herod, and Pilate, and Nero, and the kings of the earth, to persecute His Church, He did not thereby indicate indifference to the wrong, far less sympathy with the wrong-doer. He treasures up wrath against the persecutor, He will judge and avenge the blood of His own. So will He take vengeance on the last enemy. He will yet vindicate His saints, and honour the holy dust that has been scattered over sea and earth. Death and the grave shall be cast into the lake of fire, to make known to the universe eternally His sense of the wrong done to the bodies of His saints, and His purpose to make a public example of the wrong-doer. Speaking of the resurrection of His own, and His plucking the prey from the spoiler, He says, 'I will redeem them from death, I will ransom them from the power of the grave;' and then shaking His hand against the spoiler, He proclaims His purpose of vengeance: 'Oh death I will be thy plagues, Oh grave I will be thy destruction; repentance shall be hid from mine eyes.' For in proportion to His love for His own is His abhorrence of their injurers: 'He that toucheth them toucheth the apple of His eye.'

(6) *It laid hands upon His Son.* Death smote the Prince of life and the grave imprisoned Him. This was treason of the darkest kind, the wrong of wrongs, perpetrated against the highest in the universe, God's incarnate Son. And shall not God visit for this; shall not His soul be avenged on such a destroyer for such a crime! If the meanest of His saints shall be avenged, how much more His beloved Son? In the day when God shall judge the world, this deed of darkness shall come into remembrance, and God, in casting death into the lake of fire, shall intimate His abhorrence of death, and His displeasure against this, the worst of all his deeds, the slaying of His only begotten Son.

It is not then resurrection merely, but something more than this that our text reveals; even God's condemnation of all that death has done. We see too, His joy in resurrection, and His determination to prevent the recurrence, nay the possibility of the recurrence of such an evil as death. To take the sting from death was much, to abolish death was more; but it is something more still to cast death and the grave into the lake of fire. Surely as over Babylon, the prison house of the saints, so over death and the grave, when they descend into the abyss we may sing this song of triumph,

'rejoice over her thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets, for God hath avenged you of her; for in her was found the blood of prophets and of saints and of all that were slain upon the earth.'

Then shall resurrection be not merely a prospect and a hope, but an accomplished fact; and not merely an accomplished fact, but an irreversible condition of creaturehood. 'Neither shall they die any more,' is the consummation to which resurrection brings us. The inhabitant shall not say I am sick, the eye shall not be dim, and the ear shall not be dull, and the brow shall not wrinkle, nor the hair be grey, nor the limbs totter, nor the memory fail. There shall be no more curse, nor death, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor pain, for the former things have passed away.

We know that our Redeemer liveth, and because He lives we shall live also. He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and when He shall appear we shall appear with Him in glory. And He that shall come will come and will not tarry; and them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

We preach Jesus and the resurrection, Jesus the resurrection and the life, Jesus our life. We bring glad tidings concerning this Risen One and that finished work, of which resurrection is the seal; glad tidings concerning God's free love in connection with this risen One. The knowledge of this risen One is forgiveness and life and glory. Oh then, what is there in our dying world like this, to impart consolation and gladness. We shall not die but live. Eternity is a life and not a death; a life with Christ and a life in Christ. For the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead us to the living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

Aunt Margery's Three Maxims:

WORK—WATCH—WAIT.

BY S. T. C.,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HARLEYS OF CHELSEA PLACE,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

WATCH.

KATE, true to her resolution, did Watch. She not only watched unto prayer, but she watched for opportunities, and soon found that though she had really done before what was right, yet she had lost many opportunities of making herself, if not others, happier. She had isolated herself, by thinking Mrs Jameson did not recognise her, or wish her to be a member of her family, except in the school-room; and not having been able to win the affections of Bella and Mary, and not being allowed to see much of Monty, she had ceased to care for the rest of the household.

Summoning up all her courage, she one day ventured to ask Mrs Jameson, if she might sometimes go up to the nurseries, and make friends with the babies, for she was very fond of them. To this request Mrs Jameson most readily acceded,—the more readily, as she foresaw that if Miss Hailand and the children took a fancy to each other, she could frequently have them sent into the school-room when she did not want the noise of them in the parlour; and that she would prove a most useful auxiliary in case of either of the nurses being ill, or going out.

Kate's pleasant voice and gentle ways soon won Effie, the eldest of the little ones, to her, and the moment she entered the nursery the child would stretch out her tiny arms for Kate to take her up in her own, and beg her to carry her down to the school-room,—a petition which was seldom denied.

Soon, very soon, Miss Hailand became a great favourite in the nursery, with servants and children; even Bella and Mary began to like her better when they saw that she could play, and say and do funny things. Monty's joy was unbounded when his 'dear Haily' took to go in and out amongst them, and Mrs Jameson, for shame's sake, could not forbid Kate the nurseries after having permitted her so freely to visit them.

Watching for opportunities of being useful, and doing kindnesses, soon proved to Kate that she had not been sent into that family in vain, and gradually, but surely, her influence for good began to tell upon Mr Jameson's 'rebels.' A look of vexation would any time bring Monty to himself, and cause him to be sorry for having grieved her; whilst the very name of Miss Hailand would effectually check one of little Effie's passionate outbreaks, and subdue a fit of screaming, which her nurse or mother had in vain endeavoured to silence.

Had Kate Hailand been a plain ordinary person, Mrs Jameson would have taken her under her especial patronage, and made a great favourite of her; but Kate was neither plain nor ordinary. Her's was not so much the beauty of feature as of expression; and the self discipline she had been subjected to during her stay with the Jameson's, had done much to

› her charms. The little impetuosity or ity of disposition, which had frequently ted itself in her days of prosperity, had d, and a calm dignified peaceful look tled on her countenance. True, her old friends would have missed her bright l smile, but they would not have deemed lovely for lack of it. They would have ıat when the roses on her now pale came back, the happy laugh would come ıd that their village air would bring oth, when she returned to them: and they all most solemnly believed she

From the little crippled boy on the moor to the clergyman at the rectory, everybody declared that dear Miss Kate eturn to live amongst them once more. ee months again slipped by, and Kate l many difficulties and discouragements unter, but she had many mercies and en- ments to set against them. She felt, it was slow, slow work, that she really ining ground in the family; and she for strength to persevere in the course l adopted. But it was a great strain er, unaccustomed as she had been to odily exertion; and often when very f an evening, she found it was nearly ıan she could bear, to have the four out children sent up into the school-room, they made such a noise in the dining- hat their mother could not endure them. haps the most gratifying thing to poor as a decided change in Mary's conduct; perceptibly had the change been effected, he end of the nine or ten months it was less evident. From the first, Kate had red that she was not deficient in abilities, t she was naturally reserved and stub- nd Mrs Jameson's foolish way of point- her faults before every one, had done › harden her. Kate, from the beginning, ed to make her feel that she had capa- if she would only use them; but for a ne without the least apparent good, but ihe seemed to have taken a start forward, l thrown off much of her 'don't care for ' habits, to Kate's great delight and her ırprise; for the poor girl had so long f her stupidity, that she could scarcely it possible, when she found, by a little rance, that she could manage to learn ıe lessons as her more clever sister.

' having arrived, Mrs Jameson notified to ıat it was her intention, in the beginning ust, to take the family for five or six to the seaside, when, if Miss Hailand like to have a holiday, she would be at to take it during their absence. With r offer was most gratefully accepted by who wrote off to her dear friends, the elling them how very soon she hoped to m a visit; and with equal joy the in- ıce was received by them. But 'man s and God disposes;' before a fort- had passed, Effie Jameson was taken ly ill, and in a few days was pronounced angerously so, with scarlet fever; whilst to add to the consternation of the family, Mary began to show premonitory symptoms of the same disease. Mrs Jameson was paralysed with fear and unable to take any part in the nursing; indeed it soon became manifest that her presence in the sick-room only excited and injured the suffering children.

After much talking and many tears, Mrs Jameson yielded to the entreaties of the doctor and Kate, and consented to take Bella, Monty, and the baby, with part of the servants, to the seaside, leaving Effie and Mary under Miss Hailand's care. Mr Jameson wished to remain at home also, but this his wife forbade, declaring if he did not accompany her, she would not go at all.

Glad enough was Kate when she saw Mrs Jameson and her noisy party depart; for the house had been in a regular state of uproar from the time the doctor had pronounced the sick children's illness to be scarlet fever of the worst type. What with the worry of Mrs Jameson's constantly calling Kate out of the sufferers' room, to inquire how her precious darlings were, and the dread of endangering the lives of the other children, by complying with her request (for leave their mother, Bella and Monty would not), poor Kate was half wild, and could not carry out the medical man's orders properly. It was therefore no small relief to her when she saw them go away, and knew that, at last, her little patients could be as quiet as the doctor wished.

The night nursery made an admirable apartment for the invalids, and Kate took up her abode there, determining to watch night and day beside her sick charge. Jane, the under nurse-maid, a really good girl, had been left behind to wait upon Miss Hailand and the children; and the cook and one of the house-maids also remained to take care of the house and make themselves generally useful. The cook was a kind motherly woman, particularly fond of Kate, and she frequently insisted upon Kate's lying down for a few hours whilst she watched; but nothing would induce Kate to leave the room for any length of time, though she thankfully availed herself of snatches of rest on one of the little empty beds, cook keeping guard the while. Effie's alarming symptoms soon abated, but Mary's increased rapidly, and it was clearly evident that she was in extreme danger. How poor Kate wished that Mrs Jameson could control her feelings so as to be able to take her place beside her daughter's bedside: for it appeared something dreadful to her that a child should be sick, perhaps dying, and a mother not be near her.

But Kate had not many days to watch alone, for Mr Jameson, coming up to town, ostensibly to know how matters were going on at home, but really to see his little ones; despite his wife's warnings about infection, and her anger at his staying in London and she away from it; decided upon remaining with Kate, and sharing the nursing with her.

Kate felt his presence to be a great consolation, for it removed such a weight of respon-

sibility from her mind, though her heart ached for him, as she watched him bending in silent agony over his stricken child. She had seen so little of him during her residence in his house, that she had not the least idea that he was a person of such deep feeling, yet possessing such self-control. She had fancied he was a rich money-making man, caring only for life without doors, and perfectly indifferent as to what was passing within his home. What was her surprise, therefore, when she saw him nursing his child with the most tender assiduity, moistening her poor parched throat and mouth with small pieces of ice, which he patiently coaxed her into taking; or hushing little Effie, who had been pronounced convalescent, to sleep in his strong loving arms.

Day after day, and night after night, for a whole week, did Mr Jameson and Kate watch beside unconscious Mary, hoping and praying for some favourable symptom—some faint hope to stay their spirits upon. And at last it came—at last the fever subsided, but not until the once strong active girl was weak and helpless as a babe.

Slowly, oh! how slowly! to the anxious watchers, did the young life gather strength. How many hours had they yet to spend before they could really believe that she would ever leave the bed on which she lay so still and powerless; for sometimes they could scarcely hear or see her breathe, her respiration was so faint and feeble.

Effie soon could run about in the adjoining nursery, and was the source of much comfort to her father, often tempting him from the sick-room, and doing much, by her little winning ways, to draw him out of himself.

There was no resisting her—'Come, papa, come give Fee a tiss in de nussy.' And with an anxious look at Mary, and an inquiring glance at Kate, he would catch up the little prattler and carry her off with him.

Three weeks had flown before Mary was considered out of danger, and Kate felt she could not leave her for a night to Jane's care, watchful and attentive though she was. But at the end of that period the doctor and Mr Jameson insisted upon the necessity of her taking immediate rest, which indeed she sorely needed; for, except occasionally lying down for an hour or two, she had not been to bed since the commencement of Mary's illness.

She was so weary and worn when she reached her room, that it was doubtful if she would have been able to undress herself without falling asleep whilst about it. The anxiety of mind which had kept her up so long was mercifully removed, and exhausted nature asserted its claim to rest. With respectful tenderness the cook and housemaid removed her clothing, and lifted her into her bed, where, in a few moments, she was soundly sleeping. As the two women stood looking upon her, the cook observed:—

'She has a sweet face of her own, but she has a sweeter spirit, a dear; she looks like one at peace with God and man.'

Cook's words were true. Kate was at peace with God and man; for the trials and perplexities of her way had driven her to stay herself more entirely upon her God, and He had fulfilled His good promise to her, of keeping her mind in perfect peace.

It was quite the end of August before Mary Jameson was sufficiently recovered to be able to be moved for change of air. Much as Kate had longed to see her dear friends, the Days, and spend her holiday with them, yet she gave up all thoughts of doing so, when she found how essentially necessary it was for Mary to go to the seaside, and that there was no one but the nursemaid to take her, if she did not. She therefore volunteered to go with her and Effie, accompanied by Jane, to Brighton, and postpone her holiday until Christmas. Great, however, was the reward of her self-denial, when Mary, who had grown to love her dearly, one night laid her head upon Kate's bosom, and begged her to pray to Jesus to forgive her for having been such a naughty girl in past days, and to thank Him for having spared her life to try and grow a better one.

'Oh, Miss Hailand,' she said, leaning more confidingly in her arms, as she opened her heart to her governess, 'I will be what you have so often begged me to be—God's child.'

Kate's heart was too full for utterance, as she heard the blessed decision, and she could only press the dear girl closer to her and weep over her in silence. She could scarcely believe it possible that she had been permitted to lead this lamb to her Saviour's fold, and she feared to let go her hold of her, lest it should prove a delusive dream. But it was no dream, as future days attested; and Kate soon saw that the Holy Spirit had caused the good seed, which she, in much weakness, had sown on such apparently unpromising ground, to take deep root, and that it was springing up to the praise and glory of her Lord.

There was but one drawback to Kate's joy, and that was, certain misgivings she entertained respecting Mr and Mrs Jameson's opinion about Mary's determination. Mrs Jameson, she well knew, had a horror of what she choose to term 'your goodies,' and Kate dreaded the effect of ridicule upon one of Mary's temperament. Of Mr Jameson's religious sentiments she could form no idea, though she had spent so many hours with him by Mary's bedside. Once or twice she fancied she had seen him slip a book, very much like a small Bible, into his pocket, when she had entered the nursery unawares; but even if she were correct in her conjecture, it would be no criterion for her to judge him by. So when Kate had thought and hoped, and thought the matter over and over again, she was fain to lay it by prayer and supplication before Him who ordereth all things well, feeling assured that He who had begun the good work in her pupil's soul, would carry it on to eternal life.

Mary's strength returned very slowly, and September was just out before her medical man considered it advisable for her to leave Brighton.

Effie had speedily grown strong and hearty, and appeared in better health than before her illness. Mrs Jameson and the rest of the family had gone back to London as soon as it was deemed prudent for them to do so; but, though she wrote most affectionate letters to Mary, saying how she longed to see her, yet she could not be induced to accompany her husband on one of his frequent visits to Brighton, and kept putting off the children's return home, in case the infection should not be quite gone. The second week in October at length arrived, and with it Mr Jameson, to take his children back. He came the evening before they were to leave, to have a long stroll with them, and it was getting dusk when they returned from their walk. Little Effie having gone off to bed, Mary went and sat on the sofa by her father's side, laying her head upon his shoulder, whilst Kate remained standing at the window, gazing dreamily out upon the deepening shadows. Presently she was roused from her reverie, by hearing Mary say, in a low but earnest voice—

'Papa, I am so glad I have been ill.'

'Glad, my child!' exclaimed her father.

'Yes, papa; because I have learned to love God through being ill. I am going to be God's child, as well as your's and mamma's.'

Kate's heart beat fast; she held her breath with suspense. 'Now,' she thought, 'my poor Mary, is the decisive moment; will you be encouraged or discouraged on your road to happiness.' But before the thought could scarcely frame itself to words, Mr Jameson replied in a clear steady tone—

'Thank God! it is what I would wish you to be.'

It was with the greatest difficulty Kate refrained from re-echoing, 'Thank God!' for she knew then that Mary would have one parent to uphold her in the good and the right way.

For some minutes silence prevailed in the room, but it was broken by Mary's asking, in her childish simplicity—

'Papa, dear, are you God's child?'

Kate turned to leave the room; she felt she had no business to hear the answer of that home question, much as she longed to do so. But she was stopped as she reached the door, by Mr Jameson's saying, in a faltering voice—

'Pray do not go away, Miss Hailand. You will understand me far better than this dear child, when I say, I have been a backsliding son.'

'But I thought,' pleaded Mary, passing her hand fondly over her father's face, 'a child was always a child.'

'Yes,' replied Mr Jameson, sadly; 'but you know, Mary, there are rebellious ungrateful children, who are sent from their parents' presence, as well as dutiful ones, who are always with them. I have been a rebellious son, and am unworthy to be called a child.'

'Oh, papa,' cried Mary, nestling in his arms, and bursting into tears, 'Oh, please don't say that!'

Kate's tears were flowing also, and she could no longer keep silent, but repeated the text aloud,

'Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings, saith the Lord.'

'I know it all, Miss Hailand; there is not an invitation in the Bible, I believe, but what I have read, if not learned. I had a godly mother,' said Mr Jameson, with a deep sigh—'but we will not talk of her now, or anything else to make my Mary sad.' And he set himself to comfort his weeping child.

Kate made some excuse for leaving the room, and in her own chamber, on her knees, she returned thanks for that godly mother, believing her prayers would be answered in the restoration of her backsliding son. When she was again returning to the drawing-room, after a short time had elapsed, she met Mr Jameson on the stairs, carrying up his 'long child,' as he laughingly called her, to her bed-room (for Mary had grown very much during her illness), and they both seemed as cheerful and happy as possible.

That night, as Kate took leave of her young charges, Mary drew her head down to her, and whispered, 'Dear Miss Hailand, papa is going to ask God to forgive him. Oh! I am so very glad. Are not you?'

'Yes, darling,' was the immediate reply—'Good night! God bless you!'

The return to London was marked with the usual bustle and excitement when young people meet after a long separation, and it was some days before school duties were resumed. But in due time all fell into their regular everyday routine of action; Mary alone being exempted from afternoon lessons, the doctor prescribing for her rest after dinner; otherwise all appeared the same as before the illness. A year had nearly drawn to a close since Kate Hailand had entered the Jameson establishment; and she was sitting one evening by the school-room fire, thinking over the various events that had happened during her residence in it, when a servant threw open the door, and announced that a gentleman was in the drawing-room wishing to see Miss Hailand.

'To see me,' cried Kate, with astonishment, for she had not had a visitor to see her the whole time she had been in the house.

'Yes, Miss, a tall gentleman, but he would not give his name,' was the reply.

'Then it is dear Mr Day!' exclaimed Kate, springing up from her seat, and rushing out of the room, thereby eliciting a smile from the grave man servant, who prided himself on his dignified deportment, and who remarked, in an under tone, 'No doubt he's dear, but your a fool to let him see you think so.'

Kate neither stopped nor stayed until she reached the drawing-room, when, throwing open the door, she ran in, and, without looking, cried out—

'Oh, Mr Day! I am so glad to see you.'

The gentleman, who was standing before the fire, with his back towards her, turned round quickly, and advancing to meet her, held out both hands, saying—

'Dear Miss Kate, how did you know it was me?'

Kate started back for a moment, when she discovered her mistake—for mistake it was—but recovering herself, she shook the proferred hands warmly, saying—

'Oh, Harry! I thought it was your father.'

'As if only one Mr Day could care to see you?' inquired the young man, looking affectionately at her.

A slight blush passed over Kate's cheeks, as she answered, 'I did not know you were in England, Harry.'

'I only arrived at Southampton this morning, Kate, and thought I would just run up to town and see you before going home. But do not stand, Kate; what a grand room this is, too fine to be cozy, which corner do you think will be the most comfortable for us to have a chat in?'

'Oh, we won't talk here; come up into the school-room,' cried Kate, 'its so nice and comfortable up there.'

'But the youngsters, Kate?'

'They never come there after lessons.'

'And the lady, what will she say?'

'Oh, I forgot,' said Kate, with rather a perplexed look, as she remembered how very much Mrs Jameson talked about etiquette and propriety, 'but I will run and ask her if I may take you there.'

'You shall do no such thing, Kate,' replied the young man; 'I have not much to say now, and what I have got, I can say here as well as anywhere else.'

'Not much, Harry! and we have not met for three years;' asked Kate, and there was a slight tone of reproach in her voice, as she sat down on a couch near him.

'I do not mean that I could not find plenty to tell you about, Kate,' answered Harry Day, as he took a seat by her side. 'Both of us have seen too many changes, not to have much to tell the other. But, Kate, I am going home to-night, and I want to take a promise from you, to think about and comfort me as I journey homewards. A promise which will make my father and mother nearly as happy as myself.'

'From me, Harry,' said Kate, looking up inquiringly into his face, 'What do you want me to promise?'

'I hardly know how to ask you,' said the young man, nervously hesitating as he spoke. I could not have asked you it if you had been as well off as you ought to be. It seems wicked of me to be glad because you are poor. Will you be angry with me, Kate?'

'Angry, Harry! with you?' and Kate's soft blue eyes told him more forcibly than words, that it was next to impossible for her to be so with her old playmate and friend.

'You know I am going home, but did you know I am about to undertake Dr Pearson's practice?'

Kate started, exclaiming, 'and leave the sea!'

'Yes,' he replied, possessing himself of one of her hands, 'yes, Kate, leave the sea: for I have resigned my appointment on board "The Cingalese." I am a young man and shall have to work hard to make my way in the world. But, Kate, others have done it and succeeded. Why should not I?'

'And you will, Harry,' cried Kate, warmly.

'I shall live in Alton, in the dear old village.'

'The dear old village,' sighed Kate, memory bringing it vividly to her sight, as she spoke.

'And, Kate, dear,' he continued 'when I have succeeded—when I have got a home in the dear old village, will you share it with me? Can you, will you, wait for it—for me?'

And Kate, with blushing cheeks and drooping head, whispered in a voice so low that he could but just catch the words, 'I will wait.' But he was satisfied.

The promise had been given—what need to linger in that stately chilling drawing-room? A happy, useful, honourable path in life lay open before Harry Day, with Kate Hailand to Work, to Watch, and Wait for. And a bright cheering hopeful future for Kate to think and pray over, as she sat by the lonely school-room fire and pictured the dear old village and the village home, for which she had pledged herself to WAIT.

(*To be continued.*)

TRIALS BY THE WAY.

THE truth is, that we never feel Christ to be a reality until we feel Him to be a necessity. Therefore God makes us feel that necessity. He tries us here, and He tries us there. He chastises on this side, and He chastises on that side. He probes us by the disclosure of one sin, and another, and a third, which have lain rankling in our deceived hearts. He removes, one after another, the objects in which we have been seeking the repose of idolatrous affection. He afflicts us in ways which we have not anticipated. He sends upon us the chastisements which He knows we shall feel most sensitively. He pursues us when we would fain flee from His hand; and, if need be, He shakes to pieces the whole framework of our plans of life, by which we have been struggling to build together the service of God and the service of self, till at last He makes us feel that Christ is all that is left to us.

When we discover that, and go to Christ, conscious of our beggary in respect of everything else—wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked—we go, not expecting much, perhaps not asking much. There may be hours of prostration when we ask only for *rest;* we pray for the cessation of suffering; we seek repose from conflict with ourselves, and with God's providence. But God gives us more. He is more generous than we have dared to believe. He gives us joy; He gives us liberty; He gives us victory; He gives us a sense of self-conquest, and of union with Himself in an eternal friendship. On the basis of that single experience of Christ as a reality, because a necessity, there arises an experience of blessedness in communion with God, which prayer expresses like a revelation. Such devotion is a jubilant Psalm.

—*Austin Phelps.*

Songs in the Night.

III.

JOB XXIII. 6.

WHY let your eye be dimmed with tears,
While looking on through future years,
Anticipating wave on wave,
As if there was no arm to save?

Why tempt the spoiler thus to bring
Into your heart his venomed sting:
Implanting seeds of anxious care,
Leaving the thorn to rankle there?

Is this your faith in God above?
Is this your trust in Jesus' love?
Is this the way you slight the power
The Spirit grants in danger's hour?

What if for year on year the storm
Should spend its fury on your form.
Is it not governed by His will,
Who could at once say, 'Peace, be still?'

He knows your feet would often stray,
And wander from the narrow way;
And that by storms you must be driven,
If you would ever enter heaven.

But when the stubborn will is bent,
Meekly to bear the chastisement,
His love will clear the clouds away,
And turn your darkness into day.

But what if all your life below
Should cause incessant tears to flow,
If loving friends, once fondly true,
Should careless grow, and cold to you?

Have you not got a Friend above
Whose name is 'Everlasting Love.'—
Doth not this promise check your fears,
'The Lord shall wipe away your tears?'

Then faithless heart, no longer mourn,
Nor seek earth's pleasures to return,
Nor strive with wistful gaze to look
Into the future's sealed book.

But turn your eye to Christ the Lord,
And meekly trust His holy word,
And closely press it to your breast,
'In Me the weary find a rest.'

And He will give for every care
Each day sufficient strength to bear,
And to your wounded, fainting heart,
His Spirit's comfort shall impart.

So, when the mystic bond is riven,
That holds the spirit back from heaven,
The flesh shall rest beneath the sod,
The soul shall fly to Christ in God.

A. M.

AN HONOURABLE APPELLATION.

'A mother in Israel.—JUDGES v. 7.

VERY few females have been called to serve and glorify God in the same way as Deborah was. To strike the harp of prophecy, and to wield the warrior's sword, was her singular and sublime calling.

But leaving other things, we ask attention to that title which, under the guidance of the Spirit, she here gives herself—'A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.' The nation to which she belonged was in a very disturbed and desolate state. God raised her up to sustain a most important relationship, and to do a most useful work. When it was done, Jehovah of Israel had the glory. She exulted indeed, but it was in Him who had called, endowed, helped, and blessed her.

The term 'Mother in Israel,' shows that she exerted a powerful influence over the nation, and that it was benign as it was powerful. Like a wise mother, she was the means of averting many evils from, and of bringing many blessings into, her beloved nation. No doubt, she had mourned in secret, and felt deeply in her heart, before she came forward so publicly. All great instruments of good to others have usually first a secret training in God's presence.

The term, as thus used, shows us what each mother ought to be in her family; even a centre of attraction round which hearts should revolve, a shield to avert evil from the loved ones, and a channel by which blessings from God may flow. If mothers would be all this, they must be much in communion with God, in order to obtain wisdom and strength.

But let us look at a wider circle than the family. There is an *Israel* now, and there are still some mothers found therein. Those to whom this appellation may properly be given in a spiritual sense, are distinguished by a maturity of spiritual stature. Only women should be mothers. Wherever this rule is neglected (as it is very frequently in the East), nature avenges herself in premature decay and early second childhood.

'Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper *time* to marry.'

Only a full grown or matured Christian can be a mother in the Church. Of course, we speak comparatively, for no Christians in this world, whether male or female, arrive at that complete fulness of spiritual stature of which Paul speaks. Still, as beloved John teaches, there are babes, young men, and fathers or mothers in Israel. Wherever there is life there should be growth; and if this goes on, there will be a degree of maturity in appearance and fruit. Such a development of experimental and practical Christianity is very lovely, and exceeds all external beauty. Oh for such knowledge, sincerity, love, and diligence, as appeared in those of whom Paul makes such honourable mention: 'Beloved Persis, who laboured much in the Lord;' 'Mary, who bestowed much labour on us;' 'Phœbe, our sister, a servant of Christ;' even the honoured woman, who carried that grand letter from Corinth to Rome, which has proved a mine of wealth to all ages since. These, and others to whom Paul refers, were, no doubt, '*Mothers in Israel*' in his day, and like Mary of Bethany, they are referred to with honour wherever the gospel travels and triumphs. Some of them, like Aquila, could teach an Apollos the way of the Lord more perfectly; while others, like Dorcas, made garments for widows. No doubt, Dorcas had a kind heart as well as busy fingers, or she would not have been raised up again to life, as was her singular honour.

And surely a 'Mother in Israel' must be one in whose course and conduct the affections of the human heart flow in spiritual channels and for spiritual purposes. And such an one will not neglect her home in order to do good to the souls or bodies of others. Still she loves, watches over, and prays for the Israel of God. She realizes her responsibility, and from love endeavours to do all as to the Lord, and not unto man. The people of God, the household of faith, are *her larger* family; and though she cannot teach all, she seeks to train up some for eternity. She wishes to see the saints holy and happy; is anxious that they should be a *family* in *fact* as well as in word, having common interests and common sympathies. She endeavours to prevent disputes; or, if they come, to bring divided hearts together again. As with the mother in the family, so with the gospel Deborah in the Church, harmony, order, and co-operation for good is what she sets her heart upon and aims to promote. If we had a good many such mothers in Israel, 'our highways would not be so unoccupied,' nor would so many travellers to eternity walk through bye-paths.—Judges v. 6. May the number of such be speedily and largely increased!

'Make me a weapon of Thy power,
An angel of Thy will;
To Thee devoted, let each hour
Its happy task fulfil.'

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

TER than even the pleasing shade
f a friendly tree is the shadow
f a great rock in a weary land.
low effectual a barrier it presents
gainst the wrath of simoom or
ing the fiery blast as it sweeps
l waste, absorbing the rays of a
ı, or offering adequate shelter
enching rain. How the traveller,
nd ready to perish, longs for it!
e and reviving to the parched,
farer, is so beneficent a present!
ıd to everything that hath breath
is at once a necessity and a luxury
nst a burning sun, or the violence
torm and tempest, as well as from
ıoisture and coolness, the source
abundant refreshing.

iritual rock is the man Christ
a covert greatly needed by the
:n, peopling this desert world, and
ıually to perils, temptations, and
meless evils. Those who, in their
and unbelief, pass this refuge by,
own mercies. Their iniquities,
take them away as the chaff of
threshing floors. They fall like
the mower or as stubble before
e. They are as one lost, alone
ı an open prairie, utterly unpro-
the rising tempest—liable to be
ıe fierce resistless vehemence of
How can they stand up against the
lversary, amidst the heat of trial
ıdemnation of a broken law, to
mult of passion, the conflict of
ırs, or the storm of divine wrath.
: in the contrast is the peace of
ıiding-place is the cleft of the
with their eyes they behold and
l of the wicked. When dangers
calamity befalls, they dwell on
ır of evil. When wayworn and
faint under stress of the spiritual
ecuted, tempted, desolate, dis-
: they come, and recline with great
: shadow of the Rock that is
ıey:

troubles, like a burning sun,
heavy on their heads;
r Almighty Rock they run,
find a pleasing shade.

To what life-giving fulness and precious adaptations do those have access who are in believing communication with Jesus! To them who believe, He is precious;—who can tell *how* precious, when first apprehended in the infancy of faith, and even after, amidst the eventful experiences, the trials, and the triumphs of a life of grace! His perfections are their hope. They all receive of His fulness, and His grace is ever sufficient for them. It is quite like Him, in keeping with His character, His constant pleasure to impart blessing, to confer good things on those who seek Him. This is His nature—His prerogative—His office. Such are His mediatorial qualifications, that His very presence is beneficent, and an earnest of good; even as the very existence of some grand old rock of the desert, projecting its cooling, inviting shadows far out over the burning sands, is the pledge of rest and comfort to the panting heart and the weary pilgrim. To those who abide in Him, He imparts His gracious influences, the quickening and strength of the higher life, the joys of His salvation, the comforts of the Holy Ghost, delight in His ordinances, the fruition of the promises, into every blessing of the new covenant. They are abundantly satisfied with the fatness of His house, and He makes them drink of the river of His pleasures.

As their Rock He receives in their stead, and wards off from them every shaft and assault that would else prove overwhelming. He stands between them and every foe or evil blast, so that they perish not. As the champion, the defence, the high tower of His people, He bears the mark of the storm, the scars of honour, received while interposing in their behalf. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him. Believers get the benefit of His sufferings, for by His stripes we are healed. He carried our sins and sorrows. For us He bore the cross, met and vanquished death, the world and hell. And now He appears an ever accessible and sure refuge in the evil hour—The sinner's Friend. Whither away, then, fellow-sinner, should you and I be going, but to the shadow of yonder Cross, for shelter and for joy? Let us fear to linger amidst the exposures of the plain, lest we be consumed. We may hide in the cleft of the Rock. Reclining in this enlivening shadow, covered with the merits of this adorable Rock we must be blessed. —*J. E. Nassau.*

WORK FOR JESUS.

ıre specially anxious for the soul
brother or sister, or some dear

Take that soul in the arms of
hrone of grace. Pray earnestly,
nce, that the promise, 'Whatso-
my name, believing, ye shall re-
ıu. But let not your labour cease
o show that friend that you long
o heaven with you. Seize every
speak of Jesus, and entreat him
ıd to God.

e grown cold, and lost that sweet communion with Christ which you once enjoyed, here is an efficient means of banishing your lukewarmness. Set yourself about praying for some soul who has never tasted the joys of pardon; forget self; throw your whole soul into the effort to bring that friend to God, and surely He will bless you in your own soul. Your heart will be made glad; the cloud will vanish, and you will once more bask in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Work for Jesus. Live *for* Him, and you shall live *with* Him when your work is done. —American Messenger.

Gems from Paul Bayne.

DIED 1617.

1. THE remedy and the tidings of it are received only by faith; which faith is so to give credit to God's word as to rest thereon that He will save him; and it is wrought by the ministry of the word revealing this mercy and truth of God.

2. The lets (hindrances) are—(1) if they esteeme lightly of the gospel, prefering other things before it; (2) if they imagine it an impossible thing to get assurance of salvation in this life; (3) if they think it, tho' not impossible, yet not any way necessary; (4) if they think it both possible and necessary, yet hard to come by.

3. The root of our comfort is not in the strength of our own life, but in the free grace of God in Christ, and therefore the weakness thereof ought not to bring us into doubting of our salvation.

4. Unfeigned faith and a godly life are inseparable companions.

5. God will have our whole heart, not a piece of it; for that is neither beseeming His greatness, neither fit for them to offer who receive so great good things at His hands.

6. He that hath not the sword of God's Spirit, so that he be able to say in temptations, it is written to the contrary, shall never be able to cut in sunder those bonds of sinne wherewith he is encompassed.

7. The second extraordinary help is fasting; and this is a most earnest profession of deep humiliation in abstinence, with confession of sins and supplications to God to turn away some sad calamity or obtain some special blessing.

8. Every day we ought to be raised up in assured hope of forgiveness of our sins.

9. Occasions of good speeches must not only be taken but sought and waited for.

10. The things that befal us we must not look at them by outward appearance, but wisely consider here they are changed in Christ, who hath taken away the poison which would be in the evils we suffer and made them serviceable for our good.

11. Did we not through false glasses see things otherwise than they are, they would not cast us down so much as they do.

12. If we understand not the loving kindness which God hath showed toward us, then our love will not be increased, for we love Him because He first loved us; our faith will not be strengthened if we have not observed how truly the Lord is to all that believe in Him.

13. We sanctify our heavenly Father when no unbelieving fear cometh near us. Be sorry for nothing but that having such a Father, we should be careful.

14. Oh, it is best for me to be w
I looke for the appearance of the
who shall make my body like His glo
If two, truly loving, were contrac
not every weeke seem a year till the
We are by faith contracted to God
how should we long to see our marri
nized.

15. In what standeth this true
perceiving the grace of God such to
Christ, that my conscience through
is cleansed from the guilt of sin; th
through His Spirit, is freed from th
tyranny of sinne; that my condition, t
blessing in Christ, made a cure for
so comfortable that it pleaseth me w

16. Labour for sobriety in the
worldly things; you know the last ti
destiny is to have shows without life
to eate, drinke, marry, with forgetti
pearance of Christ.

17. More perish with preposterou
of lawful things than by unlawful co

18. I looke for better times; t
troubles in the flesh, than I have
see that it must be in healing sin
falleth out in healing some bodily
party must be kept low. In labourin
out sin, the life of grace must suffer
as bring it exceedingly low, even
before a new spring of that heave
be obtained. I thank God in Chris
tion I have, and some little strengt
spiritual I taste not any.

19. It is the true Priest by who
circumcision not made with hands,
hath sealed by our baptism, for the
seale of His blood applied to us, a
spirit of His which is poured into
through the merits of His blood.

20. When our hearts grow again
He reduces us to the healthsome t
broken spirit.

21. Hold the rock and strength o
the Lord Jesus. He letteth us be
He may make us strong; our extre
opportunity; where man's helpe en
power begins.

22. A man cannot eate his cak
it; but you may eate these words
the oftener you feed on them, the
nourishment shall you find in them.

23. Short shooting loseth many

24. A great breach hath God m
hearts, but His mending is better than

25. The more we love the more
that we have offered any grievance
love; the more we feel God's love i
us, the more we love again; distrus
us from feeling God's love.

THE TEN VIRGINS.*

HEN shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom.'

'Then,' this expression shows us owing parable is prophetical, relat- event which shall take place at a d, which, if you look at the close of pter you will find to be the coming el to judge the world in righteous- event happens in one sense to every hour of death, but it is His second n He shall come to *all*, to judge all, all who believe not, that is here it is an event to which the believer rd with joy unspeakable. Now, re there here who can say they are) His coming? I heard of a little has been lately, we trust, indeed, Jesus, who seemed already to enter eling. She said to her Sabbath her, 'Oh! I'm wearying to see n you say this? Ah! *can* you say s? This expresses the feeling of followers of Christ, when they are r dead state; they are all 'weary- Jesus,' 'whom, having not seen,

n virgins.' This number seems to erely chosen from the circumstance g a usual number of persons to wait egroom on occasion of a marriage. they took their lamps.' This ex- nployed to represent the profession ade by Christians. By the lamps n we understand more than it is pposed to mean. What is a pro- stian? Who is considered *now* as professor? One would think that th century had widened the gate In the idea of too many among us, stent professor, whom his neigh- charge with open violation of the cy of the community in which he man is not a drunkard, if he does he has not lifted the murdering s a good neighbour, and, in short, member of society, that man is a nd it would be uncharitable to At what point of degradation, of h, have we then arrived, when this is the standard of Christians in a Christian land. Yet there is many a name on the communion roll that never was inscribed in the Lamb's book of life; there is many a baptised face that never got the Spirit's seal upon its forehead; there is many a one looked up to and esteemed by men and considered as a true believer, who never was missed from his place on the Sabbath in church, that stands also on Satan's catalogue for the hottest place in hell. But all this does not nearly amount to the profession of the foolish virgins, for the difference between them and the wise virgins does not seem to have been discovered till the last scene of life,—they all went forth to meet Jesus.

This going forth implies much more than is included in a profession. The foolish virgins, as well as the wise, come out from the world and take up their lot with the followers of Emmanuel: going forth to meet Him, implies expecting Him, waiting for Him, looking forward to His coming, deriving joy from the thoughts of it, and the hope of His glory. There is very often nothing in such characters by which they can be distinguished from the true servants of Jesus, nothing in their outward conduct, nothing in the account they give of their experiences, by which it can be discovered. To the eye of man, the difference is often unapparent. The features of their character, their feelings, seem identical. It is a great mistake to think that among the foolish virgins none know anything of experimental religion of a natural kind. There can be no doubt that such persons as are here described, may know much of this.

But here there is a clear distinction made between the two classes! 'five were wise, and five were foolish.' There is a difference in the eye of God. The wise are His own elect, His redeemed, His chosen, His reconciled children; and the others—poor, deluded souls, little do they think whose they are, little do they think that Satan binds them, holds them fast, possesses them as his slaves, just as much as he does those careless, thoughtless sinners that are lying contented in his chains. They little know that, honoured and loved as they are, they are Satan-bound, Satan-deluded, Satan-enslaved, Satan-possessed. It is fearful to see men rushing headlong, sunk in crime, down to hell: but who can imagine the state of those who are living and dying in the hope of a heaven they are never to enter, and without a

*tes of Addresses' by the late Rev. W. C. on: Nisbet and Co. 1869.

single fear of the hell to which they are now condemned?

What, then, distinguishes the one from the other? One certain distinction exists between the saint in the very lowest state into which a saint can sink, and the sinner in the highest state of outward perfection to which a hypocrite can rise, the difference is just this: in the one heart God reigns, and in the other Satan reigns. In the unregenerate heart of the professor, Satan may have assumed, as he constantly does assume, the character of an angel of light, but still it is Satan, in whatever form, that is on the throne. The influences of the Spirit of grace which operate on his heart, striving with him in a manner common to all sinners, are entirely subordinate and uninfluential. Christ is always knocking at the door, calling him by His providences, calling him by His love to man, and the poor sinner thinks he belongs to Christ, thinks he is getting grace from Christ, thinks he is saved, while Satan has still the citadel, the dominion, the command.

In the regenerate heart, it is not so. Emmanuel reigns. He has assumed entire command, and however much the saint may sink into ungodliness, into temptation, into sin, Emmanuel holds him in His hand, whence no devil shall ever tear him. Satan is not less active in this man's heart than in the other, but he is dethroned. The very moment that Emmanuel first entered that heart, He took the command of it. He sat down for ever on the throne, He took the crown, He took the sceptre, and the devil was cast down for ever. *That* man's heart is no longer in the power of the devil; he comes often to the door, pays many a visit, and makes many a loud, boisterous knocking from without; but he does not dwell, he does not reign there, it is his dwelling-place no more. The Spirit of Jehovah fills his room, and spreads around the graces of Emmanuel. He is often tempest-tossed—rudely and severely tempest-tossed—*so* rudely, that he thinks he is sinking altogether; but grace, however weak, is still there; *there*, ready to kindle up afresh, to burn into a flame.

We do not say that those characters represented by the foolish virgins never receive grace; we believe that there are some operations of the Spirit common to all; in other words, that there is such a thing as common grace. For instance, take the case of a man under convictions of sin, which never issue in saving conversion. That there are such cases, no one can deny; all have heard of it, most have met with it in their own experience. I daresay there are some among yourselves, brethren, who recollect such cases in the revival of Moulin, forty years ago. I have seen such cases myself. A man, d awakening of great power, sees one and and another of his former associates ch become thoughtful and anxious, and, turning to the Lord with full purpose he says, 'What is the meaning of what has come over them?' By de man sees that it is *he* who is mad in c unconcerned, and that they are in th minds. The man is convinced. Th his former life come crowding roun dread array. Past iniquities take ho affrighted conscience, with all the and all the bitterness of newly commi he feels wrath to be his portion, a bound down under the full weight approaching wrath of God.

It was only last Friday, as ofte that I witnessed such a scene. I s young men, strong in body and min overwhelmed with a sense of their guil the justice of their eternal condemnati I saw cases too at Perth, where the were thus aroused, and where pers been so overcome by a discovery present actual state in God's sight, as of wrath, that it has almost been too them to bear. Many a sleepless ni they passed, many an anxious da watchings, many tears, has it cost t this led them to do many things t meetings regularly, to read the Bible pray; and after a time they seemed find peace and joy in believing. friends, what are some of these becom dog has returned to his vomit again, sow that was washed to his wallowi mire. These very men have I seen r with more greediness than ever, to the tion of their lusts. The outward changed, the character was formed a the nature, the old man, the *swinish* na remained. It had never been removed never given place to the Spirit of Jes can we think that this change was the the mere natural heart, of the sleepi conscience? No, beloved brethren, who reads the Bible can suppose it.

Common grace is often given withou nature, and that grace is often given t and improve the outward character. was this grace asked from God? It to exalt the creature, to exalt self, to sinner, and to cast down the Savio not to glorify Jesus such a man asks g just that he may turn it against the G kneels below mercy's golden sceptre, he may, as it were, wrest it from Em hand; he has got grace, but then he got Christ. You have all heard of the

fable of the jay, that tried to imitate the peacock, by getting itself all covered with its beautiful plumage. Now, the persons to whom we have been alluding, just remind us of the poor bird in this fable. They have asked grace, only that they might deck out and adorn the hideous mass of corruption that lies concealed within; they use it to adorn themselves, and never simply to glorify Jesus.

Not so with renewed hearts; the Spirit of God has shown them not only the future punishment of sin, but it has shown to them the gigantic strength and power of prevailing inward corruption. It has shown them that they must be entirely changed, entirely renewed, *born again*, or they must perish, they must die, they must be damned; they see, as it were, all help cut off from every side, above, beneath, all around. There is nothing, nothing but a fearful looking for of wrath and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries, and must devour them. Their iniquities cover their heads, and they sink in the mire and in the deep waters; all the Lord's billows go over them, so that they cannot look up.

Such a soul feels as if he had been cast down over a precipice, whose base arises from perdition's gulf, and that he might just as soon catch by the air, grasp it in his hand, and thus save himself, as conquer the heart disease that rages within, or behold a reconciled Father in the Avenger of sin. This is no exaggerated picture of human destitution; for oh! a guilty sinner is too heavy a material to fly up through the ether of holiness to the glorious presence of Jehovah, or reach the thrice holy precinct of the heaven of heavens. He feels this, and he can never soar aloft unless borne on the eagle pinions of Emmanuel's unspotted righteousness.

There lies the grand distinction between the wise and the foolish virgins. The wise are united to Christ. The others are not. UNION TO CHRIST! Here is the difference, here is the distinction, here is the life-giving principle, that has been inspired into the new created heart by the Holy Spirit. Here is the principle, without which, whatever be his profession, whatever be his hopes, whatever be his actions, the sinner is unprofitable, dead, unsaved, unsanctified, condemned. Union to Jesus is the humble Christian's life, his hope, his all, leave him but this, and you may take what you will away from him. It makes his trials, his afflictions, his losses, his sorrows, his griefs, not only supportable, not only endurable, but precious, sweet, a cause of thanksgiving, a matter for glory, just because in them,—in the very severest, in the very hottest,—that union is always the more closely cemented. The furnace burns, burns, burns, but ah! it touches not his union with Emmanuel. The hotter the furnace burns, self, and sin, and pride, die out and waste away,—are sometimes so nearly consumed, that the soul forgets that there is *any other* in the wide universe but Jesus. Self is all but destroyed, for one desire and another is checked, cut off, and consumed; a rebellious will has been so crushed, so broken, so bended, so moulded to the image of Him to whom alone it has clung in the storm, that for a time it seems to have forgotten to be rebellious. For the time no other will is known than His, who, while He wounds, is tempering every trial with a hand gentle and tender, and filling up every place that is left vacant of its *creature* tenant, with a Creator's infinite love.

The foolish professor, as one said, is like a tree, bending to one side, leaning over on the support of another, whereas the Christian, not only leans on Christ, but he is like a slip of a tree grafted into another tree, he has come off his own root, he has been cut off completely, and grafted deep into Christ. It is quite necessary that the sinner should be entirely reduced to *self-despair;* for nothing but self-despair can make him feel his need of a Saviour, and the Holy Spirit brings every savingly convinced sinner into this state. Helpless and lost, he lies down as it were, to die, and feels that no efforts of his own can ever in the least even enable him to arise and lay hold on the rock of salvation. He feels that, unless Jehovah, by an act of absolute, free, sovereign, and resistless grace, lay hold of him, raise him up and translate him from Satan's power to that of Christ, he must die. He sees that, unless reconcilement *begin* on the part of Jehovah, he can never be reconciled, and thus he is brought by the Spirit to lay aside all those things, which formerly he was vainly trying to perform and to work out in his own soul, and just simply to come out of himself into Jesus. Christ first apprehends the sinner; having elected him, He begins by the drawings of His grace to attract him to Himself; and then, as the natural consequence, the first strength thus received is employed by the thankful penitent in loving, serving, and adoring his Divine Redeemer. The new-born babe is cherished, cared for, and tenderly watched by its mother, while unconsciously it lies, folded in her arms, insensible of her love. But whenever it begins to grow a little, and to get even a little strength, its first natural action is to clasp its little arms round the neck of its mother. Just so is it with the poor sinner. Jesus, long before *He* is aware of it, says, 'I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.' He continues by His providence and love to incline the sinner, till at last, coming willingly to Him, and no longer

desiring to rebel, he begins to love such a Saviour, to serve such a Lord.

Have *you* ever surrendered your hearts? Christ will not accept an unwilling gift, He does not ask your heart, unless you give it wholly, freely; but if you are willing to do that, *He* is both able and willing to save you. Are you united to Christ? Many among you have not even got the length of the foolish virgins,—many of you have got no lamps at all,—but to you who are carrying your lamps we spea and we again simply ask, Are you, or are y not, united to Jesus? It is no light matt It is not the unimportant trifle which so seem to consider it, whether or not you c answer this question. Oh! that you wo even now begin, in the light of the Holy Gho to *think* on these things, to consider your lat end.

(*To be continued.*)

Earth not the Christian's Home.

EARTH, with all thy grief and sorrow,
And thy changes of to-morrow,
With thy woe and with thy parting,
With thy tears of anguish starting,
With thy countless heart-strings breaking,
With thy loved and lost, forsaking,
With thy famished millions sighing,
With thy scenes of dead and dying,
With thy graveyards without number,
Where the old and youthful slumber;
Earth, O earth! thus dark and dreary,
Cold, and sad, and worn and weary,
Thou art not my home!

Earth, O earth! with all thy slaughter,
And thy streams of blood like water
O'er the fields of battle gushing,
Where the mighty armies rushing
Reckless of all human feeling
With the war-trump loudly pealing,
And the gallant banners flying
Trample on the dead and dying;
Where the foe, the friend, the brother,
Bathed in blood sleep by each other;
Earth, O earth! thus dark and gory,
Blood and tears make up thy story,
Thou art not my home!

Earth, with all thy scenes of anguish,
Where the poor and starving languish,
To the proud oppressor bending,
And their cries for mercy blending;
Where the slave with bosom swelling
Which despair has made its dwelling,
And the scalding tear-drops falling—
Sight to human hearts appalling—
Strives, but strives in vain to sever
Fetters that must bind him ever;
Earth, O earth! with each possession
Sold to tyrants and oppression,
Thou art not my home!

Earth, O earth! thy brightest treasures,
Like thy hopes and like thy pleasures,
Wintry winds are daily blighting;
Pain, and woe, and death uniting,
Youth and love, and beauty crushing,
And the sweetest voices hushing;

Rich and poor, and old and blooming,
To one common mission dooming;
While the cries of every nation
Mingle with those of creation;
Earth, O earth! thus dark and dreary,
Cold, and sad, and worn and weary,
Thou art not my home!

Earth, O earth! though dark and gory,
In thy pristine state of glory
Angels came upon thee gazing,
Songs of love and rapture raising;
For thou then wast bright and beaming,
With the sunlight on thee streaming,
With the crystal waters laving
Shores with fadeless forests waving;
With thy plains and with thy mountains,
With thy ever-gushing fountains;—
Earth, O earth! once fair and holy,
Fallen, fallen, and so lowly;
Thou art not my home!

Earth, O earth! bowed down with sorrow
Cheer thee for there comes a morrow;
Night and clouds and gloom dispersing
And thyself, O earth, immersing
In a flood of light undying;
When the curse upon thee lying,
With its thousand woes attending.
Death, and pain, and bosoms rending,
Partings that the heart-strings sever,
Will be banished, and forever.—
Earth, O earth! renewed in glory,
Love and joy make up thy story
O, be thou my home!

Earth, although thou seem'st forsaken,
Yet a note of praise awaken;
For the angels, lowly bending
Round the throne of light unending,
Gaze upon thee, sad and groaning,
Listen to thy bitter moaning;
Thou hast scenes to them amazing,
While on Calvary's mountain gazing;
And they smile on every nation
Purchased with so great salvation,—
Earth, O earth! renewed in glory,
Angels shall rehearse thy story;
O, be thou my home!

Earth, the morn will *soon* break o'er thee,
And thy Saviour will restore thee;
Far more bright, and far more blooming,
And more glorious robes assuming,
Than when first, o'er Eden ringing,
Angel voices were heard singing;
For the King himself descending,
Heaven and earth together blending.
His saints a countless number,
Those who live and those who slumber,
Over thee will reign victorious.—
Earth, O earth! thus bright and glorious
Be thou then my home!

Miss Johnson (Canada).

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.

HOME DUTIES.

ETHEL rose early the next morning: at least earlier than she had been accustomed to do lately, for it had been her duty to dress Katie, and she meant to resume it. But before waking her little sister, she took some of the things from her box, and arranged them tidily in her drawers—almost as neatly as May would have done them, she said to herself. In doing so, she met with a sealed envelope which Mrs Latimer had bidden her maid pack up with Ethel's clothes. On the outside was written, 'For dear Ethel, from her aunt.'

Ethel eagerly opened it, and found that it contained a five pound note. Her eyes filled with tears, for she saw in this gift another proof of her aunt's affection. For well she knew for what purpose it had been given—that she might have it in her power to provide her invalid parent with some of the comforts she needed. Ethel's first impulse was to mention it to no one; but her truthful nature soon dispelled that idea; the more especially as she well knew that her father would not be too well pleased at the gift at all. So she put it into her pocket, determined to tell him the first opportunity.

Ethel stood thoughtfully by the window for a few minutes; and as she did so, her uncle's words came into her mind—that she might grow more Christ-like. What did those words imply? a loving unselfishness, and giving up of her own will?—certainly that was one thing, Ethel thought: and she would strive to do that during the day. Then with a bright and happy smile, she awoke Katie, and quickly dressing her, they went down stairs together.

Only May was in the parlour, but Guy and Gertie were sporting outside, and every now and then coming up to the window with a word and a joke for May.

How very small and poor that parlour looked to Ethel's eyes! She missed the luxurious sofas and easy chairs, and all the pretty things that abounded in her aunt's apartments, and this room with its old carpet—so worn that you could scarcely tell what was the original pattern—and its chairs, the frames of which were bruised and marked by the boys' nailed boots, which so frequently hammered them—looked so much the worse from the contrast.

Ethel sighed unconsciously as she walked to the window. Guy heard her, and came up to it too.

'Well, Ethel, home looks dull after all the fine things you have been used to, doesn't it.'

Ethel looked up in surprise.

'How do you know that, Guy?'

Guy laughed.

'I heard it in the sigh you gave just no and I must say I guessed how it would be fr your letters.'

'I am not going to be discontented, Guy,' sa Ethel resolutely, 'home is a dear old place, a I love it, though it is different from Feversha

'That's right, Ethel,' exclaimed her broth warmly, 'you'll settle down into your old pla soon, and it is almost worth while to have be away to find out how we all miss you.'

'It is very pleasant to be missed,' Ethel sai

Just then Mr Linton entered with Edd and Archie, and the attention of all was turne to the business of the table.

'Where is Percy?' inquired Mr Linton when they were seated.

'Percy has been beating out his brains wit the Latin Grammar for the last hour,' wa Guy's reply.

'I wish you would take a little more pain with yours, Guy,' said his father.

'Wouldn't do any good if I did, sir; my head was not made for Latin Grammar—nature did not intend it, and it is no use fighting against nature, sir.'

'Guy, be quiet,' said Mr Linton; but he smiled in spite of himself.

Percy's step was heard springing down stairs, and he entered the room with a very bright face.

'I have mastered it, papa;—it has been hard work, but I know my lesson now.'

'That is right, my boy.'

'Papa, I want to speak to you, please,' said Ethel, when breakfast was over, and the others had gone away.

'Well, Ethel.'

'When I opened my box this morning I found this, papa,' and she placed the envelope, just as it was, in his hand.

Mr Linton's brow darkened when he saw the contents.

'You did right to bring this to me, Ethel. I am much obliged to Mrs Latimer, but we do not want her charity. She shall have her money back again.'

'Oh, papa!'

'Why, you surely do not want to keep it, Ethel,' he asked, sharply.

'Dear papa, will you listen to me a minute,' said Ethel softly. 'You don't know aunt Ethel, or you would not think of her thus. She has been kindness itself to me, and oh, papa, it would hurt her deeply, I am sure it would, if you sent this back again. I know why she gave it; it was for mamma, won't you let me keep it?—for mamma's sake.'

Mr Linton turned almost fiercely.

'So your aunt thinks I cannot keep your mother in comfort without her help! did you tell her that, Ethel?'

'She could not help finding out that we were poor, you know, papa,' said Ethel, gently.

el loves us all, won't you love her in
ba? She is not one bit like grand-
am sure: and mamma would perhaps
with this money, papa.'
on did not answer for a minute or two;
urmured, as if to himself, 'My poor
or your mother's sake you may keep
inued, turning to Ethel, 'but mind,
ill have none of it; take it and spend
ke, but let me hear no more of it.'
: you, dear papa,' replied Ethel
; and she ran up stairs to tell her
id soothe her with the knowledge
as loved and cared for still by one,
her early friends.
passed a busy morning. First she
he kitchen to help Charlotte to wash
akfast things—a duty which she did
s perform when at home, for it was
liked: and Charlotte knew it, and
event her doing it now, but Ethel
ed to do all she could.
cannot always have just what one
know, Charlotte,' she said; 'and I
npleasant things make the pleasant
e pleasanter.'
chatted gaily with Charlotte the
l when the last cup was put in its
ed and asked what she should do next.
Miss Ethel, I hardly like to mention
t girl Martha has such a bad head-
y, and the children quite distract her
noise.'
go and keep them quiet a bit, then,'
an away, leaving the old servant
ter her: thinking how much the
r was improved, and wondering how
ld last.
seemed some need of Ethel's pre-
e nursery, to judge by the noise the
re making. Archie was crying loudly
die had taken his ball from him, and
stoutly maintaining his right to it;
e little Katie was trying to make peace
em, and Martha was vainly endea-
quiet the baby into her morning sleep.
ked up fearfully as Ethel entered;
ad frequently spoken about the up-
nursery, and she expected a scold-
orning, which she tried to avoid by
am afraid the children are disturbing
ss, Miss Ethel, but I really cannot
ey will not mind what I say.'
iet just a minute, Eddie,' said Ethel,
le boys had both ran up to her, each
rove himself in the right. 'They
ie, I know, Martha,' she continued
id you must find them particularly
rning, for Charlotte says you have
. Go and lie down for a little while,
l them for an hour.'
l looked up gratefully.
: you, Miss Ethel, you are very
head is very bad.'
an hour Ethel succeeded in keeping
nes quiet, yet perfectly well amused:
l it she scarcely knew herself, unless
interest she herself took in the little
pleasures she provided for them. Ah, there is a great deal in loving, kindly sympathy; it goes to the heart of every one.

Her little brothers' quarrel was soon settled, by the substitution of something else for the disputed plaything. Little Katie was always quietly happy when with Ethel; and baby Lena, having smiled and crowed to her heart's content, dropped asleep in her sister's arms, and was disposed of in the cot awaiting her. When at length Martha returned, all the better for her quiet rest, to release her, Ethel could scarcely believe the hour had gone, so quickly had it flown.

With a light heart she sought her mother's chamber; for the rest of the morning was to be given to her. Mrs Linton was sitting in her easy chair, apparently asleep: but she opened her eyes as Ethel entered.

'I have had such a nice sleep, Ethel. I wish Martha would always keep the children as still as they have been for the last hour: but she is scarcely fit for the work; I do think she tries her best.'

'Martha is not very strong; but I have come home, mother, darling; and I will try that nothing shall annoy you. It is a pity the nursery is just over your head, for I suppose we cannot help the children making a noise. Don't you think the boys' workshop and it might change places? It is not quite so large certainly, but I think it might do.'

'It would be a great trouble to change it, or else I have thought of that, Ethel.'

'I am sure Charlotte would not mind the trouble, if it would make you more comfortable, mamma;' and Ethel resolved that it should be done before many days had passed; she wondered she had never thought of it before, for Mrs Linton had often complained of being disturbed by the children.

Then she passed on to that subject which was to be the usual topic of conversation with her mother for some time to come—Feversham. Mrs Linton was pleased to have some one to talk to of the scenes of her early days; and Ethel learnt many little things, which she had never known before, of the comfort and luxury in which those days had been spent; the effect of which was to increase the bitterness she felt towards her who had caused the difference between that time and the present. Ethel herself hardly knew the depth of her resentment towards her grandmamma; but every sight of her mother's pale careworn face, made her say, far down in her heart, though the words were never audibly spoken, 'I shall never forgive her—never.'

'Ethel,' said the sprightly little Gertie, dancing up to her sister as May and she came in from school, 'do you know May is trying for a prize? yes, and she will get it too, I do think; I was looking at the mark book to-day, and there is only Louisa Thompson above her: if you take pains with your themes you will be equal with her, May. It is only a fortnight to-day to the end of the half-year; I do hope you will get it!'

'So do I: papa would be so pleased, wouldn't he, Ethel?'

'Yes, indeed he would. And you must be turning over a fresh leaf, May, even to think of trying for a prize: I should have thought it would require more effort than you would care to give.'

'Ah, you would think Miss May was turning over a fresh leaf in earnest, if you knew all I know, Miss Ethel,' said Charlotte, who was setting the table for dinner.

May coloured and laughed; and ran away with a very pleased look. Gertie had gone into the garden to look after a favourite kitten. Ethel followed May to her room.

'What did Charlotte mean, May?' she asked, as she smoothed out May's curls and twisted them round her finger.

May coloured again.

'I hardly like to tell you, Ethel; perhaps you won't be pleased. Only Charlotte knows.'

'You must have no secrets from me, though, May: I cannot stand that, you know.'

'Why, Ethel, your being away has made me think of things more, I think. I have been more with mamma; and somehow I could not help finding out that we are very poor, and that mamma has not everything she ought to have; and so I tried to find a way in which I could help her, and I found one with Charlotte's help. I have made lots of little things, such as these,' and she opened a drawer and took out several little pinafores and children's clothing ready prepared for sewing, 'and Charlotte has found out some one who will take all I can make. And I have earned five shillings, Ethel; when I get a sovereign I mean to tell mamma,' and May's eyes grew very bright at the thought of the pleasant surprise it would be.

Ethel remembered her aunt's words in her mother's old room at Feversham, and she felt that May had proved their truth.

'Why did you think I should not be pleased?' she asked.

'I don't know; I thought you would not, that was all.'

'But I am very much pleased; for I am sure it would require very great effort, May, for you to earn so much as five shillings with your needle.'

'Yes, it was very hard work at first. I get up an hour earlier, and it takes nearly all my play time as well: but then it is for mamma.'

'What will you say, May, if I tell you that I have five pounds to spend for mamma alone. I have not earned it, though,' she added, seeing that May's pleased look had vanished; 'Aunt Ethel gave it me; so it will not be half so valuable as your's, after all. Your's requires great self-denial, May; and I am sure mamma will be very pleased when she knows.'

'But your five pounds, Ethel, that is a very great deal; mamma will not care for my mite, I am afraid.'

'Yes, indeed, dear, I am sure she will,' replied Ethel earnestly; 'most for the love and thought for her that it shows.'

Ethel had a shrewd guess that Charlotte had more to do with the business than she professed to have, and she determined to talk to her about it the first opportunity. The opportunity presented itself that after little girls had returned to scho

'May has told me her sec she began; 'it is a wonder for h thing, with her indolent habits. since she began?'

'Oh, five or six weeks ago, am surprised she has persever kept it from her mamma's know

'You have helped her, she s you found willing to provide l Charlotte?'

'Oh, a friend of mine will t do, Miss Ethel,' replied Charl 'it is all right.'

'No, Charlotte, I do not thin for I am sure no one but you May's work; now confess, it i doing it all, is it not, Charlotte'

Charlotte's face changed c would not own to it yet.

'My dear Miss Ethel I have find a customer for all Miss May does not matter who it is.'

'Yes, it does matter, Charlo not to do so, you have given and paid her for it as well.'

'And what if I have, Miss Et a hundred times more any day if I not loved you all and been lo these many years, and been trea friend than a servant, and do you grudge a little thing like that? am sure it is doing Miss May goo ing quite industrious. And do who gets the things, Miss Ethe really do want them. A cousin o ing for a bazaar, and she wanted and this is the best way I could give Miss May the just value of as I know it. I meant to have but you have found it out, Miss

Ethel stood looking out of a minute, without speaking; her up at the idea of being helped b

'I wish you had not done t she said at last, turning round papa would not approve of it if h don't either, for the matter of t

Charlotte put down the work and went up to Ethel.

'You'll not mention it to the please, Miss Ethel, 'she said would gladly have served you f for, as you know, I am not altoge upon my earnings—but the ma hear of it. But you surely will this little way of repaying the k received,' she added, with tears

Ethel was touched by the devotion, and she threw her a neck, and kissed her heartily.

'Do as you will, Charlotte, good creature, and we all love y

After that, many a dish of ripe little luxuries found their way which neither Ethel nor her fath

(To be continued.)

THE UNSUBMISSIVE PRAYER.

EARLY in the year 1860, a devoted Christian lady requested me to accompany her to a sick-room. The case was one of peculiar interest. The invalid had no pastor, and had united her request with that of my friend, that I would visit her. I was burdened with pastoral duties, and the sufferer resided at a distance from my home, yet the case was evidently providential, and therefore I went.

As I entered that sick-room I was startled with the appearance of the invalid. She was sitting in her chair, in the most comfortable posture she could find. Disease and pain had, in her case, performed a terrible work. She was a living skeleton, and her careworn countenance indicated she had suffered as much in her mind as in her body.

Her history was briefly as follows: Nine years previous to that time, she was in deep anxiety for a beloved child, a little girl, only four years of age. This child was very promising, and the mother had unconsciously made her an idol. Sickness came, and the darling was in imminent danger. The faithful physician gave his candid opinion that the child could not survive.

The mother burst forth in a wild cry: 'Doctor, do not tell me so; my child must not die; I cannot part with her.'

The good man replied, 'She is in the hands of God. He only can save her.'

The distressed mother then sank down on the floor, near her sick child, and, incredible though it may seem, for the long space of four days and nights she kept that position, begging in the most earnest, piteous tones, that God would spare the life of her little darling. And with this request she added: 'Do anything you please; subject me to any degree of suffering; only spare to me my child.'

That piteous cry was heard and recorded. The blessing sought was literally fulfilled. The life of the little girl was prolonged, but almost immediately the mother was smitten with disease, and since that time had suffered a hundred deaths, yet still lived; she was a wretched cripple; disease preyed upon her without and within; for years she had not been able to leave her house, or even her room. Often she was subject to the most intense bodily pain, and this doubtless was aggravated by the mental conviction that she had brought this trial upon herself. It would be difficult to describe the wretchedness of this poor sufferer; day after day, and for long years, she had been compelled to sit in her room, unable to do anything but read, and sometimes deprived of this enjoyment. She was a burden to herself, and felt that she was a great burden to her friends.

Nor was this bodily sickness the extent of her affliction. In a subsequent visit to her, not knowing, perhaps, that her friend had communicated to me the above facts, Mrs C., with a heavy heart, told me about this child, who in answer to her prayers had been spared to her. The little girl of four years was then a miss of thirteen; to the great grief of her mother, she had always shown an aversion to religion. The mother, with all her spiritual infirmities, loved the Saviour, and wished to lead her children in the way to heaven. In the case of a younger child, a little boy, she was very successful; he loved to listen to her holy teaching; for hours he would sit by her side, or stand so that he could look into her face, and drink in the precious truth she uttered in his hearing. When he became old enough, although she could never go with him, he went to church and Sabbath-school; it was his delight to read the Bible to his afflicted mother, and relate to her what he had seen and heard in the house of God; he was a lively, affectionate, religious child; to his mother he was a great comfort, and with tears of gratitude, she spoke of God's goodness, in giving her this dear boy; and with maternal pride she told how he would often sing—

> 'A kiss for a blow you should ever bestow,
> And all will be well wherever you go.'

But, alas, how different the disposition of her other child! When very little, and previous to her sickness, which it was supposed would prove fatal, she was a lovely little girl, and had she then died, no one who believe the words of our Saviour about little children, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,' would have doubted that she would have been admitted to the throng of the blessed in heaven. But when, in answer to the fond mother's unsubmissive prayer, her life was spared, and health returned, the child began to change. Her sweet disposition passed away; she became passionate, self-willed, disrespectful, and positively disobedient; the sick mother had no control over her; no attention did the wilful child pay to her wishes or commands; she showed no regard for the Sabbath, and could not be induced to attend either the church or the Sabbath school.

'What shall I do with her?' asked the anxious mother.

And what could I reply? I could not discover that she had been unfaithful in parental duty. From her own account, and the testimony of others, and the case of the little boy, I judged this mother, by example, and precept, and prayer, and, so far as she could, by discipline, had endeavoured to lead her beloved daughter to walk in the way of the Lord.

I had not the heart to tell her, and it would have been useless to increase her sorrow by doing so; she knew it too well, and it was this conviction that was gnawing into the very heart of that poor sufferer—she was reaping the fruits of her own doings; she was daily receiving the answer to her persistent and unsubmissive prayer. Unlike her Saviour, in Gethsemane,

when she prayed that her bitter cup might pass from her, she did not add, 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' She was not willing in that hour of intense agony to trust in God, and leave herself and her child in the hands of 'Him who doeth all things well.' She expressly said: 'Do with me what thou wilt,' and God had taken her at her word, and afflicted her for years with a terrible disease. She had cried: 'Spare my child,' but only pleaded for her life; this was given her, but with it no grace for her heart. As a terrible lesson against the sin and folly of dictating to God, and refusing to submit to His wise and gracious will, that daughter has been permitted to grow up in impenitence and rebellion against God, and disrespect and disobedience toward her parents.

It is not for us to read the future of that child. Thus far she has proved a burden to her mother, and often has that poor, chastised woman wished that the wayward girl had, in her innocent infancy, passed away, to be pure and happy, and safe with Jesus, in heaven.

We may hope that the untiring instructions of that penitent invalid, and her earnest prayers for the soul of her child, may be heard and answered. Perhaps when she ful grave, and her spirit finc heaven, this child will see repentance and love to the f and thus obtain the grace heart, and fits the sinner for so; perhaps not; who can te

But, reader, learn the less tory of this poor mother teac of trial pray, for God comr may pray as Jesus did, to ha pass away. You may pray have the thorn removed whic side. You may, like David, and fast, and weep, and mou entreat the Lord to spare you be sure, in the emotions of yc utterances of your lips, that t tion of your will to the will c ber that He is your Sover infinitely your superior in wis is full of mercy and grace. Be 'Not my will, but thine, O And, if the trial comes, be best, and in sweet resignatior Lord; let him do what seeme

—*Rev. Pete*

'POOR MOLLY.'

A PLEA FOR SLEEPY HEARERS.

THAT ministers have many annoying hearers in their audience none can deny; and that they sometimes get sorely vexed by them cannot be denied either. The inattentive, who stare about and rustle their silks; the impatient, who keep looking at their watches, and the sleepy, who do nothing but nod, are all thorns in the flesh of those who are seeking to win souls to Christ. But of all these provoking hearers the last class are the most hopeless. Miss Jones may be staring around at the new bonnets and shawls, and yet her ears are open, and a word may find entrance there and sink into the heart. Mr Brown's impatience to be released may make him so watchful for the 'Amen,' that he will, unwittingly, catch the words that precede it. But the sleeping! alas for them, both eargate and eyegate are closed and guarded by Satan, lest some arrow of truth may enter the citadel he holds. Is it any wonder that the weary servant of Christ, who prepares his sermon with labour and prayer, often toiling far into the night for their souls' sake, feels he does well to be angry with the sleeping?

But there is another side to this question. Are not the sleepy hearers in a congregation *generally* the hard working people, who, were it not for the desire to hear the Gospel and to set a good example, would gladly pass their only hours of rest at home in bed. And if such strive to shake off dull sleep so as to go up to the courts of the Lord's house, shall they not be borne with when their infirmity overcomes them? There must be a principle of love that woos them thither rather thar the ale-house; and we believe lenient in His judgment of the are the men who sit at thei week, and who press their d early and as long as they plea

An affectionate and faithfu land was annoyed, on taking a seeing a woman in the galle asleep as soon as the text was remain so till the bustle of th gregation aroused her. Sabba whether the weather was brig all the same; she nodded and self, coughed, changed her wildly about—as if to open that they could not shut finally gave up the contest an comfortably to sleep. This a a pass where it could be born finding out her name, the min sleeper in her home. He found tub, where, she informed him to stand for ten or twelve h which she had to mend, and m her fatherless boys, far into th

Where had the resentment fled so suddenly? Where we rebuke he had all ready to pou head?

'This must be a hard li woman,' he said.

'Ay, parson,' she replied hard, to be sure; but I could e'e

if I could but keep the soul free o't. annot do't. The while I'm on my feet ye drudge on and on. But once I sit I'm asleep, in spite o' myself. Some- fall asleep with the bread in my mouth oor dinner; and ye may ha' took notice, t I fall aff even in God's house! I've my's the battle with Satan about this. e, "'Bide at home now and take the h as what its given for, a day o' rest." ys I, "My soul thirsteth, yea, even for the courts of the Lord's house, ere I'll go while my limbs can carry Says he, "Ye'll disgrace the place and minister." Says I, "The Searcher of knows why I go; and I will still go; n I can at least keep up the battle with *ye*, which I couldn't do in a sound sleep at home."'

'Well, Molly,' said the minister, 'still do you come and keep up the battle there, and we will outwit Satan between us; for what you can't get for your infirmity on Sunday, I will bring to you on Monday. I will then preach a five minutes sermon to your hungry soul by the side of your tub, my poor woman; and may God give to all my hearers an equal desire to come to His courts against obstacles.'

While men of God should bear with those who bear so much more with themselves, should not all our Sabbath sleepers inquire whether their excuse will avail them before God as will that of poor Molly?

—*Watchman and Reflector.*

The End Cometh.

GOD hath His blessed gospel given,
To fit our needy souls for heaven;
But most the precious treasure spurn,
Nor care its saving truths to learn.
This is a signal that the end is near.

'True search for the pure Word of God,
By greed and lust for earthly good
Is overborne; and yet men say,
Danger and doom are far away!
This is a signal that the end is near.

'Inventions daily multiply,
Ungodliness to deify,
And by mere human might to seize
Whate'er may bless, whate'er may please.
This is a signal that the end is near.

'The Christian name is greatly praised,
Yet few to pious lives are raised;
In truth, God's laws are all defied,
And man exults in godless pride.
This is a signal that the end is near.

'Where now can brother's love be found?
All lands with robbery abound.
There is no faithfulness, no faith:
'Give me but money!' each one saith.
This is a signal that the end is near.

'Feasting is now the world's chief trade,
And villainies all ranks pervade.
From all restraint each would be free,
And earth is full of infamy.
This is a signal that the end is near.

'Come, therefore, blessed Lord and King,
And with Thee earth's deliverance bring;
Thy creatures from hell's fires defend,
Make Thou of all these ills an end,
And let us see the longed for Judgment Day!'

—*From the German.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts v. 3.

THESE are awful words; the question is a very startling one. *Why* hath Satan filled thine heart? How has he got in at all? How and why has he contrived to *fill* thine heart? One might say, better ask himself; *he* is more likely to know; the robber best knows how he got into the house. But the words evidently imply that it was the sinner's own doing, and that he alone is to blame. It was he who willingly let in the flood.

There is such a being as Satan. As truly as *we* are, so truly is he. Strange how men deny the supernatural! What pride! Are *we* the only beings in the universe? And must there be neither angel nor devil, because *we* do not see, or hear, or touch them? How unreasonable and presumptuous is such scepticism! Yet some of the men who deny the Bible statements, as to good and evil spirits, are strongest in holding the stars to be inhabited by other races of beings. If science or philosophy will teach them anything of the supernatural, they will credit it, but divine revelation is to be set aside.

There are some who ascribe too much to Satan, in order to excuse themselves. Our first mother did so,—'The serpent beguiled me.' She rejects personal responsibility, implying that the disobedience was not her blame. The serpent pointed out the tempting object, and used arguments; but there his power ended, unless she had admitted him by yielding. Satan's temptations are no excuse for our sins, nor do they in the least shift responsibility.

The Apostle's question to Ananias was certainly a very peculiar and unexpected one. The bringing in of Satan's agency here seems at first sight abrupt, almost out of place. It seemed a mere question of deceit and covetousness. But the Apostle, in the power of the Holy Spirit, looked deeper. Even had the circumstances been those of mere common life, there might have been the agency of Satan; and we may well ask, how much of Satan is there in the lies of every-day life, so sadly common; for Satan has, from the beginning, had much to do with lies. He is a liar, and the father of lies. But here the circumstances are very peculiar. It is a lie in connection with Church membership—a lie by which an attempt is made to deceive Apostles who were known to be directly the ministers of the God of truth—a lie in connection with a very high profession of religion—a lie in connection with the first foundation of the Church. And it is strange to find Satan here, in the beginning of the Church, just as in Paradise, at the origin of the race, as if, wherever there is any special work of God, whether in Paradise or in Jerusalem, Satan must find his way to it, to pervert or to destroy it.

The Apostle's question takes for granted that this alliance with Satan was an of guilt, not a diminution of it. H Ananias, not as a poor helpless cre Satan had made his victim and his one who had sought Satan's help, wl him into partnership, as if, without could not have ventured on such one who had opened the gate, an whole hosts of the Evil One as hi abettors. This was the *gravamen* part, a consummation of his guil 'done evil with both hands earne Saul the king, going to Endor for l he gone to hell, and entered into a the Evil One, making him his counsellor, his auxiliary.

The Apostle's question brings S us, not singly, as the enemy of the as the direct antagonist of the Hol if, having fought with the Son o been overcome, he had entered i with the Spirit of God, to do battle and with the Church in whom He d

Satanic influence is a solemn sub ally in connection with the last day devil comes down having great wra the church and the world with the lusions by which men are to be l When this is fully accomplished 'spirit of the times' will be 'fro and 'public opinion' will be the e the veritable inspiration of the evil c prince of the world, as an angel of 'the world' merely, but 'the Chur influenced by him, so that he shal possible, the very elect. The air of day seems already impregnated witl vapour of error and falsehood.

Let us consider Satan in connect following things.

1. *In connection with lies.* He is a father of lies; the hater of truth and A lie is his own peculiar property an Let his connection with the evil one of every kind peculiarly hateful; w the lie of pretending to be what we a pretending to believe what we do no scribing creeds which we in our hear

2. *In connection with errors.* Ap the faith, departure from the truth, the form of irreverent and reckless or audacious scepticism, or the que intellectual pride; these are the ma of the evil one.

3. *In connection with forms.* Cer shows, which look devout and religi are Satan's special invention, as the larly efficient in beguiling a large cla to whom pictorialism, and sentimer beauty, and music, are the essentials

4. *In connection with unbelief.* unbelief in reference to the Gospel, o in reference to God and His grace and His love. Satan is the great s doubt and distrust; the creator of har

THE TEN VIRGINS.

(*Continued from page* 220.)

[EY that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them, but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.' We are not told that any difference ap-ɛn the foolish and the wise virgins, n unlikely that, at the beginning, lamps of the foolish virgins burned t. Christians are judged of very y God from what man sees in them. dwells in the heart of some poor, art-broken one, who trembles at and who is oppressed with doubt, , and temptation, never hoping that ct of grace; while many a flaming ıs nothing in it on which the eye of ır to look. We are thankful when ıp burning brightly for one year, ıy of those that have been lighted ıt. At Kilsyth, for instance, there ho for some months, promised fair but the light is extinguished. It f a nursery of young plants. The vhen they are all lying close to-e plantation, they seem to thrive, allowed to grow up together; but ear they must be thinned, and only lants can be given a place in the successive years they are thinned, again, and what a small, small he original seedlings remain in the f a hundred years. It is just so, in l world, especially when there has t awakening. At first, there are ɔrofessors, the crowd follows Jesus. ıhame, no reproach, and it is easy to when there is no cross on the way. rt time, when religion is no longer f the day, when the crowd forsakes ɔo many of those whose lamps for ıd to burn the brightest, turn back, more with Jesus.

ɔ further than this, their lamps ɛd for a longer time, and while all ɔthly, and they remain in the society ɪistian friends, they find that after ther a comfortable thing to serve vhen they have to sacrifice some-ı peculiarly dear to them, or else to ist, it is found that they have been ll along. Friends, what madness, not to give up everything gladly, freely, for Christ; remember, I beseech you, these affecting words of the Lord, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.' None can tell in this world, how many, once promising professors, have been ruined by the example and influence of the ungodly. I daresay those of you who are old enough remember examples of this at Moulin. One man married an ungodly wife, and that cost him his soul; some woman married an ungodly husband, and that cost her her soul. Some fell in the time of reproach on account of the word, and alas! too many have continued in the sunshine of worldly prosperity so long, that the riches of this world and the cares of this life, have sprung up and choked the word.

O, prosperity! prosperity! who can resist thy baneful influences? Who ever stood thy unclouded sunshine? Who ever escaped unhurt from thine unceasing smile? There is nothing, nothing so difficult as to escape this; indeed, we may say at once, that without a great degree of the influence of the Spirit of God, *it is impossible.* Blessed be Jehovah's name, that with Him all things, the very greatest of human impossibilities, are possible. Commonly speaking however, this is not the case; it too often happens, and I think it is perhaps just the greatest proof of the fearful depravity of our nature, that all God's gifts are, one after another, turned in a measure against the Giver.

Sometimes the lamp of profession will last even for a longer period, and the lamp burns on with its deceitful flame, even till that solemn hour when it lights the sinner to the entrance of the dark valley. It leaves him there ALONE. It is a fearful discovery to make at such an hour as *that*, that a man has been walking in the directly opposite road from heaven all his life, and walking in it at ease; that he has been carrying all his life a lamp which, in the hour of need, is to leave him in the dark.

We are not left in ignorance as to the cause of this, it is contained in the 3d and 4th verses of this chapter, 'They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them. But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.' Here is the secret of the difference. The foolish virgins' lamps may not only burn

on till a dying hour, they may go further still (for the wicked have often no bands in their death)—the lamp may lead them fearless to the judgment-seat, nor go out till they reach the bar of God. They have got no oil with them. They have got light enough to maintain a consistent outward profession, but they have never got Christ, they have never got the Spirit of Christ; they have no secret supplies in themselves, and they have got no key to the treasure-house.

Believer, you feel that in yourself you have no good thing, no supply of grace, no faith, no light, no love; but then the more you are conscious of that, the more will you confide in that everlasting provision, that exhaustless fountain that sends forth the rich streams of heavenly blessing to poor dead souls: even in that Holy Spirit who is come into the world to convince it of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and to take of the things of Christ and show them to men's soul's. Though you have been savingly and abidingly united to Christ, you still need to come afresh every hour, just as for the first time.

The provision we receive at once is sometimes great, but it soon needs renewing. When you have gone to rest at night, after getting very near to God in prayer, feeling that you had certainly got enough to last till the morning, yet when morning came, with its vanities and its cares, you felt the need of carrying back your empty vessel to the fountain of living water to get it replenished. Sweet to lay down an empty soul at the feet of a Saviour, who filleth all in all! Take care to have your lamps always trimmed, for listen, 'While the Bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept.' I do not mean to say that the lamp which has once been lighted by the Spirit can ever go out. It cannot, it will not. But beware, beware, that you have indeed received the grace of Christ, that you have indeed seen His glory. Have oil in your vessels with your lamps. The coming of the Bridegroom is here shown to be an unexpected event. We should all be on our guard; He will not come when He is expected. Watch and pray, lest, coming suddenly, He find you sleeping. It is a sad surprise to a Christian when he is not ready for his Master's coming; it is a sad surprise to find himself unprepared, his books all unsummed up, even though he may have been a faithful servant. This is the chief object of desire which He has presented to His dear people. Whenever the people of God have been in a lively frame, ever since His ascension, their desire for His second coming has always been the greater. His last words to the church are, I come quickly.' Now, are you all adding your Amen; or are some of you secr that it might be just a little long and then you would have made up to part with all that is now so dear then you would be ready and willin Jesus home to heaven. But, frie feel thus towards Christ's second co you are hasting unto it, examine, beseech you, e'er it be too late, rest until you discover if your p really genuine. Better, if need b mournful discovery on this side de find out only at the judgment-se have been self-deceived hypocrites that the coming of Jesus will be a the night. It will be in the dark. a far more fearful sense He will night to the foolish virgins to cas outer darkness, this is also true of H believers.

It will be without a warning. that it is generally prefaced by some tress or affliction, as it were, to pre last scene, and the more you are en in such a state of preparation, the will your death be either peaceful or In whatever state of solemn prep may be, it will be a sudden and ove prise to a soul, to find that it has Jordan of death, and floated away stream of time, to see the King in I

Every figure used to represent brings the suddenness of it to min so much as that of a thief in the nig never comes in the day time, he d the sunshine, it does not suit him come when the moon is shining b then he might be detected, and e out. No, no, the thief does not lik shine, he would not like even a night, but he likes a dark cloudy e this, when the shades are deep. H midnight when it is pitch dark, an men are asleep. Now, believers, way He will come to you, and H this, so that you may be watching for you see His followers are somet bering and sleeping, when the cry 'Behold the bridegroom cometh!' well-trimmed lamp. Oh! that you w one of you, see that your lamps are that they are all trimmed, and that have oil in your vessels with your l you not afraid, you that think Christians, that your lamps at last The words, 'Ye must be born aga our ears. Unless you are sure that change of conversion has passed in don't you think you have reason t You do not know but your lamps

know whether my lamp may not go

t not make you tremble to see the Judas shine so long? Does it not cry out, 'Lord is it I? Lord is it I?' ır better, ask with all the apostles l question now, than read the fearful r the first time in hell. And, remem- ıat not only those who shall be saved, that question with anxious fear, for ı asked, 'Lord, is it I?' Men and be up and doing; strait is the gate, w is the way, are words that seem gotten in these days of ease, careless- sin. They are not expunged from

No, the gate is as strait, the way ow as it was on the day that Jesus l to disbelieving Jerusalem, that few hat go in thereat. It reminds us of hich you find at the toll-bar, when, ı night, the wide gate is locked. You re is always a small turn-stile at the f the wide road, contrived in such a nothing larger than a man can pass :. Neither can more than one man time, each one must go alone. This familiar illustration, which you must tand. It is just so with the narrow aven. All men are going along the l,—the broad road of life,—leading ıs down to eternal death. Now the stands open all day long, and there is rowd passing through it. The broad st the road in which the poor blind ı born, brought up and carried along ıughtless crowd. It is the way they ıys walked in; it is the road their ssed over; it is the way which they ged by their relations, companions, s, friends; and it is a road they never :aving. By the side of the wide gate e narrow gate of life, heaven, and ıd Jesus stands upon that narrow calls to all the poor weary travellers ı come to Him, and He will give them tells them He is able, He tells them ing, He tells them He is near, to help hem, and stretches forth His hands y, to a disobedient and gainsaying A chosen few, drawn by His resistless brings to Himself, and He will lead He carries them on to glory.

imes the crowd is so mixed, that those along mistake which road they tread. ever closely the two ways may run they end as wide apart as heaven and ery man, woman, and child among lking along either the one or the other ays,—the one ends in life eternal, the death. Which are you in? Which are you in? Eternal life! Eternal death! Which is yours?

Are we to go away to-night without a blessing, without one soul for Jesus? Oh, that the former days of Moulin were revived with tenfold power! Oh, that the Spirit who, not forty years ago, was poured out in Moulin,—in this very place, on the same ground on which we stand,—were to be poured out in rich abundance, that the dry, parched wilderness might rejoice, and blossom as the rose. Christians, will you not pray for Moulin, that it may again become a very garden of the Lord.

Brothers, sisters, are you going to choose destruction, are you going to stand out against the entreaties of Emmanuel, the strivings of the Spirit? You hear how all around you, people are coming into Christ. Blessed be God, the question is already asked, 'Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?' The poor world is already beginning to stagger at the unaccountable change that has come over some who used to be just as sensible, firm, and manly as they. I doubt not that there is sometimes a strange sinking of heart as they pronounce them silly, mad, woman-hearted,—an involuntary asking, 'How am I to account for this in such a one?' What has made these calm, reasoning, quiet, respectable men, these good neighbours, that have always been as regular in their duties, as sober and as kind to their families, and as punctual in their performance of every duty as I am, begin to say so much about new hearts? It is so incomprehensible to them, and yet so powerful, so brightly glorious in its effects, that they are filled with wonder. Is the same question, 'Who are these that fly as the doves to their windows,' not to be asked of Moulin? There have been many coming to Christ in Scotland. Only weak women? Nay, I have seen strong, sturdy men, in the very pride of youth, of manhood, and of sin, bend till they nearly sank. So near yourselves as Aberfeldy, I saw it only last Friday, when there was a marvellous impression made, as some present well know, which, God grant, may be followed up by a work of conversion, if these impressions do not dissipate again. Yes, men of Kilsyth have come to Christ, men of Dundee, men of Perth; there is a little band of new disciples in Kilsyth, in Dundee, in Perth, is there not to be one in Moulin? Are we not to get you for Christ, sons of the mountains?

We long to see the prayers of the saints that lie in yon churchyard answered. They float in the heaven over your heads like clouds of blessing, clouds that were attracted to heaven by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Forty years ago, His rays sped down and

poured light, and heat, and glory over this fair land, that had long been dwelling in spiritual darkness. We long to see the clouds which are bending towards your mountain tops,—called for as they are by a parched soil—called for also now by the prayers of children's children. Your fathers made Moulin in their day like a city set upon an hill, which could not be hid. Coming towards this place, I overtook a middle-aged labourer on the road, and when he was asked one or two questions about his spiritual state, he seemed quite astonished. When he was asked whether he was a Christian, he looked with unfeigned amazement in the face of the speaker, and said, 'A Christian! Oh, sir, we're all Christians here; why do you ask that?' Poor man! I daresay there were many such Christians as he in the place where he lived.

Are there none here of whom Jesus said, 'I pray for them;' none that are to look back on this night, and say, 'On that Sabbath evening the Spirit awoke me from sleep. On that Sabbath evening I first saw Christ. It was then my bleeding conscience found peace in the blood of the Lamb.'

Sinner, open your heart to Jesus. You would not keep the queen waiting for a sion, or even your landlord. There neve such a thing heard of, as to keep a lan waiting! You never even kept a frie relation, a neighbour,—perhaps some o never kept *a poor beggar* waiting at your And yet you, who have not yet freely emb Christ, you have been keeping the gl Emmanuel, the blessed and only pote King of kings, and Lord of lords, waiting waiting, and waiting, at the door of your dark, blinded hearts. Yes, the King of by whom princes reign, has knocked, knocked, and knocked repeatedly, again again, and the door is still shut. To-nigh *still* is standing at the door. Is He to se portals of *one* heart, the everlasting do one hitherto barred dungeon, lift up heads to let the King of Glory enter in? have an open door to sin, to folly,—an door to the devil; and yet, it is shut ag Jesus, against God, against the Spirit. hold, I stand at the door and knock; if man hear my voice, and open the door, I come in to him and will sup with him, an with me.' Will you not say, 'Welcome, manuel, as all my salvation?'

My Knowledge.

THOUGH men confront the living God
With wisdom than His word more wise,
And leaving paths apostles trod,
Their own devise;
I would myself forsake and flee,
O Christ, the Living Way, to Thee!

I know not what the schools may teach,
Nor yet how far from truth depart;
One lesson is within my reach—
The Truth Thou art:
And learning this, I learn each day
To cast all other lore away.

I cannot solve mysterious things
That fill the schoolmen's thoughts with strife;
But oh! what peace this knowledge brings,
Thou art the Life;
Hid in Thy everlasting deeps,
The silent God His secret keeps.

The Way, the Truth, the Life Thou art,
This, this I know; to this I cleave;
The sweet new language of my heart,
'Lord, I believe;'
I have no doubt to bring to Thee:
My doubt has fled, my faith is free!

—*Harriet M'Ewen Kimball.*

JACOB'S WELL.*

y with confidence be affirmed, t there is no single incident New Testament Scripture so phic and pictorial, as that con- ıed in this fourth chapter of St There are elsewhere richer clus- ıations of scene and narration; ɜ gather round the Mount of Lake of Tiberias. In these so to speak, a picture gallery; icture,—each new delineation pencil fixing more powerfully h they conjointly illustrate on d imagination; but here, we hotograph, which in breadth, iduality stands alone. To use le, it is not a monument com- ɟregate of stones, but, like the r at Bethel, a glorious mono- lyphics the riches of redeeming y. It is a sermon preached ıe hardened, scornful sinner, ɜ since gone forth to all the ords to the end of the world. ɟ can never be forgotten, when, vilight, the first glimpse was emorable locality. During the the same day, we had been footsteps of Jesus, along the of central Palestine,—the very Divine Pilgrim must have tra- sat, weary and travel-worn, at ur by the Well of Jacob. On d visited two spots equally re- Testament associations. The us at Bethel, lingering among ns of Abraham's fountain. We e now featureless upland, the 's vision and vow, where, amid ge, lie thick all around, strange ones, monotonous masses of chral rocks—a natural necropo- which might be the very pillow wanderer laid his weary head, ler-steps clustering with angels. rending amid valleys more fea- ıry still, we stood amid the ruins ıel's old mountain sanctuary. dumb were these melancholy t the very cheerlessness of their ıed to invest with a new and he utterance of God by the prophet, 'Go ye now to my ıs in Shiloh, where I set my st, and see what I did to *it* for of my people Israel' (Jer. vii. t was the contrast with these es that made the transition all ısive, as at a sharp turn in the ɔlain, or Wady el Mohkna (the ment), the old 'Plain of Moreh,' at the extremity of which rose the summits of Ebal and Gerizim, with the narrow opening into the valley of Shechem. We knew that somewhere nigh the mouth of that valley the well of the patriarch would be; and the interest rose, as, despite of the fierce heat, we skirted that unhedged, unenclosed, uninterrupted plain at the foot of the western mountains—the same which had arrested the Saviour's eye as He saw it a carpet of emerald in early spring, verdant with the very corn which was now before us whitening to harvest. The sun, however, in that long afternoon, was rapidly sinking behind Gerizim, and, for the time, the interesting spot had reluctantly to be left unvisited: we had to pass on amid a patriarchal forest, the dark cypresses and olives mingling with the minarets of Nablous, these latter standing sharply between us and the most brilliant of golden skies on our way to the tenting place in the centre of the valley. The pilgrimage to the well was reserved for the following day.

If a picture be dependent upon its frame, if a jewel be dependent upon its setting, then it cannot be out of place to add a few preliminary words on this adjacent town and valley, the residence of the woman around whom gathers, at all events, the secondary interest of the story which is to occupy our thoughts in the subsequent chapters. If Shechem was then what it is now (and the same sources of fertility and beauty must have existed), she could endorse the unanimous testimony of all modern travellers of enjoying the loveliest home in Palestine. If outer nature could have moulded her into a noble character, and nurtured within her the good, the beautiful, and the true, she could have graduated in no such other school in Judea, Samaria, or Galilee. On the morning of our journey to the well, it was strange and gladdening, after traversing, for days before, the dry and thirsty valleys just described—our roads and bridle paths often waterless channels, not so much as one trickling rill or rivulet to relieve the desolation—it was joyous to be once more among rushing streams, and their invariable accompaniment of profuse vegetation. There is no such variety of wood and shrub, from the palm to the hyssop, as is to be found here. Fig, pomegranate, apricot, walnut, vine, mulberry, orange, cypress, and the ever-present ancestral olive, cluster in groves in the lower valley and climb up the steep flanks of the confronting hills of Ebal and Gerizim. Even the prickly pear will not surrender to Jaffa a monotony in its strange hedgerows. Add to all this, there is a peculiar charm in atmospheric tint different from what is ever to be seen in Alpine landscapes; indeed what, with an extensive familiarity with scenery, we never saw elsewhere. In the words of one whose intimate acquaintance with Palestine gives him good title to be heard, 'Every colour is here, from the deepest green to the softest gray and most delicate russet, all harmoniously

Sychar,' by J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. isbet and Co.

blended and melting in the distance into the purple and azure tints of the mountain side and summits.' In one word, Shechem is the Urtas of Samaria, the Eden of Palestine. It has no association with the life of the Psalmist, and yet no other part of the Holy Land save this reminded me, because no other so reflected the beautiful image, of 'the green pastures and the still waters' of the twenty-third Psalm. As we stood at a later part of the day by the Patriarch's fountain, with this noble background, who could fail to see old Jacob's blessing on his favourite son realised: 'Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by *a well;* whose branches run over the wall' (Gen. xlix. 22); or, in a later age, the blessing uttered by Moses over the same favoured tribe: 'And of Joseph he said, Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious things brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills' (Deut. xxxiii. 13–15). Dr Robinson, who is far from enthusiastic in his descriptions, says of Shechem, 'It came upon us suddenly, like a scene of enchantment. We saw nothing like it in all Palestine.'

Instead of approaching the well along the direct road of the preceding evening, we made a wide detour by an ascent up a lateral valley to the top of Gerizim; itself full also of holy memories, which must for the present be passed in silence, with its noble view across the Jordan ravine to the gorge of the Jabbôk on the one hand, and to the blue waters of the Mediterranean on the other. The calcined ashes of the paschal lamb, slain the previous year, were lying exposed in a hollow trough in the mountain side. These we could not help afterwards connecting in thought with the living words spoken, eighteen centuries since, at the well below. But for the great truth which these bleached and blackened bones dimly uttered, there could have been no 'fountain opened,' no 'living water' 'springing up into everlasting life.' Completing the abrupt and difficult descent of Gerizim, and with our back now to the vale of Shechem, one object, conspicuous alone by its whiteness, broke the monotony of the great plain of the previous day, which again opened before us. It was a small moslem wely, which we afterwards visited as the reputed, and we have every reason to believe the real, tomb of Joseph. About 700 paces apart from it is THE WELL OF JACOB,—the well of the Pilgrim Father, 'who drank thereof himself and his children and his cattle.' If we have described the setting as beautiful, alas! the jewel is mutilated and broken. The first impression (as of most other objects in Palestine) is disappointing and saddening. There is no tree, no enclosure—nothing to impart one element of beauty, save, at that season, the ever-present carpet of wild flowers; and especially those suggestive crimson anemones, known by the modern name of 'the Saviour's blood-drops,' whose red lips seemed ever silently to whisper of incarnate love. At one time it is evident that an arched vault or covering must have been erected for protection, which was reached by a flight of steps. Now the traveller can with difficulty scramble down among the pile of ruinous stones—the débris of the former vaulted chamber, to the real mouth or aperture underneath. But there the Well is! A shaft with a diameter of nine feet, excavated in the solid rock, with smooth hewn sides, and, though deeper originally, still retaining a depth of seventy-five feet.

If disappointment at the tameness and unattractiveness be the first impression, the second is one of thankfulness, that, while other sacred places in Palestine are mutilated by cumbrous piles of masonry—the hand of man desecrating by hideous and sacrilegious transformations;—while even hallowed Gethsemane is travestied by artificial flower-pots and an unsightly enclosure, the Well of Jacob has been left comparatively untampered with—the same bright sky above it, and the same everlasting hills its guardians. Indeed, were the present fragments of encumbering stone removed, it would be restored very much to its pristine state when father Jacob's shepherds, retainers, and slaves, drilled the limestone cavity with their rough tools, and gathered their flocks to browse in the rich pasture-land around. We can hardly wonder at the patriarch's partiality for that spot—a partiality which was shared by his princely son in after years in distant Egypt, when 'he gave commandment concerning his bones;'—in other words, that his embalmed body was to be borne by pilgrim Israel through the Sinai wilderness, and after a funeral procession of forty years, to rest finally 'in the parcel of ground which Jacob gave to his son Joseph.' The locality, moreover, must have been enshrined in the hearts of both, with remembrances dating back further still. Immediately around that well was the first halting-place of the great father of the faithful. Abraham, when he came out of Chaldea, on crossing the Jordan, first pitched his tents under the terebinths of Shechem, 'the plain' (or the oak) 'of Moreh.' Here the first of the many subsequent patriarchal altars, anterior even to that of Bethel, was erected. Here the smoke of the first burnt-offerings ascended to heaven. Here the first title-deed to Canaan was bestowed, and the voice of the God of Abraham was heard saying, 'To thy seed will I give this land.' The locality was thus 'holy ground' 2000 years before the advent of Him whose presence and words have given it its most sacred interest. It was when Jacob made a similar return from Mesopotamia, emerging by the same deep fissure of the Jabbôk, thence crossing the Jordan and erecting his tent 'before' (that is, to the east) of Shechem, that he converted the camping-ground of his grandfather into a family possession. He had hitherto been a roving wanderer, but he was now rich in cattle; and instead of pasturing his flocks at will, and thus, perhaps, becoming embroiled in feuds

: Canaanite settlers or Bedouin
ılves, with that subtle worldly
long-sightedness which distin-
aracter, to invest his shekels in
of a permanent pastoral settle-
these family associations cluster-

The bargain was accordingly
ı Hamor, the father of Shechem,
sive field at the western end of
ı, and which included the Well
quent burial-place of his regal
l altar were pitched side by side,
d it "El-elohe-Israel"' (Gen.

bundantly explains—what has,
rs, been stated as a difficulty—
ı a district so abounding with
leem it needful, at such toil, to
ll of a hundred feet in the solid
t seem a work of strange redund-
rerogation, when the valley was
treams hard by? The solution
priceless value of water in the
oft-times a subject of dispute
The abundant pasturage seldom
contention; but on the right to
the neighbouring agricultural
constantly into collision; and
prudential motives which have
led to, the politic settler from
'ed to adopt the measure best
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aking himself, at whatever cost,
his neighbours. Moreover, the
onstruction of such a well in the
equired settlement would be (to
phrase) an infeftment of his
would be a standing material
hereditary claim to the parcel of
h it formed the focus and centre.
, running stream had been close
o worldly wise to overlook this
ethod of establishing his claim of
ell was his charter.

ld patriarch seems to have clung
th a loving predilection for this
ltural settlement. When in more
lance he migrated farther south
lains and mountains of Mamre,
his hold of the fields around
s sons were sent to pasture their
nd it is one of the most touching
oseph's earlier years, when, as a
nd wandering in that very field
in search of his brethren—a
ng him and directing him up the
to Dothan, whither they had
he next passes by the field and
subsequent site of his own tomb,
re, in a caravan, on his way to

enting-ground by the favourite
pilgrim fathers attracted Joshua
spot, on the Israelites emerging
sert wanderings and crossing the
anaan. That well was the silent
blessings and curses which were
ressive response from Gerizim to
Ebal, and when the whole awe-struck congregation—covenanting Israel—standing between, shouted aloud the ratifying Amen.

But these are all subordinate to the highest consecration of this holy ground, which was reserved not for patriarch or prince, but for the Lord of glory. All the older memories of the well of Jacob seemed to fade and pale, like the stars before the sun, as we stood by its margin that sultry forenoon of March, and thought of HIM.

The various incidental circumstances of the simple Gospel narrative seemed strikingly to harmonise with the surroundings. The season of the year alone differed. The time at which the Divine Pilgrim was there must have been in early spring, corresponding with our January, when the first flush of early green, between the fall of the early and the latter rain, was tinging the wide plain—the initial pledge of the coming harvest. As *we* stood on the same spot, that harvest was fast whitening for the sickle. But the whole scene was vividly pictured. The Redeemer approaching by the same road we had travelled the preceding day (for the highways of Palestine are unchanged by centuries). We could picture Him traversing the hot plain till He came to the well side, exhausted with the fatigue of the long journey. A curb or parapet was generally put around the wells as a protection from cattle, also to serve the purpose of a lever for the drawers of water. 'It was about the sixth hour,' or high noon, when He seated Himself on this ledge or rim of the fountain, thus furrowed with the ropes by which the water was brought in buckets from its depths. Not unappropriate, surely, was it, that He should occupy a spot beneath the shadow of Gerizim, 'the mountain of blessing;'—He himself about to become so, in a nobler sense, to an outcast sinner,—'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' The disciples are sent on to the neighbouring town in the valley, to procure, as best they can, victuals, after their toilsome journey across the mountains of Ephraim; although, owing to the scrupulous aversion with which Jew turned from Samaritan—scruples which, doubtless, to a certain extent, were shared by these simple men of Galilee—this could not be unattended with difficulty. While their Lord, more weary and worn than they, remains by this wayside resting-place, His back probably to the sun, His face in the direction of Joseph's tomb and the gray basaltic rocks of Ebal.

Presently, from the glades of the adjoining olive forest, He beheld a figure approaching—a veiled Samaritan female—bearing an empty stone jar on her head; just as, with a most significant living comment on the Gospel narrative which never can be forgotten, we saw, on the occasion of our visit, when within a few paces of the well, a similar Samaritan woman at a little distance, bearing on her head a similar stone pitcher. It was the inspired story acted in impressive reality before the eye. Little did that inhabitant of some hovel on the slopes of Ebal imagine, how she had contributed in

vivifying the mental picture, and leading more fully to realise the meeting between the Divine wayfarer and the unconscious trophy of redeeming grace.

The Samaritan woman of St John's Gospel has reached the fountain. It was only under peculiar and exceptional circumstances that a man, a stranger, could address a female; more exceptional still for a Jew to venture to break silence in presence of a woman of Samaria. On coming to the ledge, preparing to let down her bucket for a draught, strange and startling must it have been to hear from the lips of this son of Abraham the abrupt request, 'Give me to drink.' And not to anticipate by a further rehearsal of the narrative, save in its external drapery,—high above the heads of the drawer of water and the unknown Judean traveller, as has just been remarked, rose Gerizim;—to the Samaritans of this hour the chief of all holy places; now with a little Mahommedan temple, then crowned with the ruins of the old rival of Zion, partially rebuilt, to which the Samaritan woman pointed with sectarian defiant pride, saying, 'Our fathers worshipped in this mountain!' While all around, to the gentle hillsides which hid out the Jordan valley, lay the fields that would ere long exchange their early spring verdure for the glories of harvest, and in which He beheld the pledge and earnest of an undreamt-of reaping for the garners of immortality.

Such then is the outer framework of one of the most touching and significant of all gospel picturings. Let us close with a general spiritual lesson. On the modern Well, *Ichabod*, as we have seen, is written. A poor heap of ruins is all that is left to memorialise a spot around which angels may still gather as they recount its latest story; at all events, around which, thousand, thousand human souls have gathered in thrilling interest, and drawn from its symbolic waters lessons of faith, and hope, and holy consolation. The old material image may have perished, but the living water remains. As our eye rested on that well, its vanished outward attractiveness seemed like the silent remains of the great and good that have departed—a mass of humiliating ruin. But with it, as with them, there is a speech of the dead. There are sermons in stones. From their dumb, mutilated lips a voice has gone forth that has sent echoes round the world. We gazed on these poor fragments with something of the like interest, only multiplied a hundredfold, with which the moss-grown martyr monuments are contemplated, underneath which slumber the ashes of the world's spiritual heroes. Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, there shall this memorial of wondrous grace and mercy to the chief of sinners be told!

Let us rejoice in the conviction, that, amid the wreck of desolating centuries, He who gave that Well all its glory, still lives and loves. He cannot perish. No spectacle in all Palestine is more picturesque or beautiful than the gatherings around these ancestral wells or fountains. The Syrian shepherds in their striped abbays, with either the pastoral staff or the weapon slung over their shoulders; their flocks of sheep and goats, and at times the camels of the passing caravan, gathered around; some partaking of the refreshing water from trough or stone basin, others lying under the shade of parapet or tree close by; the women, either carrying in their hand, or poising on head or shoulder, their pitchers of coarse earthenware, graceful in their diversity of shape and size, and the children giving life and animation to the whole scene; while the stream itself, or the water escaping from the trough, makes its kindly irrigating presence known in emerald patches stretching far and near. All this, we say, is beautiful. But more beautiful still is the spiritual scene and reality, which this, to the casual spectator, can never cease to suggest;—the living throng of deathless souls in earth's dry and thirsty land—young and old, rich and poor, who, age after age, have gathered, and are still gathering, around the Fountain of life, some drinking their earliest draught, others reposing under the shadow of the great rock or sheltering tree; others having drunk their full, with plenished pitcher retracing their way amid life's lengthening shadows and gnarled olive-trees, to the true Home on the heavenly 'mountain of blessing!' Few can be privileged to see the literal wells of Palestine, all can visit the better fountain of Salvation; all can gather as a welcome flock around the true Shepherd, lie down on the green pastures of His reposeful love, and drink of the still waters.

DELIVERANCE IN TEMPTATION.

James was a clerk in a New York bank. He had been connected with it for some time. He was very faithful and skilful, and was highly esteemed by the officers of the bank. One Saturday afternoon, at a time when a large amount of business, requiring much writing, had accumulated, and it was very desirable to have it attended to at the earliest moment, the president of the bank came to James, and said,

'I want you to come down to the bank tomorrow. We must get our work up. Of course we shall be generous in our pay for this extra work.'

'But,' said James, 'it is the Sabbath tomorrow.'

'I know it,' answered the president, 'but it is an extraordinary time; the work must be done, and you must come to the bank.

'I never work on the Sabbath,' was the answer.

'Of course, you do not usually; but this must be an exception.'

'I have been taught to honour the day, and

gainst my conscience to come to
orrow. I am really sorry to dis-
I could not conscientiously break

sist upon my request; and if you
it I shall be obliged to supply
th another clerk, and dismiss you
e. I shall do this with reluctance,
been a faithful young man.'
is man could not have believed
h would stand firmly by his prin-
anted to gain his object, and he
to think of the meanness and
ll as wickedness of the course he
He supposed the young man
ly yield, when his failing to do so
his place. What a lesson James
y the grace of God to teach him!
s an *iron gate*. He had a good
might be very difficult to find an-

may have depended upon the
alary for her support. Whither
? If he left the bank under these
, the president would not give
endation or permit him to use his
ference. These thoughts must
apidly through his mind, as the
o close upon him. He offered a
and said—
sorry to lose my place. I do not
can find another; but I cannot
bath. I shall not enter upon my
ow, even if I lose my position.'
ll,' was the short unfeeling an-
hand you what is your due up to
shall not require your services
ny longer.'
nt home somewhat despondent,
but still confident that he had done right. It was an uncommonly interesting Sabbath upon which he entered the next day: for to keep its hours sacred had cost him a great price. He placed his case in the hands of his heavenly Father, and patiently waited for the opening of His Providence.

But what an impression had been made upon the mind of this president! What a rebuke he had received? What an invaluable clerk, after all, he had lost? A man so true to his God, would not be unfaithful to his employers. His conscience troubled him on account of his unhandsome conduct toward his dependent clerk, as well as for his own readiness to break the commands of God. It was only a few days after, that he attended the meeting of the directors of a large new bank, just ready to go into operation. They met to elect a cashier. The inquiry around the board was for a trustworthy man, as there had been so many who had been unable to resist the temptation of appropriating the moneys coming into their hands to their own uses. A number of banks had suffered in this way. Cashiers had fallen into dissipated habits, and to meet the expenses of their dissolute courses, had taken the funds of the banks. These directors wanted a man that they could rely upon, if such an one could be found, and they were ready to pay him a high salary.

Now, the president that had just dismissed his clerk offered to name a man. 'If they wished,' he said, 'a truly faithful and capable young man, who would place honesty above wealth, and rather lose his place than sin against God, they could not do better than offer the position to James. He then frankly told the story.

ADMIRAL HOPE.

anecdote has been related of Admiral Hope's Christian firmness in rebuking swearing and improper anguage, when uttered in his resence. Not many years back, n a London omnibus was using language—swearing and taking he Lord Jesus Christ in vain—quietly rebuked and requested to lderly gentleman sitting opposite. ed having resented the interfer- officer added—
, I am extremely sorry you resent mply requesting you to forbear ry dear and precious name which love; and I can only say that, if to all feeling or consideration of esy, and will persist in using the have done, you will compel me ich I shall be sorry to be obliged

the angry man broke out afresh, n, when the Admiral stopped the got out, the other watching him, would call a policeman; but, seeing him walk quickly away, he remarked to another passenger about his impertinence; when the person whom he addressed asked if he knew who it was that had been induced to remonstrate with him.

He replied, No, nor did he care; except that he was very impertinent for threatening him in that way.

The other remarked that he was mistaken, for there had been no *threat*, but a meek and courteous remonstrance; that the man was a most kind and benevolent man, and a gallant officer, who was quite incapable of any mean act.

'What right had he to threaten me? Did he not say he would do something if I did not desist?' said the other.

'Yes,' replied the gentleman; 'but that was no idle threat, and he did what he said he would be obliged to do.'

'And what was that?' asked the angry man.

'Why, get out and walk, which his age and infirmities will hardly allow him to do; and he spends a great part of his income in succouring

the afflicted and the destitute, and so would not like to throw away even a sixpence.'

'You don't mean to say *that* was what he meant?' asked the angry man. 'What is his name?'

'I am quite positive it was all he meant,' replied the other; 'and his name is Admiral Hope—a true-hearted Christian man!'

The angry man looked puzzled, then thoughtful, and at last called out, 'God forgive me! what a fool I have been! Give me his address, in case I should miss him.'

He stopped the omnibus, and jumped out to seek his faithful reprover, adding tha it would make a new man of him, fo should forget the lesson to the last life!

This anecdote was related by the himself, who became an humble follo Lord Jesus, but who has since gone trusting only in that blessed name had so blasphemed and lightly s There was another soul to whom incident had been so richly blest t sunk into his heart and sprung up t ing life.

THE FAITH OF DEVILS.

'The devils also believe and tremble.'—JAMES ii. 19.

THIS language is not unfrequently quoted to prove that there is a difference in faith, and that a man may believe in Christ, and yet give no evidence of salvation, when in fact, the apostle's teaching is directly the reverse. The design of the apostle is to show that faith is operative,—that it will produce appropriate results. That there are different *degrees* of faith, the Bible abundantly proves by designations like the following, 'Strong faith,'—'weak faith,'—'little faith.' But that there is any difference in faith which makes devils 'tremble,' and that which 'saves' the believer and makes saints 'rejoice,' is not to be inferred from the text. There is a wide difference in the states of mind produced, but the results are not due to a different kind of faith, but to a different thing believed.

So in the characters whose faith we are considering. The one believes a promise of good, the other a threatening of evil. The annunciation to Eve was, 'the seed of the woman shall *bruise* the serpent's head.' Devils believe this, and as an evidence that their faith is genuine, and that faith is not inoperative even in them, they 'tremble.' No man can believe in Christ without manifesting it. 'Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.' True, a man may *say* that he has faith in Christ and have no works. Mark, the apostle does not say, 'a man may *have* faith and have no works'—as though such a thing could be; but if there is no fruit, the lie is given to his boasting! he is 'a vain man,' he tells what is not true; for so far from faith existing without effect, 'the devils believe and tremble.'

Men deceive themselves. Instead of believing *in* Christ they believe something *about* Christ. I may believe the historical fact, that Victor-Emmanuel is king of Italy, but that is quite another thing from believing in him as my King and Saviour. A man may believe a statement that a mine of immense wealth exists in a certain locality and not be affected by it, but he cannot believe a statement that it *belongs to him* without being moved. 'Thou believest there is one God.' So That is quite a different thing, how believing with the Psalmist, 'O God *my* God.' I may believe everything the work of Christ, and my affectio aroused toward Him, but it is impo I can believe that all that work w that my sins were laid on Him. Fa fore, cannot take one step but on t of revelation; and to insure the pr is not by seeking the right kind of fa seeing that the right thing is believe

A man cannot believe by trying t neither is he saved by trusting in If an individual makes me a promis of money, I do not begin to consul to see whether it be of the righ not, but I settle the question, 'Is true?' That determined, the pro will inevitably follow, not by resti faith, but by basing my faith on the the man whose promise I receive. 'I know *whom* I have believed;' h make the truthfulness of Christ's in and the efficacy of His blood, depend strength of his faith, but by these u realities found a sure support for his a fruitful soil in which it could grow. not rest his salvation on his faith, bu Christ, the 'sure foundation.' And he was saved, not by discovering quality in his faith, but because *God true.* Christ's work *for* him, and G mony concerning it,—not his work what he gloried in, as the means of The work in him, as well as his hope was based on Christ's work for him: delivered for our offences, and raised our justification;' 'He died for our s gave himself *for* us, *that* He might sa cleanse us.'

There could be no new birth with ment by Christ, neither does the sou until it receives the work of Christ f whom, *after* that ye believed, ye w with that holy Spirit of promise.' Paul's method was not to set the soul of the new birth, but he set fort

crucified among them.' 'I delivered *first* of *all* that which I also received, Christ died for our sins according to tures;' and this was the Gospel by ey were 'saved.' 'He that believeth n of God, is born of God.'

in Christ for salvation implies a recep- hrist according to the character given spiration, and involves a denial of all ns, or salvation by our own works. If be saved by Christ, nothing in or by nter into the grounds of my justifica- re God, but I must come without *one* that His blood was shed for me, and mony of the word concerning the blood. are not a few who claim to believe , who believe in an imaginary Saviour the Saviour of the Bible. They believe acter who resembles, more or less, the of the individual himself. To whom s, 'Thou thoughtest that I was alto- ich an one as thyself.' Had he asked nt Greek whether he believed in God, God, his reply would have been in the e, but by questioning him concerning cter of his God—who God was—his an- ld have been, Bacchus, Venus, or Ju- god of lust, of revelry, of pleasure, a nbling the character of the individual. od he believed in, but the God of the did not believe in, but hated. And with many in our day. They believe who is merciful, they say, who will but in the God of the Bible, who says osoever believes in Christ shall be id he that believeth not shall be —that the 'wicked shall be turned with all the nations that forget God,— *ot* believe. And however loudly they o believe in Him, their 'works,'— the absence of works,—prove that leceiving themselves; that their 'faith is dead,' *i.e.*, that it is no faith at all. No more than there is life when it is extinct.

Perishing reader, if perchance these lines fall under thy notice, let me warn thee against the wiles of the devil. If thou wilt have salvation thou must accept it in God's way, not thine. Christ, as He is set forth in *the Scriptures*, must be thy Saviour, or thou art lost beyond recovery. God will not compromise His character or conform His remedies to gratify the tastes of men, but if we 'submit' *to Him* we shall find life. The value of Christ's life, and the power of His blood, are rendered efficacious to us, not only because of His divinity, but also because of the *testimony of God* respecting Him. Men allow Christ to have been a good man, but that His blood is of no more virtue than Paul's or Peter's, or the blood of any other being, only as it gave evidence of His sincerity. Well, that might be true if God had said nothing to the contrary; but of whose blood is it said besides Christ's,—'It cleanseth from all sin;' 'We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins?' If we believe in Christ, it must be the Christ revealed in the Scriptures. If in this Being 'thou shalt believe with thy heart,' it will be 'unto righteousness,' and if thou wilt make confession of such a character, it will be 'unto salvation.'

To disbelieve and reject Him, and live in carnal ease and security, is to manifest a spirit of reckless daring, and of stolid stupidity, than which nothing, even in the conduct of devils, can compare. For however successful in making infidels of men, they themselves are *real* believers—not in salvation, for that is not promised, but in 'torment.'—Matt. viii. 29. And yet how little is said in the Bible concerning their punishment, compared with what is said respecting the punishment of unbelieving men and women? Yet they believe that little, and '*tremble.*'

PRAYER IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

from those mighty words 'Verily, say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask ther in my name, he will give it you,' as withdrawn itself from before me; efore them in amazement as before an tuary, and scarcely know how to bear or astonishment and rapture, at the e of magnificent and blessed thoughts tained therein. I behold, as it were, of God erected upon this saying. ; lightnings shoot forth therefrom on only to illumine to my view the Holy in the temple of Christianity. The sed articles of the New Testament ere grouped around it, in unveiled rs, like sweet messengers of peace; s centre appears the whole glory of l condensed into one wonder-teeming, lly-refulgent, burning point.

w these mighty words chastise us! How disgraced do we stand before them! For, if the prayer in the name of Jesus is the ship that is to carry us to the opposite shore, where all that is desirable is to be obtained, it is evident that there must be among us some lack of people who know how to sail with this barque. The condition in which we are, proves it; otherwise things would have a different appearance in the midst of us. Heaven would not remain so little known and enjoyed. Spiritual barrenness would soon vanish. The Church would flourish like the lily, and gift upon gift would be showered down upon us from on high. Our weakness judges and condemns us. We know not how to make use of the key which has been given to us; and what Jesus said to His disciples may also be applied to ourselves —'Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name.'

—*Krummacher.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ACTS VII. 30; EXOD. III. 2, 3, 12.

THE desert-shrubs are like dry stubble. We have seen them set fire to; and in a few seconds they are burnt to ashes. This made the sight which Moses saw more remarkable; though even in any ordinary 'bush,' anywhere, it would have seemed strange that fire should blaze through all its parts and yet not consume it at all.

This fire was the Shekinah or fiery emblem of Jehovah's presence; the same as was seen in Paradise as a flaming sword, and afterwards made the pillar-cloud its chariot and its dwelling the Holy of holies. It was 'the glory,'—the visible symbol of Him who is a 'consuming fire.'

'The bush burned with fire and the bush was not consumed.' This excited wonder on the part of Moses, and he turned aside to see why it was so. There he found that God had come down to that spot, and that within a certain distance from that bush on fire had made it 'holy ground;' like 'the Holy of holies' where the Shekinah dwelt. That it was God himself who was in that fire is evident from what follows, 'Moses hid his face for he was afraid to look upon God.'

This 'bush,' or rather this whole scene, was to be a 'token' to Moses,—a pledge of all subsequent fulfilments of the divine promise (Exod. iii. 12). And a glorious sign it was!

It was in the 'desert;' neither in Egypt nor in Canaan; God alone was there; there could be no mistake. It was Jehovah who thus appeared. And the appearance was near what was known as the Mount of God, and where the glory had dwelt. The mount had probably been the abode of the glory long before the days of Moses. Now it came down from the mount and dwelt in a desert-tree. It showed itself to this Egyptian exile,—this Midianite shepherd,—when busy with his flock. After forty years quiet sojourn here and the solitude of pastoral life, Moses is favoured with this wondrous prophetic vision; a vision telling much of God, and much of Israel's future story.

It is no common fire. It is the fire of God; the fire which of all others is most fitted to destroy. It is the fire that burned up the sacrifices, that burned Korah and his company, yet it does not burn this. There is nothing in the bush itself to prevent the burning, yet it burns not. It is the fire that made the whole mountain quake and melt, yet it scorcheth not a leaf of this bush. How is thus?

The fire is the special symbol of divine holiness, as directed against sin,—wrath burning against the sinner. Why does it not consume? Because of the blood,—The blood of the sacrifice. It is the blood alone that prevents the fire from destroying. The fire is not quench
but it does not consume. The blc
sinner impervious to the devourin

Burning yet not consumed! raging in the midst of a handful not a leaf touched! Let us consid

I. *In Christ himself.* On Hi wrath came down in power. 'Th hard upon me.' It was this wr duced the agony of Gethsemane a on the cross. Under that wrath is buried; but rises again, 'by th everlasting covenant' (Heb. xiii. His own sacrificial blood He meet wrath against sin, and satisfies H ness and holiness. The full wra and He has borne it all. He was us; He was made a curse for which was filled for us was drai nay, turned for us into the cup of

II. *In Israel.* Again and aga been under wrath. The wrath waxed hot against them, and H consumed them; but the blood wl better things than that of Abel, plea and pleadeth still. It still stays t still prevents the fire from destroyi nation. How often, in that ver Israel like that desert bush,—envel ready to be consumed. 'Let me a anger may wax hot against them.' lives on unconsumed, immortal, ev or the fire in her, yet still impe loved for the fathers' sakes, and the better blood of the nobler vict

III. *In the Church.* I do not nominal or visible Church; I spea Church, and of the searching fire God has often let loose against he call it the wrath of God, in he been the wrath of man; yet it h mitted of God; and it has tried, and sifted, and refined, but not cc

IV. *The earth.* The curse ha the earth for man's sin,—God's upon creation, so that it groans. this wrath could produce such a s as we see over all the earth. Ear ready for the devouring fire; it wi set on fire, but it will not be cons emerge more beautiful and perfect. wherein dwelleth righteousness. A prevent its consumption? the bl Calvary, the blood of the great alone. It is to that blood that m earth owe not only present deli wrath, but future glory.

V. *The Saint.* Each redeem brand plucked out of the fire at daily life is like that of the apostle, behold we live.' He is ever in th the fire consumes not. This is th all who follow Christ. Through tion they enter the kingdom.

THE DESTROYER OF SATAN AND HIS WORKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.'—1 JOHN iii. 8.

HE first great point on which God demands a settlement with each man amongst us, is as to *Sin*. His question is what is sin to you, and what are you to sin? Are you its or is it yours?

next great point which God presses is ard to His own Son. What is He to what are you to Him? What acknowt have you made of Him as being in d that which God has declared Him to hat connection is there between you n? Is it such a connection as amounts ng but the mere naming of His name? h a connection as leaves you still in the f sin and under its domination? Or is s has taken you out of its hands and free from its thraldom? 'Whosoever in him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth t seen him neither known him' (ver. 6). next point is as to our parentage and ship. Whose are we really? Who is ster, and father, and prince? If our f evil have been truly broken, then are ist's; for nothing short of connection m could have done this. If they have n broken, then we belong to the devil; t committeth sin is of the devil.' There her master, no neutral service. He that t belong to Christ, *must* belong to Satan; onging to him he does his works; as it en, 'ye are of your father the devil;' in, 'ye do the deeds of your father.' tion with sin, then, brings us directly nnection with the devil, so that we beis children, his brethren, his subjects, nesses,—children, brethren, subjects, es of him who has been sinning from inning, before man was, who was the troducer and fountain head of sin, whose at business in the earth is to spread sin, make every child of Adam as thoroughly of wrath and hell as he is himself.

concluding words of the eighth verse efore us (1) two persons, (2) two manins, (3) two works.

The Two Persons. The devil and the Son The former is as really a being, a per- is the latter; and as in the Son of God -21.

we have the concentration and embodiment of all the good that is in the universe, so in Satan we have the concentration and embodiment of all the evil. Every book of the Bible brings Satan before us in the character of the great personal evil-doer, from the time that he tempted Eve, to the hour of the last great rebellion at the close of the millennial reign. He takes many shapes, he utters various language, he uses ever-changing wiles, he appears in different places of the earth; but still in person, in character, in object, he is the same;—the sinner from the beginning, the old serpent, the father of lies and wiles, the archer of hell, his quiver full of fiery darts, the ruler of the darkness of this world, the prince of the power of the air, the potentate of disease and death, the enemy of the church, the tempter of Christ, the deceiver and destroyer of men. Against this evil one God has given us warning upon warning; and no where more fully than in the writings of the beloved disciple, who in his epistles and in the Revelation has spoken to us more directly and more terribly concerning this evil one than any save the Lord himself.

Satan is no mere figure of eastern speech, no vision of fancy, no mere name for the principle of evil. He is a person, a reality, a living, thinking, acting being, in whom sin, and darkness, enmity to God, and hatred of all God's works, find their centre and their home. Evil,—the very utmost that can be found in creaturehood is in him. Power of ruin and destruction, which none but God can control, is in him. Such is the being who is the God of this world, and whom Jehovah permits still to exercise dominion here; the being who though invisible is not the less terrible, but all the more; the being who hates us with a deadly hatred, and who strives by every means whether of force or craft to lead us captive at his will.

Opposed to him there is the Son of God; He to whom Godhead has from eternity belonged, the eternal Son of the eternal Father,—He too is a *person;* no shadow, no abstraction; no figure, but a reality;—a reality as God, a reality as man, a reality as the Godman, the Incarnate Word. In Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. As in the person of Satan, all evil, all sin, all falsehood, all darkness, all

hatred of God and man, were embodied; so in the person of Immanuel, all goodness, all holiness, all truth, all light, all love to God and man are concentrated and revealed.

O earth, O man, O Church of God, what an enemy you have in the person of Satan, the old serpent, the prince of darkness! Yet what a friend you have in the person of the Son of God! How sad, how perilous, how ruinous, to have any connection with the former; how blessed, how safe, how glorious to be identified with the latter, so that all His power and goodness, and faithfulness and love, are wholly on your side, pledged for your security here and your glory hereafter!

II. *The Two Manifestations.* So far as our world is concerned, Satan's first manifestation was in Paradise, when he beguiled Eve by his subtlety. Since that he has been showing himself more or less openly in our earth. Of these manifestations we get but glimpses, as in the case of Job, the Egyptian magicians, the false prophets of Israel, the temptation of our Lord, the possessions of devils, and such like; yet these are specimens of his ways of working in our world. He is ever at work; he ceases not; he goes to and fro in the earth, working evil, deceiving the sons of men, and aggravating the curse that lies upon our soil. He is to be allowed to manifest himself more fully in the last days, and to come down into yet closer contact with earth, having great wrath. He is to embody himself more terribly in the last antichrist, who is to be the very maturity of wickedness, the personification of evil. Though chained up and hidden for a thousand years, he is to manifest himself in all the greatness of his seductive power at its close, once more deceiving the nations, and for a brief hour resuming his last ascendency and rule. Such are the ways of his manifestation, and such the constancy with which he has, age after age, persisted in his efforts to reign over earth, and to be acknowledged by men as its king. In all the sin that has overflowed earth, we see a manifestation of the devil; and in each sinner that has walked the earth, or is now walking it, we see the image, the incarnation, the visible form of Satan,—for 'he that committeth sin is of the devil.'

In opposition to this manifestation of the evil one, God has sent forth His Son, that in Him there might be revealed all that is glorious, and holy, and divine. God has not merely deposited these infinite excellencies in His Son, He has *manifested* them. The giving of the first promise was the first ray that shone to us from the countenance of the only begotten *of the Father.* Since that, successive rays have shone out in promise, type, and prophe of them manifesting the Son before H But the full and real manifestation c length. Bethlehem saw it first in th that was born. Egypt saw it next, gave refuge to the Divine Infant; the saw it next, when Simeon and Anna hel Incarnate Word before Israel, and pro Him king; Nazareth saw it next, when a home, for nearly thirty years, to th and manhood of the Son of God; Gali it next, when, amid its cities, or by the of its quiet lake, Immanuel moved abou and speaking wonders; Jerusalem saw when it listened to His sermons in the or looked upon Him as He went in s day by day, in the fulness of His gr might. The upper chamber saw it, w sat there with His disciples, foretelling cease and proclaiming His glory, while before them the symbolic bread and Gethsemane saw it, when He lay up ground in the agony of prayer, and Hi was as it were great drops of blood fal the ground. Pilate's hall of judgment when, before Jew and Gentile, He ann Himself the promised Son of man. G saw it, when the earth quaked, and th rent, and the graves were opened, and t was darkened, and the centurion crie Truly this was the Son of God. Oliv Bethany saw it, when they beheld Him s ing on high, leading captivity captive, risen conqueror of death, and of him w the power of death.

Yes, the Son of God was manifest manifested that none could help knowin He was, nor for what end He had com the world. He is the manifested Chri Saviour, the Conqueror, the King and Ju all. And it is to this manifested Chri God is pointing the eye of the world, t men look and live;—calling on them to ac ledge Him as such, if they would esca power, and malice, and doom of the great fested potentate of evil!

III. *The Two Works.*—Satan is first field; and it is as the undoer of what done that the Son of God comes forth to He tracks the footsteps of the great ev over all the earth to undo his doings, to s his plans, to defeat his power and malic

(1) Satan's first work was the great of angels. Jude tells us of these, that kept not their first estate,' or rather thei cipality or dominion, as if implying that an estate of royalty, wholly occupied, being perhaps their king and archangel. breach in the high places of heaven the

God repairs. He undoes the evil,—not by restoring the fallen archangel, but by Himself taking his place, and becoming head of angels,—and so gathering together (or heading up) all things in heaven in Himself, thus giving to the heavenly host a new and more glorious head, as well as establishing for ever the 'elect angels,' who, upon the credit of this work of the Son of God, had been kept from falling.

(2) *Satan's second work was to introduce sin, and so bring man and his world under the sentence of condemnation.* It was but one sin at first, but it brought in the sentence of the Judge, and was besides the forerunner of other sins, which were to add to the condemnation, and make it doubly sure. To meet this the Son of God was manifested. It was condemnation that He came to bear,—God's righteous sentence of judgment against man,—a sentence in which Satan would otherwise have rejoiced, as irrevocable and eternal. The condemnation must be inflicted, for God is not a man that He should lie, and His righteousness is an everlasting righteousness. Yet the condemnation must be removed from man, else Satan would have triumphed. Therefore did the Son of God bring Himself under the condemnation, that the awful sentence might stand, and yet that man might go free, and Satan's work be destroyed. The undoing of Satan's work involved as its first step, the exhaustion of the penalty,—that penalty which gave to his work all its stability and terribleness; for 'the strength of sin is the law,' and it was through the *law*, the unchangeable and unrelenting *law*, that Satan could carry out his work. The law once disarmed, its sentence not repealed but executed, its requirements not modified but met, its everlasting curse not mitigated nor set aside, endured to the full by a *Man*,—Satan's power was gone, his instruments of work struck out of his hands, and the foundation on which he hoped to build his mighty fabric of evil torn up and replaced by a foundation-stone, on which God was to rear a temple more glorious and enduring than that which had just fallen to pieces. The complete destruction of Satan's work in this respect is not yet completed; but it is well begun, and the day of sin's entire removal from our world may not be far off, when the past ages of sin shall be forgotten in the holy gladness of the millennial reign of the Son of God, and in the yet holier and completer gladness of the eternal kingdom which is to succeed, and to stand for ever. Meanwhile every pardoned sinner is a reversal of Satan's work; every new forgiveness is the seal set to the perfection of that work of the Son of God, which is to destroy Satan's work; every lost soul found, every child of Adam born again, every child of the devil made a child of God,—are examples and specimens of the work done by the manifestation of the Son of God, trophies of Satan's defeat and Christ's victory,—pledges of a greater work yet to be done in multitudes without number, in the day of His expected glory.

(3) *Satan's third work was the securing earth for his kingdom.*—This seemed to be quite accomplished, and the world handed over to the devil as his dominion. He became the 'god of this world,' the 'prince of the power of the air.' This work of his also was the Son of God manifested to destroy. For, by taking man's body, and so becoming part of this very earth, out of which man's body is made, He secured (as the nearest of kin) a right to redeem, and a title to possess and rule that which He redeemed. His death accomplished the redemption, purchased the possession, and secured the lapsed kingdom to Himself, as the nearest heir to the original possessors, and as the acknowledged purchaser of the forfeited family estate, which Satan had alienated to himself, but which now, by law, was made to revert to the former owners, or at least to the *nature* that it belonged to—*man*—man, as distinct from either angels or devils. For this purpose, then, was the Son of God manifested; and now, through the sacrificial bloodshedding of this manifested One, has the kingdom been recovered from the evil one, and placed once more in the hands of a Son of Adam, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. The full recovery of the kingdom is not indeed yet completed; but the forfeiture has been cancelled, and the right to the Crown acknowleged by Him through whom kings reign. He has been proclaimed in heaven God's King,—King of earth as well as heaven,—and He is now preparing His joint heirs, His fellow-kings, who are to occupy the throne along with Him. When this is done, then shall the armies of heaven come forth for a holier and more glorious crusade than former ages witnessed,—and marching forward against Satan and the hosts of antichrist which he has marshalled, shall recover, not the holy city merely, for Immanuel's land, but the whole earth together, with all its kingdoms. Then shall the voices be heard in heaven, the kingdom of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.

(4.) *Satan's fourth work is the possession of man's body.*—We see how he used this in the case of Job, where he appears as the inflict or disease. We see how he used it in the days of our Lord, when he actually took up his dwelling in men. And we know that he is called by the apostle, 'he that hath the power of death, that is the devil.' At all these points the Son of

God met him and showed that He had come to destroy his work, for He healed diseases, He cast out devils, and raised the dead. But it is not till the resurrection that He shall be fully seen as the undoer of Satan's work on men's bodies. Then He shall show how He can deliver; how He can make the mortal immortal, the corruptible incorruptible. Then shall He not merely wrest the weapon from the hand of Satan, that no man may fall a prey to his power; but He shall restore these over whose bodies he has had dominion; He shall swallow up death in victory. And as out of man's body He shall expel mortality and corruption for ever, so out of the soil, out of which these bodies were framed, He shall do the same. The curse by which the soil has been so long blighted shall be eradicated, and creation shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

Into all departments of creation, the material and the immaterial, shall the manifested Son of God yet enter, to expel Satan thence, undoing all his works, and redeeming both soul and body from his power; save in hell, which shall be the place of Satan's shame and torment, there shall be allowed to remain no traces of his evil handiwork. Utterly expelling him from his dominions, binding him in chains, bruising him under our feet, casting him into the bottomless pit, he shall deliver man's and man's world from all the evil which the long sway of the evil one had produced. All wounds He shall heal; all weakness He shall strengthen; all darkness He shall enlighten; all death He shall turn into life; all tears into gladness. Then shall come to pass the saying that is written,—'there shall be no night there, there shall be no more curse. I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away; he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them; they shall hunger no more neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them to living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

Learn, O saint,

1. *Against whom you have to fight.* With Satan himself, the ruler of the darkness of this world. It is not merely with self and flesh, and evil and the world, but with the prince of the power of the air. His power and wisdom are far greater than yours. Surely it becomes you to be in earnest in such a battle.

2. *Who is on your side.*—The Son of God himself; none less then He! He was manifested for this end. He came and fought for you on Calvary: He fights for you still. He takes your *side against* the evil one. He will not leave you till the final victory is yours. The God shall bruise Satan under your feet shor

3. *How you are to fight.*—Clothed i armour and armed with His weapo other shield will do but that of faith; breast-plate but that of righteousness; helmet but that of salvation. No othe will do but that of the Spirit; and power save that of the Spirit himself ca you to wield it. Fight the good fight with this armour, with these weapo under such a captain. Shrink not in day; but war a good warfare, for the to him that overcometh. And remembe is written, 'they overcame him by the the Lamb and by the word of their tes and they lived not their lives unto the

Think, O sinner—

1. All sin is a siding with Satan God. It is taking part with the evil one Him who is infinitely good. It is pr the darkness of hell to the light of heave who shall take the side of Satan against and yet hope to prosper? Or who, in ca his lot with Satan, can look for anyth wrath and woe for ever?

2. The love of sin is the proof t belong to Satan's family, that you are kindred, as well as upon his side. committeth sin is of the devil. Antich great personification of Satan in the la has been called the 'prince of the bloc of hell;' and he who walks in sin is less an antichrist,—one of the near kin the prince of darkness.

3. Sin is opposition to God's pur manifesting His Son. That purpose sweep sin away. For this end was the God manifested, that He might dest How perilous the position, how bold t of those who set themselves to sin, and what in them lies to defeat God's great in sending His only begotten into the w

4. The sinner shall be a sharer in final doom. He may be long spared. be for many a year kept out of hell b long suffering, yet the judgment linger the damnation slumbereth not. It is that the devil that deceived them was c the lake of fire; and that lake of fire s the eternal portion of each impenitent Oh flee from that fearful doom. Oh j yourself to that assembly of hell. Esc your life. Let not Satan destroy you you captive at his will. Betake you Him who alone can pluck you out of hi and save you from his condemnation,— Nazareth, the seed of the woman who destroy the seed of the serpent,—the c Christ,—the manifested Son of God!

An Exhortation to Christ's Church Militant.

The author of the following piece, John Eusebius Schmidt (1669–1745), was a pupil of A. H. Franké, of and pastor of a village near Gotha. Forty-two hymns composed by him were published in J. A. Anghäusen's collection, about the year 1714.

1. GO thou forth!
Zion, go thou forth in light!
Glorious lustre from thee beaming
Keep thy first love burning bright:
From life's fount drink water streaming;
Zion, on the narrow way of light
Go thou forth!

2. Sorrow now,
Zion, yet feel no dismay!
Scorn and mockery now distress thee:
Faithfulness till death display,
Then the crown of life shall bless thee;
Zion, to the serpent's tooth a prey,
Sorrow now!

3. Follow not,
Zion, where earth's glories shine!
Though with grandeur 'twould beguile thee,
Nor its goods nor gold be thine!
Beast or dragon's mark defile thee!
Zion, where earth's treacherous glories shine,
Follow not!

4. Rightly judge!
Zion, thou that spirit try
Which on both sides doth assail thee!
Heed nor threat nor promise high:
Ne'er thy lode-star's light shall fail thee!
Zion, fair or foul alike defy;
Rightly judge!

5. Press thou on!
Zion, strong in Christ, thy Head!
Heavenly life and spirit showing,
Lie thou not in slumber dead
Be thou like a green vine growing;
Zion no deceiver's treachery dread;
Press thou on!

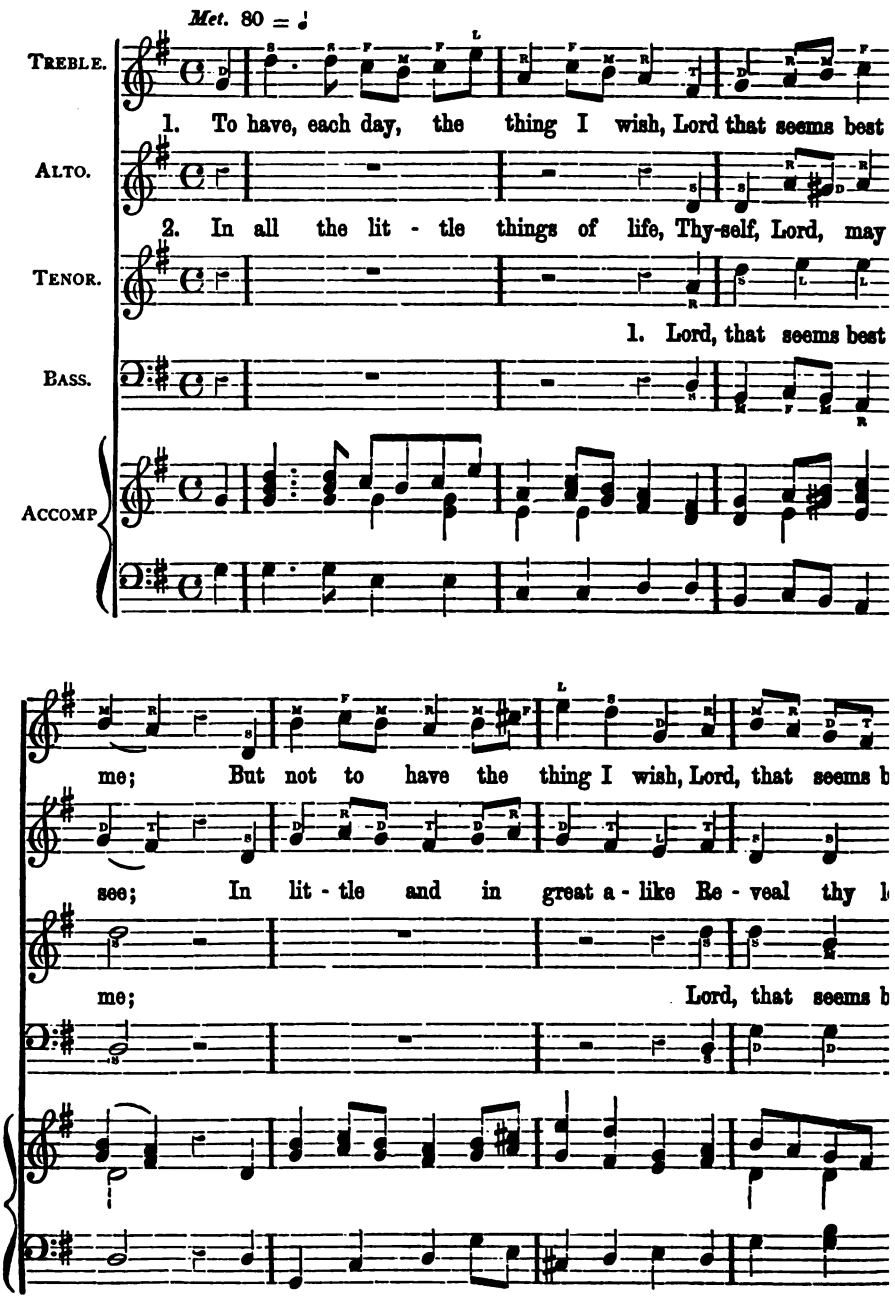
6. Break thou forth!
Zion, break thou forth in might!
Purest love thy breast inflaming,
Show His radiant image bright,
Who thee, as His Bride, is claiming!
Zion, where the opening doors invite,
Break thou forth!

7. Hold thou on!
Zion, still thy trust hold fast!
Lukewarm let thy Lord not find thee;
Up! the prize draws near at last!
Up! and leave the things behind thee!
Zion, till thy latest fight be past,
Hold thou on!

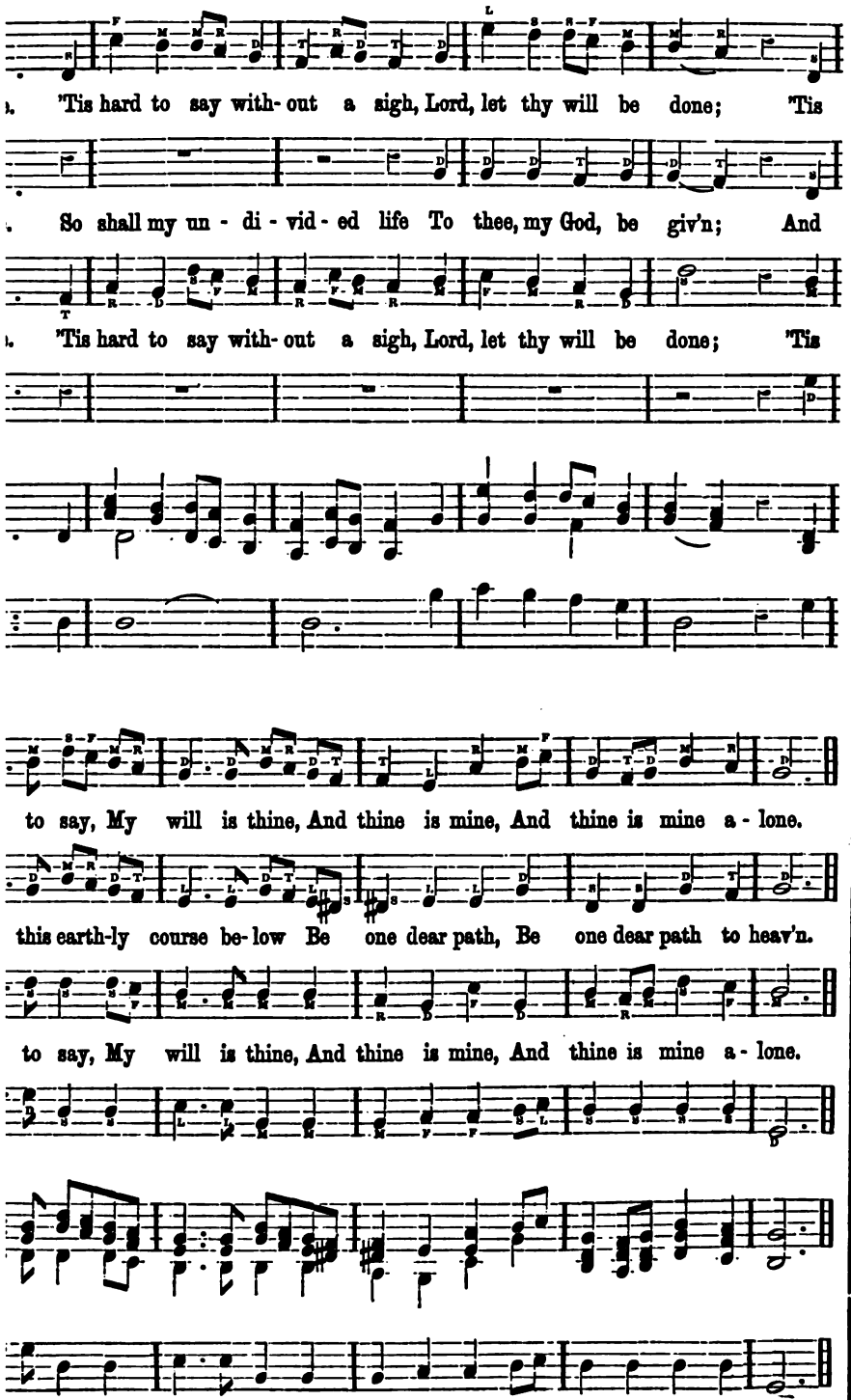
J. E. Schmidt. *Translated by W. Sugden.*

The Treasury Hymnal.

THE BETTER WILL.

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Music from* M. Hay

Met. 80 = ♩
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp
1. To have, each day, the thing I wish, Lord that seems best
2. In all the lit - tle things of life, Thy-self, Lord, may
1. Lord, that seems best
me; But not to have the thing I wish, Lord, that seems b
see; In lit - tle and in great a - like Re - veal thy l
me; Lord, that seems b

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flatte*


1. 'Tis hard to say with- out a sigh, Lord, let thy will be done; 'Tis
2. So shall my un - di - vid - ed life To thee, my God, be giv'n; And
3. 'Tis hard to say with- out a sigh, Lord, let thy will be done; 'Tis
to say, My will is thine, And thine is mine, And thine is mine a - lone.
this earth-ly course be- low Be one dear path, Be one dear path to heav'n.
to say, My will is thine, And thine is mine, And thine is mine a - lone.

Aunt Margery's Three Maxim

WORK—WATCH—WAIT.

BY S. T. C.,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HARLEYS OF CHELSEA PLACE,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER V.

WAIT.

DAYS and weeks again flew by, but how differently were they marked to Kate! After the night of probation had arrived the dawning morn, and she could rejoice and be glad. Sitting by the fireside in the long dark evenings, she could thank God for the deep shadows which had fallen upon her during the past year, and which, by driving her out of self, had caused her to cast all her cares upon Him, who had abundantly proved that He cared for her. She could 'count up her mercies,' and, from a full grateful heart, declare that they were more than the sands on the sea shore, for that 'goodness and mercy had followed her all the days of her life.'

She had much to put up with from Bella and Mrs Jameson,—the latter particularly, who seemed to have taken a fixed aversion to her, and would most certainly have parted with her had she dared. But Mr Jameson took a most determined stand against his wife in that matter, protesting that the parting with Miss Hailand, for a whim or fancy, would be the height of ingratitude, and that she might justly expect all the world to cry shame upon her, for did not everybody know that Miss Hailand nursed two of their children night and day, through scarlet fever, when she herself was afraid to enter the room. With such arguments Mr Jameson was able to quiet his wife, but not to alter her feelings towards Kate; and the weak-minded little woman never lost an opportunity of annoying her when she could. Kate would have been vexed and fretted at these petty annoyances a few months back, but now they only caused her momentary anxiety, for one glance at the coming future would effectually do away with the worries of the present.

From Mary she received every encouragement; her whole desire was to please 'dear Miss Hailand,'—a desire which her father fully reciprocated. Had he been permitted to issue such an invitation, Miss Hailand would have been entreated to join the family party after dinner every evening, but, for peace sake, he forbore urging his request when he found how angry his wife was at only its suggestion. Like many others, he had married one with whom there was no congeniality of disposition, having been dazzled by her pretty face and winning smile. To please the face, and preserve the smile, he had yielded one privilege after another, until he could scarcely be considered master in his own house; and worse than that, he had allowed worldly influences to lead him av 'guide of his youth,' his mother's G ing beside his suffering child, in t anticipation of her death, he had upon his life as in a glass, and see not only guilty respecting himsel verily guilty concerning his child' had never thought about it. Poo had not the faintest idea, when agony depicted on his countenanc over his daughter, that it was no of the perishing body that he was but the remorse of having been c an immortal soul committed to keeping. By the bedside of his r he had silently renewed his vows v and he was determined, as far as h consistently with home peace, tha his life should be a different one.

It wanted but three weeks t the time appointed for Kate's h Kate having occasion to ring the a new housemaid answered the sun having drawn aside from the fire v to escape the dust consequent up up, did not notice the side-long loo cast at her by the fresh domesti tention was suddenly attracted t the cry of—

'Mercy on us! why, 'tis Miss

'That is my name, do you kno tioned Kate, in some surprise, t to recognise the speaker.

'Know you, Miss Kate,' cr springing up from the hearth-ru she had been kneeling before the fi think I did; why I helped to things when you first came to Mis I am Ann Jackson, don't you rem

'To be sure I do, now,' said forward and holding out her hand I did not recognise you when you

Ann rubbed her hands in he then took Kate's hand, dropping curtsey as she did so. 'But Miss the puzzled girl, after she had ans two questions Kate had put to understand it, the footman told the governess' bell in the schoo you—you are a lady.'

'And a governess,' interposed

'Miss Kate!' exclaimed the ast 'where's all your aunt's money have?'

'It was left to my cousin, Mr

'No, 'twern't though, I know that, Miss Kate,' replied Ann, ' house when your aunt made anot

ane told me, Miss Margery told her, that you nd Mr Henry were to share and share alike, nly you'd have the house and furniture more han him.'

'That will could not be found, Ann, when Aunt Margery died, so the old one stood good.'

'Didn't you look for it, Miss Kate?'

'Yes, everywhere we could think of.'

'Why didn't Miss Margery tell'ee where she put it; did you look in the cupboard in her bed-room?'

'My aunt died suddenly, or rather was insensible before she died,' replied Kate, with great emotion, 'and you forget there was no cupboard in Aunt Margery's room. But please don't say any more about it, Ann. I'd much rather you would not. I do not care now, as I did at first about being a governess. I am very happy now.'

'Then I ain't,' said Ann, taking up her coal-box and brush, and leaving the room. 'I ain't at all happy at Miss Hailand's being a governess, and put upon by every cock sparrow of a footman sending me to wait upon her, when he ought to have been proud to do it himself. I ain't happy, nor I ain't satisfied, nor I don't mean to be, till I have seen lawyer Phipps my own self,' and with a very dissatisfied mien Ann Jackson returned to the servants' hall.

What was Kate's surprise the next day, just before dinner time, at seeing Ann put her head in at the school-room door, and after taking a survey round the room, and seeing only Miss Hailand there, say—

'Good-bye, Miss Kate, I am going. The place don't suit me.'

'Going, Ann?'

'Yes, Miss. I just asked the Missus to spare me a day about some business. And she said, what business could I have, and only just come to her situation, and why didn't I see to it 'fore I comed; and I tells her it had only just comed to my knowledge, and go I must about it. And then she says, if that's the case I shall go for good. And so I am going. Good-bye, Miss Kate, good-bye,' and before Kate could speak, Ann had disappeared.

We must now leave Kate for a few days, and follow Ann Jackson to Alton, on the particular business for which she was willing to lose Mrs Jameson's situation. It was very late when she arrived there, so she slept for the night at the village inn, and the first thing in the morning went to call on Mr Phipps, the lawyer, and such was the nature of her communications, that it is but justice to state, that Mr Phipps took her to the rectory to see Mr Day; and in less than hour, Ann Jackson, Mr Phipps, and Mr and Mrs Day, were seen crossing the lawn in front of the late Miss Margery Worthing's house. Having opened the entrance door, they proceeded straight to Miss Margery's bed-room, and glanced anxiously round it. Mr Phipps was the first to break the silence, by observing—

'You see, my good woman, Miss Kate was quite correct, there is no cupboard here.'

'Hoity toity,' cried Ann, not in the least daunted, 'as if nobody knew nothing but herself;' and in the coolest manner possible, she crossed over to where a chest of drawers was standing, and pushing them a little aside, muttered to herself, 'it ought to be somewhere hereabout.'

The little party clustered round her, and watched her narrowly whilst she passed her hand up and down the panelled wainscot. 'Father said he made the cupboard for Miss Margery when the thieves were so bad about; don't you recollect, sir?' she inquired of Mr Day.

Mr Day nodded assent, but spoke not.

'Father said 'twas in the middle panel, 'twixt the two doors, it must be nigh about here.'

Mr Phipps counted the panels on either side of her hand, and found she was correct as to the situation.

After much coaxing and pushing, the middle panel at length slipped back, and there—there behind it, was an unmistakable small square door.

'The cupboard! the cupboard!' cried triumphant Ann.

'The cupboard! the cupboard!' re-echoed the not less delighted trio.

'Get it open! burst it open! do'ee sir,' begged Ann, turning to Mr Phipps, who was preparing to examine it in a business-like manner.

'Stay!' interposed Mrs Day, 'I brought Miss Margery's keys with me; Kate left them in my keeping, in case we should have to move the furniture suddenly.'

Breathlessly was key after key tried, but at last, after many failures, one turned in the lock, and the cupboard door was opened.

'I am employed by you professionally to search after Miss Margery's missing will, you being one of her executors,' remarked Mr Phipps to Mr Day.

Mr Day assented, and the search began. There, amongst tarnished plate, a small bag of guineas, and bundles of letters, they found a parchment tied with red tape. It was Miss Margery Worthing's missing WILL.

We need not stay to picture the transport of Kate's friends, or the mortification of Mr Worthing at its discovery. Suffice it to say, that Kate herself rejoiced, not because it rendered her independent of her own exertions, but that she should be able to return to her dear old village home, and share it with Harry Day. She would not leave her situation until Christmas came, saying she did not wish her prosperity to interfere with the Jamesons' comfort.

When she returned to Alton, Mary Jameson accompanied her, remaining until she changed her name of Hailand for that of Day. An event which came off in the early spring.

Years have come and years have gone, and Kate Day, in her happy village home, tells to the little ones whom God has given her, what a blessed thing it is to Work, to Watch, to Wait. She often leans upon her husband's arm, and

whispers in his ear, 'my cup of joy is running over through the loving kindness of our God. It was in sorrow that I found Him to be strength—in perplexity, comfort—and in patient obedience, my exceeding great reward.' Oh, Harry! it was in the hard stern path of duty I met with you, my own precious husband, and whilst we live we will *work* for God, we will *watch* for God, and we'll *wait* upon (thus prove the truth of Aunt Margery 'that the happiness of life is bound u faithful fulfilment.'

'Even so, Kate,' would be Harry's i reply, 'with all my heart I say amer Margery's Three Maxims,—WORK— WAIT.'

'WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?'

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE III.

AMONG other recreations of his Majesty, the good king George III., not the least frequent was that of *hunting*. Being out one day for this purpose, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, the chase lay through the tangled recesses of the forest. The stag had been hard run, and to escape his pursuers, had crossed the river at a spot where it was of considerable depth. As the dogs could not be brought to follow, it became necessary, in order to come up with the deer, to make a circuitous route along the banks of the river, through some thick and troublesome underwood. The roughness of the ground, the long grass, and obstructive furze, obliged the sportsmen to separate from one another, each one endeavouring to take the best and speediest course he could. Before they had reached the end of the forest, the king's horse manifested signs of great fatigue and uneasiness; so much so, that his Majesty resolved upon yielding the pleasures of the chase to the exercise of compassion for his jaded steed. With this view, accordingly, he turned down the first avenue in the forest, and determined on riding gently forward to a convenient resting-place, and there to await the arrival of some of his attendants. The king had only proceeded a few paces, when, instead of the cry of the hounds, he fancied that he heard the cry of human distress; as he rode forward, it become more distinctly audible; and very touching was the wail which now reached his ears, 'Oh, my mother! my mother! the Lord pity and bless my poor mother!'

The curiosity and sympathetic tenderness of the sovereign, which were at once excited, naturally impelled him to the spot from whence the mournful cry seemed to issue. It was a little green plot on one side of the forest, where was spread on the grass, under an umbrageous oak, a wretched pallet of straw, half screened beneath the awning of a kind of tent, at a few paces from which, a basket or two, with some packs, lay on the ground. Near to the root of the tree he observed a little swarthy girl, of the gipsy tribe, about eight years of age, on her knees praying, while her fine black eyes ran down with tears. Distress of any kind, when brought under his Majesty's notice, was always sure to awaken his tenderest sympathy, for he had a heart which melted at 'human woe;' nor was it unaffected on the present occasion.

'What, my child,' asked the king in the gentlest and most kindly manner, 'is of your weeping? and for what do yo

The poor creature was at first start rising from her knees, and pointing to exclaimed,

'Oh, sir! there lies my dying mot

'What,' rejoined his Majesty, as h dismounted, and fastened his horse to branches of the oak, 'What, my chil say is the matter? Come. tell me all

The little girl now conducted th the opening in the wretched tent; t partly covered, a middle-aged female the last stage of a decline, and apparen verge of death. She turned her eye sively to the royal visitor, then look heaven, but not a word did she u organs of speech had ceased their off silver cord was being loosed, and t broken at the cistern.' The poor g melted into tears, and stooping down, clammy sweat from her mother's face while his Majesty, who was greatly proceeded to ask the child her name quire concerning her family, and how mother had been ill. Just at this another gipsy girl, but considerably ol up, all out of breath, as if she had been She had been at the town of Windsor, brought some medicine for her poor mot now observing a stranger, she modestly then rushing to her mother, knelt dow side, and having kissed her pallid lips burst into tears. Upon this his Maje much concern, proceeded to ask her,

'What, my dear girl, can I possib you?'

'Oh, sir,' she replied, 'mother religious person to instruct her, and her. I ran all the way this morning to and asked for a minister to come and but no one could I get to do so.'

Meanwhile, the poor dying wom heard quite distinctly what her daug saying, seemed to be greatly discom her report, upon which both the gi began to cry. To allay their distress, at once volunteered to supply the p minister to their poor mother.

'I will do what I can,' said he, spiritual benefit of your dying parent be that God has sent me to speak a season to her, before her change come

Having then sat down on a pac

side of the helpless sufferer, his Majesty began to discourse to her concerning the things which belonged to her peace, and especially to direct her attention to the only way of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Friend of sinners, and the Helper of the helpless. While he was thus engaged, the poor emaciated creature seemed to gather consolation and hope; her eyes sparkled with brightness, and her countenance became animated. She looked up, she smiled; but it was the last smile—the transient glimmer of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained on her countenance, it was not till after the lapse of several minutes that they perceived she had indeed breathed her last.

It was at this crisis that several of his Majesty's attendants, who had missed him at the chase, and who had been riding through the forest in search of him, approached, and found him endeavouring to comfort the bereaved gipsy girls.

The king now rose up, and having put some gold into the sisters' hands, told them to confide in his protection, and look to him for the decent interment of their deceased mother. Having then loosed and mounted his horse, he proceeded to join his attendants, who were all deeply affected by the scene which they had just witnessed.

On their departure with the king, one of them, Lord L——, was about to give utterance to his emotion, but his Majesty beckoned to him to be silent, and then turning in the direction of the tent, and pointing to the two girls, now bereaved of their mother, whom he had so kindly tended during her last moments, said, with peculiar earnestness and solemnity,

'Who, my lord, think you, was *neighbour* unto these?' thus happily adapting to his purpose the memorable words of our Saviour, in the close of the parable of the *Good Samaritan and his protegé;* a parable which was expressly designed to meet the question put to him by a certain lawyer, '*Who is my neighbour?*'

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain,
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left,
Go thou and succour them.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form,
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

THE GLORY THAT SHALL FOLLOW.

Look at that stone-cutter yonder in the vaults and passages under old Jerusalem. Days and weeks he works away with chisel and mallet simply working the stone into a shape mapped out on the pattern before him. He does not know where it is to go. He only knows its shape. But by and by it is done. It is carried away to its place. His work is finished. He lays down his tools, brushes the chips out of his hair and beard, and starts for his home. He comes up the stone stair-way into the very summit of Mount Moriah, and lo, before his wondering Hebrew eyes looms up, the temple of Jehovah. He looks in rapt amazement at the columns, and caps and aisles, and vast apartments. It is the great day of dedication. The high priest and king are there. He beholds the sacred vestments and the royal robes. On bended knees in the praying throng he watches the priest as the prayers are said and the incense offered, when lo, the light kindles on the incense and fills the temple with the glory of God. In the brightness of the glory he looks about, and there in the very archway, just over the way to the mercy-seat, is the stone into which he wrought his time and strength. 'Tis enough. The vaults are forgotten. The weariness is gone. There, in the temple of Israel's God, on the very way to the mercy-seat, is the monument of his skill and faithfulness to abide forever, and all generations shall bless the workman. We are building larger than we know. We are in the vaults of time, under the New Jerusalem, hewing and chiseling at the rude blocks that come to our hands. We do not know what shall come of this work. We only know the pattern and the work. Soon, brothers, it will be over. Soon we can lay aside the mallet and the chisel; soon we can brush the dust of time from our eyes, and rise, on the coronation day of the King's Son, to behold our work, to see that we have been working on the temple of our God, fashioning the living block. When we look about us yonder and see there, in the very way of life, hard by the throne, these little ones upon whom we have expended our years, and into whom we have wrought our strength, it will be glory enough to behold then the everlasting monument of our faithfulness wrought into the very likeness of Him that sitteth upon the throne, while the King shall say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me.'

—Rev. C. Fowler.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts vii. 36.

LET me note the following points here:—(1) the judgment; (2) the deliverance; (3) the discipline; (4) the rest.

I. *The Judgment.*—It was judgment or wrath against Egypt, Israel's oppressor, and in favour of Israel. It was a terrible judgment—first the ten plagues, and then the overwhelming in the Red Sea. These were the 'terrible things in righteousness' by which God condemned Egypt ere He set Israel free. 'I gave Egypt for thy ransom.' That which might have fallen on Israel fell on Egypt, and Israel went free. There never were judgments on a nation like those which fell on Egypt. And Israel might be said to be the occasion. 'Let my people go that they may serve me,' was God's message to Pharaoh, but he refused; he risked the judgment, and the judgment came. It was a judgment for Israel to remember for ever. Every one of these ten plagues was connected with them and their deliverance. And the last act of vengeance at the Red Sea was still more strikingly on their account. They stood still, and not only saw the salvation of God in their own deliverance, but in the destruction of their foes. Truly Jehovah their God was a jealous God; a consuming fire. The God who pardons and delivers His own is a God who takes vengeance on them who know Him not. Israel saw the wrath, but it fell not on them.

II. *The Deliverance.*—He brought them out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage. It was Jehovah's own doing; by His own right hand and His stretched out arm He did it. It was a complete and glorious deliverance. Our deliverance from this present evil world is like that from Egypt. It is a deliverance—(1) from *idolatry;* (2) from *bondage;* (3) from *oppression;* (4) from *death.* And then it is—(1) a *divine* deliverance; (2) a *free* deliverance; (3) a *complete* deliverance; (4) an *irreversible* deliverance; (5) a *glorious* deliverance; (6) a *certain* deliverance;—not ambiguous nor unconscious, as if a man might be out of Egypt and yet not know it, but certain, so that the delivered one *knows* that he is free. Am I then delivered? This is the great question. And am I acting, and speaking, and living, like a delivered man? Does the love of the Deliverer constrain me?

III. *The Discipline.*—In Israel's case it was the discipline of the desert, where they were placed alone with God. There Jehovah proved and tried them, and saw what was heart. That desert discipline brought unbelief, murmuring, foolishness, and of God. For they were placed in circu in which God was *all*—leader, protecto companion, healer. They were throwi upon Him. Our discipline, after del is that of the desert, though there a points of difference. There was d Israel, that was discipline; and so is enemies, that was discipline; so to us: and weary land, that was discipline, a continual changes, that was discipline, heat and weariness, that was disciplin us: no earthly storehouse for bread, no well for water, that was discipline; a Every day was trial, discipline, often ment and rebuke; so to us. The wo are very explicit: 'As many as I love and chasten;' 'Whom the Lord lo chasteneth.' God is daily searching u us, trying us, to bring out the evil t us, that we may know ourselves, and may have fresh opportunities of brin all His supplies and resources. He b as He did Israel, into neediness, and and sickness, and danger, and pove sorrow, and care, that He may get op ties of displaying all His love and Let us not grudge Him these. It is o on this sad poor earth, that He can h opportunities. When we reach the k our sin, and emptiness, and weakn grief will be done. It is only now that God can thus display Himself grace, and long-suffering, and plenteou

IV. *The rest.* Israel reached his r forty years' wandering. The expression 'them out,' may refer either to Egyp wilderness, for from both He brought t But Israel's rest was earthly and te ours is heavenly and eternal. 'There r a rest for the people of God.' We t believed do enter into rest. 'Let us a promise being left us of entering rest, any of us should seem to come sh There are three steps or stages, (1) Egypt; (2) Through the wilderness; the rest.

Yes, there is *rest.* Rest, even he earnest; rest at death, for blessed are who die in the Lord, they rest from their rest when the Lord comes, 'to you troubled rest with us.'

It is rest from weariness, rest fro rest from care and sorrow, rest from sickness, rest from sin, and conflict, everlasting rest, in the land of rest, heavens and earth, wherein dwelleth r ness.

O rest of the weary, come! O d dawn! Then farewell to the wilderness come the Canaan of peace, the paradis

SURE PEACE WITH GOD.*

IF I were to ask you, 'Do you think that an Israelite could *know* that his household was safe if the blood had been sprinkled?' you would say, 'Yes, of course he could.' If I were to say, 'Do you think he would be content without knowing it?' you would say, 'No.' Again, if I were to say, 'Do you think that an Israelite was presumptuous who, having sprinkled the blood, believed that his family and his firstborn were safe?' you would answer, 'No.' If, lastly, I were to ask, 'Do you think an Israelite who had sprinkled the blood, and thought that, after all he might lose his first-born, was presumptuous?' you would say, 'Yes, he was, for he doubted God's word.'

What then was the ground of his salvation? It was nothing connected with the man himself. It was not his feasting, or his dress; his resolutions or his purposes; his hopes, his fears, his acts, or his omissions. He was a man that trusted his first-born, his family, his happiness, to something entirely unconnected with himself—as it were, outside himself; something not internal, but completely external—the blood *outside* the house. On that blood he rested everything. If that failed he was a lost man; but on that blood he rested. And his assurance that he was safe was grounded on another completely external thing,—on the promise of God who cannot lie; the unchangeable word of the living God, who had said, 'When I see the blood *I will* pass over.'

Now apply that to yourself. The believer's assurance of salvation is just the same. You have the same ground. It is nothing in yourself that gives you a hope. It is not your repentance for sin; your purposes of amendment; your past experience of what God has done for you; or your own holiness. Such would be a very uncertain foundation. Your feelings, your hopes, your fears, might be always changing, up one day and down another; because they are connected with a changeable substance, your own heart, which is like a barometer, affected by every wind that blows. No! The assurance of the believer that he shall never perish, and that the destroying angel shall not smite him, rests on nothing within him, not even on the strength of his faith; but on the blood of the Lamb, and on the promise of God, that whosoever is trusting in that, shall never perish. And there we have a good ground for assurance. The whole matter of salvation is then made to rest, not on changeable man, but upon the unchangeable God.

Had the Israelite a good ground for assurance? I think he had, for he had the best name in the universe at the bottom of the promise—the name of Jehovah. 'The Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent; for He is not a man that He should repent' (1 Sam. xv. 29). And having that name on his side he had everything; he had committed himself to God. An equally trustworthy ground for assurance has the soul that trusts in Jesus.

If you are a believing soul, you have consciously cast yourself upon the Lord Jesus Christ,—His death for your atonement, His substitution in your place, His blood instead of your life. It may have been done vaguely; you may not have done it in words; but somehow or other, if you are a believer, the essence of your faith is this,—you are resting on Christ. It may be, I say, vague trust which, perhaps, you hardly like tremblingly to avow to yourself; but you feel that it is trust in Jesus, when any one tries to rob you of it. You would give up everything for it. And there you take your stand.

Having thus committed yourself to Jesus, you have in His word the assurance that you will never perish. You 'know whom you have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which you have committed unto him' (2 Tim. i. 12). To every suggestion of Satan, every argument of the world, and every fear of your own unbelieving heart, you can answer with this one word, which has all the logic of heaven in it, 'He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me HATH *everlasting life, and shall not come to condemnation*' (John v. 24). And you may turn a deaf ear to those who tell you that the everlasting life you have to-day can cease to be everlasting life to-morrow.

> 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
> Is laid for your hope in His excellent Word.'

It is a tried foundation; for God is faithful to His promise. Many may say, 'Ah, but my faith is not as strong as it ought to be. I have not repented enough, or prayed enough.' It

* From 'The Shadow and the Substance.' By S. A. BLACKWOOD, Esq.

was not the *strength* of faith that was the ground of assurance.

'It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood, that atones for the soul.'

God will never deny His own word, nor 'forsake them that put their trust in him.' Oh that you would take hold of this in its simplicity, in its clearness. May God make it much more clear to you than I can, and enable you, if you are doubting, if you are trembling, if you are oppressed with unbelieving thoughts, or suggestions of the world, the flesh, or the devil, to break through them all, and cast yourself, as a poor, helpless, hell-deserving soul, upon the blood of Jesus, and hope in God.

But now, is such assurance presumptuous? Many will urge that you may fall away. What have you to answer?—'I am resolved to persevere?' That would be a wretched answer; your resolution is as weak as water. What then is your answer? It is not, 'I am resolved to persevere,' though that is true of every believer; but 'God is resolved to preserve me.' Final *preservation* is a much better word than final *perseverance*, though they mean the same thing; but the former is more in accordance with the scriptural expression: 'KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD through faith unto salvation' (1 Peter i. 5). I may fall; but though I fall 'I shall arise' (Micah vii. 8), for it is written that 'though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for *the Lord upholdeth him* with his hand' (Ps. xxxvii. 24).

Or it may be said, 'How do you know that you will not sin so as utterly to destroy your chance of salvation?' You can reply, 'God has made provision for my sins. I hate my sins; I used to love them; now I hate them. I do sin; I grieve over it, I lament it; it troubles me more than any other thing in the world; but God has made provision for my sin. He tells me that, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;" and that "He is the propitiation for our sins"' (1 John ii. 1, 2).

But it is often urged—by those who cannot deny that the doctrine of assurance of salvation is contained in the Scriptures,—that it is an unholy doctrine,—that it will lead you to carelessness. Now, to what does such an objection actually amount? Why, to this,—that it charges upon God that He has written words in His Bible which would directly lead men to sin: it makes God the 'minister of sin.' But He who knew what He was writing, not only said, 'These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life;' but also 'These things write I unto *ye sin not*' (1 John ii. 1). The two g And so far from assurance of salvati to carelessness of life, it stands at foundation of all true holiness: for when we are 'delivered out of the h enemies' that we can 'serve God, *wi* in holiness and righteousness, all t our life' (Luke i. 74, 75).

It would take a long time to men reply to all the arguments against but the answer to every one is,—

'I'm a poor sinner and nothing at
But Jesus Christ is my All in All

He has promised, and I can trust Hi

'I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand.'

I know that He who never cast ou on earth will never cast out any now He will faithfully keep that which unto Him.

It is not presumption to believe sumption is just the opposite. If a who had sprinkled the blood were t ing and fearing lest, after all, hi might perish, we should at once say, a man who has not faith in God; h believe what God says; he is mak liar.' And for a soul that rests o doubt that he will be saved,—nay, —saved, is the very height of presu is not believing 'the record that Go of his Son' (1 John v. 10). It is be half the record, but not the other most unreasonable. God says, He th *hath* everlasting life.' The believing doubts God as to the certainty of it says, 'I believe in Jesus, but I do have everlasting life.' One must Which is it? 'Let God be true and a liar.' Do not you see the illogic such unbelief?—that there is no re —nay, that it is presumptuous?

Satan turns things upside dow two ways of making men presumptu one way of making sinners presum another way of making saints presum makes sinners presumptuous by lead doubt God's word that they will God says, 'Ye shall surely die.' 'That is *not* true, you shall *not* surel may not be believing in Christ; still good hope that you will be saved.' height of presumption. It is believin will not keep His word. Such is the p of the world, which hopes to be save does not trust in Christ. On the c Satan makes saints presumptuous,

them to think that, after all, they may perish, and that God will not keep His word. That again is the height of presumption.

See how an Israelite was shut up to faith. He was not allowed to *see*. He was shut up to the bare, naked *faith*. The blood was on the *outside* of the house, the man was on the *inside:* and it was said, 'None of you shall go out at the door of the house until the morning' (Ex. xii. 22). So that if a man wanted to strengthen his faith, he was not able to go outside the house to see whether the blood was there. His faith had to be strengthened by the recollection of the promise of God. So it is with us; we are shut up to faith. We are to believe, not only when we see, but when we do not see. There need not be a running backwards continually to see whether the blood is on the soul, a perpetual self-examination as to whether one really believes or not. That is done once for all; and assurance is nothing but believing—staying yourself on—the *promise of God.*

But go a step further. YOU OUGHT TO HAVE ASSURANCE. Every believer in Jesus *ought* to be perfectly assured of his salvation. I know that such is very frequently not the case; but it ought to be. It is your birth-right. I do not find in the New Testament that there were such trembling doubting Christians as there are in these days. I do not find there that, when a man was converted to God, and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of his soul, he had a vague hope that after all God *might* pardon him; or that, if he did the best he could, he would be saved. I read this, 'He *rejoiced*, believing in God, with all his house;' 'He went on his way *rejoicing;*' 'There was *great joy* in that city;' 'Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in *much assurance;*' 'Ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, *with joy of the Holy Ghost*' (Acts xvi. 34, viii. 39, viii. 8; 1 Thess. i. 5; 1 Thess. i. 6).

You cannot be HAPPY without it. How could an Israelite, standing with his household round his table, having in his hand the little hand of his eldest boy, be happy if he did not believe that he was safe? And how can you? A vague hope will not do. A criminal is not happy as long as he *hopes* for a reprieve; but he is happy when he sees his pardon, with the queen's name at the bottom of it, when he knows that that name is good for his life. And so will you be happy when you know from the Word of God that, trusting in the blood of Jesus, you are safe.

You *ought* to have assurance, because you cannot be HOLY without it. There may be a degree of holiness; but there is none of that holiness which springs from the consciousness of adoption into God's family. 'I will run the way of thy commandments,' said David. But when? 'When thou hast set my heart *at liberty*' (Psalm cxix. 32). Not till then. Lacking assurance, your holiness is but the holiness of a slave, and not the holiness of a son. It is not the happy consciousness of pleasing God: it is a bondage. Mark the order in this chapter. When was the Israelite to put away the leaven out of his house? *After* he was saved: *after* the word of God had conveyed to him the assurance that he was safe. So it is with you. Do you want to put away the evil things that lurk in your heart? You must *know* that you are God's child; you must know that you are pardoned; you must know that your name is written in the Lamb's book of life; you must know that your soul is 'saved in the Lord with an *everlasting* salvation.'

You *ought* to have assurance, because you cannot be USEFUL without it. Satan knows that well; he knows well that a redeemed sinner can never serve God heartily until he is conscious of his acceptance with God; and therefore he blinds our hearts to it as much as he can. You cannot set about your work happily and heartily; you cannot go and tell other fellow-sinners of what the Lord has done for your soul, till you *know* it. You cannot give a clear message of pardon to others if, when they turn round and say, 'Are *you* pardoned?' you are obliged to say, 'I do not know.' What can you do? Your tongue is tied, and your very feeblest efforts at the threshold of service are stopped and rendered useless.

Do not therefore be content without assurance. But at the same time do not suppose that it is to be procured by a round of religious duties, or attendance upon ordinances; by a certain amount of obedience yielded, or experience acquired. That was not the way of old; neither is it the way now.

How is assurance obtained? By trusting in the Word of God. The question can be settled in one instant. Are you content to take *God* at His word? You receive the witness of a *man;* you believe what a man tells you; why not receive 'the witness of God,' which is 'greater'? (1 John v. 9.) 'And this is the record, that God *hath given to us eternal life*, and this life is in his Son. HE THAT HATH THE SON HATH LIFE' (1 John v. 10, 11). Believe it. Take God at His word. And having done so, go on your way rejoicing, resolved heartily and wholly to serve Him who has bought you with His blood, and who promises to keep you trusting in Jesus till the very end, and then to translate you from His kingdom in this world to His kingdom in glory.

I know that there are some who do not like assurance. And why? Because the absence of assurance is a very convenient thing for those who like to live a half-and-half life. Many know that; and they tell you, 'If I were perfectly sure that I was saved, I must be an entirely different person: I must live more heartily for God; the line between me and the world must be drawn much more distinctly; I could not be living with one foot in sin, and another foot in holiness; I must be altogether on the holy side.' Satan knows that; and therefore he labours hard to persuade people that it is a very humble, and a very proper, and a very respectable thing, to indulge a kind of vague expectation that *perhaps*, after all, you may be saved.

To such I would say, Have done with such Christianity as that. It is not worthy the name of it. It is a half-and-half Christianity. It is not God's Christianity. Get rid of it. Say, 'I will have done with it from this moment. If I have passed from death unto life, as God says, I will believe it, and live as one ought to live who is "alive for evermore."' Oh that God would enable you to rejoice in this fulness of assurance! Oh that the dark cloud which hangs over many a mind, when it thinks of the time of judgment, might vanish; and that you migh realize the glorious certainty, that 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life,' and 'shall never perish!' (John iii. 36; x. 28).

One word more. Let us remember that assurance of salvation *is not salvation*. There is many a trembling believer who, as a believer, is most certainly saved, but is yet in doubt and fear. He is on the bridge, a massive stone one, with a good foundation-stone, and planted on the rock of God's truth; but he thinks he is only on a bridge of ropes. He is in the life-boat; but he is afraid he is only on a plank, and therefore he has not peace,—he has not the fulness of peace. But he is none the less saved, if his heart is resting on the blood of Jesus.

There might have been two Israelitish houses on that terrible night. In the one, the family might be all standing round the table, with the calm peace of God in their minds, the very exemplification of the promise, 'My people shall dwell in quiet resting-places' (Isaiah xxxii. 18). They knew that the blood was outside; they knew that God had promised to pass over them. And they could gather their little ones around them, and as the hour of midnight came on, no fear of insecurity would cross their minds; for their hearts were 'stayed' upon God, and they were in 'perfect peace.' You might have gone into the next house, and have seen the lamb slain, and the blood outside; *but instead of* peace, you might have beheld agitation, uncertainty, and fear. Whi families was the safest? *The one wa the other* every whit. It was not the their assurance or the strength of t that insured their safety; it was the b the lintel, and the word of God.

Neither was their safety in pro the measure of comfort which they You find many who say, 'I canno because I do not feel happy;' or, ' safe, I should be happy.' An happiness or unhappiness had noth with his salvation. He was safe if h himself under the blood, not when he f neither was he insecure when he felt but if he trusted God's word as to th being sheltered under the blood, he happy. Just so will you be happy i in Jesus, you believe what God says result of such trust—namely, perfe but neither will your happiness c your security, or your unhappiness it. You are saved if you are trustin and if you believe that you are saved be happy; but being ever so happy i of safety, unless such happiness a faith in Jesus.

Whilst therefore urging upon you lege, the duty, that it is for you to t word concerning believers in Jesus, joice in it, do not for one instant m so far as to think that I would say soul that trusts in Jesus, and yet h surance, is not safe. It was once sa tremble on the rock, but the rock tremble under me.' And that is tru is Christ that is your safety, not y You may have the very weakest faith was produced in the heart by the op God the Holy Ghost; but as surely put it into the heart, and made the itself on to Christ, so surely has God that soul 'shall never perish' (Jol Assurance of salvation is not salvatio

A word of *warning*. Some peop that they will be saved. What assurance rest upon? They are very able about these things. They can the sound of the gospel; they can li the warnings and promises, and th ease; but there is no reality in thei There has been no sense of guilt, dependence on the blood of Christ for There is no change of heart in them, Christ, no setting forth towards heav use the truth of God as an opiate r as a cordial; they lull themselves a go down to hell in the very lap of God Assurance of salvation, when it rests o foundation, is not salvation. Bett

alarmed; to be shaken out of that terrible security; to feel that you are undone, and at once flee to Christ; than to go on calmly till the hour of midnight comes, and God's eternal judgment falls upon you.

And now may God grant that every reader who really trusts in Jesus may prepare with clearer faith, and brighter hope, and more determined resolution to live for God, seeing that we have passed from death unto life, and that judgment is behind us; that, as believers, we are dead with Christ, and are risen with Christ for evermore. And may He lead any that are outside to come in. One cry, one look, one stretching forth of your hand—ah! less than that—one expression of helplessness from your heart to Jesus, and the thing is done. His hand is stretched out; and I believe it is only necessary to let yours fall into it, for Him to draw you in, and shut you into the house in safety. God grant it, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Fellowship with Christ.

'As ye have borne the image of the earthy, ye shall also bear the image of the heavenly.'

O H, mean may seem this house of clay,
Yet, 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep;

This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die;
Oh, vanquished world! oh, glorious theme!
Oh, hallowed agony!

Oh, vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
Oh, holy robe of flesh, that clad
Our own Emmanuel.

Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear
Such glory strange is given.

But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not always in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

Shall we not, Lord, to Thee belong,
Because Thy robes we wear—
Because Thy fulness makes us strong,
Thy glory makes us fair?

Oh, strange the gifts, and marvellous,
By Thee received and given:
Thou tookest woe and death from us;
Thou givest us Thy heaven!

—*Gill.*

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MAY'S PRIZE.

ETHEL was now fairly settled again in her home life. And on the whole it was a happy life; for though by no means one of ease and indulgence, yet fulfilled duties brought pleasure with them, and Ethel enjoyed the reading and study, which she could now only have by snatches, almost more than when it had been her only business to pursue them.

It was but rarely that Ethel looked back to the weeks spent at Feversham, with regret, and that only when her duties were more than usually irksome. She certainly greatly missed her aunt's kind counsel and advice, and more than that, her example; but she kept up a pretty brisk correspondence with her and Rosalie; so much so, that Guy laughingly remarked, she would ruin their father in postage stamps.

But what Ethel missed most of all was the half-hour after breakfast which she had spent with her uncle. She knew not what a help it had been to her till she lost it: for Ethel was really trying—amidst many failings and shortcomings—to tread the steps of her daily life, so as to please the God she was beginning to love. She had taken her aunt's advice, and brought her troubles and trials to the throne of grace; and she was surprised to find how much more easily she could overcome any little difficulty after having done so.

But it was not always that Ethel could feel thus. She was improved certainly, and was generally kind and obliging and considerate towards others; but sometimes old habits would come back with a force that she thought they would never have again; and she gave in to them for a while without even a struggle; and yet, after each fall—perhaps hardly known to any one but herself—she was deeply and bitterly sorry. But Ethel's pride was strong still, and she would never own herself in fault, less now than ever. She fancied her 'Feversham temper' was quite subdued, because since her return it had not shown itself for others to see; and so she became less watchful, and at length ceased to think of it altogether.

After Charlotte's conversation on the night of her return home, Ethel had narrowly watched her little sister Katie, but the child seemed just the same as usual; she played about—quietly, as was her wont—but she was not ill, and Ethel could see no difference, and as Charlotte never mentioned the subject again, Ethel put it down to fancy on her part, and ceased to think of it at all.

Guy had entered eagerly into the sch altering the garden, and for a few eveni worked very hard indeed: then he came conclusion that it would be impossible t any better of it, and gave up in despair. worked on steadily, and though he ma very little progress, was not to be disco

He could not do much, certainly, hoped during the approaching holiday able to clear it of rubbish, and put it in better state than it was at present. It the right time for planting it, but that c done afterwards, if anything could be plant it with. Ethel took great interes progress, and the garden business thr more with Percy than she had cared hitherto, and showed her more of th worth of his character.

It was the last evening before th mencement of the holidays, and the fir Linton spent down stairs since Ethel's and every one was in high spirits. Mrs Linton hailed the holidays with al much eagerness as their children, for Mr was usually almost worn out by the end half year, and needed the rest long b came; and his wife was always glad prospect of having him at home.

Little Gertie especially was in the state of excitement. She told them a and over again that May was sure of a p the morrow, and seemed far more please it than May herself, who took the matte quietly.

'I shall not sleep a bit to-night for ing of it, May,' she said; 'I wonder wh Morson will give you.'

'May does not care, not she!' ex Guy, catching the child as she danced pa 'she looks as demure over it as if priz to be had for the asking any day. Why you try for one yourself, Gertie?'

'I! Oh, because it would not have b mite of use. I should as soon have tho you getting one as me, Master Guy.'

'Gertie's books are always in the closet when she wants them,' remarke without looking up.

'I don't care: I can't be bothered them.'

'But, Gertie, that is not right, dea Mrs Linton, from her easy chair, 'yo try and take all the pains you can t that you may grow up a useful little wo

'Oh mother,' laughed the little one, r up to her, and throwing herself down floor, 'the lessons are a great trouble, an delighted the holidays have come, especi May will have a prize.'

'Isn't it time such frisky little mortals were
bed, Ethel?' said Guy, 'how can I finish
is drawing which is to be shown to-morrow,
hen Gertie is dancing about so?'

'Let the drawing go then, and come and
isk too, Guy. A run round the garden will
low away the vapours.'

And Guy, nothing loth, laid down his pencil,
nd catching his little sister in his arms, ran
ut of the room with her.

Gertie's spirits had not sobered in the
orning, and it was with very great glee that
e set off with May to Mrs Morson's.

Ethel passed a busy morning, as usual, for
e had taken all the house-keeping department
om her mother's hands now—she and Char-
tte together—and they made more economical
ouse-keepers than Mrs Linton had done. It
as late when the children returned. They
ntered the parlour, Gertie talking very ex-
tedly, and May, with her quiet, scarcely in-
rested face, carrying the much talked of prize,
handsome, well stocked work-box.

'So you have really got the prize, May,'
id Ethel, 'I am so glad! what a beauty it is!'

'Mrs Morson hoped I should make good
e of it. I think she rather seemed to doubt it.'

'You will make as good use of it as any-
e else would, and a great deal better!' ex-
aimed Gertie, 'and it is a great shame of them
say what they did! I told Louisa Thompson
, and that it was all envy; she was vexed be-
use she had not got it.'

'Hush, Gertie, don't talk so loud, you will
sturb mamma,' said May.

'Who said what, Gertie?' asked Ethel.

'Why, the girls say May has not won the
ize fairly, they say the theme was not all her
n. As if May could not write as good a theme
any girl in the school! It is very wicked of
em to say such things—such untrue things!'

'Gently, gently, Gertie. May has gained
e prize, so you need not care for anything else.'

'But I do care! I will not have such things
id of my sister without defending her, though
e does take it so quietly. Louisa Thompson
vexed because she has not got it, and so I
ppose has made this wicked tale.'

'No, no, Gertie; do not say that, or you
ill be as bad as those you are blaming. Be
ad May is successful, and don't mind any-
ing else. Hark! there are papa and the
ys; let us go and see if Percy has a prize too.'

May said she would run upstairs and show
amma her work-box.

Percy had been successful too; and in ad-
iring his book, Gertie forgot for the present
hat had so excited her. There was a good
al of laughing and talking, and then Ethel
ent up to see after her mother, expecting to
nd May there. But May had left her work-box
Mrs Linton's room, and gone to put away
r hat. Ethel followed her; she wanted to
ar from May a quieter account of what the
irls had said, than she could get from Gertie.

What was her surprise to find May on the
oor, with her head resting against the bed,
rying bitterly. She sprang towards her.

'May, dear, what is the matter? are you
not well? don't cry so, May;' for May's sobs
had burst forth more violently at the sound of
her sister's voice; and she pushed her away
when Ethel attempted to put her arm round her.

'You must tell me what is the matter, May,'
said Ethel firmly.

May raised her head.

'I wish you would keep away, Ethel!' she
said, pettishly, 'surely I can cry if I like, with-
out you troubling yourslf.'

'You would never cry in this way if you
were not either in pain or in trouble, May; so
I shall stay here until I know what it is.' 'May,'
she added suddenly, 'surely, surely, what
Gertie was saying cannot be true! it is not
that—say it is not that, May!'

All the answer May gave was to bury her
face more closely.

'Oh, May, you cannot so have deceived
everybody, surely!' and Ethel turned away:
for deceit, in any shape, was what she could not
endure.

May flung herself after her, and clung to
her.

'Oh, Ethel, don't turn from me, for I am
very miserable! if you will listen, I will tell
you how it was. You know I cannot bear
themes, and we had one given which was to be
finished by yesterday afternoon. I put off be-
ginning mine until late, for I was busy sewing
all my spare time for mamma, you know, and
still I did not want to miss the prize. Well, I
was monitor this week; and on Wednesday, when
I was collecting the forfeits, I found Mary
Holme's theme on the table; she had left it
there to dry, and had forgotten it—she is in the
first class, you know; but they have the same
subject that we have. Hers was finished, and
mine was not half done; and as I was taking it
to the closet, the thought struck me, I might as
well make use of it. I had not much time, for
I expected Gertie would be coming every minute
for me to go home, but she was playing with
the other girls: and she gave me longer than
I thought; so I copied, on a bit of paper I
found, nearly two pages of Mary's theme. I
did not mean to put it in as it was, of course;
but I thought I could alter it so that it would
not be known. The minute I had finished, I
was sorry I had done it: but I had so much of
my own to do that night, that I was obliged to
use it—at least I thought I was obliged. But
oh, Ethel, I did feel so ashamed when Mrs
Morson praised my theme, especially that part
of it; and when she gave me that handsome
work-box, I felt as if I could hardly take it.
But it was worst of all when the girls began to
say it was not all my own; for of course Mary
would recognise hers, though I had altered it;
and then Gertie defended me so warmly; I felt
as if I must tell them all about it,' and May
hid her face again.

When she had first began, Ethel held some-
what aloof from her, for she felt very angry at
May's deceit; but as her sister went on, there
came into her mind the words, 'Bear ye one
another's burdens.' It had been the subject

taken for their morning's talk only a day or two before she left Feversham; and Ethel could not but remember something of what her uncle had said about it. Ah, dear reader, a tiny hand may often ease the burden that lies heavily upon the heart of another. Ethel's arm was round May when she ended, and she said gently,

'It would have been better if you had told them, dear May; or at least told Mrs Morson. It was not right to take the prize when you knew you had not fairly gained it; and I am sure you think so now.'

May looked up; her tears stopped by surprise.

'Ethel, I thought you would be so vexed, I hardly dare tell you.'

'It is not for me to be vexed, May. I am very sorry; and you are sorry too, now, I think.'

At that moment Gertie's voice was heard calling, 'May, May, what in the world have you done with yourself? papa wants to see your prize.'

'Oh, what shall I do? I cannot go!' exclaimed May.

'You must go, May; you must tell papa all about it. I will bring the box out of mamma's room for you, while you bathe your face; and then you must go to papa. May is coming directly, Gertie,' Ethel said, as she met her little sister outside.

Mr Linton was in the tiny room at the back of the house, called by courtesy his study, though its uses were manifold. May was there for some time. Ethel waited rather anxiously for her return.

At last she came, carrying the box which had been such a source of trouble. She put it on the table, and threw herself into a chair, without speaking.

'Well, May,' Ethel said, when she had waited a little while, 'what did papa say? you have told him of course.'

'Yes; and he says I must take the box back, and tell Mrs Morson all about it. I don't want the box, I am sure; I hate the very sight of it. But as for telling Mrs Morson; I can't do it, Ethel.'

'It is just the very thing you must do, May, before you can be right and happy again: you would not have her think you had gained a prize when you have not. Besides, it belongs to Louisa Thompson.'

'Well, I suppose if I must, I must,' replied May, disconsolately.

Ethel did not answer; she stood for a few minutes thinking; then she went up to May, and kneeling down by her, drew her head till it rested on her shoulder.

'May darling, I think aunt Ethel would say we ought to look less at what papa and Mrs Morson think than what God thinks,' she said, in a low grave tone.

May started, but did not speak.

'Perhaps you never remembered, May, that when you copied Mary's theme and passed it for your own, God was looking down and saw it all: you took care that none of the girls were present, but you could not help God being there; and it was a lie in His sight, May.'

'Oh, Ethel, I never once thought of that!' exclaimed May.

'Ah, well! I don't suppose I should, if it had not been for aunt Ethel. But I think we ought to be more sorry for having grieved Him than for anything else, May.'

'I will tell Mrs Morson,' said May, earnestly, 'if only you will go with me, Ethel.'

'I will go if you wish it, May, and it had better be done this afternoon.'

Mr Linton did not in the least allude to what had passed between him and May, but his children thought him more than usually stern during dinner.

Ethel went with her sister to Mrs Morson's, and May was heartily glad to return the work-box into her hands. Mrs Morson spoke gravely but kindly to her of her fault, and told her she was very glad that she had confessed it at once. The prize could not in justice be hers—that it must be Louisa's—but Mrs Morson hoped she would be fairly entitled to one the next half year, if she could only overcome her indolent habits: that was at the bottom of her frequent failures.

'I forgive you, May,' she said in conclusion, 'but do not forget that you need a far higher forgiveness; seek for that, my child, and for grace to be more watchful in the future.'

It was with a much lighter heart than May had known for the last three days that she left the house; and Ethel was quite pleased with Mrs Morson and her kindness.

Gertie wondered what had become of them: she wanted May to display the beauties of her prize, which she had not yet examined; and her surprise and dismay were unbounded, when she learnt that they had just taken it back to Mrs Morson. Indeed she burst into tears at the loss; nor would she believe that what the girls had said was true—not even when May sorrowfully told her the whole story; and it was some time before she would admit that her darling May was not so faultless as she had thought her.

(To be continued.)

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

In the early part of the last year India presented a spectacle such as the world has not witnessed since Xerxes with his hosts invaded Greece. We refer to the fair at Hurdwar, where nearly three millions gathered from all parts of the country to bathe in the sacred Ganges. Imagine a multitude so great as to require for its encampment an area of twenty square miles, and you can form an idea of the extent of this pilgrimage. The one spot in the river to which every pilgrim of this host turned his steps, can only be approached by two roads, the wider being about twenty feet broad. Through these two openings the mighty tide of

otees rushed. Such were the precautions l, that this vast volume of human life was trolled, its passions and its fanaticism re-ined, health and order preserved, and the lets through the prescribed line of boundary e successfully guarded. To avoid collisions ng barricades were erected, which led the hers to the stream. They entered an espla-e, which led to the river. After bathing y were promptly moved on to the opposite lanade by means of bridges, from which y made their way back to the encampment another route. With a crowd of more than millions this was no easy task. A por-n of the bathing place was barricaded for safety of the bathers, heavy barricades re erected bounding the esplanades and the enues to the gates, ten temporary but strong idges were thrown across the stream, and a ge body of police distributed over the area enforce all preconcerted arrangements. eir success may be reckoned by the fact, that ly one life was lost, and that by the fall of a use which supported a heavy barricade, ainst which, owing to some passing cause, ere was unusual pressure for the moment.

The difficulty of controlling the multitude of lgrims who swarmed the road, was increased r the passions and rivalries of sects. There ere large bands of fanatical fakeers, some of em numbering more than ten thousand men, ch of which claimed the right of passing in ocession, and at first evinced an inclination to sist authority. Each band possessed a num-r of elephants; and would have formed a ost serious obstruction and source of danger allowed to pass along the roads and bridges provided for the people. Besides this, these bands were infected with the spirit of rivalry, which generally manifests itself and sometimes proves so disastrous on such occasions.

The authorities, by their admirable arrangements, kept the crowd in order. Admirable sanitary and hospital provisions were also made. European physicians, aided by native practitioners, daily visited every part of the encampments, and the police kept watch with a vigilant eye. Notwithstanding the ignorance and filth of the native devotees, 'the whole encampment was remarkably free from sickness.' No offensive smell could be perceived throughout the length and breadth of this camp. The natives greeted the Europeans with vociferous applause, and were loud in their praises of the government for its care and protection. The people, as they moved about the grounds, were cheerful and happy. They performed their sacred duty of bathing in the Ganges, and left for their homes.

These facts, given by the Calcutta papers, on the latest report from officials, are interesting because they illustrate the popular superstition. Unfortunately the government could not follow this motely crowd on their journey, or force them to take sanitary precautions after they separated. Hence they carried the seeds of the cholera far and wide; and this pestilence swept over Northwest India like a tornado. Thousands of lives paid for this sacred pilgrimage, and, although there were incidental advantages in this great gathering, it proved a terrible scourge to entire districts. As superstition yields to the light of the Gospel of Christ and education drives out ignorance, a better life will come to India.

THE OLD BROWN SILK DRESS.

drs Smith at such a grand wedding and in r old brown silk dress! She has had it for e last six years.'

'I know it. The idea of a person as well as she is, keeping a dress that length of ne! But she looked well. The dress was ered to suit the present fashion.

'But such meanness! I do not call it eco-my, but meanness. I am tired of seeing her ar that dress. If she were not able to get a w silk, it would be different. I wish I had e money she has, I would show people how dress.'

'Girls,' said grandma, 'I am afraid that u are not cultivating very charitable disposi-ns. As the brown silk dress seems to interest u, let me tell you a little affair connected th it.

'About two weeks ago Mrs Smith called on e. I had just prepared to go out to do some opping. She proposed to accompany me. n our way home she informed me that she in-nded to purchase a new dress. While we ere in the shop examining some rich silks, rs Winslow came in. Seeing Mrs Smith, she informed her of the destitute condition of a family she had just visited. The father had been sick and unable to work. The mother had been toiling to support her family. She was now sick, and three of her children. One was lying dead in the house. They were so poor that they had not a sufficiency of fuel or food. Their rent should have been paid in advance, but on account of sickness the father had been unable to do so. The landlord had consented to wait until the end of the month. The father was still unable to pay, and the family were threatened with being turned into the street that very day.

'Mrs Smith asked if they were worthy people. Mrs Winslow assured her they were, and giving their address, she urged Mrs Smith to visit them. Mrs Smith had just decided to purchase a dress pattern from a costly piece of silk. "I will not purchase the dress now," she said to the clerk. And turning to me, she remarked: "I feel it my duty to visit these poor peeole and supply their necessities before purchasing anything for myself. Will you accompany me?"

'I did so. We found the family in great

distress. They were Christian people, and had been praying to God to send them help. Mrs Smith immediately paid the rent then due, and another month in advance, besides ordering fuel and food. She has since sent them many little articles of comfort. "I feel better," she said, "than if I had bought a new dress. I will make over my old one and will wear it at the wedding."

'And this is why Mrs Smith wore "that old brown silk dress." She is not mean, but a noble self-denying Christian woman. And I can safely say there is no one that I am acqu with who gives so freely as she does.'

'I had never heard of her being bene before.'

'She gives quietly, not noising it a There are many families who owe the nece and comfort of life to her bounty.'

'I am glad you told us, grandma. T brown silk dress will look beautiful to m after. And it will preach me a lesson of —charity in judgment, and charity w love, towards the poor.'—*American Mess*

The Grey Tomb.

II! need we raise a cold grey stone,
To mark her place of rest,
Are we afraid we may forget,
The spot once loved the best?

And do we fear to pass it by,
Heedless in some bright hour,
Forgetful of the place she sleeps,
Where lies our buried flower?

Ah! no, those bleak and withered wreaths,
Will serve at least to show,
That in some faithful loving hearts,
Fond thoughts still constant flow.

That marble tomb will bear her name,
Alas! and is she gone?
Oh that with her we all might say—
Father, Thy will be done.

But that grey stone must oft be raised,
That other forms may sleep,
Time breaks the circle link by link,
Earth will the fragments keep.

The loving circle once again,
Will smile upon the stone,
Nor think it hard at once to say—
Father, Thy will be done.

Then, when no loving hands are nigh
To strew the fair bright flowers,
When none will own those sleeping there,
Guests of the by-gone hours.

The cold grey stone of voice will be,
From those who home have gone,
Teaching a lesson hard to learn—
Father, Thy will be done.

—*Helyg.*

Miscellaneous.

nscience.—'Brethren, you all possess that rious power called conscience, and its testi- is always on the side of truth and righteous- In the great conflict, with sin and unbelief, ence is ever on the Lord's side, notwith- ng the vain attempts that are made to silence lence we meet with the troubled conscience, he accusing conscience, and the guilty con- e; the conscience which can render the most nd attractive scenes miserable and unbear- nd the conscience which disturbs the bed of and adds so many terrors to the approach ath. Thus conscience is that spirit in man is as the candle of the Lord, and which ieth 'the thoughts and intents of the heart.' re, then, of trifling with conscience. Listen still, small voice; obey its dictates. It will rou its cheering approval as you humble your- for all your sins, and seek that repentance needeth not to be repented of. It will speak to you, as you believe in the Lord Jesus t, and take up your cross to follow Him. It ver smile upon you as you seek to walk in the of righteousness, and to keep the command- s and ordinances of God blameless.—NIVEN'S *Sermons for Perilous Times.*

rotherly Love.—We greatly fear that our 's new commandment has not that place in earts of His people in these times which it t to have. There is indeed much to be thank- or. The gospel is widely preached, religious ledge is being rapidly increased, and many ns are devoting themselves to works of true nthropy; but notwithstanding this, there is for a large increase of brotherly love. There ivisions amongst us which cannot be justified; is a disposition to disregard each others gs, and to ignore each others efforts in the of religion, which is inconsistent with the of the gospel. There are religious men who o obviously lovers of their own selves, when y slight attention to the precepts of Chris- would teach them that, in lowliness of each should esteem others better than them- . Hence men give an undue prominence to wn views and plans, which is unbecoming in and which certainly does not fulfil the law of —*Ibid.*

ro Drops of Oil.—A lover of Jesus had led into the Sabbath School 'from the broad ays.' After the day's duties were done, thronged to him for advice and relief of ind and another. Among them came a sin- ed youth, not for vesture or encouragement, or relief from a painful wound he had re- in a street revel, and which, from neglect, rowing serious. The kind man gently poured lrops of oil on the surface of the wound. ain subsided. The wound was finally healed. rild boy never forgot the act. He could not s the thoughts it occasioned. That small kindness was the means of leading him to , the Great Physician, and to-day that boy s as an ambassador of Jesus Christ. Are not comforting words for you to speak? ou not pour oil on some wounded spirit? or ou not lead some soul to the balm of Gilead? is the time to do it. Do it!—*S. S. Times.*

Christian Growth.—Christian growth is slow, painfully slow. Don't be discouraged, therefore. If you cannot advance as fast as you think others advance, keep your own pace in peace. Be a snail, not in appearance, but in motion, if you must but keep moving. I would rather be a snail in the kingdom of Christ, than a swift-winged eagle outside. Conscious that you are in the right way, do not allow yourself to be alarmed or discouraged because you appear to be a weak, puny, slow creature. Be sure, by diligence and pluck, to 'hold your own;' use the means; fight, watch, pray!

Books.—Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices. Let us pity these poor rich men, who live barrenly in great, bookless houses! Let us congratulate the poor, that in our day books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and his beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and indeed among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owing and constantly adding to, a library of good books. A little library, growing larger every year, is an honourable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life.—*Episcopalian.*

'Tell me no More.'—A young Christian, who recently died of the typhoid fever, just before she sunk into that state of total unconsciousness which this disease often produces, being in great distress of mind, as she tried to find a resting-place, said to her mother, 'it looks dark.' 'When it is dark,' replied her mother, 'you must look to Christ.' '*Tell me no more*,' she joyfully exclaimed, 'I can remember that.' Truly Christ is sufficient. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' —*Watchman and Reflector.*

Questions for Parents.—Do you pray for your children earnestly, constantly, believingly? Do you teach your children perseveringly, unweariedly, lovingly? Do you watch your children tenderly, patiently, solemnly? Do you make companions of your children, that they may walk in your ways, as you are walking in the ways of God?

The Atonement.—It is of vast importance for the Christian teacher to be himself clear on the great doctrine of the atonement. He who is defective on that cardinal point cannot but fail in his ministry. No sheep will be gathered or brought home to the fold by his labours; no resurrection of the dry bones will take place under his ministry. This is the only preaching that really tells upon the heart. Other preaching may attract and win applause; it may lead men to give up certain sins, and engage in certain duties; but this alone wins souls.—*Oxenden.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts vii. 49.

THIS is one of a great cluster of passages, a constellation of bright texts, that declare the infinite glory of that God with whom we have to do; the God who spared not His own Son; the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. (See 1 Kings viii. 27; Isa. lvii. 15; lxvi. 1, 2; John iv. 21–24; Acts xvii. 24.) In these we find such things as these, (1) The *infinite greatness* of God; His greatness is unsearchable and boundless. (2) The *glorious majesty* of God; His is the throne of heaven, the royalty of the universe; King of kings, and Lord of lords. (3) The *exceeding power* of God; He created the heavens and the earth; and yet these are but particles of dust, 'the Lord God *Almighty* is his name.' (4) The *eternity* of God; He 'only hath immortality,' the 'king eternal, immortal, and invisible,' 'from everlasting to everlasting God.' (5) The *nearness* of God; He is not far from any of us; in Him we live and move and have our being; He is the nearest of all near beings; nothing can come between us and Him. (6) The *condescension* of God; He looks to man, thinks on man, stoops to man, longs to make man His dwelling, as if a human heart were a nobler temple and throne than the heaven of heavens. (7) The *love* of God; it is not mere condescension, it is love, true, pure, and pitying love; His desire is to revive the spirit of the humble, to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

I. *Does God want a throne?* If so; He must provide it Himself. Man cannot. No throne that man ever built or conceived is glorious enough for the infinite Jehovah. He *has* provided it. He has built the heavens with all their glory and splendour; both these heavens above us, and the heaven of heavens beyond; all are His erection, His adornment, His upholding. 'All these things have my hands built, saith the Lord.' On that 'glorious high throne' He sits; from that He rules the universe. It is the throne of thrones, as He is the King of kings. 'Let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker' (Ps. xcv. 6). 'Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne' (Ps. lxxxix. 14). Let us cherish reverence and godly fear towards such a God; and put away all levity, all vanity, all pride in approaching such a throne! It is we know a throne of grace; yet it is a throne of majesty and glory. Let us stand in awe. Let us be solemn. Let us be earnest. Whilst we draw near with a true heart, in the full assurance of faith let us also approach with reverence and godly fear. It is a mercy-seat; but it is the mercy-seat of the Holy One.

II. *Does God want a footstool?*—Then He must make it Himself. Even a footstool glorious a God is beyond man's power to m But He has built a footstool for Himself His own hands,—a place for the soles o feet,—a place under which His enemies be thrust, around which His subjects gather in loving adoration, in happy prai prayer. Earth is His footstool; and he we, living upon that footstool of God. remember this? Do we avail ourselves of Do we use it as He wishes us to do, and need requires? Is it not an honour fo globe of ours to be called the footstool of And does not this make us feel His nea and awaken in us the reverence which nearness ought to produce. 'We will g his tabernacle, we will worship at his stool.' (Ps. cxxxii. 7).

III. *Does God want a house?*—He mus it for Himself, man cannot. His own must build His dwelling. That dwelling correspond in glory and greatness wit throne and the footstool. God wants a t a habitation;—not merely a tabernacle lik of Moses, or a marble edifice like that of mon,—but a habitation which will h house not made with hands, eternal heavens. This temple is the Church of which is the 'temple of the Holy Ghost; we ourselves, individually, are the t 'Know ye not that your bodies are the t of the Holy Ghost.' (1 Cor. iii. 16; v Thus He spoke of old by His prophet (Is 15): 'I dwell in the high and holy (Yes, He 'inhabiteth eternity'); but it the spirit of the contrite and humble th specially makes His abode. As if look around through the universe for a habi He finds none so suitable, none so glor the broken heart of one of the creatures He has made. Give Him then a ho man; the house which He wants. L dwell in you. Let Him make a templ Let Him manifest His presence and Hi to you.

IV. *Does God want a rest?*—If so, w provide it? Not man. He cannot giv self rest. Only God himself. He fou on the seventh day in the new creation He had pronounced very good. That r disturbed by man's sin; and not till the new creation will God's full rest be ob in a world ransomed by blood, and rest by His power. But meanwhile He is see rest. And where sin is there can be no a holy being. Only where the blood cleanseth sin can He rest. Hence the *alt* the beginning was His place of rest; an wards the tabernacle and temple, wh altar stood. That altar is represented Cross of Christ, so that we may say, th is the resting-place. There God has fou

PALM LEAVES FROM ELIM.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, LATE OF IPSWICH.

'And they came to Elim, where there were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees: and they encamped there by the waters.'—EXOD. xv. 27.

IN Numbers xxxiii. 9, these 'wells' are called 'fountains of waters.' Elim must have been a pleasant spot, and one to which the pilgrim people were no doubt glad to come, nd where they would have liked to remain while.

Elim comes in between two great trials of srael—the first refers to water, the second to ood. At Marah God made the bitter waters o become sweet, and so furnished a present upply; soon after they had left Elim, the manna was sent, and a rock was provided, out of which abundance of water continually flowed. We do not read that a single person out of that vast host perished in the wilderness from thirst or hunger—and yet they nearly all died there —not from want, but through wilfulness, through tempting God, and refusing to trust Him. 'They did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink,' . . . but with many of them God was not well pleased, for they were overthrown in the wilderness. 'Now these things were our examples to the intent we should not lust after evil things, as they also lusted.

But while we admire that large and permanent provision made for Israel in the rock which followed them, and the manna which came fresh every day from the clouds, let us not overlook the temporary refreshment at Elim. Here we have a proof of God's goodness and care, and an encouragement to hope continually in Him. We will just mention a few points suggested by this narrative, which may be considered as *Palm Leaves from Elim.*

I. See how carefully God records the changes attending His people's pilgrimage, and observe also *how* they behave in them. There are many changes in our pilgrim path; there are mercies to be traced and enjoyed; also many temptations to be discovered and resisted; amidst all God is looking on, and reading what we think, feel, and do.

II. The riches of God's goodness are sometimes displayed in very unlikely places. Who would have expected in that stony peninsula so near to Marah, and not far from 'the wilderness of Sin,' to find such a pleasant spot, so many gushing fountains, and such a group of shady palms. God often surprises His people now, as regards His providential dealings; giving them a shady halting-place after an experience of much bitterness, and in prospect of coming trials.

III. We must not expect to rest long at very pleasant spots. Israel's tribes *encamped* here, but they built no city, founded no colony; on, on to Canaan, was *their* motto; onward to the heavenly country should be ours. Elim is pleasant, but it is not 'Paradise.'

IV. The most excellent temporal blessings may soon be counted up and registered. Twelve wells and seventy palm trees describe pleasant Elim; but who can count up the spiritual blessings of God's people! God's 'precious thoughts' are 'more than can be numbered.' The blessings of the covenant of grace are like the sands of the sea, or like the waves that break upon them; yea, like stars of the firmament innumerable, beautiful, and wonderful.

V. Let us thankfully use and never abuse the pleasant gifts of God. Surely the Israelites did not fill up or foul any of those twelve wells out of which they had drank; they did not cut down the friendly trees whose fruit they *plucked*, and under whose shadows they encamped. Use the world as not abusing it, is a good motto for God's people. We should try and bequeath God's blessings to those who come after us.

VI. If we are called to pass by Marah (bitter), we should remember that Elim (reviving) is not far off. These two places are only six miles apart; the former made the latter all the more pleasant and welcome. If we only firmly believe that God will (if it is for our real good) certainly ere long bring us to an Elim, it will keep us from murmuring at Marah, and encourage us to travail on hopefully. Could Naomi have foreseen what a pleasant Elim God was providing for her, and had given her an earnest of in the gentle Ruth, it would have moderated her grief when she cried out

in her anguish, 'God hath dealt very bitterly with me.'

VII. While resting for a time at any Elim, think of it as a shadow and foretaste of what is yet to be revealed. 'The river of life flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb,' 'The tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God,' we hope through grace to gain; and then the wilderness for ever passed, 'the Lamb will lead to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. May not Elim also be considered as foreshowing what God will do for Israel when He again 'brings them into the wilderness, and with them as he did with their fathers' xx. 36). And when he sets His hand the time to recover them. Then Isaiah xlix. 8–11; lv. 12, 13; Hosea ii. 14, 16; vii. 14, 20, with many like words will filled; and Israel shall again 'sing fo in the days of her youth.' All this w prelude to, and a preparation for, a per possession of the whole land prom Abraham. There will then be no more no more murmurings; for those glorio will be fulfilled, 'This people have I for myself, they shall show forth my pr

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

'I TELL you, Percy, it is absurd of papa talking of my getting this exhibition, it is impossible!' exclaimed Guy Linton, on the first evening of the fresh half-year.

'It is not impossible to try, though,' said Percy, quietly.

'Where is the use of trying when there is no chance of success? it is nothing but waste time.'

'Not if it pleases papa,' put in Percy again.

'Papa would be more disappointed if I tried and did not succeed, than if I never tried at all; don't you think so, Ethel?' he added, as Ethel just then entered the room.

'You must tell me what you are talking of before I can give an opinion,' replied Ethel, with a smile.

'Why this is it: the usual terms of the exhibition were given out at school to-day, and papa says I am to try to get it, and he has put my name down on the list. By the way, Percy, whatever possessed you to put your name down? you are not old enough.'

Percy's face flushed, as he bent it lower over the book he was reading.

'I know, Guy: I am not fourteen yet, and of course I have not the least possible chance. But there is no harm in my trying, and the work will be good for me.'

'Oh, well, it may be all well enough for such slow plodding fellows as you, Percy; for my part I want something more exciting; it does not suit me to be always grinding at books, as I have told papa over and over again.'

Percy did not reply to this speech, but a pained expression passed over his face.

'But indeed, Guy,' said Ethel, 'I a you could gain this exhibition if you liked

'So every one tells me,' interrupt brother, 'but I say I cannot, and surely I to be the best judge.'

'I don't think that follows,' said smiling, 'the subjects are not so very di are they, Percy? and the examination d come on until October. And besides, think what a help it would be to papa f to be at Eton for three years, with no exp him whatever, for you know we are very

'There is no need to remind me o Ethel,' replied Guy, drawing himself up dignity that would have done credit to herself, 'I find that out every day. It one immensely in the eyes of other fello I hate to be thought mean. I tell you Ethel,' he continued, becoming sudden cited, 'I hate school and everything bel to it, and I don't care if I never see a book. My heart is on the sea, and if my does not give his consent to my being a I shall go without, some of these days.'

Ethel laid her hand on his arm.

'Dear Guy, do not say so. Try to down quietly in the path papa has chosen fo

'Settle down quietly! how absurdl talk, Ethel,' and Guy flung himself a excitement out of the room.

'I am sorry Guy has got this idea abo sea into his head,' said Ethel, when h gone, 'I am sure papa will never consent

Percy did not answer; and when she at him she saw his face was shaded by his Thinking he was busy, and that she dis him, she was about to leave the room, wh heard a deep sigh. Going up to Per said kindly,

'Guy and I are going for a walk, will you not come with us?'

I would, gladly, Ethel, but I must learn for to-morrow, though I don't feel much ie mood for it.'

Then leave it, Percy, and come out,' said il, trying to draw the book away, but Percy ented her.

No, that would not be right, and I may have time in the morning; besides, one ld *make* one's self learn, and it was not ;ether the lesson that troubled me.'

What, then?'

Partly what Guy said. I am foolish to , but I cannot help it sometimes. I know he fellows think me slow and stupid; if only knew how hard it is sometimes to : to books when I would so much rather be g something else, but I should never get hing done if I didn't. I don't know why I »othering you with this, Ethel,' he added different tone, looking up at her as she over him.

Because I want to hear it, Percy,' was the r.

When you have finished helping Percy his lessons, I shall be glad of your com- r, Ethel,' said Guy, opening the door suffi- ly to put his head in, 'really I am quite »s; remember I am the favourite in this e,'—a distinction which all were willing to t him.

I shall be ready in a minute,' was Ethel's r, as she ran past him up the stairs.

Guy's mood had changed when his sister d him. His excitment had passed, and he quiet enough now. The object of their was to search for wild flowers, for Ethel begun to study botany, and Guy helped with it—it was one of the few pursuits that ired for.

Guy,' said Ethel, when they had turned faces homewards again, 'I do wish you d give up all thought of the sea, and try ease papa.'

Oh, Ethel, no, I cannot indeed. It would no use, for I could not get on with any- ; else. If papa would only see that, and ae be a sailor,—for the sea has been my n ever since I can remember. The beauti- great ships that come into the docks at worth, have such a charm for me, you don't ; even to see them makes me scarcely r how to contain myself. No, if I am ever for anything it will be as a sailor, nothing

Then why not tell papa so, and ask him to his consent to your trying it?'

It would be of no use,' replied Guy, shak- is head, 'you know that as well as I do, l. Papa means me to succeed him in the il, I know, but Percy may do that, I never

You can't chain a fellow's ideas down ings as you choose.'

No, but the fellow may chain them down lf. Now, honestly, Guy, don't you think if you were really to try to turn away your hts from the sea, and not let yourself think it, you would be able to get on much ?'

'I might as well try to fly!' he exclaimed, impetuously, and then added more quietly, 'but I suppose you are right, Ethel. I suppose it is the will that is wanting, for that is what you mean. And yet if it is wanting, I don't see that it makes much difference.'

'But, dear Guy, I am sure we ought not to follow our own will in that way. If a thing is right we ought to do it, whether we like it or not. I am sure aunt Ethel would say so.'

'Oh, come now, Ethel, we don't want aunt Ethel's notions here. It may be all very well at Feversham, but here we can do without them.'

'Aunt Ethel has taught me a great deal I should never have learnt, but for her,' replied Ethel, with a sigh.

They walked on for a little way in silence, and then Guy burst forth with—

'If I were like Percy now, Ethel, I should just give up all thoughts of the sea, and stick to the road my father means me to walk in. I never saw such a fellow as Percy is! let him once be convinced a thing is right, and he will stick to it through thick and thin, in spite of everybody. I honour him for it, and sometimes I wish I were like him.'

'Then why don't you try to be, Guy? wishing alone won't do any good.'

'You can't alter people's nature, Ethel: if I thought one thing right one day I should probably think just the opposite the next. Percy and I are as different as chalk and cheese. I act from the impulse of the moment. Percy considers well, and is by far the best fellow in the end. But I am as I am, and there's the end of it.'

'And you won't even try to be better, Guy? But I wanted to say this: you surely did not mean what you said before we set out—about going without papa's consent; you won't do that, surely, Guy?'

'No, I don't mean to do it at present: I can't say what I may do if papa keeps in the same mind. And I would even try what I could do for this exhibition, only that I just remember that in a fit of generosity the other day, I gave away my Euclid to a poor fellow who had not one.'

'That was not right, Guy, when papa has so much trouble to get us books.'

'No, but one cannot always think of that; it seems so mean to have to consider whether one can afford to give this or that.'

Ethel said no more, but her face wore a thoughtful expression, and they pursued the rest of their walk in silence.

Percy was upstairs in the workshop when they returned—that which had formerly been the nursery—for Ethel had effected the exchange,—and when she had removed her hat, she sought him there: for somehow Percy had risen in her estimation during her talk with Guy.

'Well, Percy, will this machine ever be finished?' she asked, on entering.

'Oh, I am not doing that now: I have put that aside for awhile, but I hope to finish it some time. I am busy with this;' and he showed her a drawing he had made of an in-

genious kind of garden-seat, which Ethel had described to him from one she had seen at Feversham.

'Oh, Percy, you will be clever if you can make that,' she exclaimed.

'I have no doubt I can make it, if this drawing be right; and then it will be ready for our garden next summer, Ethel.'

'You are very good to take so much trouble to please me, Percy.'

'Oh, I enjoy it. Have you had a pleasant walk?'

'Oh, yes. We have found a great many flowers, and we have had a good long talk. We have been talking partly about you, Percy.'

'About me!' exclaimed Percy, looking up in surprise, 'you might have had a better subject. I am afraid you would not find much good to say of me.'

'Yes, indeed, we did. Guy said he honoured you, and he wished he were like you.'

'Like me!' repeated Percy, his face flushing all over; 'Guy, who is everybody's favourite, like me! I am sure I should not wish it, whatever he would.'

'But I should, Percy. I am afraid Guy is all impulse and no principle.'

'Nay, Ethel, you must not judge him hardly. Guy is a good true-hearted fellow at the bottom, and he does not always mean all he says.'

'I admire Guy as much as you do, Percy,' replied Ethel, smiling; 'but I don't think he would have stayed in to learn a lesson if he wished to go out.'

'Oh, because Guy can learn his lessons in no time almost, when he likes; and besides, it is so different with him, everybody wants him always.'

The words were spoken with a sigh, and Percy turned again to his work, as if he would rather not say any more.

'We could none of us do without our patient Percy,' said Ethel, stooping over him, and kissing his forehead.

Percy looked up in surprise.

'Oh Ethel, sometimes I think no one cares for me at all. And no wonder, for I am such a stupid fellow, as Guy says. But I don't know why I am talking in this way to you; I generally keep my thoughts to myself.'

'Dear old Percy, you must not do so any longer then, if they are like this; for I am sure it is not true. Every one who knows you, loves you, and I am sure your perseverance is wonderful. Papa has often said so, and you know what Guy calls you, P. P., persevering Percy.'

'My perseverance costs me a good deal sometimes, though,' replied Percy, with a faint smile, 'and if it were not for one thing, I think I should often give up in despair. But, hark!' he continued in a different tone, 'there is mamma calling, Ethel, don't you hear?'

'Yes,' replied Ethel, with a clouded brow, 'it is something about those tiresome children. I do not think I shall go. I would much rather stay and talk to you. Surely they can take care of themselves for awhile.'

Percy looked up with quiet determ

'Yes, you will go, Ethel; yo There, mamma is calling again, run!'

'Must I, indeed!' said Ethel, in an tone; 'if I go, it is because I choose :' walked slowly out of the room, carr dignity with her.

Percy did not return to his work imm He leaned his face on his hands, and and his thoughts had reference to Ethel. Was she really altered or not? times he fancied that her visit had m difference in her, but whether it wer not, he could scarcely tell. He had the point of revealing some of his thoughts and feelings, and of the earn pose of his life, which he always kept in his own breast. He was almost g that he had not done so, for though yearned for sympathy, he was not s Ethel would be ready to give it.

Young as he was, Percy Linton h that

> 'Life is real, life is earnest,
> And the grave is not its goal.

He did not act from mere impulse, brother Guy. Let him once be convin a thing was right, and ought to be d he would go through with it, at whate to himself; and though his schoolfellows at his plodding ways, they all respected agreed that he was a thoroughly good fel

It was certainly no pleasant task t Linton had for her daughter. Mar asked for permission to go and see her and the little ones had in consequenc later than usual; but as Martha did not Mrs Linton wished Ethel would prep for bed.

It was with a bad grace that Et sented, for the children were wilder a unruly than ever—little Archie especia even after he was in his cot, could not quiet, and his sister had to sit beside h he fell asleep. All the time Ethel wa ing over Percy's speech. It had woun pride, that her younger brother shoul of *must* to her. Surely she knew bet he did what was right and wrong, thought about it so much that Percy's observation was magnified into a deep and resented accordingly.

When at length she went down to lour, her face showed but too plainl humour within. Guy and Percy, a Gertie were the only ones there. Eth to none of them, but took a book f table, and settled herself to read.

'There's Ethel gone off into one moods,' whispered Guy to Gertie, wh beside him—but the whisper was a p audible one—'I thought she had left at Feversham.'

'I know what has vexed her,' replie aloud, 'she had a letter from Fevers morning, and I should not wonder i Ethel has been scolding her.'

Ethel went on with her reading, and took no notice of what was said, but she thought of the letter to which Gertie alluded, and of the loving and affectionate counsel and advice that it contained. Was she following it? But she was in no humour to answer the question then.

'Come Ethel, wake up,' said Guy, going up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, 'don't make other people uncomfortable as well as yourself.'

'If by other people you mean yourself, Guy, I do not see that I interfere with your comfort in the least, though you do with mine considerably,' replied Ethel, without raising her eyes from her book.

'Guy,' called Percy, 'come round here; I want to show you such a rich thing in the newspaper. Do leave Ethel alone,' he added in a lower tone, as Guy bent over him, 'don't you see she wants to be quiet.'

I see she is in an ill temper,' replied Guy, and then he left the room whistling, and forgot all about it.

Percy looked across to where Ethel was sitting, but the cloud was still there, so he judged it best to say nothing. It was not until remarking the peculiar coldness of Ethel's good-night kiss, that it occurred to Percy that he could in any way be the cause of her ill-humour, and then he remembered the unfortunate word he had used. So he followed her upstairs to the door of her room.

'Ethel, I do believe it is I who have vexed you, if it is what I said about your going to mamma, I am sure I am very sorry.'

'Oh, it is of no consequence,' was the lofty reply, 'I suppose it is all right for you to order me about in that manner,' and she went in and shut the door, leaving Percy standing outside.

But when alone, Ethel's feelings cooled down, and she saw how wrong she had been—indeed she had felt that all along, though she would not own it. She took out her aunt's letter, and read it over again; and the tears stood in her eyes when she came to the words:

'I hope my darling Ethel is *growing* in the right direction. Do not be discouraged at all the faults and failings. Jesus knows them all and He will help you to conquer them.'

'Oh, auntie!' exclaimed Ethel, 'if you knew all, you would hardly bid me hope. To think of my getting into a bad temper for such a little thing, and when I thought I was never going to be cross any more. I suppose that was it. I was not thinking of it, so it came. And yet I never used to care about it, and I do now, very much,' she added, with a long sigh.

Ethel's prayer that night was an earnest one for grace to strive against what she was beginning to see was her besetting sin—this readiness to take offence, and slowness in forgiving—in fact, the Feversham temper, of which, in time past, she had been almost proud.

(*To be continued.*)

True Piety.

TO be the thing we seem;
To do the thing we deem
Enjoined by duty:
To walk in faith, nor dream
Of questioning God's scheme
Of truth and beauty;

Casting self-love aside,
Discarding human pride,
Our hearts to measure:
In humble hope to bide
Each change in fortune's tide,
At God's good pleasure;

To trust, although deceived;
Tell truth though not believed;
Falsehood disdaining:
Patient of ills received,
To pardon when aggrieved,
Passion restraining;

With love no wrongs can chill
To save, unwearied still
The weak from falling;
This is to do God's will
On earth—and to fulfil
Our heavenly calling.

—*Horæ Poeticæ.*

MODERN PROSE TRIED BY SCRIPTURE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

A WRITER, who appears still to exercise no small influence over the minds of educated people, is Thomas Carlyle. His most popular work seems to be one entitled 'Sartor Resartus' (The Tailor Patched), a book of 182 pages of close small type, which, he thinks, contains some 'plums' of 'spiritual nourishment.'

Under the guise of a German Professor, Carlyle seems to give us, in these pages, his own biography and thoughts; though I am chiefly concerned here with his religious views and teachings.

Book I. contains eleven chapters (48 pages) about the outward appearance of things being their garments, language the clothing of thought, pictures of a naked society, announcements of 'space and time being but a mode of our human sense,' and our 'me' being the only reality; and nature 'but the reflex of *our own* inward force'—life, but a dreaming and somnambulism!

Book II. (77 pages of close print) is autobiographical, and the only interesting portion of the book. His birth is thus announced—'To breed a fresh soul, is it not like brooding a fresh celestial egg . . . out of vague sensations grows thought, fantasy, and force; and we have philosophies, dynasties, nay, poetries, and religions.' Compare this 'celestial egg' with the Bible account of the natural man, 'conceived in sin,' with 'every imagination of the thoughts of his heart only evil continually,' spoiled 'through philosophy and vain deceit' and 'science falsely so called,' forming 'religions' by 'vain imaginations and foolish darkened heart, of gods many and lords many' (Ps. li. 5; John iii. 6; Gal. vi. 8; Gen. vi. 5; viii. 21; Mat. xv. 19; John i. 13; 1 Peter iv. 23; Rom. ix. 16; Col. ii. 8; 1 Tim. vi. 20, 21; Ps. xlix. 11-20; ix. 5; Prov. x. 7; Num. vi. 27; Eph. iii. 15; Rev. iii. 12; xiv. 1; Rom. i. 21-32; iii. 9-18; Micah iv. 5; 1 Cor. viii. 5, 6; Jas. i. 25-27). He acknowledges the 'all-but omnipotence of culture and nurture,' and that 'obedience is our universal duty and destiny' (Prov. xxii. 6; Eph. vi. 4; Gen. xviii. 19; Deut. vi. 7; 2 Cor. x. 5).

As to religion, he says, 'my mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine, though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation Religious. The highest whom I knew on earth (mother) I here saw bowed down with awe unspeakable before a higher in heaven; such things, especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being; mysteriously does a holy of holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps; and reverence, the divinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean envelopment of fear' (p. 61).

In passing let me say that it mu heart,' and with 'faith,' for witho impossible to please God;' and tl of God's Spirit must make us th God,' and 'holy' (John i. 13; iii. viii. 1, 17; Heb. xi. 6; 1 Cor. ii 2 Cor. vi. 16).

When the author speaks c springing from its mean envelopr he must mean *superstition;* for s reverence and godly fear ever go we are told that to serve God must be 'with reverence and godl xii. 28), as well as with 'goodwil which worketh by love' (Eph. vi. while 'perfect love casteth out (1 John iv. 18), godly fear, or tl Lord is 'the beginning of wisdom, dom' (Ps. cxi. 10; Job xxviii. 28), 'perfect holiness' and 'prolong a 'fountain of life,' tending to honour,' and by it 'men depart fr at last attain to the 'reward' of t Judge, whose 'salvation is nigh fear him,' and His 'mercy is on tl will 'fulfil their desire' (2 Cor. xiv. 26, 27; xvi. 6; xxii. 4; Rev lxxxv. 9; ciii. 17; cxlv. 19; I whereas 'the wicked and all wh are always described as having 'n before their eyes' (Rom. iii. 18) we ask the Lord, 'teach me thy my heart to fear thy name' (P lxxxvi. 11).

Reflecting on death, he says, ones that already sleep in the noi *rest* . . . yet a little while and we *there*, and our mother's bosom will (p. 65-6). Does he mean 'mothe the 'grave?' If so, how does he will be a bed of *rest?* Look a stricken one, he has no rest thoug while the hale one on the nex soundly, and rests, and rises refr labours of the day! So there a 'sleep in Jesus' where 'the wear and who are 'truly blessed and r labours,' and who 'wait for the co Lord' (1 Thes. iv. 14-18; Luke xi. 28, 29; Heb. iii. 9; I Luke xii. 36; 1 Cor. xv. 23); others who have died and 'lift being in torment,' and find no 'fearful looking for of judgme indignation' (Luke xvi. 23; Heb lvii. 21; Rev. xiv. 11; vi. 16; x. 27).

Carlyle gives a ludicrous ac University Professors and their t of his hard study there—which h minds us of Dr James Hend instructive 'life' has just bee

Carlyle tells of his 'paroxysms of doubt; inquiries concerning miracles and the evidences of religious faith,' and how he 'cast himself before the All-seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently for light, for deliverance from death and the grave;' and he adds, 'not till after long years, and unspeakable agonies, did the *believing* heart surrender, sink into spell-bound sleep, under the nightmare, *unbelief*; and in this hag-ridden dream, mistake God's fair living world for a pallid vacant Hades, and extinct pandemonium: but through such purgatory-pain it is appointed us to pass; first must the dead letter of religion own itself dead, and drop piecemeal into dust, if the living spirit of religion, freed from this its charnel-house, is to arise on us, newborn of heaven, and with new healing under its wings' (p. 70–1).

In this parody on Scripture language, one would wish to know whether the author has any spiritual Bible-meaning under this curious phraseology; whether he means that his belief was *once* only a dead faith (Jas. ii. 17-20), and a repentance that needed to be repented of (2 Cor. vii. 10; Heb. ix. 14), and that in this state he cried to the Omniscient God, who is a 'consuming fire;' and that only for deliverance from hell and not for salvation *from sin*, instead of to the 'reconciled God in Christ,' pleading 'in the name of Christ,' and giving heavenly 'reasons' why he should be heard and graciously answered (Heb. xii. 29; Mat. i. 21; 2 Cor. v. 19; Acts x. 43; John xx. 31; 1 Cor. vi. 11; Isa. i. 18; xli. 21; Job xiii. 3)?—and that therefore, for want of this 'living way' he failed and sunk under doubt and unbelief (Heb. x. 20; John xiv. 6); but that afterwards he was 'quickened,' and enabled with 'broken and contrite heart' and 'godly sorrow' to come nigh to God 'the justifier of the ungodly,' and 'receiving the atonement' obtained 'remission of sin and repentance unto life' from Christ his Lord; and so was led to cast away his 'filthy rags of self-righteousness;' and clothed in the righteousness of Christ, and led by His Spirit, was made 'free' from the fear of death and the bondage of sin and Satan, to 'serve the Lord in newness of spirit' as a child of God able to 'do all things through Christ strengthening him,' (Eph. ii. 1; Ps. li. 17; 2 Cor. vii. 10; Rom. iii. 26; iv. 5; v. 6, 11; Acts v. 31; Isa lxiv. 6; Rev. iii. 18; vii. 14; Isa lxi. 10; 1 Cor. i. 30; Phil. iii. 9; Gal. v. 1; 2 Cor. iii. 17, 18; John viii. 32, 36; Rom. vi. 16, 18; Heb. ii. 14, 15; Gal. iv. 3-ix. 19; 2 Peter ii. 18-20; Acts viii. 23; xxvi. 18; Jas. iii. 15; John viii. 44; 1 John iii. 8, 10; Rom. vii. 6; xxiv. 25; Phil. iv. 13). If Carlyle means this, then let him use Bible language i.e. the Lord's own good language, so as it be used with sincerity, as before the Lord, it will not be 'cant.'

Here, in the University (of Edinburgh), he contracted a friendship with an Englishman, 'a person of quality—but of total ignorance—for he knew nothing except boxing and a little grammar,' who introduced Carlyle to high society—of whom more hereafter.

He says, he found it a hard problem to discover by study of himself, and the ground he stood on (circumstances) what his combined, inward, and outward capability specially was (p. 74). However, he seems to have entered the legal profession, but confesses that 'hunger' forced him to give it up; he then earned something 'by translating,' German I suppose, but became sour and sarcastic—as to which he admits that 'sarcasm in general is the language of the devil' (p. 80). About this time, he says very truly, 'I imagined it was with work alone, and not also with folly and sin in myself and others, that I had been appointed to struggle.' And adds, 'capabilities were in me to give battle, in some small degree, against the great Empire of Darkness... Truly, a thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a shudder through the Nether Empire; and new emissaries are trained, with new tactics to entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him' (p. 73). Did he think of 1 Kings xxii. 21-23? But what if this very sentence of his was written under the 'hoodwink,' and a *smile* ran through the Courts of that Empire? So far from the Prince of Darkness being troubled, he is delighted to have such *sharp* tools to work with in the world, as 'thinking men.' Does he not say 'ye shall be as gods *knowing* good and evil;' and has he not used such eminent intellects as Byron and Burns, both by precept and example, to teach much grievous evil? Ah! Carlyle, do you not remember that 'the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God,' and that the 'thoughts of the wise are vain,' and shall 'perish' (1 Cor. iii. 18-20; Isa. xxix. 14)? And to what end have been your own thinkings and teachings? Think you that you are able to overcome the 'strong one,' who can 'sift you as wheat,' twist you about like a child, and 'take you captive at his will,' without the 'Stronger than he,' the Captain of our Salvation, who alone can lead you, and teach and enable you 'to fight the good fight of faith,' not with 'fleshly wisdom,' but with 'wisdom from above,' whereby we know the 'devices of Satan,' and with 'the sword of the spirit which is the word of God,' and the rest of the spiritual panoply with which He arms us for the fight 'with spiritualities and powers,' and 'having done all, to stand,' finally making us 'more than conquerors through Him that loved us' (Luke xi. 22; xxii. 31; 2 Tim. ii. 26; Heb. ii. 10; xiii. 6; 1 Tim. vi. 12; 2 Cor. i. 12; x. 4, 5; Jas. iii. 17; 2 Cor. ii. 11; Eph. vi. 10-18; 1 John ii. 13, 14; Rom. viii. 37). It is not then a 'thinking man' as such, but a 'man of faith,' who will be able to 'resist the Devil and make him flee' (Jas. iv. 7; 1 Peter v. 9). 'Thus saith the Lord, let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this that he *understandeth and knoweth me*, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these

things I delight saith the Lord' (Jer. ix. 23, 24).

Carlyle tells us how he fell in love with a young, beautiful, and high-born, but dependent lady; how he became eloquent in her presence, and silenced and put to flight another dialectic visitor; but one morning she said, in a tremulous voice, 'they were to meet no more.' He became restless and a wanderer. One day 'a gay barouche-and-four' passed him, with a newly married pair hastening to England; these were his English friend and his late sweetheart, with 'slight unrecognising salutation they passed me:' 'the stab of false friendship and of false love' drove him wild, and he fled his country; *unrest*, he says, haunted and chased him from place to place—in relating this, he becomes a vulgar swearer *in German*.

'Full of religion or at least of *religiosity*,' as he says he has 'since exhibited himself,' he then became wholly 'irreligious;' 'doubt had darkened into unbelief,' so that 'for a pure moral nature, the loss of his religious belief was the loss of everything:' and yet he adds, 'perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the servant of goodness, the servant of God, *than even now when doubting God's existence*' (p. 98–100)! By 'religion' he means 'religiosity;' and as he applies that word indiscriminately to Mahomet, etc., I infer the real meaning to be 'superstition' (Acts xvii. 22), or reverencing a God of your own mental forming, and not the God of the Bible, the only true God revealed in Christ (1 Cor. viii. 5, 6). And was the religion, described in pages 61 and 71, of this 'religiosity' kind? Poor stuff it is—easily lost and sliding into unbelief—*e.g.* at the French Revolution. But he says, he was never more godly than when he was godless! for to be the 'servant of God' is to 'walk with God,' to have 'godliness,' and how can that be possible when you 'doubt God's existence?' (Heb. xi. 6)—except it be in the sense of the devil, and all evil-doers being restrained in their course, being forced to bow and obey, and their evil being turned by God to good effects, their wrath to His praise, the curse into a blessing (Phil. ii. 10, 11; Rev. xi. 13; xv. 4; 1 Pet. ii. 12; 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16; Ps. lxxvi. 10; Neh. xiii. 2; Rom. viii. 28). Still he avers he ever had a 'genuine love of truth,' and in conduct 'the infinite nature of duty was dimly present to me; living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft... *in my heart He was present*' (p. 100). No, emphatically, no, Carlyle! God could not be present in your heart while you were 'living without God' and in 'unbelief of His existence;' He dwells 'with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit, and trembleth at his word' (Isa. lvii. 15; lxvi. 2; see note, p. 61). You *may* say, 'the work of the law was written in your heart and your conscience also bore witness,' and you had had Christian training, and Christ 'giveth light to every man that cometh into the world' (Rom. ii. 15; John i. 9). Of truthfulness and duty as between man and man, a mental or moral thing,—this may, though lopsided, consist *without* the fear and love of God: but as to any true, spiritual, sen obligation, this cannot be without faith in

He is not content with Aristotle's sa that 'the end of man is an *action* and not a *tho* but adds, that to 'know thyself,' must be t lated into '*know what thou canst work at;* concludes with, 'the fearful unbelief is *w in yourself*.' As to the first, the more k process is that thoughts and feelings le speech and action, 'out of the abundance c heart the mouth speaketh' (Luke vi. 45); he forgets his Scotch catechism, 'man's *chi* is to glorify God (in thought, word, and d and to enjoy him for ever.' True, 'he tha do the will of God shall know of the doct (John vii. 17), which implies that he must the will to be able to do it. To 'know wha can work at,' you must 'know yourself,' powers and capacities, as Carlyle had alr found, for he had to study *himself* and hi cumstances to know what his capability spec was (p. 74). So also in higher things temporal, we need to search and examine selves (2 Cor. xiii. 5; 1 Kings viii. 38; lxxvii. 6; 1 Cor. xi. 36; 1 Pet. iv. 11; 2 x. 12, etc.) But what does he mean by 'unb in yourself?' There is such a thing as a mo estimate of your own powers (Rom. xii. 3) might even allow a due self-reliance, which de mines to *try* to perform duty however diffi or forbidding; but there is, too, a self-tru self-sufficiency, a self-conceit, which think self invincible and immaculate, and will brook the opinion or judgment of others. fear of any 'fearful' result from 'unbelie yourself;' but rather much fear from the oppo characteristic. Happy the man who has confidence in the flesh,' and knows that his 'f ficiency is of God' (Jer. xvii. 5; Phil. iii. 3; xxv. 9; cxviii. 8; cxlvi. 3, 5; Job xx. 22; P xxviii. 26; 2 Cor. ii. 16; iii. 5; xii. 9).*

He proceeds, This 'bitter protracted de agony' (of unbelief either in God or in him lasted 'through long years'—he lived 'in a tinual indefinite pining fear'—till one da the streets of Paris the thought arose, 'W *art* thou afraid of?... let it come, then, I will it and defy it'—he wished the arch-devil self to rise, that he might tell him a little o mind: the devil, he says, said to him, 'Tho

* A curious circumstance in connection with teaching occurred in June last, in the case of s named Rodger, who was convicted in Edinbur 'falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition,' on jew and condemned to eight years' penal servitude; i course of his defence he referred to Carlyle's teac and a letter from the author to the convict, dated years before, was published, which ran thus: 'U stand always that the end of man is an action, thought. Endeavour incessantly with all the str that is in you to ascertain what—there where yo there as you are—you can do in this world; and that bend your whole faculties; regarding all rel feelings, singular thoughts, moods, etc., as nothing whatever, except as they bear on that will help you towards that. . . . No man ever u stood this universe; each man may understand good and manful work it lies with him to accom there. "Cheer up, there's gear to win you never so says the old song; and I can say no more to

thereless, outcast, and the universe is mine,' which his whole '*me*' now made answer, 'I am not thine, but *free*, and *for ever hate thee*.' He concludes, 'It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual new-birth' (p. 102, 3). A grin, sardonic, must have run through the lower courts at this defiance, and this idea of 'spiritual new-birth.' It is a kind of semi-blasphemy to make light of the devil; it is Burns' way of treating Satan as half real and half imaginary, a kind of *malicious bogle;* the Scripture view is very different of the great 'adversary,' and of spiritualities and powers,' 'the god of this world,' who 'had the power of death,' in whom the whole world lieth in wickedness.' I suppose it quite consists with hell and its spirit, the place and the feelings there prevalent, to hate and *defy* Satan. 'Yet Michael, the archangel, when contending with the devil, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee' (Jude 9). If you wish to learn more of the 'depths of Satan,' and of the 'liberty wherewith Christ doth make us free,' and worketh 'fruits of righteousness' out of us, consult besides the passages quoted in notes pp. 71 and 73, the following—Matt. xiii. 39; Luke viii. 12; x. 18, 19; John vi. 70; viii. 44; xii. 31; xiii. 2; xiv. 30; Acts v. 3; x. 38; xix. 15, 16; Rom. xvi. 20; 1 Cor. x. 20; 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4; xi. 4; Eph. ii. 2, 3; iv. 27; vi. 11, 12; 2 Thess. ii. 9; 1 Tim. iii. 6, 7; iv. 1; Heb. ii. 14; Jas. ii. 19; iv. 7; etc.

But, notwithstanding his 'spiritual new birth,' he was troubled with 'unrest' still; yet he thinks his wanderings and meditations were fruitful—'for the matter of spiritual culture, if for nothing else, perhaps few periods of his life were richer than this'—to prove which he again talks blasphemously, or vulgarly in German—and says he had arrived at the point of '*indifference*' (p. 111–2). Episodically, he tells how he kept a Russian smuggler at bay with a horse-pistol; to which he afterwards refers as proof that he did not share the Peace Society's principles. He proceeds: 'The God-given mandate, "work thou in well-doing," must burn forth in our conduct a visible acted Gospel of freedom;' and he now thinks his 'shadow-hunted pilgrimings,' before the turning point in the streets of Paris, 'were but some purifying temptations in the wilderness.' The mandate and work of God is to 'believe on Him whom He hath sent' (John vi. 28, 29), upon which will surely follow *true* well-doing, 'every good word and work' of faith; for 'the love of Christ will constrain' believers to this, and to 'commit the keeping of their souls to Him in *well-doing*, as unto a faithful Creator' (2 Cor. v. 8; 1 Thes. iii. 12, 13; 2 Thes. ii. 16, 17; Titus ii. 11–14; Heb. xiii. 20, 21; 2 Cor. v. 14; 1 Peter iv. 19; Eph. ii. 10); and then their reflected 'light will *so* shine before men as to glorify their Father,' and they will prove themselves to be living 'epistles of Christ, written by the Spirit of the living God, known and read of all men' (Matt. v. 16; 2 Cor. iii. 3). The life of Christ is the only 'visible acted Gospel of freedom;' and we can but be witnesses thereto, and of the 'begetting' and 'saving' power of the 'Gospel of Christ, and of the grace of God' (Acts xx. 24; Rom. i. 16; 1 Cor. iv. 15; Eph. i. 13). Such a witness would never compare certain wild 'pilgrimmings' to our blessed Lord's 'temptation in the wilderness.'

At last, as he lay in that centre of indifference, 'the heavy dreams rolled gradually away,' and I awoke to a new heaven and a new earth. The first preliminary moral act, *annihilation* of *self*, had been happily accomplished, and my mind's eyes were now unsealed and its hands ungyved.' Now he felt as on serene mountain tops, and exclaims, 'O nature, art thou not the living garment of God?—O heavens, is it in very deed *He* that ever speaks through thee, that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in *me*. Foreshadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that truth . . . (what?) fell mysteriously over my soul . . . that Evangel—the universe is . . . godlike, and my Father's. With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow-men with an infinite love, an infinite pity . . . O my brother, my brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes? . . . Man, even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him, brother. Thus,' he exclaims, 'was I standing in the porch of that "sanctuary of sorrow"; by strange steep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the "divine depth of sorrow" lie disclosed to me' (pp. 114–5).

All this sounds like a mixture of Scripture language, with Oriental exaggeration of mere sentiment. Carlyle's 'new heaven and new earth' does not appear to be that 'wherein dwelleth righteousness,' nor that 'all things had become new to him,' by reason of his being a 'new creature (creation) in Christ Jesus' (2 Pet. iii. 13; Rev. xxi. 1, 5; 2 Cor. v. 17; Eph. iv. 23, 24; 1 Cor. v. 7; etc.). Probably he merely means that fresh scenes and bracing air had reinvigorated his nervous system, and made him feel rather exhilarated, and kindly toward nature and to man. Nature is God's 'handiwork,' and the heavens 'declare his glory,' but 'as a vesture they shall be folded up, be changed, and perish' (Heb. i. 10, etc.); such things are not the 'living garment of God,' who is clothed with 'righteousness and salvation, majesty and honour' (Isa. xi. 5; lix. 17, lxi. 10; Job xxix. 14; Ps. xcvii. 2; civ. 1); nor does He 'live and love in nature,' but He 'dwells with the humble spirit,' and makes His 'abode' with him who loves Jesus, and abides in Him (John xiv. 23; xv. 4, etc.; Isa. lvii. 15; Rom. viii. 9, 11; Eph. iii. 17; 2 Cor. vi. 16, etc.; John vi. 56; 1 John iv. 12–16). Such an one first gives himself to the Lord, and then to his fellow-sinners for the Lord's sake (2 Cor. viii. 5, etc.); in doing so he does not 'annihilate' himself, but realizes himself more and more in Christ, in his duties and loving service to his Lord, who 'opens the eyes of his understanding' to 'know all things' (Luke xxiv. 44; Eph. i. 18; 1 John ii. 20; v. 20). Only such an one, 'born of the Spirit,' 'quickened

together with Christ,' 'led by the Spirit,' 'one with the Son of God,' having the Spirit of Christ,' and the 'spirit of adoption,' can call God his Father, and know, 'by faith, that the worlds were (not "godlike," but) were framed by the Word of God' (John i. 13; iii. 3, etc.; Eph. ii. 5–22; Rom. viii. 1, 9, 14–17; Gal. iv. 5, 6, 7; John xvii. 21, 23; Heb. xi. 3; Col. i. 16, 17). It is true that God, as Creator, is the 'Father of spirits,' of fallen angels as well as of men; but no sinner, any more than devils, can claim Him as 'my Father,' as Jesus did, except he be 'in Christ Jesus our Lord,' 'of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named,' as one of His 'brethren,' 'begotten' in Him, and as having been 'made nigh by the blood of Christ,' and having 'received the atonement' he can look to God as his reconciled Father (John xx. 17; Luke viii. 21; Matt. xi. 27; John xvi. 27; Rom. viii. 29; 1 Cor. iv. 15; 2 Cor. v. 18, 19; Eph. i. 22, 23; iii. 11, 14, 15; iv. 6, 15; Heb. ii. 10, 11; xii. 7; Col. ii. 19; 1 John i. 3, 15, 23, 24; iv. 7; ii. 24; v. 1, 4, 18; 2 John ix.; 1 John iii. 12; Eph. ii. 13; Rom. v. 11). Can you *so* call God your Father, Carlyle? If so, not only is it your Father's universe, but yours too; for 'if the Spirit of God dwell in you, all things are yours,' etc. (1 Cor. iii. 16, 21–23). If so, you need not be moaning over your brother-sinner, and wish to shelter him in *your* bosom and wipe away his tears, but bring him to the Saviour of sinners, who is a 'friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' whose love and pity is infinite (though yours can't be), and who is both able and willing (while you are not) to 'gather them under his wings,' and to 'save them to the uttermost,' and for ever 'wipe away all tears from their eyes'—who 'once suffered for sins, the *just for* the *unjust*, that he might bring us to God' (Prov. xviii. 24; Isa. lxiii. 9; Ps. ciii. 13; Jas. v. 11; Luke xiii. 34; xix. 41; 1 Tim. ii. 4; 2 Pet. iii. 9; Heb. vii. 25; Rev. vii. 17; xxi. 4; 1 Pet. iii. 18). If so, you would not talk in a mystical romantic way about sorrow, but in a practical way feel for fellow-sinners, as Moses, Abraham, David, or Paul did, who became 'all things to all men, that he might by all means save some.' And while looking at the unsurpassed griefs of 'the man of sorrows,' whom you by your sins have 'pierced,' you will 'mourn on account of your sins,' and quit them, and tell your fellow-men 'what the Lord hath done for your soul' (Ex. xxxii. 32; Gen. xviii. 32; 2 Sam. xxiv. 17; Jer. ix. 1; Phil. iii. 18; 1 Cor. ix. 19–22; etc.

(*To be continued.*)

TEMPER.

Temper, according to Webster, when applied to the mind, has reference to the disposition, or constitution of the mind, particularly with regard to the passions and affections. Hence we say of a man, that he has a calm, a hasty, or a fretful temper. There is nothing that requires more discipline and control in man than what we call *temper*. It is the duty of the Christian to curb his temper, and discipline it into 'the meekness and gentleness of Christ.'

Most persons, after they have been converted, have enough of the 'old Adam' remaining in them to need a good share of 'the wisdom that is from above,' about which St James tells us, to make them 'gentle,' and Christlike, or as 'wise as serpents, and harmless as doves,' to tone down the harsh and sharp key-note of their temper into the gentle and milder key-note of the Gospel.

Some persons have a mild and gentle disposition or temper by nature. They do not require as large a measure of divine grace and heavenly wisdom as others of a petulant temper and a passionate nature, to adorn them with the befitting gentleness of Christians. Some, again, seem to be unfortunately constituted. They are made of a very rough texture, harsh and unpliant, the grain of their whole being seems to run crosswise, as if woven in a crooked loom. They are morose, sour, crabbed in their dispositions. They are a kind of *porcupine* Christian. The quills of their temper are always sharp and erect, and you cannot come near them without getting hurt. They are so unamiable that they have but few friends. They never have a smile, a kind look, a gentle look for any body. They are like 'the dead fly in the apothecary's ointment,' and their savour is just as bad. They are the same at home, in society, in the church, and everywhere. Why God converts them, if He really does, and leaves the more gentle and clement in nature in their sins, is an inscrutable mystery, unless it be to display 'the exceeding riches of His grace in kindness toward them,' or to try the faith and patience of the saints. They need divine wisdom in great abundance to give them another spirit, in order to make them passable Christians, or to make any one believe that they are Christians at all.

Then, again, there are some who seem never to make any effort to govern their temper. They fly in a passion, and kindle into a rage at the most trifling word or thing that provokes them. Even the slightest shadow of offence, and sometimes the very imagination of a shadow stirs up the hottest anger within them, and it breaks out into what Horace styles 'a short madness.' They are a kind of *gunpowder* Christian, a magazine of passion, and are always in danger of an explosion, and of blowing up every body, and every thing about them. They need a large endowment of 'the wisdom that is from above,' to keep Lucifer out of the way with his matches, and to resist his incendiary sparks—to tame down, and make peaceable and gentle their wild, fierce, and turbulent nature, that they may become forbearing, slow to anger, courteous, and gentle. Such persons, if they had sufficient grace, and divine wisdom

ir fiery spirit, and keep it within of moderation and propriety, for od metal, might make themselves ristians. They should take frequent n that sweet and interesting scene pel—Jesus with the little child in aying to His disciples, 'Except ye d, and become as little children (as e, and gentle as they), ye shall not he kingdom of heaven.' Learning lesson of Christian gentleness, and becoming childlike in their disposition or temper, they might display the beauty and power of renewing and sanctifying grace. Professing Christian, how is it with your temper? Have you got it in subjection? If you have not, study the above picture—act on the saying of Jesus—be re-converted—become as a little child—pray for 'the wisdom that is from above' to make you 'gentle'—pray for a great deal more grace than you now have. Take the advice kindly, and don't get offended. —*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

CONSCIOUS AND UNCONSCIOUS TESTIMONY.

BSTER was a firm believer in Divine and a close student of its sacred one occasion, a small company of ds spent an evening at his house. he Bible, and the relative beauties l parts, became the topic of conver- h one of the guests had a preference. urn came to Webster, he said: 'The e of the New Testament, of course, non on the Mount. That has no qual. As to the Old Testament favourite book is that of Habakkuk, ourite verses, chapter iii. 17, 18: the fig-tree shall not blossom, l fruit be in the vine—the labour of all fail, and the fields shall yield no lock shall be cut off, and there shall in the stall—yet will I rejoice in the y in the God of my salvation.' 'This,' Webster, 'I regard as one of the sub- ges of inspired literature. And often dered that some artist, equal to the t selected the prophet and his scene n as the subject of a painting.'

'When in Paris, some years ago,' continued Webster, 'I received an account of a French infidel, who happened to find in a drawer of his library some stray leaves of an unknown volume. Although in the constant habit of denouncing the Bible, like most infidel writers, he had never read any part of it. These fugitive leaves contained the above prayer of Habakkuk. Being a man of fine literary taste, he was captivated with its poetic beauty, and hastened to the club-house, to announce the discovery to his associates. Of course they were anxious to know the name of the gifted author, to which inquiries the elated infidel replied: 'A writer by the name of HAB-BA-KOOK, of course, a *Frenchman!*' Judge of the infidel's surprise, when informed that the passage he was so enthusiastically admiring was not produced by one of his own countrymen, nor even by one of his own class of so-called Free-Thinkers, but was penned by one of God's ancient prophets, and was contained in that much-despised book—the Bible.'

—*Lutheran Observer.*

THE STORY TELLER.

group of young men were gathered ling, as young men tell, and delight es. There was one young man in who was the favourite story-teller. of a story he would like to tell, but e smote him a little, and he said, t.' It was a witty story, it was a y, but it was not altogether a good other story was told and then t last, the inspiration, good or bad, im, and he said, 'I must tell my d so he told the story, as only little circle could tell it. He was they laughed, they cheered, they d with his story. The circle broke members were widely scattered. young men went South; another two crossed the Atlantic Ocean; terwards that young man happened wn story repeated to him, from an entirely unexpected quarter. Appalled, his conscience smote him, his heart sank within him, and he said within himself, 'O, what would I give if I could recall that story! It was one to arouse human passion; it was one to weaken virtue. It was not written upon the crown of the Lord Jesus, to give Him victory; but it was written upon His cross, to add to His defeat. It was not a story to fling open the door of the human heart and let in the Holy Spirit, but to bolt and bar the door against it, and let in only the unholy and adverse spirit. It was not a story which the Father would smile upon, because His children were blessed, but a story which angels might weep over, because man was cursed.' But it was too late; what was written was written, and all the angels of heaven, and all the mortals of earth could not erase the effects of that story.

—*Christian Register.*

Gems from William Narne.*

1630.

1. PRAYER appeaseth the heart; it pulleth back from earthly things; it cleanseth from vice, and lifteth up to heavenly things, and maketh the heart more capable and worthy to receive spiritual blessing.

2. In prayer, the place is not so much sought as the sense of feeling. Jeremiah is comforted in the prison; Daniel amongst the lions rejoiceth; the three children do dance in the firie furnace; naked Job triumpheth in the dung hill; the thief upon the cross findeth paradise. There is no place where God is not.

3. If the Lord shall deny the requests of His own servants, and give them a refusal, then they may be assured that their prayer is neither agreeable to His holy will and good pleasure, nor yet profitable to themselves for their eternal salvation, and so it is a great benefit, and a good deed done by God to them, when things hurtful are refused.

4. As under the law, God commanded His people to present upon His altar a continual offering, and to offer a daily morning and evening sacrifice, a lamb of a year old. So the Lord's servants in the New Testament should at the least send up their morning and evening sacrifice of prayer, yea, in the night time they will call upon the Lord fervently, and protest with the prophet, 'With my soul have I desired thee in the night, and with my spirit within me will I seek thee in the morning.'

5. When a Christian prayeth fervently, the blessed Spirit will come unto him inwardly, will assist him comfortably, and direct him continually:—as when the faithful apostles were all with one accord in one place, undoubtedly praying to God, they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and were fitted for their public charge and holy ministrations. So, when the true Christian shall call upon God arightly, the good Spirit will come and possess him assuredly, and more and more enable him for his calling and function.

6. Prayer is an help to the supplica sacrifice to God—a scourge to the devil.

7. What now art thou doing? Is thi time to sleep in? Yea, the heavens are s moving, the sea unceasingly flowing and e —the earth is now decaying; all creatur gether are groaning—our corruption is defiling—the world decaying continually devil destroying busily. The glorious l groom is coming, the righteous Judge appr ing;—the great God is already executin determined decree, and yet art thou slo yet securing, yet sleeping! What m thou, O sleeper? Thou sleepest in such a as Jonah—the heavy tempest of God's wr raised, the tempest of His indignation creased—the sea of misery highly swelled weak ship of thy rotten body is fea cracked, it is like to be broken—thy neigh have laboured, and death is present before Hell itself hath gaped for thee. Yea, sleepest when thou should'st awake; loiterest when thou should work; thou ta when thou should run; thou goest back when thou should'st go forward; thou rejo in wickedness when thou should'st lame heaviness; thou art yielding when should'st be fighting; thou art a prisoner thou should'st be a conqueror, that thou m be God's son to inherit all things.

8. As Jacob, awakening from his na sleep when he saw an heavenly vision, and ceived a comfortable promise and a favou revelation, was afraid, so a Christian, awa out of his sinful sleep and security, out o deep lethargy, will have great fear and t for God's wrath and indignation, for his danger and destruction; and it will move h make a pitiful moan and an heavy lament

9. If natural life be necessary, so is p more necessary, whereby natural life is longed, and spiritual, yea, eternal life, is obt

* From 'The Pearle of Prayer most Precious and Powerful.' By WILLIAM NARNE, Dysart. 1630.

)UR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.'*

MATTHEW VI. 9.

IE prayer, of which this is the pre-
face or introduction, has been com-
monly called *The Lord's Prayer*,
because the Lord Jesus, when He
was on earth, taught it to men as a
ttern of the way in which they should
d in prayer; and so it not only fur-
with a prayer the very words of
may and should offer, but is the
er which all our prayers should be
The whole prayer is easily learned
and easily repeated; but without
and without the teaching and help
r Spirit, we shall find it hard, ay,
to understand it, and still more,
se it. We shall have quite enough
y, to take up the opening words of
can scarcely hope to get into the
of these.

sets forth two things: I. *A tender*
And, flowing from this, and closely
rith it, II. *The characteristics of true*

NDER RELATIONSHIP: 1. *Between us*
2. *Between us and Christ.* 3. *Between*
.

der relationship between us and God:
r in heaven.' I suppose I address
who do not keep up, more or less,
form of prayer. Well, when you
do you do? to whom do you speak?
e speak to themselves, some to those
ıey say their prayers, many to no
The heathen sees his idol, and
, and you can understand *that*. But
hing, hear nothing, feel nothing,
ı you close your eyes and pray, it is
no one to speak to. But you know
ıen you write to your absent father.
hear or feel nothing, and yet you
ou are speaking to him, and that
ou are writing will one day come
ye and serve the purpose in view
ı your 'Father in heaven.' He is a
l God, not who *was* once, but who *is*
h art in heaven.' I have heard of a con-
ing kept waiting long on a Sabbath
minister appearing. A messenger
was sent to see what was the matter, and when he came to the study door, he heard the minister speaking to some one, and came away, not liking to disturb him. On going a second time, he still heard him speaking, more earnestly than before, and brought back the information, that there seemed to be some one with him whom he was very anxious to bring along with him, saying he would not come without him. And yet there was no one to be seen there but himself. To whom, think you, could he be speaking? To his 'Father in heaven,'—One who really exists,—One who hears prayer.

When you think of God, you often think of Him with fear, with terror. He is such a holy God, He so hates sin, and is so just in punishing it, and so mighty. And when your sin comes to remembrance, you only think of Him as an angry God, and stand in dread of Him. You hear His voice in the thunder. You see His hand in the storm. You figure Him to yourself as the great Judge sitting on a throne of judgment, welcoming the holy to heaven, and sending the wicked into hell. And as He will punish sin then, so you know He is taking note of sin now,—His eye everywhere seeing it, and His pen writing it down in the book of remembrance, to be all brought up again at the great day. That when illness and death come, you are told that it is God who has sent them, and you think of Him as mighty indeed, but as a God to be dreaded, and only so. And when you pray, if you think at all about the matter, your thoughts of God are such as these, and you only *fear* Him. But what says the text? 'Our *Father* in heaven.' You may be afraid of others, not of a *father*. You may stand in doubt of others, not of a *father*. If there is any one you can trust and love and feel at home with, it is a father. There is a little child crying as if his heart would break. I do all I can to pacify him, but can make nothing of it. My well-meant efforts seem only to make him worse. But when his father comes in sight, how the little one stretches out his hands, how his face is lighted up, and when once fairly in his father's arms, how his sorrow is hushed! Who is so kind and considerate and tender as a father? And such is God.

'Such pity as a father hath,
Unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord.'

*ather in Heaven:' The Lord's Prayer d Explained. By the Rev. J. H. WILSON. Nisbet and Co. Full of Scripture truth illustration.

I wish I could persuade you to believe in God's love and tenderness as a Father. There is nothing which you may not tell Him. There is nothing which you may not ask of Him. There is nothing too little—too trifling. I can fancy a very small thing to distress you much. You have lost a place in your class. You have received some slight from a neighbour. You have met with some little disappointment. I see there is something wrong; but when *I* ask you what is the matter, you will not tell me; you *cannot*. You say, 'What would he think of me, if he knew the cause of my vexation? Wouldn't he laugh at me, or lose patience with me, and twit me with it, saying, "Is that all?"' But your *father*—you can tell him. He may not make much ado about it—if he is a wise man he will not; but he will, at least, sympathise with you, and help you, and comfort you. And whatever you can carry to an earthly father, you can carry to the Father in heaven, —ay, you can take to *Him* what you can take to none else. And so there is nothing too great for you to ask, or for Him to do. You have done some mischief: undesignedly you have flung a stone through a plate-glass window, or broken some article of value, and it must be paid for, or you must be put in prison, or otherwise severely punished. It is not everybody you can ask to help you. A few *pence* you might ask of some acquaintance or friend; but when it is *pounds*, to whom can you apply? Who would pinch and put himself about, to keep you from suffering and disgrace? Beyond all question, there is only one to whom you can look—one who will make a sacrifice to set you free and make you happy again—*your father*. If *he* won't, nobody will; and the greater your need, just the more are you shut up to look to *him*. And so with *God*. Things that are far beyond even a father's power to do—ay, and beyond a father's *will* too—are not too great to ask from your Father in heaven.

I wish I could convince you of that heavenly Father's love. What it would do for you! I can suppose that, in the spring or summer time of the year, when the flowers are so beautiful, you have a little favourite flower. You planted it with your own hand, you water it daily, you watch it constantly, you are bent on seeing it come into bloom. The plant is somewhat sickly, and the long-watched bud seems as if it would drop off without ever opening, till you bring it out of the shade, and set it in the sun; and what you could not force in any other way, takes place quite naturally under the genial heat and sunshine of a summer's day. Such is the effect of coming under the sunshine of the heavenly Father's *love*. It would do for you what the shining sun does for the flowers—making them b and beautiful, a joy to all onlookers. Th word, how it should melt, and draw, and g you—'Our Father.'

What a word this is to be applied t what a name for us to call Him by! T no petition which we could address to all equal to it. It is a prayer in itself, th powerful that could be offered. Let m pose that one of you boys or girls were ing.—that from the sea, or from some nei ing lake or river, one of you were to se shrill cry 'Father!' I need not tell yo would follow: I need not describe ho father would be up and off in a moment. he would rush to the quarter from wh sound came. Not a word more wo needed,—it would ask all you requir would contain at once petition and argum no prayer would be like it—'*Father!*' An once told me, that from the time her ch began to call her 'mother,' the word power over her which she could not de She might be in the attic, busily at wor if, three storeys below, she heard her boy ing '*Mother!*' it went to her heart. Th name was so sweet—it had such a powe her—that she would at once throw dow work and hurry to them. And now that are grown-up men, it is still the sam have heard the call, and soon has follow sound of hurrying footsteps, and the g 'Well, dear?' in reply. Now, if this be if the name *father* or *mother* has such a with earthly parents,—what power may suppose that word, 'Our Father,' from t of His children, to have with the 'Fat heaven?' We may well prize the privil being allowed to use such a name, and have it on our lips. How it is that we h right to use the word at all, will come out the next remark. One verse, meanwhile serve to explain it: 'Ye are all the *child God, by faith in Christ Jesus.*'

I do not know any words sufficient press the honour of standing in such a rel ship to God. To think of a beggar being from the street and adopted into the Family, having all the privileges of the royal children, calling the Queen '*mother*' being treated every way as a child; th that would seem a wonderful thing, it wo nothing compared with the like of you an —sinful, vile, hell-deserving—being taken the family of *God*, and allowed to say to '*Father!*' 'Behold what manner of lov Father hath bestowed on us, that we shou called *the sons of God.*'

Nor would it be easy to tell what we sh be to such a God,—how we should love

d obey Him. Let me just make one ıere. Those who call God 'Father,' e *like Him*. Have you not often been ith the likeness of children to their

There are not a few children whom name, though I had never seen them ıst from their likeness to their parents. said to a child on the street, 'Your o-and-so; isn't it?' 'Yes.' 'I was : he is so like his father.' Now, so be with those who call God 'Father.' ness should be such that everybody e ıı ... and the name should *help* like Him. I cannot, for very shame, name and do as I have been doing. n ill-doing son might well change his d try to be as unlike his father in ap- as possible, as feeling it a disgrace to worthy of him; so, many of us would o well to give up this name, unless we e worthy of it. Not long ago, the in one of our prisons told me, that he prisoners to whom he ministered, he with a soldier whose name had been ison-books again and again, but who ys given a false name, assigning as the hat he could not bear the thought of r's honoured name being on the prison- the person of his unworthy son. It is lexander the Great, that having heard f his soldiers, named, like himself, ; as having behaved dishonourably, he him to change either his *name* or his ' How many are there of those who eat the words, 'Our Father in heaven,' ld do well either to renounce the con- nd the name, or to be more worthy of it!

'ender relationship between us and Christ. ark explains the last. This is neces- rder to the last. But for this, the ld not be. We were not always sons. strangers. We were enemies. 'But ı fulness of the time was come, God h His Son, made of a woman, made ı law, to redeem them that were under *that we might receive the* ADOPTION And because ye are sons, God hath h the Spirit of His Son into your rying, ABBA, FATHER.' Jesus was nd He became man just that He might rother,—our human Brother and our viour in one. He died to open up the ur return to God. And now He brings l, by linking us on to Himself. Faith nk between us and Christ. Faith to Him—makes us *one* with Him. believe on Him, He becomes my and so I become what He is—a Son of I can call God what He calls Him— Hence it is said, 'As many as received *Him*, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even *to them that believe on His name*.' 'Ye are all the children of God, *by faith in Christ Jesus*.' 'Predestinated unto the adoption of children, *by Jesus Christ*.'

The relationship between us and Christ is that of *brotherhood*. What a sweet name is that of *brother!* What an endearing and tender connection is that of brotherhood! I spoke of feeling at home with a *father*. Is it not still more true of a *brother?* Nursed on the same mother's knee,—playing around the same fireside,—sitting at the same family table,—sleeping in the same little bed,—rejoicing together and weeping together,—who shall tell how strong and sacred the tie is? And when the bright days of boyhood are over, still they stand side by side, sympathising with each other, helping each other, understanding each other, sharing each other's burdens and blessings, strong in each other's strength, delighting, as they meet, to speak about 'our father' and 'our mother' still—*brothers!* And thus it is, when I take Jesus to be mine,—when, because He bids me, I trust in Him as my Saviour,—when I take His blood to be my hope,—when, by faith, I put on His righteousness,—when, under the Holy Spirit's guidance, I *look* to Him, *rest* on Him, *come* to Him. I may have been brotherless before, friendless, alone; but now, I can not only say, I have found a *Saviour*, but I have got a *Brother*, an Elder Brother, who deals with his younger brethren as an elder brother with the little ones, 'Behold I and *the children* which God hath given me.' Jesus is now my Brother—the King upon the throne my Brother—the Judge my Brother! And as brothers, we have the same Father. He and I together say, '*Our Father* in heaven.' He says, 'My Father and your Father.'

Not long ago, the Princess of Wales, whose name is now so familiar to us all, was a stranger in Britain—a foreigner. But when she became the bride of our Prince, she became one of England's daughters, and the daughter of Britain's Queen. She shared the Prince's name, and wealth, and honours; she became one of the family—she calls his mother *hers:* they can say now, '*Our Mother!*' And so, when we become Christ's, we share all that is His: 'all things are yours, for ye are Christ's.' None of us need to feel poor, or sad, or lonely henceforth. Through union with the King's Son, all things are ours. The '*our*' of our text includes *Him* as well as *us;* it has thus all the power of His name in it, and so it is a mighty argument when we, the brethren of Christ, look up and say, '*Our Father* in Heaven!'

3. *A tender relationship between us and others.* For this is not exhausted yet. The second

relationship, that between us and Christ, in its stricter sense, is the cause of the first—that between us and *God:* the two together are the cause of the third. We have the same Father and the same Elder Brother, and so we stand in the relation of *brothers* to each other. God's children are *a family*. Paul speaks of the 'family in heaven,' and the expression is a precious one, as suggesting the thought of home yonder. But he also speaks of a family on earth, and the 'Father in Heaven' is the Father of them both. 'The whole family in heaven and earth.' And so, those of us who have received Christ, and thus have God as our Father, have not only Jesus as our Brother, but all who have believed on Him as our brothers too. Some of us feel very much alone. Some of us long to have a brother or a sister. Some of us think it sad to be an only child, and others of us are more alone than if we were such—we have so little in common. Well, here is good news. No believer needs to be, is, can be, *alone*. Whenever he comes to Christ, he comes into the family—he becomes a brother, with all as brothers and sisters who belong to Christ; and one of the first words put into his lips is, '*Our Father*.' There is nothing lonely, nothing solitary, nothing sad in *that*. You stand alone no longer: you have *come home* now, and have the beginning on earth of what will be perfect in heaven—the comfort, and help, and joy of the family, and the home of the Father in heaven. Oh remember *that*, every time you pray this prayer. That very first word should gladden and cheer—not *my*, but '*Our*.' I am not alone. I can indeed say '*My*' too—my Father, my God! But all who can say '*My*,' can and should say '*Our*' also; ay, and should rejoice in it.

Try to remember these three relationships, all indicated in these opening words; and then, as flowing out of them, notice,

II. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF TRUE PRAYER. You notice at the beginning of most books, what is called a *Preface*. It often throws light upon the book itself, and is helpful in turning to good account what comes after. But some prefaces are so long that people do not care to read them, and pass them over. This preface to the Lord's Prayer is short enough, and can hardly be passed over, though I fear many might almost as well leave it out, for all the good they get from it. And yet it is a help to the whole prayer, and if it is rightly understood and used, it will make the prayer quite another thing. I wish we could thus learn to-day some of the lessons which it teaches as to the characteristics of true prayer.

1. It should be *trustful:* 'Our *Father*—our Father *in heaven*.' Trustful as re *ability* to do what is asked. Little chi extraordinary notions as to what th can do. To hear them speak you wo think they believed in a father's po *anything*. You must have noticed thi or in yourselves. If there is a heavy lifted, which a child cannot move, likely he will tell you that his *father* it. If any one threatens to do though a far stronger man, he says *his father*, as if *he* could put all to some beast of prey were about to spri a lion or a tiger, that could crush th five minutes; if a railway express coming up, which no power on earth he would *cling to his father*, he would as if, somehow, he could protect him off the danger. Now we may hav trust, and more, in the case of our heaven, just because He is *in heaven* King, for whom nothing is too hard help it is to prayer to feel, whatever that I need, 'God can do this for when you are tempted to doubt G to do anything—in a time of sick danger, or of poverty, or of sin—let '*in heaven*,' scatter all your doubts to 'Our God is in the heavens: He whatsoever He hath pleased.' This the God of heaven has done: think ders recorded in the Old Testament What harder thing can He be called He has done already? and as you asking, 'Is there anything too hard believe in His power, as you take up 'Our Father which art *in heaven!*'

Prayer should be trustful, as reg *willingness* to do anything,—His Father.' I have already spoken of wish to get some situation. You g those who make the appointment. over the list, I hear you saying you c to make much of such a one; and y a friend to speak to such another; a bring some other influence to bear but when you come on *one name*, brightens, you say, 'There is one I at any rate, however hard the push I'm sure of *him*,'—*your father!* Abo you have no manner of doubt. W not tell you. And why do we pray ingly to God, but because we forget ing word—'*Our Father!*' That w help us mightily in our prayers. It us strong faith in the power of prayer help us, when we have prayed, to expe What could my Father withhold?

Once more, prayer should be trus *gards God's wisdom:* 'Our Father i

in do others give us what our fathers
ny! How often do we wish and ask
hich it would not be good for us to
father has, or should have, his ability
ve tempered and guided by wisdom;
nd love, and a sound mind.' You are
menagerie. That tiger in his cage,
autiful creature! How you would like
ur hand through between the bars of his
stroke him! You are in your father's
could let you forward; he would like
you; and if it were some quiet pony,
t or dog at home, he would never hesi-
he knows better than you the nature
st, that in a moment your little hand
in the tiger's mouth, perhaps your
ched from its socket; and so, though
he refuses your request, and carries
a pet. Oh how much wiser, as well
er and kinder, is our heavenly Father!
we should remember this when we
thing to ask from Him, reconciling us
t if He so wills it. The thought may
uggested to us by the words 'Our
heaven.'

l the thought on which I have been
of trust in 'our Father,' beautifully
d in a most interesting little book, en-
Vettie's Mission: Stories illustrative of
's Prayer.' Three little children were
the evening together, when a violent
storm came on, which obliged them to
re they were all night. 'Just before
me, Mr Thorn told them that they
h choose the Bible verse they liked
l tell why they loved it. "I know
verse will be for this night," said Mar-
I don't know where to find it, but it
e Lord of glory thundereth.'" "Why
choose that verse Margery?" asked
n. "Because I think it so nice, when
that awful noise to know it is God.
me think of one day long ago. Aunt
s out, and I heard a great noise up in
when I thought I was all alone in the
nd I was so frightened, I screamed,
r's voice called out, 'Don't be afraid,
rgie; it's only father.' And now,
hunders very loud, it always seems as
d God say, 'Don't be afraid, little
it's only Father;' and I don't feel a
ened. Don't you think it's a real nice

heard, during a storm at sea, of the
s running up and down in a state of
raction, while one little girl, the cap-
ghter, remained calm and untroubled.
asked how, when others were in such
e was so fearless, she gave the me-
eply, '*My father's at the helm!*'

In travelling lately in a railway carriage, a friend told me the following facts with which he was personally conversant. Some years ago, a vessel crossing to this country from the continent, was overtaken by a storm. One of the passengers, much alarmed, asked a young sailor-boy on board, if there was danger. He said there was, but added, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' The ship reached the port in safety, and not long since the fact was called to mind in this interesting way: On board one of our steamers, a clergyman told the captain what I have told you, adding that he was the passenger, and that the boy's trustful word had had such effect on him, that it had led him to seek the Saviour, and ultimately to become a minister of the gospel. 'And I,' answered the captain, 'am that sailor-boy!' I give you the story, in substance, as it was told to me; that Christian sailor and his friend being, I believe, still alive.

Now, in all these cases, the bearing of the word, 'Our Father' was understood, and, as coming from such lips, it was the trustful language of true prayer.

2. Prayer should be *reverent*: '*Our Father in heaven.*' It should be confiding, trustful, but not self-confident, not presumptuous, not using familiarity with God; humble, modest, submissive. The word 'Father' implies that,—still more 'in heaven.' How particular you are when you speak to one higher in rank than yourself! What thought it gives you beforehand! How anxious you are to have all right, as regards your dress, your hair, etc.,—how, in the porch outside, you might be seen, with your cap or your handkerchief, wiping the dust off your shoes; and after you have rung the bell, how your heart beats before the door is opened, and you are ushered in! With what reverence people appear before and speak to the Queen! The highest men among us would be not a little anxious to-day, if they had to appear before her Majesty to-morrow. And what about appearing before *God*, and speaking to *God?* When He appeared to Moses in that burning bush in the desert, that burned and yet was not consumed, though Moses was so good a man, a voice came out of the bush, saying to him, 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' And yet how many go to God, and speak to Him, without ever thinking what they are doing, or where they are going, or what they are going to say. Some boys, when I pray in their homes, don't even think of taking off their caps, till they are told. Some young people, when they pray, are down on their knees, and up again, before ever you know what

they are about. Some go to prayer when they are so sleepy, that they can hardly keep their eyes open, and are lifted up from their knees fast asleep, and put to bed, without even awaking. Some children, and, I fear, many older people, don't think it necessary, or worth their while, to go down on their knees at all when they pray. They pray, lazily and irreverently, lying in their beds,—the like of which they would do to nobody else on the face of the earth. Oh, surely, surely, that word 'Our *Father*—which art *in heaven*,' might startle, and teach something very different. The best of us may tremble at the thought of speaking to God. But that we come to Him in Christ, we durst not speak to Him at all. We might well imitate that little boy who, before prayer, had to be carried about for a while in his mother's arms, that he might, as he said, 'think a little bit of Christ!' What an awe should the *holiness* of God bring over our hearts, as well as His *greatness* and His *omniscience;* reading from His throne all we think and feel; discovering our motives and intentions;—all which is implied in the expression, 'Our Father *in heaven*.'

3. Prayer should be *in the name of Jesus.* You may have wondered that we should always close *our* prayers by saying, '*for Jesus' sake*,' and that in this, the Lord's prayer, there should be no mention made of it. The truth is, as I have already hinted, it is *implied* in the opening words of the prayer. We cannot say 'Our Father,' in the fullest and most blessed sense of the word, except as *in Jesus;* we have no right except as in Him. We cannot say it *made* by Him. We cannot say it *preserved* by Him. We can only say *deemed* by Him. We address Him merely as the God of Creation and Pr but as the God of Redemption,—as t Grace. Do you ask what right I hav 'Our Father'? I point to *Jesus.* T is in virtue of His name. That '*ou* His name. When I come to our Father, my Elder Brother is all my eye rests on *Him*, as God's eye does; points to *Him*, as God's does; and w that blessed word 'Father,' Jesus *as of it*, is immediately suggested to Him

4. Prayer should be *unselfish.* I think only of myself. I must not at keep all to myself, even of spiritual even in my prayers. When I become God, a brother of Christ, a membe family, my heart is enlarged; and wh pray for myself, I cannot help pra others too. I cannot begin this praye having the thought of others forced u '*Our* Father.' There must be a me this,—a reason for it,—not merely should pray unitedly, in the sense of *together*, and so say 'Our Father,' but we should pray *for each other.* Precio these. Make them yours. Let them sense, your motto; the guide of your boast, your glory; 'Our Father in he

THE GREATEST THOUGHT OF ALL.

'HE gave Himself for our sins!' '*Our sins.*' This is all we can really claim as our own, and this is indeed a fearful inheritance. Our sins! how many, how great, how inexcusable, how often repeated! Let language exhaust all its adjectives on this monster, and the dreadful reality of sin yet remains untold. And *we* cannot deal aright with one of our sins. We can neither conquer sin, nor get away from its consequences.

Suppose a beautiful day in summer—the heavens cloudless—nothing over us but a clear blue sky. Then suppose each of our sins could be represented by a black spot, of no very great size; but one after another appears, until there are hundreds, yea, thousands and tens of thousands of them. Still they come till the heavens are all black, and the sun is shut out from our sight. There they are, *our sins*, our *all but* infinite possession of guilt and misery.

But now behold Christ's *infinite propitiation.* There is no '*all but*' here. It is HIMSELF that we contemplate, and He *gave* HIMSELF to God and for us; yea, He gave Himself *for* our sins. The best for the worst. But for ou would not have given Himself; and if Himself for the express purpose of put away, they shall be put away, if we rea it to be so. He purposes to put th from the sight of God; for all who Jesus and God says that their sins from before His face, are 'cast beh back, to be remembered no more.' T Jesus, who has done all this for us, Hi ing people, desires to have sin put a our consciences, and peace with God instead;—put away from our affecti the love of God shed abroad in our put away, finally and for ever, from being, and God's holiness an element, it shall be. We should have peace, holiness, and hope for perfection. who gave Himself for our sins, gives to us be our soul's food and rest. Le ourselves to Him. Sin is gone, but C mains. Sin is gone, but duty remai 'Love, so amazing, so divine, dem soul, our life, our all.'

The Ayrshire Embroiderer.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THREE OPPORTUNITIES,' 'JESSIE WILSON,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

' was a breezy March evening. A brisk wind was whirling about the dust and straws that had gathered at the corners of the shop-doors, along the pavement, and against numerous passengers thronging one st thoroughfares in the west end of hen a young lady, wrapt in a cloak, her face concealed under a thick en hastening towards the city.

d an unusual time of day for a person tion—for her figure was tall and cle- er whole appearance betokened the ose for a visit to the city on foot. the 'fashionables,' occupying the sions of the 'West End,' having ir shopping two hours earlier, had ne by themselves, to receive com- spend the evening abroad; and arriages were now rattling along, uests to festive entertainments.

erine Douglas had purposely chosen secure herself against observation, bent on an errand which she had asons for wishing to keep secret. her way to a Repository for the es' work, at which she was in the ing to dispose of the fruits of her And she desired, if possible, to avoid f encountering any of those stylish es with whom she had been inti- tter days,' who might be visiting the forenoon; for there was about her nount of false pride, which made from the bare idea that any one , in her season of prosperity, she ted on terms of equality, should he resorted to such means, praise- they doubtless were, of making a to pay for her own dress, or in increase the scanty income of her r this reason she had arranged with endent, that, instead of calling at ory during the hours when it was public, she would come occasionally ng, and if any of her work had been , a note informing her of it, and e proceeds, should be left in charge nt.

n the articles she had left remained sometimes even months, unsold, a should not have surprised her, the numerous contributions from qually, perhaps far more necessitous, rded the tables of the institution. too absorbing selfishness Katherine nk of this. When, accordingly, the chilling response to her application would often be, that 'there was no message for her,' she would turn homewards with a pang of disappointment, greater or less in proportion to her present need of the money, which was not mitigated by the consideration—if indeed that ever occurred to her—that others had daily to experience a similar feeling.

On the present occasion she had a very strong reason, but one which I fear some of my readers will pronounce 'a very frivolous one,' for desiring that the answer should be favourable—she was anxious to obtain the means of purchasing a new spring bonnet! The one she had worn for some winters past had become very shabby, and had looked quite dusty and old in the bright sunlight of the previous Sabbath, an unusually lovely day. And, painfully conscious of her own inferiority in this respect, Katherine's envy had been considerably excited by seeing most of her young and gay contemporaries come out in new and fashionable attire suitable to the season, and thinking, many of them, we fear, more of their own appearance than of the purpose for which they had ostensibly assembled in the house of God.

Others, however, of my readers, who are still young and handsome, or who may not have forgot what their own feelings were when they were both, will perhaps form a more lenient judgment, and admit that, however blameable, those of Katherine were at least natural to one of her age and sex, and one, moreover, who but two years previously, had been in a position to obtain any wish of her vain heart; for then, her father had been one of the most opulent merchants in the city, occupying an elegant mansion in one of its most fashionable squares, and his family had, from their earliest days, been accustomed to every luxury which wealth, seemingly unbounded, could command. But a sudden reverse of fortune, such as is incident to every man in business, had reduced him to bankruptcy, and his family to poverty such as they had never dreamt of.

So high was the estimation in which Mr Douglas was universally held as a man of unblemished honour and probity, and so universally did his unlooked for misfortunes awaken sympathy, that soon, through the exertions of friends, a situation as head-clerk in a great mercantile establishment was procured for him; and, stifling any natural feeling of reluctance to descend to a subordinate position, after so long occupying one of weight and influence, the desire to secure a comfortable maintenance for his young family, induced him thankfully to accept the offer. Giving up his fine mansion, with costly plate, pictures, furniture, and equipages,

for behoof of his creditors, he had taken a very small house, in an obscure suburb of the city, where he had since resided with his family in perfect retirement.

But the manly fortitude with which he had borne up under a reverse which would have broken the spirit, or at least crushed the energies, of many, and his quiet patience in pursuing a course of industrious exertion, had increased the respect and esteem in which he had always been held. In those praiseworthy sacrifices to duty he had found a help-meet and comforter in his amiable wife, who, by cheerful resignation and contentment, had done all in her power to support and encourage him.

But, while the other members of his family were either yet too young to be very sensible of such a change, or too full of the natural buoyancy of youth, health, and hope, to continue long under its depressing influences; on Katherine, the eldest, then a beautiful girl of seventeen, and just entering on the pleasures and gaieties so much prized at her age, the reverse had fallen very heavily. For, though of a generous disposition and kind heart, she was at the same time vain and worldly minded, and valued wealth much more for the luxuries and enjoyments it could procure for herself, than as a means of affording relief to her suffering fellow-creatures. Accordingly, her proud unsubdued spirit shrank from what she looked upon as the almost unbearable privations, and deep humiliation which her father's loss of fortune entailed. And not even the influence of her parents' noble example of resignation, nor the kindly interchange of domestic affection, nor the performance of home-duties for those she had so much reason to love and respect, had as yet produced the effect of reconciling her mind to their change of circumstances.

Nor had she yet been able to repress feelings of discontent, which would arise with the recurrence of seasons of gaiety, in which her altered fortunes prevented participation; or of envy at the superior advantages of former companions, when the contrast between her own position and theirs was more particularly forced upon her thoughts. Such an occasion was the present; and in proportion to the eagerness of her desire to possess the means of obtaining the coveted piece of dress, was the bitterness of the disappointment when she received the too frequent negative reply on reaching the Repository.

With a heart filled with repining, almost amounting to rebellion against the righteous will of the all-wise Disposer of her lot, Katherine retraced her steps homewards. And, as she hurried on in her utter self-absorbtion, she had no thought to bestow on the many thousands in that great community, from whom He had, in another sense, so graciously 'made her to differ,'—the homeless, the hungry, the sick, the hard-wrought and poorly paid, who would have felt the deepest thankfulness for but one tithe of the comforts and blessings she could still call hers!

Her shortest way—and that which the deepening twilight led her to prefer—lay th a new and very elegant part of the we suburbs. As she passed along a succes beautiful crescents and terraces, with stately mansions of polished stone, m them occupied by the families of her comp and acquaintances, where the brilliant gl gas-light from the half-open shutters re the costly paintings, splendid window-cu and richly ornamented cornices within; the sound of music and gay laughter many of them reached her ear, disconte envy increased to such an extent that he seemed ready to burst. She hurried on th the gathering darkness, nursing feelings she would have blushed to expose to the ledge of a fellow-creature, though she th not of that omniscient Eye which saw and them all!

When she reached her home, neither th ous greetings of her young sisters and br the cheerful glow from the bright fire in th lour, nor the kind attention of her mot keeping her tea and toast warm and comf for her—as owing to her father's early the evening meal was over before she cam had power to dispel her sullen discontent. tiring early to rest on the plea of h she gave way to the bitterness of her h in the solitude of her chamber, and flood of unholy rebellious tears!

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning, the feelings of Katherine went a revulsion as unexpected as it wa come, on the reception of a letter whi found waiting her when she came do breakfast. It was from a friend, who, kn her elegant taste and skill in embroidery, engaged her services, managing her with so much delicacy and considera never to wound the too sensitive feeli Katherine, but rather to afford her gra tion.

The present order was for a collar in style of embroidery, the name of whi given, along with a request that it mi purchased at a shop where Ayrshire wo sold, as there the best patterns were to And a post office order for the liberal one guinea was enclosed to pay for the rials and work, which her young friend do at her leisure.

Something like a pang of remorse through the heart of Katherine on receiv letter, when she called to mind the unw repining feelings she had so lately in But that was too quickly absorbed extreme pleasure she felt at thus une edly obtaining the means of gratifyi wishes, and, but for the unfavourable the weather—for the wind was now panied by heavy rain—she would have time in setting out to make her meditat chase. The storm, however, contin violent as to prevent her going out till lowing Saturday, when it quite cleared

she walked into the city, wishing to
te her friend's commission about the
she kept looking out for a shop she had
observed in one of the streets she had
is through, in which Ayrshire work was
ınd soon succeeded in finding it.
ı entering she saw that its sole occupant
girl of about sixteen, seated behind the
er and busily engaged in needlework.
she was unfolding the patterns that
rine asked her to bring for inspection,
ıterest of that young lady was at once
d by her appearance; for there was
hing more than ordinarily engaging in
reet pensive expression of her soft blue
and the gentle innocence of her whole
. And though the healthy glow of her
heek, and her rustic speech and manners,
d to indicate country origin and training,
mple modesty of her demeanour contrasted
favourably with the pert self-possession
imes found in that of girls serving behind
ter.
om the very beautiful patterns she showed,
mine soon selected one. On inquiring the
she was so struck with surprise at its ex-
cheapness—the more so, as part of the
idery had been sewed to show how it
l be done—that she could not help ex-
ng her astonishment.
is much under the usual price, ma'am,'
e reply; 'but as we are anxious to sell
r whole stock before Whitsunday, I am
o give everything at as cheap a rate as I
ly can.'
hen you are giving up business?' asked
rine.
e girl replied in the affirmative.
[ay I ask for what reason?' continued the
feeling an increased interest in the young
eper—'is it that you have not succeeded
gow?'
e lip quivered, the rosy cheek grew pale,
ars filled the soft blue eyes, as, stifling
n evident effort her strong emotion, the
plied in a broken and faltering voice—
h, no, ma'am, it is not that—though we
ot done so well as we at first expected;
on account of my poor mother. She is
l, ma'am; and the doctor says indeed,
er only chance of ever getting better is
the effect of a removal to her native air
as possible. And I hope—indeed I'm
e's right. The air in our own place is
h and pure;—and she never has agreed
lasgow.'
deed!' said Katherine, whose looks
l her eager sympathy; 'and what is her
int?'
nsumption, ma'am!' replied the poor
a choking voice. And in spite of the
even 'against hope,' to which, as her
eech showed, she was trying to cling, her
n completely overcame her, and the sobs
ould no longer be repressed burst forth.
herine tried to utter some words of
t, but she found it no easy task. For,
herself the extreme hopelessness of re-
covery in such a disease, her perfectly candid nature would not permit her to encourage hopes that she knew could never be realised.

But the deep sympathy expressed in her looks, and in the pitying gentleness of her tones, seemed at length to soothe the poor girl's agitated feelings; and wiping her eyes, she said, with a strong effort for composure—

'I fear you must think me very foolish, ma'am, to give way so, and before a stranger too. But I meet with so few that seem to feel for me as you do. And then, you cannot fancy how sad the thought of my poor mother's being taken from me is—for there are but the two of us left of a large family, and we are everything to each other.'

Katherine assured her that she thought her feelings most natural under the circumstances; and again she tried to utter a hope that her mother's life might be prolonged. She then put some further questions, in the answers to which she found that the widow—for such she proved—and her daughter had come to Glasgow only two years before, to open a shop for the sale of that sewed work for which their native county of Ayr has gained a just celebrity; that, though they had succeeded pretty well in their business, the health of the former, which had been long delicate, had suffered so greatly from constant confinement, and the close air of a crowded city, that everything had lately devolved on the young girl, the many expenses entailed by sickness having compelled them to part with an assistant whom they could no longer pay; that, while labouring all day at her embroidery to try and make as much money as would enable them to keep free of debt, besides attending to the customers, she had also to nurse her poor sick mother, who occupied their sole apartment in the back shop.

She added that she had but faint hopes of selling off anything like their whole stock—which was a pretty large one—as they dealt in furnishings as well as embroidery—before the term; and, what was worse, in spite of all her care and industry, debts were beginning to accumulate on them—one in particular, which grieved her most of all, to a wine-merchant; as till she could pay it, she could not procure that wine which the doctor assured her was quite necessary to keep up her mother's rapidly declining strength. 'And I cannot ask him to trust us again,' she continued, 'he has done it so often already. If I could only get a few orders for collars such as I am sewing,' she concluded, 'I would soon make up the sum; for I would work my fingers to the bone rather than that my dear mother should want what might do her good. And, as you seem so kind, ma'am,' she added, after a moment's hesitation, 'perhaps—if it is not presuming too much—I might ask you to speak to some of your friends for me;—I am thought to do the work well.' And she displayed the collar on which she was engaged, which was sewed in an exquisitely beautiful manner.

Katherine admired the work, and asked what she charged for sewing such a collar?

'Five shillings,' was the reply.

Katherine was astonished. The price seemed so moderate in proportion to the labour, and *she* knew how to estimate work. 'But at that rate,' she said, 'I suppose it would take a long time before you could pay the debt. May I ask its amount?'

'One guinea, ma'am.'

Katherine started. The very sum she had got paid in advance for one collar! And how happy that sum would make this poor girl even on condition of obtaining it after embroidering four!

A sudden impulse prompted her to offer it for a collar which she could send to her friend instead of her own work. For, surely to supply the means of procuring nourishment for a poor dying woman, and at the same time to cheer the heart of an affectionate daughter, was of infinitely more consequence than to gratify herself by the purchase of a gay spring bonnet! But she immediately checked the impulse by such a process of reasoning as the following:—'Surely it could not be expected of her who had no other way of obtaining what she wanted, that she should give up the money she had got so unexpectedly, and meant to devote to a particular purpose. If she were as rich as some of her acquaintances, and in the habit of squandering money on useless things—*then*, she would have much to answer for if she were to withhold from a poor suffering woman what would benefit her, while she herself would never miss it. But with her it was very different. No one in her circumstances would ever think of making such a sacrifice—she was certain of that. She would do what she could to induce some of her friends to help to buy up the stock, and even try to get some orders for collar that was all she could do. So, hastily for what she had purchased, she told t that 'she would try to interest her fri her behalf.' And then she left the sh lowed by the grateful thanks of the embroiderer, whose head she saw dro immediately over her work as she clo door.

Katherine pursued her way into the cash her post-office order; but an una able impulse determined her to retur without going near the milliner's sho she had intended to order a bonnet. S met with enough that day, she could n feeling, to put the thought of such a th of her head—there would be time enou about it on Monday, as, even if she had she would not care for wearing it on t row. So, musing thoughtfully on all seen and heard in the shop of the your shire worker, she retraced her steps hom

That night, as Katherine lay down after thanking God for the mercies of t day, her thoughts reverted to the poo shopkeeper—not retiring to rest as s doing in comfort, but watching in the atmosphere of a sick-room, beside on though everything on earth to her, she almost certain prospect of losing;—wearied body and mind filled with an and with no earthly friend near her to sh sorrows and perplexities. And again, a remorse crossed her heart, at the recolle the unworthy feelings of discontent she lately indulged.

(To be continued.)

Come Thou with Us.

'COME thou with us:' 'not unto pleasant flowery plains,
Nor unto meadows where fair golden daises grow;
Our way lies not by rippling rivers, or through lanes
Where over-arching trees keep off the sun's bright glow.

'Come thou with us:' we go o'er burning desert sands,
Through trackless wastes o'erhung by mountains grim and bare
Our 'pilgrim shoon,' our staff within our hands
Suffice for us, and these with thee we'll gladly share.

'Come thou with us:' we offer no luxurious ease,
No soft enchantments to beguile the weary way;
No fair devices which the world doth use to please
The poor deluded ones, who yield unto her sway.

'Come thou with us:' we look for conflicts and for foes,
For hunger, thirst, for cold, for heat, for storm and rain,
For each one, on this weary pilgrimage that goes,
Expects but little ease, and seeks no earthly gain.

'Come thou with us:' although he way be rough and drear,
And lead through all that fearsome untried wilderness,
Yet faint we not, nor shrink, nor do our hearts know fear,
For One goes with us who will guide, and guard, and bless.

'Come thou with us:' a cloudy pillar through the day
Moves on before, guiding our wandering steps aright;
And lest, amid the darkness, we should miss our way,
A fiery beacon goes before us all the night.

'Come thou with us:' what though the hardship may be great,
And thorns and briars abound more than sweet-scented flowers,
Yet come with us, and share the greetings that await
Those loving hearts, who serve our King with their best powers.

'Come thou with us:' for well we know the Crucified
Will welcome thee with open arms unto His home!
For poor wayfaring ones like us He bled and died,
And now 'prepares a place' for us, where we may come.

'Come thou with us,' beloved; our Friend will do thee good,
He'll haste to meet thee while He sees thee yet afar;
Thy title-deeds He'll give thee, purchased with His blood,
Which shall secure to thee a heav'nly mansion fair.

'Come thou with us:' ours is no random enterprise,
We clasp no shadowy fleeting promise to our heart;
In an 'inheritance divine' beyond the skies,
This journey ends for those who bear a stedfast part.

Come thou with us:' we journey to a glorious land
Resplendent with a light that knows no cloud nor wane,
Upon its sapphire floors a white-robed throng doth stand,
Who sin, or grief, or pain, shall never know again.

'Come thou with us,' that thou may'st learn below the song
Whose echoes travel to us from the harps above;
Its wondrous theme Eternity shall but prolong,
A theme that ne'er can tire—a Saviour's dying love!

'Come thou with us:' we go to Him who long ago,
Said to all heavy laden ones, 'Come unto Me
And I will give you rest,' by bearing all your woe,
And giving you instead, peace that shall lasting be.

'Come thou with us:' thy choice thou never wilt repent!
Our journeyings we will beguile by telling thee
The story of a Father's pitying love that sent
His Son to die, a willing Victim, on the Tree.

'Come thou with us:' 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;'
Within thine inmost soul the glad cry rings and pleads,
Thy weary heart, so long a wanderer, pines for home—
'Come thou with us,' unto that home this desert leads.

J. M. T.

Gems from Samuel Smith.*

BORN 1588. DIED ABOUT 1665.

1. NO sin doth more dishonour God, as when we limit the Holy One of Israel, and dare not trust Him in times of straits; he that believeth not, hath made Him a liar —and what greater disgrace can be cast upon any, than to give him the lie.

2. The prayer that prevails most with God is not so much the labour of the lips, as the labour of the heart. And let a prayer be never so well composed for matter or method, and be dressed with never so much eloquence and variety of expressions, yet if the heart be not affected, if the sighs and groans of the heart be wanting, and faith within that makes the same effectual, they are not regarded at all with God.

3. A Christian's memory should be a chronicle of antiquity. We should recount the ancient mercies of God, and experiments we have had of His love from time to time. We ought to keep a catalogue of them, and often repeat them to our souls. And we should remember what our fathers have told us, and we should show the same to our children, that the children yet unborn may praise the Lord.

4. The godly are said to dwell in the secret of the Most High, and they must not look to be freed from dangers. It is enough that they are preserved in danger, and if the Providence of God be in such small things as in the fall of a sparrow, and the numbering of the hairs of our head, how much more in the trials and afflictions of His children.

5. The Lord is never so displeased with His children as to hate them; neither are His sharpest corrections sent in His wrath, though He may seem at these times to be angry. Outward prosperity is no infallible sign of God's love, neither are afflictions, crosses and calamities infallible signs of God's displeasure.

6. The very honey and sweetness of this life is mixed with wormwood and gall. What day passeth over our heads without some cross or other, and cause of grief? He that drunk deepest of the cup of all worldly prosperity, and took his fill of them, yet at last concluded that all was but vanity and vexation of spirit. Our joys are uncertain, and our joys and griefs more sure. The evils which we fea and the comforts we desire fail us.

7. In our mirth there is mourning there is sorrow. Our false fears begc though the things we fear never co and as if our present miseries were to make our lives miserable, we to selves in laying hold of those we h suffered, and fear those that are t which means we many times tormer before the time.

8. The Lord often provideth f glory, in bringing light out of darkn the humiliation of His children bri greatest exaltation. When Jacol blessed, he must first wrestle for it, Joseph shall be exalted, he must fi into prison.

9. The afflictions of God's church are short, not simply of themselves times they last long; but in compar glory that is hereafter to be revcale short; they are not short to sense, t they are so. If we look unto thi afflictions are long; but if we look and the glory that is hereafter to b they are indeed short, and last moment. Faith apprehends God presence and grace in the sharpest expects the accomplishment of God in giving a happy issue unto them.

10. Experience teacheth us how are that pass through this earthly but meet with unexpected acciden way. Our life is like a lighted can wastes with the wind, and is often before it is burned.

11. A preaching and a praying mi always go together. All teaching and is but planting and watering, which to nothing if God give not the Ministers may speak to the ears, but privilege to speak to the heart. hear Paul preach, but God must open or else it cannot be effectual.

12. This is indeed the marrow of not simply to know that there is Saviour for all that believe, but to to be my Saviour; not simply to there is eternal life reserved for the know and be assured that there is laid up for me.

* From 'Moses his Prayer.' An Exposition of the 90th Psalm. By SAMUEL SMITH, Minister of the Gospel at Prittlewell, in Essex.

JESUS CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE are not *of* the world, though we are *in* the world. So 'we are not *of* the night,' though we are *in* the night. We are 'children of the day;' we belong to the day, d the day belongs to us, as our true heritage, ough it has not yet dawned. Hope rests ere; and though deferred, will not always rry, nor when it comes will it shame our trust. When the desire cometh it shall be a tree of fe.'

Night is around us still; but it is not erely one of weeping, it is also one of *watching*. o sorrow is to make us less watchful; nay, uch more. So far from tribulation throwing s off our guard, it should lead to added vigil-nce. It prevents our falling asleep, as we hould certainly do were all peaceful and rosperous. It makes the night more cold and itter to us, thereby rendering us more weary f it, and more eager for the day. Were the ight air mild, and the night sky clear, we hould grow contented with it, and cease to atch for day-break.

This is our night-watch. To this the laster Has appointed us during His absence. *Watch* ye therefore; for ye know not when he master of the house cometh, at even, or at idnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the orning: lest coming suddenly he find you leeping. And what I say unto you I say unto ll, *Watch*.' (Mark xiii. 35-37). It is the rospect of morning and of the Master's return at keeps us watching,—especially in these st days, when watch after watch has come d gone, and He has not yet arrived. 'His oing forth is prepared as the morning' (Hos. 3); and that morning cannot now be dis-nt.

The church must fulfil her night-watch. hether long or short, perilous or easy, she ust fulfil it. It is *watching* to which she is ecially called; and sadly will she belie her ofession, as well as disobey her Lord, if she *atches* not. She need not think to substitute er duties for this, as more needful, more portant, or more in character. She dare not ; 'I love, I believe, I pray, I praise, why uld I also *watch*? will not these do instead watching, or is not watching included in se?' Her Lord has bidden her *watch*, and no other duty, no other grace, can be a substitute or an excuse for this.

She is to believe; but that is not all; she is also to *watch*. She is to rejoice; but that is not all; she is also to *watch*. She is to love; but that is not all; she is also to *watch*. She is to wait; but that is not all; she is also to *watch*. She is to long; but that is not all; she is also to *watch*. This is to be her special attitude, and nothing can compensate for it. By this she is to be known in all ages, as the watching one. By this the world is to be made to feel the difference between itself and her. By this she is specially to show how truly she feels herself to be a stranger here.

Men ask her, Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? Her reply is, 'I am watching.' Men taunt her, and say, Why this unrestfulness? Her reply is, 'I am watching.' Men think it strange that she runs not with them to the same excess of riot. (1 Peter iv. 4). She tells them, 'I am watching.' They ask her to come forth and join their gaiety, to come forth and sing their songs, to come forth and taste their pleasures, that thus they may teach her to forget her sorrows. She refuses, saying, 'I dare not, I am watching.' The scoffer mocks her, and says, Where is the promise of his coming? She heeds not, but continues watching, and clasps her hope more firmly.

Sometimes too a feeble, doubting, or, it may be, inconsistent saint, asks in wonder, How are you so strong, so hardy, so able for the struggle, so successful in the battle? She answers, 'I watch.' Or he asks, How do you keep up a tone so elevated, and maintain a walk so close, so consistent, so unearthly? She answers, 'I watch.' Or he asks, How do you overcome sloth, and selfishness, and love of ease; or check fretfulness and anxiety, or gain the victory over a delaying spirit? She answers, 'I watch.' Or he asks, How do you make head against your fears, and challenge danger, and defy enemies, and keep under the flesh? She replies, 'I watch.' Or he asks, How do you wrestle with your griefs, and dry up your tears, and heal your wounds, nay, glory in tribulation? She answers, I watch.'

O what this watching can do, to one who understands it aright! Faith alone will not do. Love alone will not do. Expectation alone

will not do. Obedience alone will not do. There must be *watching*.

And this watching takes for granted the suddenness and uncertainty of the day of the Lord. It does not say, the Lord *must come* in my day; but it says, the Lord *may come* in my day, therefore I must be on the outlook. This *may come* is the secret of a watchful spirit. Without it we cannot watch. We may love, and hope, and wait; but we cannot watch. Our lamps are to be *always* trimmed. Why? Not merely because the Bridegroom is to come, but because we know not *how soon* He may come. Our loins are to be *always* girt up. Why; Not simply because we know that there is to be a coming; but because we know not when that coming is to be.

The Lord foresaw the spirit of unwatchfulness into which His people would be apt to fall, while He tarried, and He warns us against it. He would have us always to remember that there will be a danger of our becoming easy-minded and earthly; content with His absence instead of mourning because of it; content with His delay instead of joining in the primitive cry, 'How long.' He saw that the world would throw us off our guard; that few would really keep awake and watch; that many would get tired with watching, and find out excuses for not watching; that many would sit down and try to make themselves comfortable here without Him. Hence He so often repeated the warning—WATCH! Hence he added, 'lest coming suddenly he find you *sleeping*.'

His desire is that we should be so watching, that when He cometh and knocketh, we may open unto him *immediately*. (Luke xii. 36.) And He pronounces a special blessing upon those servants whom He finds thus, promising that 'He will gird himself, and make them sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.' To be in such an attitude of watchfulness as that we shall be ready to open to Him *immediately*, is that to which He has promised so special a reward, so wondrous an honour. Ah! who amongst us is in this condition in these last days? Should we be ready to open to Him *immediately* were He arriving now? Should we not be thrown into confusion at the news of His coming, like servants unprepared for their master's return, and not counting on it so soon? Should we not have to be getting ready, when we should be opening the door? Should we not be running to put on our needful and proper raiment instead of going forth to welcome him? Ah, what confusion in the household, what amazement, what fear, what bustle, what running to and fro, would there be in our day, were the tidings to be brought us, 'the Lord has come!'

In the repeated command to *watch*, much of rebuke. The Lord could not to remember it of ourselves, or obey u Had He been able to count on perfec us to Himself—love full and deep like would He have thought of such a co would it have been needed? It wc All that would have been needful wo been to tell us that He meant to retu would have supplied the rest, and, have made us watchful; love would h it impossible that it should be other would have needed neither the coma the declaration of uncertainty and su It would have anticipated all these. have acted upon them unbidden. Lord could not trust us. He could our love; and therefore He adds the c therefore He reiterates the warning strange and sad indeed, that neither t of love, nor the awe of the comm quicken us into watchfulness or rous preparation.

The announcements of the sudd His coming are very distinct and p There is nothing vague about them to take off the edge of the warning w contain. They are much more spe repeated than those of His first com first advent took the church by surp though He had set the time and num years. How much more then is Hi coming likely to surprise us, when, by in which He has announced it, He vented us from counting on any inter Yet we watch not! Neither His meas time in the one case, nor His leavin measured in the other, produces the effect. 'When the Son of man com he find faith on the earth?'

During this our night-watch, faitl ever vigorous and in motion. For root of watchfulness. Without faitl hardly have the idea of what it is t For all the objects towards which wat turns, are connected with things un unseen Saviour, and an unseen kingdc

When first we knew the Lord and on Him as the peace-maker, not only freely forgiven, but we were delivere present evil world. Things presen from us; things to come gathered i What was once shadowy became re once seemed real seemed then a Christ's words became real words; I real truths; His promises real prom else appeared unreal. The veil was drawn, but we realized what was The future did not become the pre the invisible the visible; but we felt

were so. 'Our faith was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Believing then that the Lord is coming, that the time is short, that the interval is uncertain, and that His arrival will be sudden, we *watch*. Unbelief throws us off our guard; but faith sends us to our watch-tower. We know what our Lord meant when He said, 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.'

Or, altering the words of our Lord, may we not also say, 'Blessed are they that have seen and yet have *not* believed?' To see and yet *not* to believe, is one of the things that faith teaches us, and one of the things that quickens watchfulness. We look upon a world full of ungodliness, and yet believe not that God has forsaken the earth. We see the world's wisdom worshipped, but yet believe not that it is wisdom. We see the power of evil, and yet believe not that evil shall triumph. We see confusion every where, and yet believe not but that order is God's law. We see a divided church, and yet believe that the church is one. We see mighty kingdoms ruling, and yet believe not that they shall abide. We see the saints trodden down, but yet believe not in their shame or extinction. We look upon the tomb of the righteous, and yet believe not that he is dead. We see the church's persecutions and defeats, and yet believe not only that she is conqueror, but invincible. We see the march of Antichrist, but yet believe not in his progress, save as a progress to doom. We see the world's joy, and yet believe not that it is joy. We see the saint's sorrow, and yet believe not that he is sorrowful. We see night, thick, deep night around us, but yet we believe not in the night, but in the day.

Thus faith triumphs. We believe, we trust, we hope; and, so doing, we stand above the world. We lift up our eyes to the hills whence cometh our help. We look towards the east, where the dawn breaks. We *watch* for the morning. Our night-watch has been long and weary; but the morning will soon end it. The watching, the waiting, and the hoping will then be done, but the loving will be for ever.

We *watch;* for we know of no interval between us and the Lord's appearing. The hour of our meeting with Him, and with those whom we have loved and lost, may be nigh at hand. Sooner than we think, we may be joined together inseparably, our bodies clothed with resurrection-health, and our souls rejoicing in holiness and love.

We *watch;* for it is night, and though we are not children of the night, still the night with its shadows rests heavily upon us, making us with wistful keenness to look out for its passing away. We grow more dissatisfied with it as it deepens. It brings so many griefs, it gathers round us so many temptations, it calls up so many dangers, it gives courage to so many enemies, that we grow troubled at its lasting so long. Yet we cannot shake it off. God's purpose must be served, and His time must run out. Till then let us possess our souls in patience, whilst watching for day-spring, and stirring up our souls with the assurance that we know of nothing between us and the ending of our long night-watch.

We *watch;* for the day is ours, with all that it contains of gladness and sunshine. We are weary of the night, and we rejoice that it is not ours, though we are in it; but that the day is ours. Just as we can say, 'the kingdom is ours,' so we can say, 'the day is ours.' And we watch for it as being ours. Its light is ours; its blue sky is ours; its mild air is ours; its cheerful sounds are ours; its friendly greetings are ours; all that it calls forth of joy, and health, and purity are ours. Need any wonder that we should watch for such a day?

We *watch;* for the night is far spent. Not only do we know of nought *before us* ere the Lord arrive; but we know of much *behind us*. Hours, years, ages have gone by. And if the whole night was to be brief, only 'a little while,' then surely very much of it must now be over. 'The night is far spent,' says the apostle; literally, it is 'cut off,' it is *foreshortened*, that is, it is becoming shorter, it is drawing to a close. Behind us are lying centuries of tears and shadows; the greater part of the little while *must* be past; the day *must* be at hand. The nearness makes the thought of day doubly welcome. We bend towards it with warm longings; we strain our eyes to catch the first token of it; we rouse ourselves to vigilance, knowing that now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

How it disappoints, how it damps, to be told, there are centuries more of this night-watching still to come! Could that be *proved*, it would sadly chill our hope. We might at once come down from our watch-tower and give up our expectations. To 'look for and haste unto the coming of the day of God,' would be no longer a duty. The last generation of the church, living at the close of the millennium, might get up into the watch-tower, but for us, watching would be a name, a mere attitude of form or show.

It has ever been Satan's object to interpose some object between the church and her Lord's arrival; but never did He light upon a more specious, more successful device than that of making the interposed object a glorious and blessed one. To no other would the church

have listened. She would have shrunk and turned away from a thousand years' sorrow; but she is attracted and dazzled by the promise of a thousand years' rest and joy. Yet, is the interposition of any fixed interval (be it sad or joyous), lawful or scriptural? If the Lord's advent be thrust into the distance, it matters not what may be introduced to fill the interval. If the Hope of the church be hidden, it is of small moment whether it be by a shroud of sackcloth or by a veil of woven gold.

God deals with the church as *one*. Though consisting of many generations, He looks upon it as one body. And in reference to her hope, He has so framed His revelation, that every generation of the church should stand upon the same footing as the last? How has this been done? How has the first age, and how have all subsequent ages been placed in the same position as the last? Simply by concealing the interval. In this thing it has been truly the 'glory of God to conceal a matter.' (Prov. xxv. 2.) For by this method, so simple and so natural, each age of the church has been made to feel, precisely as the last will feel,—to watch, just as the last will watch, when the Lord is in very deed at hand. And thus that body which is spread over centuries, has at all times been made to occupy a position and present a character, the same as if it had been a body whose life and actings were summed up in one generation. So that any known inter interposed before the advent, alters the postu destroys the character, and breaks the *one* of the church, while it defeats the object whi God had so specially in view in keeping t times and seasons in His own power.

Often, since the Lord left the earth, h the watch been changed and the guard relieve God has not tried too sorely the faith of a one age by making the watch too long. mercy He has cut down man's age from pat archal longevity to three-score years and t lest the overwearied watchers should sink un the toil and hardship. It is this that mal unwatchfulness so inexcusable. Adam, or Se or Methuselah, or Noah, might have had t edge of their watchfulness blunted by the lo conflict of nine hundred years; but what exc have we for heedlessness? Our time of serv is brief, and to fall asleep or grow impatie would indicate sad indolence and unfaithf ness. 'What! could ye not watch with ONE HOUR? watch and pray, lest ye enter i temptation.' If the Lord come not in our d by His personal presence to end our watchi we still cannot complain of over-endurance exhaustion, seeing we shall be so soon relie and taken into His nearer presence, there watch in rest and joy and light, as here we h watched in weariness and grief and darkne

(To be continued.)

The Pilgrim.

THE way is dark, my Father! cloud on cloud
Is gathering quickly o'er my head; and loud
The thunders roll above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered: Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father; and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O, Father! take my hand,
And from the night,
Lead up to Light
Thy child.

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand,
Quickly and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate
Thy child.

The path is rough, my Father! many a thorn
Has pierced me: and my weary feet, all torn

And bleeding mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand.
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child.

The throng is great, my Father! many a doubt,
And fear and danger, compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand,
Or go alone. O, Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child.

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
So long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that bless'd land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,
And reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child.

The way is dark, My child! but leads to light;
I would not have thee always walk by sight:
My dealings, now, thou canst not understand;
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child.

The day goes fast, My child; but is the night
Darker to Me than day? In Me is light:
Keep close to Me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish! I will take thy hand
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child.

The way is long, My child! but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Close to the gate, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate
My child.

The path is rough, My child! but, O, how sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims' feet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With Me shall rest
My child.

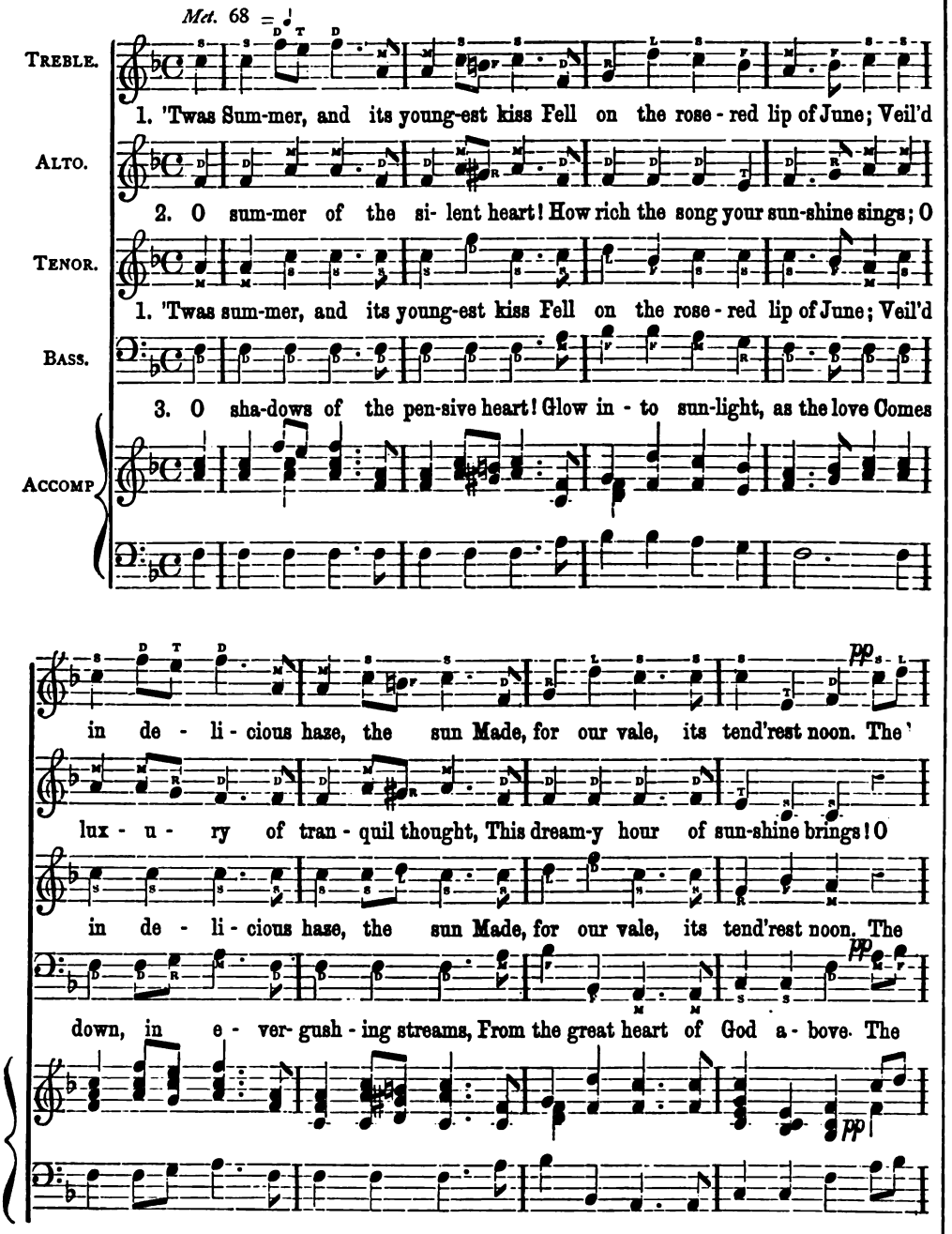
The throng is great, My child! but at thy side
Thy Father walks! then be not terrified,
For I am with thee: will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child.

The cross is heavy, child! yet there is One
Who bore a heavier for thee: My Son—
My well-beloved; with Him bear thine, and stand
With Him, at last, and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive thy crown,
My child.

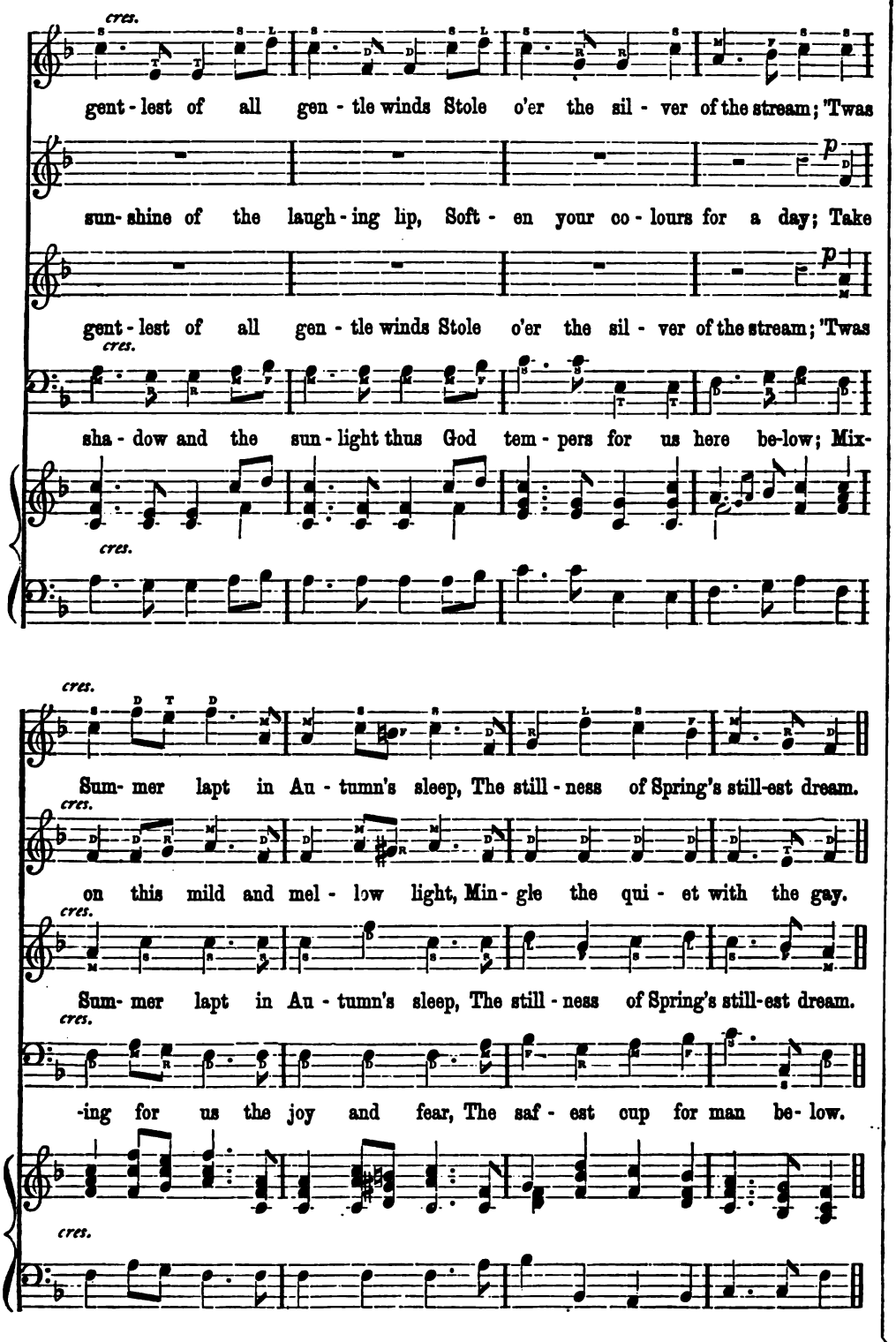
Anon.

The Treasury Hymnal.

SUMMER OF THE SILENT HEART.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. *German Melody.*

Met. 68 = ♩
TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP
1. 'Twas Sum-mer, and its young-est kiss Fell on the rose - red lip of June; Veil'd
2. O sum-mer of the si- lent heart! How rich the song your sun-shine sings; O
1. 'Twas sum-mer, and its young-est kiss Fell on the rose - red lip of June; Veil'd
3. O sha-dows of the pen-sive heart! Glow in - to sun-light, as the love Comes
in de - li - cious haze, the sun Made, for our vale, its tend'rest noon. The
lux - u - ry of tran - quil thought, This dream-y hour of sun-shine brings! O
in de - li - cious haze, the sun Made, for our vale, its tend'rest noon. The
down, in e - ver- gush - ing streams, From the great heart of God a - bove. The

**** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*


cres.
gent - lest of all gen - tle winds Stole o'er the sil - ver of the stream; 'Twas
p
sun - shine of the laugh - ing lip, Soft - en your co - lours for a day; Take
p
gent - lest of all gen - tle winds Stole o'er the sil - ver of the stream; 'Twas
cres.
sha - dow and the sun - light thus God tem - pers for us here be-low; Mix-
cres.
cres.
Sum- mer lapt in Au - tumn's sleep, The still - ness of Spring's still-est dream.
cres.
on this mild and mel - low light, Min - gle the qui - et with the gay.
cres.
Sum- mer lapt in Au - tumn's sleep, The still - ness of Spring's still-est dream.
cres.
-ing for us the joy and fear, The saf - est cup for man be- low.
cres.

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

LITTLE KATIE.

IT was Sabbath evening, a calm, peaceful, quiet evening in August. The day had been a hot one, but a pleasant breeze came in now through the open window of the parlour, at which Ethel was sitting. A book lay in her lap, but she was not reading. She had relapsed into a fit of musing, so deep that the constant passing and repassing of her brother Percy, as he walked up and down the gravel path outside, did not distract her.

She was thinking of the Sabbath evenings at Feversham, of the pleasant hour of sacred music and singing, and of the still pleasanter talk which followed—talk in which she had taken but little part, but which had always left a trace of some good behind it. It was with a deep-drawn sigh that she thought of these things, and she could not help wishing that she were there once more, with her aunt's loving words to cheer and help her, and her uncle's deep, wise discourse, to show her the path she should walk in. And Rosalie, sweet, unselfish Rosalie, she did not forget her.

There was no one here at home to show much sympathy in the new thoughts and desires that were gradually becoming a part of herself, Ethel sadly felt; and how was she to fight against all the evil within; and then, as if a ray of light had streamed across her path, there came to her mind the words, 'Lo, *I* am with you alway.' And Ethel, as it were, pillowed her head upon the promise, and was at rest. She was thinking so deeply, that she did not hear the door open softly; nor did she know that she was not still alone, until a gentle sigh was breathed close to her, and, looking up, she saw little Katie. There was a look of disappointment on the child's face.

'What is it, Katie? What do you want?'

'I thought Percy was here,' replied the child, 'I want him.'

'He is outside, there, but cannot I do as well? What is it you want?

'Charlotte generally reads to me, but she can't to-day. Mamma wants her, and I thought perhaps Percy would do it. He does sometimes, when Charlotte is busy.'

'I will read to you, Katie, if that is what you want.'

'Oh, will you, Ethel? that will be so nice,' exclaimed Katie, with a pleased look, 'I will go and ask Charlotte for her Bible.'

'You need not do that,' replied Ethel, 'I have mine here.'

And taking Katie on her lap, she asked what she should read.

'I know. If you will just let me have the book, Ethel, I can find it,' and she rapidly turned over the leaves until she found the place she sought. 'Here it is; I always know it, it is the last chapter but one that there is.'

Ethel took the book, and read what the child had chosen—the 21st chapter of Revelation. She read it through without word or comment, less to Katie than to herself, for the words seemed to come straight home to her own heart. 'There shall in no wise enter into it anything that shall offend.' How then could she hope for an entrance there? With her whole heart Ethel asked that she might be made pure and holy, and meet for that heavenly home of joy and peace. Then she turned to look at Katie. The child lay back in her arms—her golden hair floating about her, and a dreamy light in the soft blue eyes.

'Thank you,' she said, turning to meet Ethel's look, 'I like it so much. And I know it so well now, because I have seen it all.'

Ethel started.

'Nay, Katie darling, you cannot have seen it, you know, because it is all about heaven.'

'I know,' replied the child, 'and yet I have seen it. It was one night. I saw all the beautiful, splendid, golden light, and the angels with their crowns and their harps, and they were making such sweet, sweet music, and they threw themselves and their crowns before Jesus, as He sat on the throne. Oh, Ethel, I was so sorry to come back to earth again, and find myself in bed; I did so want to stay there.'

Ethel bent over, and kissed her. She could do nothing else, but as she looked at her, there came to her remembrance, with a great pang, the words of Charlotte that first night of her return home. What if they should be true, after all? But the little one went on, unconscious of the pain she was causing.

'I hope Jesus will have a harp ready for me. It will have to be a little one, but it must be very loud; for when I get to heaven I think I shall want to sing, "Glory, glory, glory," as loud as ever I can, Ethel.'

'My darling, do not talk so; you surely do not want to leave us all.'

'No,' said the child, a little cloud coming over her, 'but then you would all come, you know; and I am so tired sometimes that you would not mind my going a little first. It would be so pleasant to rest for ever in the arms of Jesus, as the little children did when He was on earth. I sometimes wish I had been alive, when He was born, Ethel, I would so gladly have given my life for Him, as the babies at Bethlehem did.'

'But, Katie, you know the little children

who are singing glory in heaven, did not come there of themselves.'

'No, I know. Percy explained the hymn to me once. I never quite understood it till then.'

'Percy! does he talk to you?'

'Oh, yes,' replied the child, with a bright smile, 'Percy and Charlotte have taught me all I know,' and then she went on, half singing,

"Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory, glory, glory."

I am not white and clean yet, but Jesus will make me so when He takes me to heaven.'

'Indeed, darling, I don't think you do many wrong things, even now.'

'Oh yes, I do. I am often grieving the kind good Saviour, and it makes me so sorry sometimes. Ethel, I wonder why every one does not love our Saviour? It seems so strange, when He suffered such a cruel death. If papa or mamma had done such a thing for any one, everybody would praise them and talk about them; but no one thinks of what Jesus has done. I suppose it is because it is so long since that they forget—and yet it must grieve Him so much after all He has done, for Charlotte says there is room for every one in heaven; and it seems so sad that any one should not care to go there, but Charlotte says we can't understand it now—we shall sometime.'

'Oh, Katie, darling,' exclaimed Ethel, leaning her head upon the child's shoulder, 'it is often very difficult to help grieving God; so many things come to make one cross and angry, and then one forgets everything—at least I do,' she added, with a sigh.

Katie threw her arms round her neck.

'We shall not grieve Him in heaven, Ethel dear.'

Ethel kissed her, and was silent. How she longed for the faith and love of this little one! Truly, 'God hath hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hath revealed them unto babes.' Suddenly she roused herself.

'It must be getting late; it is high time you were in bed, little Katie. Let us go and bid mamma good-night.'

Ethel took Katie upstairs to her mother's room, and then to her own, where she prepared her for bed; all the while with a feeling that Charlotte's words would come true, that the little spirit was slipping out from their grasp without their knowing it.

After she had lain down, Katie begged for a hymn. Ethel repeated one that had been a favourite at Feversham, but which was new to Katie, and the child begged that she might learn it; but the weary eyes closed before much had been accomplished. Ethel looked at her with an earnest look, now that the lids were drawn over those searching dreamy eyes; but she could see nothing fresh, only a little paleness and thinness which had always been there; and yet there remained that feeling of hopelessness which she could not get rid of.

She went downstairs with a sudden determination, and knocked at the door of her father's little study.

'Papa, I want to talk to you about Katie.'

'About Katie?' said Mr Linton, looking up uneasily, 'she is not ill, surely?'

'No. At least I don't know. I am afraid she is worse than any of us think?'

'I see no difference in the child; she runs about as usual. Has she been complaining?'

'No, papa. She appears the same; and yet, for all that I cannot help thinking she is worse. I wish you would ask Dr Wilmot about her.'

Ethel did not say it was the child's way of talking that made her think so.

'Really, Ethel, you talk as if expense were no object. It was only in the spring that Dr Wilmot did see the child, and he said that nothing ailed her then; and it seems that you are only fancying she is worse. It is the hot weather that makes her feel languid and easily tired, that is all. Don't get such fancies into your head, there's a good child; and above all, don't let your mother hear a word of this. Katie is very dear to us all, and we think more about her, perhaps, because she is rather delicate, that is all.'

And Ethel went away, thinking that perhaps that was all, and it was fancy.

Instead of returning to the parlour, she went on out of doors. Percy was still there, sitting under the shade of a straggling old tree, which grew on the small piece of grass that was dignified by the name of lawn. Ethel went and joined him. He shut his book, and looked up at her with a smile.

'Well, Ethel, so you have come for a breath of fresh air this beautiful evening.'

'Yes,' said Ethel, and she was silent for a few minutes; then she said abruptly, 'Percy, I have been talking to Katie, or rather she has been talking to me. She came for you to read to her, but put up with me instead.'

'I thought I heard her voice as I passed the window. Dear little Katie! she has often taught me a great deal.'

'And yet she told me all she knew was learnt from Percy and Charlotte.'

'I am afraid she has not learnt much from me. No,' he continued reverently, 'I think God has been her teacher, Ethel.'

'She is a strange child. I hardly liked the way she talked to-night; it almost frightened me.'

'I wish I was more like her, I know,' sighed Percy.

'It is very difficult,' said Ethel, musingly.

'What is difficult, Ethel.'

'Always to do what one knows is right.'

'Oh, Ethel, exclaimed her brother, eagerly, 'do you feel that? I do so often. Indeed, if I did not try to remember that God sees and knows all I do, and that whatever He gives me to do must be done to the very best of my power for His sake, I should go very far wrong sometimes.'

'You, Percy? You seem to me never to go wrong at all. As for me, I am always getting cross about something.'

'But you are trying to be different, are you

not, Ethel? I have thought so since you came back from Feversham.'

'Yes, I do think I am; that is, sometimes, not always. But I do want aunt Ethel so very often. Oh Percy, I cannot help wishing that our home was like uncle Latimer's; not in the wealth and comfort of it only, I don't mean, but in other things.'

'I understand. But, Ethel, I am so glad you think in this way; perhaps we can help each other. I know I often and often need help.'

Ethel stood musing.

'Percy, I will tell you uncle Latimer's wish for me that last night before I left. It was that I might grow "more Christ-like." I have often thought of it since.'

'I suppose that is what we all ought to aim at, Ethel.'

'I did not know that you cared for such things, Percy.'

'Didn't you? I am not one to talk much; and I am afraid my words and deeds have not shown that I am trying to please God. But indeed, Ethel, I do hope I have learnt to love Him. It is a long time now since I first began to think about it. It was from a sermon of Mr Fletcher's on these words, "Ye are not your own, but are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are His." You know, Ethel, Jesus gave His life blood for us, and we therefore belong to Him; and we ought surely to try to do all we can to please Him, out of love, in return.'

'Yes,' replied Ethel, 'but I am only just beginning to feel it.'

Percy did not reply for a minute or two, and when he did speak, it was not in answer to Ethel's remark.

'Ethel,' he said slowly, and with some effort, 'I think I will tell you the hope of my life, what I have never told to any one yet, but what that sermon I mentioned made me first think of, and it has strengthened every day since, I think.'

'What is it?'

'The hope that some time—a very long time first, of course, when I am quite grown up—but some time, I may tell about Jesus to others, and perhaps bring some to love Him too.'

'You mean to be a clergyman?'

'Yes,' he said, eagerly, looking into Ethel's face for sympathy, and he did not look in vain.

'That is a hope worth having, Percy, but I am afraid there will be many difficulties in the way.'

'Yes, I know that, and very likely it will never be; but I often please myself with thinking about it.'

At that moment Guy came running up, and threw himself down beside Ethel.

'What are you two talking about? you look as grave as if you were discussing the affairs of the nation. I declare I shall grow quite jealous, Ethel, if you give so much of your time to Percy.'

'What have you been doing, Guy?' said Ethel, putting her arm round his neck, and kissing him; for after all, Guy was her favourite brother, though she was learning to appreciate Percy.

'Gertie and I have been chasing each other round the field until we are both well nigh broiled; and Martha has laid violent hands on the little puss, and carried her off to bed. I wanted May to come too, but the old lady does not like more exertion than she can help, and she preferred moping in the nursery. By the way, Ethel, you, as elder sister, ought to exercise your authority, and make May leave her things about a little more. She is so horribly tidy that I am afraid she wont exist many years more. You need not laugh, I am sure it is a serious case. Don't you know that virtues may degenerate into vices, and I am sure, soon May will be so uneasy and worried if the least trifle is out of its place, that she will bring on fever. There! I hope I have proved the point to your satisfaction!'

'Guy, what a chatterbox you are!' exclaimed Ethel, laughing, 'I do believe you like to hear your own voice.'

'Of course I do. Here comes Charlotte to exercise her authority upon us all three.'

And as he spoke, Charlotte appeared just outside the door.

'Miss Ethel, don't you think you ought to be coming in? It is quite late, and the damp must be falling fast.'

'My dear Charlotte,' exclaimed Guy, 'you are a good creature, but you have not studied natural history, that is certain.'

'The natural history of damp,' suggested Percy, inquiringly.

'Yes, the natural history of damp. It is not the way of damp to fall, begging your pardon, Charlotte. Damp is of an aspiring nature, and always rises, especially at this time of night.'

'Well, Master Guy,' replied the old servant, with a good-humoured smile, 'fall or rise, it makes no matter to me. Only I am sure it is quite time you were coming in.'

It was a proof that better influences were having their effect upon Ethel, that she rose without annoyance in word or look, at what she would once have termed, Charlotte's interference; and taking Guy's hand, they went into the house together, Percy lingering a moment to pick up his book.

'Guy, dear,' Ethel said gently, 'I wish you would be a little more sober this Sunday night.'

'Oh, it is only one's spirits. It is such jolly weather, one cannot help being merry.'

After their talk that night, there seemed a bond of sympathy between Ethel and Percy. They rarely spoke on the subject, it is true, but each felt that they had something in common, for were they not both striving, in much weakness and faltering, yet earnestly striving, to please the Saviour who died for them?

Mr Linton did not forget Ethel's suggestion regarding Katie, though he had treated it so lightly. The next Saturday, he mentioned at breakfast, that he was going to Beckworth rather earlier than usual, and should take Katie with him, and send her back by the train alone, if Ethel would meet her at the station. Ethel

willingly agreed to do so, for she immediately knew for what purpose Katie was to go.

The little child was delighted. A visit to Beckworth was of such rare occurrence, that it was quite an event in her quiet life.

Mr Linton took her to Dr Wilmot's, and when he had talked to her a little, she was sent into the garden under the care of his little daughter.

'There is not much the matter with her at present,' he said, 'what she requires is care and good nursing, and a warm climate. You ought to take her south in October.'

'You know that is impossible, doctor, with my large family and small income.'

Dr Wilmot gave his shoulders an expressive shrug.

'Of course you are the best judge as to that; but if it was my child, I should take her into Devonshire before winter comes.'

'Then you think her life is in danger?'

'Oh no, I do not say that. She is delicate, nothing worse as yet, and she may outgrow it. But I do say, if it were my child, I should take her south.'

'That is an utter impossibility,' replied Mr Linton.

'Well, she may get over the winter without, with care.'

(*To be continued.*)

'WORK FOR CHRIST.'

THESE were the last words that fell from the lips of a young man who died a few months ago. For long weary months he had been the victim of consumption, the disease that so often selects the loveliest and noblest for its prey. He could not go forth to toil for Christ in the church or the mission-school, but he glorified his Master on a bed of pain, for

'They also serve, who only stand and wait.'

'*Work for Christ.*' This is the work that yields the sweetest solace, and the richest revenue of reward. It has the promise of this world, and of the world to come. A man who works for Jesus never sees the *end* of his labours; for the seed he soweth will go on growing, scattering new seeds, and fructifying in all future time. He leaves behind him a goodly heritage of Christian deeds. The perfume of his piety lingers with his memory; there is a *trail of light* that remains long after he has passed from his bright pathway into the pearly gate of heaven. His labours, like his glorified soul, are immortal. In one sense, *good men never die.* They are simply transplanted. John Calvin has, indeed, long slept in his humble grave in Geneva; but his noble defence of God's sovereignty will outlive the stars. Bunyan rests in Bunhill Fields; but his bright spirit still walks the earth in the *Pilgrim's Progress.* John Wesley's voice is no longer speaking; but we seem to hear the echo of it in the hymns of every Methodist chapel. Howard is alive in many a prison association; Sarah Martin, in many a circle of gentle philanthropists; Clarkson, in many a league for freedom; Schwartz and Mills, in many a missionary band. Their works do follow them.

'*Work for Christ.*' This is the way to secure spiritual health. Like a bracing walk up the mountain-side, or a sturdy half-day with the axe in the forest to ensure a good appetite, so is a busy devotion to religious duty as a quickener of the soul's hunger after God. Work developes a man's spiritual frame. He grows strong, sinewy, strong-shouldered, to carry burdens, and swift-footed in doing good. An indolent professor becomes puny and spindling, like a lad brought up indoors to idleness. A working disciple cannot well be a *cold* disciple. Dr Kane and his Arctic comrades only kept themselves from freezing by constant activity. And would not our frigid churches all feel a new glow of health, and a new elasticity of movement, and a new prevalence in prayer, and a new power in saving souls, if they would all adopt the watchword of the young dying saint, '*Work for Christ.*'

But whilst you 'work for Christ,' never forget that all men cannot, and were never intended to work in the same way. 'There are diversities of operations.' Upon the face of a watch you may see an illustration of our meaning. On that small space you have three workers; there is the second pointer performing rapid revolutions; there is the minute pointer, going at a greatly reduced speed; and there is the hour pointer, tardier still. Now, any one unacquainted with the mechanism of a watch, would conclude that the busy little second pointer was doing all the work; it is clicking away at sixty times the speed of the minute-hand, *that* seems to be doing no work at all. You can see in a moment that the first is busy, and in a short time you will see the second stir; but you must wait still longer to assure yourself of the motion of the third.

So it is in the Church. There are active, fussy men, who appear to be doing the work of the whole community; and others slower still. But can we do without the minute and hour pointers? The noisy second-hand might go round its little circle for ever, without telling the world the true time. But we should be thankful for all kinds of workers. The silent, steady hour-hand need not envy its noisy little colleague.

Each man must fill the measure of his capacity. Your business is to do your allotted work, so as to meet the approbation of the Master. Work, then, for Christ in the special sphere, with the specific gift accorded, whether in Ragged School, Parents' Meeting, or Ragged Church, so as at last to be able to say, 'I have *finished* the work Thou gavest me to do.'

Gems from Thomas Willes.*

1625.

1. WE read in the book of Job that when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them. So, when the children of God come to present themselves before the Lord in the assemblies of His saints, to seek His face in the beauty of holiness, and to be instructed in His will, revealed in His word, the agents of Satan will likewise sometimes come amongst them, but 'tis only with this devilish design, to make some opposition to the ministers of the Word, and to subvert the faith of the hearers by some contradiction of the doctrines of the Gospel by them delivered.

2. We are indeed encompassed with mercies on earth, but we shall be surrounded with glories in Heaven. Mercy speaks a state of imperfection and misery, but glory speaks a state of perfect felicity. Ah! Christians, your enemies will pursue you till you are entered into the sanctuary of God. The avenger of blood will pursue you till you have taken to the city of refuge. Who are these enemies but your sins, with those troops of miseries which they lead up against you to destroy you? Who is the avenger of blood but Satan, who seeks the life of your souls to destroy it? Now, what is this sanctuary? what is this city of refuge? 'Tis heaven, the place of the saint's rest and peace, joy and glory.

3. In the deluge of pleasure, the dove of piety can find no place where to set the sole of her foot. But punishment will take place where piety can find none.

4. Christians! what can you find or expect but troubles and miseries on earth? What then should your desires and longings be, but to be at rest with Christ in heaven? Why does it please the Lord, who by His powerful providence and government, orders all things that come to pass in the world, to suffer those storms and tempests to arise, and so sorely shake the trees of righteousness of His own planting, but to loosen their roots from the earth, and so to prepare them to be transplanted into paradise. O the difference betwixt our days on earth and those days of heaven. Here we have often cloudy and stormy days, but there an everlasting calm, an everlasting sunshine of love and glory. Our days here are days of trouble and torment, but the days above are days of triumph and joy. Here are days of suffering and sorrow, but above all are holy Sabbaths of rest, and sacred festivals of divine delights.

5. Happy saints! If all the waves of affliction and rolling billows upon which you are tossed in the troublesome sea of this world, set you daily, yea hourly, nearer to the fair haven of everlasting happiness. But, O then, be sure you steer your course by the sacred compass of the Word of God; be daily preparing yourselves by a holy life for a happy death, if you desire to enter into a glorious eternity. In vain shall you long for heaven, if you still live in sin, which is but to walk in the way to hell. Unless the image of God be renewed upon your souls while you are yet on earth, never shall you see the face of God in heaven. Daily crucify your corruptions, exercise your graces, perfecting holiness in the fear of God, and so prepare yourselves for heaven. Then may you, with comfort, look for Christ's coming, who will receive you up into His kingdom and glory. True believers love the appearing of Christ.

6. The safety of the child in the mother's bosom, lies not in the strength of its own weak arms, wherewith it clings about her, but in the strength of the mother's arm, and the affectionate tenderness of her heart towards it. What then though thy faith be weak, thy strength be small, and thy enemies strong, thou art kept by the mighty power of God through faith unto salvation. Christ is thine, and so heaven and happiness are thine also.

7. Come, believers, come to the top of Pisgah, and take a prospect of the Holy Land. See'st thou the land that is afar off? behold that is the land of promise, where, after our weary pilgrimage, we shall have an everlasting glorious rest. There the flourishing vines are ever laden with full clusters of the richest grapes. Oh happy then shall we be, when instead of the waters of the wilderness, we shall come to drink of the wines of Canaan. There the rivers do continually flow with milk and honey—here we are compassed with enemies, but there we shall have perfect tranquillity, an eternal security, an unchangeable felicity. Oh that we had the wings of a dove, that we might fly from this high mountain to that Holy Land.

* From 'A Word in Season for a Warning to England; or a Prophecy of Perilous Times.' By THOMAS WILLES, M.A., Minister of the Gospel in the *City of London*. 1659.

JESUS CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Continued from page* 292.)

THE true morning has not yet broken, hardly does it give forth any sign of breaking, save the deeper darkness that is the sure foreteller of the dawn.

It is still night upon the *earth;* and 'the children of the night' are going to and fro in the world's streets, doing 'the unfruitful works of darkness;' 'walking in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries;' yielding to the 'flattering lips' of the seducer, that 'lieth in wait at every corner,' in 'the black and dark night' (Prov. vii. 9–21); making 'provision for the flesh,' by 'living in rioting and drunkenness, in chambering and wantonness, in strife and envying' (Rom. xiii. 13); compassing themselves about with sparks of their own kindling, which only sadden the gloom and make us feel more truly that it is NIGHT.

It is still night to the *church;* a night of danger, a night of weariness, a night of weeping. Her firmament is dark and troubled. The promise of morning is sure, and she is looking out for it with fixed and pleading eye, sore tried with the long gloom. Yet it has not arisen. It is still deferred—deferred in mercy to an unready world, to whom the ending of this night shall be the closing of hope, and the sealing of ruin, and the settling down of the infinite darkness. For 'the Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness, but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.'

But though it is *night*, there are times, both in the saint's own history and the church's annals, which may be spoken of as *mornings* even now. Such was the 'morning' to Adam when Seth was born to him after Abel's death. (Gen. iv. 25.) Such was the 'morning' to Noah when the flood dried up, and the face of the earth was renewed. Such was the 'morning' to Jacob when the tidings came to him that Joseph was yet alive. Such was the 'morning' to Naomi when Ruth and Boaz wiped off the tears of widowhood, and when in her old age she 'saw her seed,' and 'took the child and laid it in her bosom.' (Ruth iv. 16.) Such was Hannah's 'morning' when, after long years of bitterness, 'the Lord granted her petition,' and she went her way and was no more sad.' (1 Sam. i. 18.) Such was the 'morning' that dawned on Job when the Lord accepted him, and turned his captivity, giving him twice as much as he had before, 'blessing his latter end more than his beginning.' Such was Israel's 'morning' when the Lord turned back the captivity of Zion, 'making them like men that dream,' filling 'their mouth with laughter and their tongue with singing,' in the day of their deliverance from exile.

Thus there are 'mornings' ever and anon bursting on us now. They are indeed little more than brief brightenings of the darkness—lulls in the long tempest that is to rage unspent till the Lord come. Still we may call them 'mornings,' just as we give the name of midday to the dim kindlings of the sky at daily noon, in the six months' arctic night, when the sun keeps below the horizon. Or, better and truer, we may call them *earnests of the morning*—that morning which is to outshine all mornings, and to swallow up alike the darkness and the light of a present evil world. Dim and transient as are these earnests, they are unutterably gladdening. They cheer the heavy darkness and are pledges of sun-rise.

Our life on earth, 'the life that we now live in the flesh,' is thus made up of many nights and many mornings. It is not all one night, nor is it all one day. Every thing pertaining to it seems to revolve or alternate. It is a life of sinking and rising, of going and returning, of ebbing and flowing, of shade and brightness. The health of the soul seems in some measure to need such changes, just as the soil owes much of its fruitfulness to the vicissitudes of the seasons.

As there is no even continuance of constant good, so there is no equal pressure of unbroken evil. As the season of calm is brief, so is the burst of the storm. The days of darkness are many—more in number than the days of light, yet they do not last always. 'Many are the afflictions of the righteous,' yet there are *breaks* in the line of evil, for it is added, 'the Lord delivereth him out of them all.'

Our God has so fashioned us, and so regulated our circumstances, that each grief has

its crisis, its spring-tide, after which it seems, as if by a law, to recede. Not only can the soul not bear beyond a fixed amount of pain or pressure without giving way, but it cannot be kept too long upon the stretch. If the tension is protracted, the 'spirit fails,' the mind breaks down. Or if this is not the case, callousness comes on; we grow stupid and insensible. Affliction loses its power by being too heavy or too long.

The highest mountain has its summit; the deepest mine-shaft has its lowest level. Nor, in general, are these long in being reached. So even when there is sorrow upon sorrow, there is respite between, or gladness at the close of the dark series. The outer and the inner world have, to some extent, the same laws of alternation and relief. Tides and variations seem needful in both. Thus it was in the life of David. At one time he stood with gladness in the courts of His God; at another he bemoaned himself, saying, 'When shall I come and appear before God?' At one time he went with the multitude; at another he wandered in solitude and exile. At one time he kept holy day with the thousands of Israel, joining in the voice of joy and praise; at another his tears were his meat day and night. At one time his soul was cast down and disquieted within him; at another he praised Jehovah as the health of his countenance. At one time he could look with open eye upon the glory of Jehovah in his house; at another he could only remember Him from the land of Jordan and of the Hermonites from the hill Mizar. At one time deep called unto deep, all God's waves went over him; at another the Lord commanded His loving-kindness and opened his mouth in song. Such were the tides of David's history—the vicissitudes of day and night in his varying course. True type of every saint's history, not only in the old age of shadows, but in our own! True example of the changes and tossings marked out for the church in her course on earth from shame to glory! What else are we to look for till the Lord come? In the first age of the church, in the time of righteous Abel, it was so. 'The evening and the morning were the first day.' In the last age of the church, just ere the second Adam is brought in, it shall be no less so. 'The evening and the morning were the sixth day.' Then comes the world's seventh and brightest day—a day of cloudless splendour, unbroken and unending.

How wise, how gracious that it should be so! One firmament of gloom, spanning our whole life-time, would be intolerable. One long heavy chain of grief, with which we could never get familiar, and on which we could never learn to look calmly; or one linked *succession of griefs*, ever tearing open old wounds and adding new ones, would wither up existence and blight life before its prime. Man's nature could not bear it; man's heart would sink under it, unless made totally callous by some unnatural process, or sustained by daily miracle; in which case grief would cease to be grief, and there could be no such thing as trial or chastisement at all.

Hence, He who 'knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust,' not only 'stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind;' but often, for a season, bids both be still, and breathes on us only with the freshness of the mild south. For thus has He spoken, 'I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth; for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made.' (Isa. lvii. 16.) Such then is God's purpose concerning us, and such His reasons for it. The purpose is a gracious and a tender one; no less so are the reasons for it. He tells us, that though He does, at seasons, contend with us, yet He will not prolong the contest beyond a certain time or limit; for in such a strife, who could stand before the Mighty One? 'In measure when it shooteth forth thou wilt debate with it' (Isa. xxvii. 8); that is, He will set bounds to the sorrow and the smiting which cannot be overpassed; He will say to them, even in their fiercest course, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' For were He to allow that tide to roll on unhindered, who, even of His own chosen and beloved ones, could withstand its rush, or sustain themselves amid its deepening waters?

Yet let us not forget what the sorrow has done for us while it lasted; and what the night has been, though dark and sad.

It has been a night of grief, yet a night of blessing; a night in which there may have been many things which we could wish forgotten, yet many more which we should wish to be remembered for ever. Often, during its gloom, we called it 'wearisome,' and said, 'When shall I arise and the night be gone?' (Job vii. 4.) Yet how much was there to reconcile us to it; nay, to fill us with praise because of it! It was then that the Lord drew near, and the world was displaced, and self was smitten, and our will conquered, and faith grew apace, and hope became brighter and more eager, and the things that are unseen were felt to be the real and the true: Jerusalem that is above was seen by us as our proper home.

It was then that we had 'songs in the *night*.' (Psa. xlii. 8). Our 'reins instructed us in the *night* seasons.' (Psa. xvi. 7.) It was 'in the *night* that we remembered the name' of our God (Psa. cxix. 55,) and 'desired him with our souls' (Isa. xxvi. 9); 'meditating on him in

the *night*-watches.' (Psa. lxiii. 6.) It was 'in the *night*' that 'he led us with a light of fire.' (Psa. lxxviii. 14.) It was in the *night* that 'the dew lay upon our branch' (Job xxix. 19), and with the dew there came down the manna; for the manna and the dew fell together (Num. xi. 9), so that out of the bosom of the darkness there came at once nourishment and freshness. It was then that we were taught sympathy with a groaning creation, taking part in its 'earnest expectation,' and waiting for resurrection even as *it* is looking out for restitution; it was then that we were taught to know our high office, as those who have the first-fruits of the Spirit, 'to lead (as one has written) the choir of all-complaining nature;' for it was then that the Spirit's power came forth upon us to tune the chords of our manifold being, that they might give forth the true note of mingled hope and sadness, peculiar to creation in its present low estate; and when we were fretting under the touch, and perhaps with sentimental weakness, talking of broken strings and a blighted life, the great Master-tuner was upon us, giving to each rebellious chord its proper tension, that from the re-tuned instrument there might come forth that special harmony which He desires to draw from it in this present age—that special harmony by which He is to be glorified on earth, until Eden comes again and the wilderness blossoms as the rose.

It was then that we could make the utterance of Jacob's patient faith our own, 'I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord;' subscribing ourselves to our fellow saints as 'your companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Christ' (that is, in patient waiting for His kingdom). It was then that these words of blessed cheer fell so sweetly on our ears, 'He who testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly,' drawing forth from our lips the glad response, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' And it was then that, while learning thus to plead 'make haste,' we also learned to say with the Bride, 'A bundle of myrrh is my well beloved unto me, he shall lie all *night* in my bosom.' (Sol. Song i. 13.)

Blessed and profitable, however, as we have found the night with its still seclusion and solemn teaching, it is not the morning nor the day. And its very darkness makes us long the more for the anticipated sun-rise—for 'the flight of shadows and the eternal day-break.'

Nor are we hindered from desiring the day. Impatience is forbidden, but not desire. Let us possess our souls in patience, for He is neither the brave nor the believing man who says, 'Let me die, for the cup is bitterer than I can drink;' but he who under the sorest grief can say, 'Let me live on and be useful, whatever may be the bitterness of the cup.' But still we may long for the ending of the night. As in sickness we may long for health, and put forth all fit means for its attainment; so in darkness we may cry earnestly for the dawning, especially because we know that God has a day in store for us after the night is done—a day which is to be far more than a compensation for all previous sorrow. For every night God has provided a morning, so that as we have many nights, we have also many mornings even here. They are not indeed 'mornings without clouds,' but still they are mornings whose cheering light lifts up the heavy spirit and brightens the faded eye.

But for the world, the children of the night the heedless, pleasure-loving world, what morning is there, or what earnest of the morning? None. Or at least it deserves not the name of the morning. Their 'sorrows are multiplied,' because they have hastened after other gods Their joy is but for a moment. Their consolation is no better than a dream. They serve a god that cannot save, and that cannot comfort. Their portion here at the best emptiness; and the end is the eternal blackness and the infinite despair. The tidings of God's free love they heed not; but the tidings of His wrath they shall ere long be made to heed; if now they turn not to Him who is entreating of them this one favour, that they would bring their sins to Him for pardon, and let Him bear all their griefs and carry all their sorrow.

MODERN PROSE TRIED BY SCRIPTURE.

(*Continued from page* 274).

CARLYLE goes on to say that *now* he saw 'the *knot* that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was *free*;' it was 'the Origin of Evil,' a vain interminable controversy which arises in every soul. He put an end to it thus: 'Man's unhappiness comes of his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him (!)' which he cannot quite bury under the Finite —'he can't possess *all*, therefore he is disappointed, unhappy'—'always there is a black spot in our sunshine, it is even the *shadow* of *ourselves*:' he concludes, 'It is only with Renunciation that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin, close thy Byron, open thy Goethe (!)'——then in extasy he cries, 'I see a glimpse of it! there is in man a Higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness.' For this God-inspired doctrine 'of the God-like that is in man,—and how in the God-like only has he strength and freedom,'—this *Higher*, he says, have sages and martyrs preached and suffered for—'the *self* in thee needed to be annihilated' (*see* note on p. 114)—he exclaims, 'borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not pleasure, love God—this is the *everlasting yea* wherein all contradiction is solved, wherein whoso walks and works it is well with him' (p. 116–7).

What does the man mean by this rhapsody? An Oriental might use such a 'cloud of words without meaning'—but for a sober Scotchman! fancy such a man being 'strangled!' with the thought of the 'origin of evil!' I suppose the author borrows it from the Germans, perhaps from Goethe, to whom he commends us. Thus Ernest Luthard recently writes, 'Whence comes evil? whence comes pain? It may be said all religions are attempts to solve this problem. The theme of the Indian Vedas is the fact of *evil;* the origin of the Budha religion is the *sorrow* of earthly existence; the latest philosophy of our age is that of Schopenhauar of Frankfort: he is constantly engaged on the question of *evil*, his theme is the *sorrow* of life. Witnesses to the *dominion of death* surround us on all sides—throughout the realm of *nature*, and of *history* too, in perished cities and nations, and in the perishing individual man.' But for practical purposes, for practical Englishmen or Scotchmen, the fact that *evil is here*, in us, and around us, is enough to engage our efforts to overcome it. And how is this to be done? even as the Bible, in a few words, reveals the 'origin of evil' (so far as it concerns us to know) so it teaches us how to 'overcome evil with good,' lies with truth, the Father of Lies, the devil, by Him who is 'the life and truth,' and who came 'to destroy the works of the devil' —*see* note, p. 102 (Gen. iii; Rom. v. 12; xvi. 20; xii. 1 to end; Jas. i. 12–15; Heb. ii. 14, 15; 1 John iii. 8; v. 4, 5; John xvi. 33). To talk of 'man's *un*happiness coming from his *greatness*,' is like asserting the converse, that 'his happiness must come from his littleness'—well, 'he that humbleth himself shall be exalted' (Luke xiv. 11), and fancied greatness or pride is at the root of most unhappiness, which implies again that man's *great sinfulness* is the cause of all his unhappiness, 'the sting of death is sin;' and hence you may say the 'black spot' is the shadow of our *sinful* selves' (1 Cor. xv. 55, 56; Ezek. xviii. 20; Eph. ii. 1; Rom. vii. 24; Isa. lix. 2). To know the sinfulness of man, read the long story of his earthly life, read Shakespeare, read your own heart, under the light of God's word, and especially of the cross of Christ (2 Cor. v. 14; Col. i. 20). But what a wizard to send us to as Goethe, to exorcise our sinfulness and unhappiness! and what a 'reconciliation and life' such a one can give us! But can he thus trifle while sin and sorrow and death are around? What separates between us and God? it is SIN (Gen. iv. 7; Isa. lix. 2); and our sinful nature makes us enemies of God (Rom. viii. 7; v. 10–21; Jas. iv. 4); and who removes the enmity and reconciles us to God? only Christ Jesus our Lord (2 Cor. v. 18–21; Eph. ii. 15–22; Col. i. 20–22; Heb. ii. 17). He is both our *Reconciliation*, and our *Life*, for He quickens and also continues the life He gives. (John v. 21, 25, 26, 40; vi. 33, 47–58; xi. 25; xiv. 19: xx. 31; Rom. vi. 8, 11; xiv. 8; 2 Cor. iv. 10; v. 15; xiii. 4; Gal. ii. 20; Phil. i. 21; Col. iii. 3, 4; 1 Thes. v. 10; 1 John iv. 9; v. 11, 12, 20). As to doing 'without happiness' by finding 'blessedness'—it is true, if Carlyle means exchanging mere earthly gratifications for heavenly, sensual for spiritual happiness. Happy and Blessed are the people 'whose God is the Lord,' whose 'transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered,' who are 'turned away from their iniquities,' who 'trust' and 'hope' in the Lord, and 'fear' Him and 'do His commandments,' who 'not having seen believe in Christ,' and are 'persecuted and hated for righteousness and Christ's sake,' who 'endure temptation' and whom 'the Lord chasteneth,' who are 'found watching at the coming of the Lord,' who have part in the first resurrection,' and are 'called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.' Such is God's view of happiness. These point to some of the 'spiritual blessings in the heavenlies in Christ,' which come from the

'ever blessed God,' who 'commandeth the blessing even life for evermore,' upon those who seek it of Him. (Ps. cxliv. 15; xxxii. 1; Acts iii. 26; Ps. ii. 12; cxlvi. 5; cxii. 1; Rev. xxii. 14; John xx. 29; Mat. v. 2–12; Jas. i. 12; Ps. xciv. 12; Luke xii. 37; Rev. xiv. 13; xx. 6; xix. 9; Eph. i. 3; Ps. cxxxiii. 3). Surely Carlyle these are blessings 'which make rich and add no sorrow,' and which will make happy and blessed for both earth and heaven, for 'godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come' (Prov. x. 22; 1 Tim. iv. 8). Then we have seen sufficiently (note on p. 61 and above) that there is nothing 'godlike' in man, but that the very reverse is the 'God-inspired doctrine,' viz., that he is like 'his father the devil' (John viii. 44) until he is 'born again' and 'Christ be formed in him the hope of glory' (Gal. iv. 19; Col. i. 27, 28); in and through whom man finds both 'strength and freedom' (Phil. iv. 13; John viii. 36)—who, the Son of God Jesus Christ, is the true 'yea and amen of all the promises and blessings of God'—and in whom is no contradiction at all (2 Cor. i. 20; Jas. i. 17); 'to win whom and be found in Him' will make us not ashamed or confounded, and it will be well for us indeed (Phil. iii. 8, 9). But why shrink from plain scriptural statements of these things? why use Bible language in some strange sense, or semi-heathenize Christian thought? 'The pity of it, Carlyle! O Carlyle, the pity of it!' that you, who have been trained from childhood with the Bible in your hand, should so drivel around and about its precious truths, but will not manfully grapple with and state them, and what your views are respecting them!

The author goes on to admit that he uttered 'nebulous disquisitions on religion;' yet he fondly thinks they were 'not without bursts of splendour;' tells Voltaire to 'shut thy sweet voice, for the task appointed thee seems finished:' and proceeds—'The *worship of sorrow!* . . . *feel* it in thy *heart*, and then say whether it is of God! this (feeling) is Belief; all else is Opinion! . . . One Bible I know, of whose plenary inspiration doubt is not so much as possible; nay, with my own eyes I saw the God's hand writing it: (what? the above *feeling?*) thereof all other Bibles are but leaves.' He adds, 'the hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this, when your Ideal world becomes revealed . . . The situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man; yes, here in this . . . Actual . . is thy Ideal, work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free! Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself; thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that Ideal out of.' 'I too could now say to myself, Be no longer a chaos but a world or even a worldkin! Produce! produce! . . . whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might; work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work' (118–20).

This is beyond me! Carlyle's 'worship of sorrow' (see note on p. 114) is as curious as Comte's worship of a calendar of dead and perished literary and scientific saints! Assuredly such 'worship' is not of God (Col. ii. 18, 23). And to prove whether the '*feeling* of sorrow' is of God, you need to know whether it is 'with hope' and 'godly sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation;' or whether it is 'the sorrow of the world which worketh death' (2 Cor. vii. 10; 1 Thess. iv. 13). And as to any 'feeling' being equivalent to 'belief,' we know that in mental operations belief of facts produces feelings, and that implies *knowledge* of facts (and opinions or judgments) which produces belief: but if Carlyle means Bible or spiritual faith, we know that such 'faith is the gift of God,' and involves spiritual knowledge, and in its all-inclusive sense is a life, 'a life of faith in the Son of God' (Eph. ii. 8; Heb. xii. 2; xi. 1; vi. 11; x. 22; Col. i. 9; ii. 2; 2 Tim. ii. 7; Eph. iv. 13–18; 2 Pet. i. 1–8; 1 John ii. 20; Gal. ii. 20; Col. iii. 3, 4: 1 John v. 12). He before dated his 'spiritual new-birth' from the hour when he 'defied' and 'hated' the devil (p. 102); he now dates his 'spiritual enfranchisement' from the 'hour when his ideal world was revealed,' by which he seems to mean when he saw his 'duty' in 'actual' life and did it, then he says he 'lived' and was 'free,' and so he bursts out, 'work, work!' 'produce, produce!' In all this he means not, nor seems to have the least idea of, true spiritual freedom and work (notes on pp. 103, 116). But what's the use of mere mental or moral freedom or work, without the 'spirit of life' in it? Since that which is 'without faith is sin,' as it is without any regard to God, and seeing that 'that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but that which is born of the Spirit is spirit, and he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting' (John iii. 6; Gal. vi. 8). Of what avail is 'faithfulness to duty,' if it is not faithfulness *to the Lord* in duty? (notes on pp. 61, 70, 100). What would you think of the child who performed all required duties, but without love or the slightest wish to please the parent? Let us 'serve the living God,' being 'not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit *serving the Lord*,' and then He will count our work and labour as 'done unto him,' and will say to us, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord' (Heb. ix. 14; xi. 6; Rom. xii. 1–21; xiii. 7–14; Matt. xxv. 23, 40; xxiv. 45, 46; Luke xvi. 10, 13; Eph. vi. 5–8; Rom. xiv. 18, 23; vii. 6; Col. iii. 17, 23, 24; 1 Cor. vii. 22, 23; xv. 58; Rev. ii. 3).

In the concluding chapter of this Second Book, the author says he had passed through Growth (note, p. 61); Entanglement (2 Pet. ii. 20; Gal. v. 1; 2 Tim. ii. 4); Unbelief (note, p. 70); and almost Reprobation (Rom. i. 28; 2 Tim. iii. 8; Titus i. 16; 2 Cor. xiii. 5; Heb vi. 6), into a certain clearer state of . . . *Conversion*, And he proceeds—'Rejoice that such a word

as conversion, signifying such a thing (what?) has come to light in our modern era, though hidden from the wisest ancients. The old world knew nothing of conversion; instead of an Ecce Homo they had only some *choice of Hercules*. It was a new-attained progress in the moral development of man; hereby has the Highest come home to the bosoms of the most limited; what to Plato was but an hallucination, and to Socrates a chimera, is now clear and certain to your Zinzendorfs, Wesleys,' etc. 'It is here, then,' he says that his 'spiritual *majority* commences, and we are henceforth to see him work in well-doing with the spirit and clear aims of a man' (pp. 120, 121). But after all he does not tell us what *conversion* signifies. From the Bible we learn it means 'turning a sinner from the error of his ways,' turning from sin to holiness, 'turning to the Lord,' 'turning from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God;' briefly, it includes repentance and obtaining of salvation from sin, and Satan, and hell, spiritual quickening, the new birth, the life of faith in Christ Jesus, wrought by the Holy Spirit of God (Matt. xiii. 15; xviii. 3; Luke xiii. 3; xxii. 32; Mark iv. 12; John xii. 40; Acts v. 31; iii. 19; xv. 3; xvii. 30; xxvi. 18, 20; xxviii. 27; Col. i. 13; Eph. ii. 1, 5–22; Ps. xix. 7; li. 13; lxxxv. 4; lxxx. 3; Isa. i. 27; vi. 10; Jer. xxxi. 18; Lam. v. 21; 2 Cor. vii. 10; 2 Tim. ii. 25; Jas. v. 19, 20; Jude 15). *This* spiritual conversion is as old as Adam and Abel, when they confessed their sins and turned to God, pleading through the typical sacrifice, 'the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin.' Its to the pity of Plato and Socrates if they did not know it from the old prophets of Israel, and obtain its reality for themselves from the God of Israel. Oh that your utterances, Carlyle, showed that you have got it, and that you have indeed entered true 'spiritual majority,' or the 'full stature of a man in Christ' (1 Cor. iii. 1; 2 Cor. xii. 2; Eph. iv. 13, 14). The first step to its acquisition for you and all of us is to 'behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world' (John i. 29); and then to continue 'looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith' (Heb. xii. 2).

We have seen what Carlyle's 'spiritual new birth,' 'spiritual enfranchisement,' and 'spiritual majority' are; tried by the Word of God they seem but 'fushionless' things, as the Scotch say. In concluding this autobiographical part, he congratulates himself that 'writings of mine have fallen into the mighty seed-field of Opinion; fruits of my sowing gratifyingly meet me here and there; I thank the heavens that I have now found my calling:' and concludes, 'The man is not what he *did*, but what he *became*' (p. 121; see notes on 'Belief,' and 'Work,' p. 114, 118). However, the main question is, what 'seed,' and what 'fruit' have you sown and grown? is it 'nothing against the truth, but *for* the truth' (2 Cor. xiii. 8; Isa. viii. 20); for after all, it is not what you, or I, or any man may think of your writings, but 'every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is' (1 Cor. iii. 12-15; Phil. iii. 14: Eph iv. 1).

Book III., of 56 pages, contains many 'queer,' or 'nebulous' sayings about religion. 'Outward religion originates by Society ... "where two or three are gathered together;..." society becomes possible by religion' (p. 131). Curiously, he omits the pith of the quotation: 'In my name,' said Jesus, 'gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them' (Mat. xviii. 20); herein is the spirit and life of religion; wanting this *presence* there is no religion. Again he says, 'The universe is but one vast symbol of God (note on p. 114)—man too—as men stood at this stage of culture or the other, and could worse or better body forth the godlike (note on p. 116). If thou wert to ask to what height man has carried it, in this manner look on our divinest symbol, on Jesus of Nazareth, His life and biography, and what followed therefrom. Higher has the human thought not yet reached; this is Christianity and Christendom; a symbol of quite perennial infinite character, whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into and anew made manifest' (p. 137). Passing over this mysticism, what could have put it into the author's mind that our blessed Lord was a 'symbol;' that He who is the 'Truth' itself and the 'Life' itself, could be a mere 'symbol' of them; that He who is ever 'God over all blessed for ever,' is a 'symbol' of God? If it be not madness to speak thus, it is awful blasphemy. (1 Tim. iii. 16; Mat. i. 23; Isa. ix. 6; Luke ii. 11; Col. ii. 9; i. 16, 17; John i. 1 to iv. 33; Heb. i. to xiv; Phil. ii. 6, 10, 11; Col. i. 16, 17; Rom. xiv. 7-12, x. 12; Acts x. 36, 42, 43; Eph. i. 21, 22; John viii. 58; Gen. xxxv. 9-15, xlviii. 3, 15, 16; Prov. viii. 14-36; Phil. iii. 20, 21; Ps. xvii. 15; Col. iii. 3, 4, 10, 11; Eph. ii. 18-22; John xx. 28; Isa. xxv. 1; Rev. xv. 3, 4; Rom. ix. 5; Mat. xxviii. 19, 20; Isa. lxiii. 1, 16; Heb. ii. 3, 10; 1 John v. 20; Rev. i. 4–8, 11; xxi. 3–7, 22, 23; xxii. 1, 3, 7, 12–14, 20.)

The author proceeds to tell 'Literates' that their thoughts will 'never die' (Eccles. ix. 5, 6, 10; Job xiv. 19-21; Isa. lxiii. 16; Ps. cxlvi. 4; 1 Cor. ii. 6; xiii. 8); however, that will be far from a comforting thought to many; but he goes on to assure them they are 'encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers, and there is a living literal (literary) *Communion of Saints*, wide as the world itself, and as the history of the world' (p. 151); their *Religion* is in *Literature*, a Church homiletic, and even a Liturgy—and knowest thou no prophet? ... none to whom the godlike had revealed itself, ... and by him been again prophetically revealed; in whose inspired melody ... man's life again begins ... to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him and name him, Goethe.' (See note on p. 116.) But where the 'Temple,' the 'Psalm worship,' the 'ministering Priest?' 'Be of comfort! thou art not alone if thou have faith; spake we not of a

Communion of Saints . . . embracing thee, so thou be worthy? . . . Their heroic sufferings rise up melodiously together to heaven out of all lands and out of all times; . . . their heroic actions also as a boundless everlasting Psalm of triumph: . . . Is not the Universe a Symbol of the Godlike, . . . is not Immensity a Temple; is not man's history a perpetual Evangel? Listen, . . . and thou wilt, even as of old, hear the morning stars sing together' (p. 155).

What a grotesque travesty is this of Scripture truths! It again reminds one of Comte's Dead Saints' Calendar.* (See note, p. 118.) It is said that Satan cannot originate a thought, and therefore in all his lies he perverts existing original truth, *e. g.* Gen ii. 1, 4, 5; Matt. iv. 6, etc.; and using human instrumentality (the cleverer the better, and some who are conscious of the fabrication), he utters his lies to deceive and mislead the world (2 Cor. ii. 11; Eph. vi. 11; 2 Thess. ii. 8-12; Rev. xx. 2, 3, 8-10.) So, finding from the 11th and 12th of Hebrews that there is a spiritual communion of redeemed ones with God and the holy angels thus described, 'Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the firstborn which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling,' etc.—I say, finding that there is a true communion 'by one Spirit' of the 'members of Christ's body' one with another, and with their Head (of whom, *i. e.* Christ, 'the whole family in heaven and earth is named'), and whom 'He is not ashamed to call brethren' (Eph. iii. 15; Heb. ii. 11; Rom. xii. 5; 1 Cor. xii. 12, 13, 26, 27; Eph. i. 22, 23; iv. 15, v. 29, 30; Col. ii. 19), and that they all have a community in suffering too, even as they possess, 'in the unity of the Spirit,' 'one faith, one baptism, one Lord, one God and Father of all, and through all and in all' (Eph. iv. 3-6; Heb. ii. 18; Phil. iii. 10; Col. i. 24; 2 Tim. iii. 12),—seeing that these things are so, and 'cannot be moved,' up goes the mimicry of the spiritual, to turn off attention from the true and real, by some counterfeits and imitations, which shall suffice to satisfy the natural heart, living and moving as it does in a lower sphere of things than the spiritual, and having no sympathy with or discernment of heavenly things.† (1 Cor. ii. 12-16.) Hence we are to have a literary and scientific 'communion of saints!' and a 'religion in literature!' and a 'faith in yourself!' and a 'perpetual evangel in the history of man, his heroic sufferings and heroic actions!' nay more, 'a temple in immensity!' and a 'prophet and priest, even Goethe!'

Carlyle says of Miracles, that the man who says it is a violation of the law of nature, is like the little fish which knows every movement in its little creek, but knows nothing of the ocean movements which occasion them, and which may from time to time overset and reverse the little creek movements (p. 157), which is 'no that bad,' as the Scotch say; but he might have added, that as the fish would be still more in the dark as to the cause of changes which the *will* of *man* might make in his pool, so may the foolish physicist be utterly ignorant of the Spiritual Personal Power, 'by whom all things consist,' who 'upholds all things by the word of his power,' and who 'does according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth.' (Col. i. 16, 17; Heb. i. 2, 3; John i. 4; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Rom. xi. 36; Rev. iv. 11; Dan. iv. 35.)

Characteristically and in perfect keeping with the rest of the book, the Author finishes his work with the following 'nebulosity:' 'It is a simple *scientific fact*, we start out of *Nothingness*, take figure (a body), . . . a shadow-system gathered round our *Me*, in which through some moments or years, the Divine Essence (the *me?*) is to be revealed in the Flesh. . . . . So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end; generation after generation takes to itself the form of a Body, and forth-issuing from Cimmerian night, on Heaven's mission appears . . . and then the Heaven-sent is recalled, his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow . . . Thus like a God-created fire-breathing spirit-host we emerge from the *Inane;* haste stormfully across the astonished Earth, then plunge again into the Inane . . . the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O Heaven, Whither? Sense knows not; *Faith knows not;* only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God—"We *are such stuff* as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep!"' (p. 162–3).*

How science would laugh at his 'scientific fact!' So he ends as he began, 'life is but a dreaming and somnambulism:' and his God is

* I do not mean to imply that Carlyle approves of poor Comte's peculiar views, although there is a similarity in their tendency to 'hero-worship;' doubtless he repudiates the man's teachings as much as Professor Huxley does Comte's scientific knowledge. We may leave the upholders of the latter, Mill and Lewes, to fight it out with Whewell and Huxley (and I suppose Tyndall too), on this question.

† So much does this mimicry prevail in the current literature, that instructive discourses might be preached, by contrasting the plagiarisms with the truths of the Bible, as well as generally, by contrasting the current sentiments and opinions of the world for the guidance of life, with the precepts and examples given us in the 'oracles of God.'

* Only last month the newspapers published a letter, headed 'Thomas Carlyle on a Future State.' It was written twenty years ago, to a young lady perplexed and inquiring. He says:—'The question that perplexes you is one that no man can answer. You may console yourself by reflecting that it is by its own nature *insoluble* to human natures—that what human creatures have to do with such a question, is to get it well put to rest, suppressed, if not answered, that so their life and its duties may be attended to without impediment from it. . . . Consequences good and evil, blessed and accursed, it is very clear do follow from all actions here below, and prolong, and propagate, and spread themselves into the infinite, or beyond our calculation and conception; but

after all a mere abstraction, the 'Inane,' a 'Mystery!' As to the 'whence' and 'whither' of man, it is true that sense and science do not and were never meant to know what 'by faith we understand;' but he need not speak for Faith; the Faith that cometh from God does know very clearly the *why*, the *whence*, and the *whither* of man. We shall here refer again (as already done in notes on another 'thinking man's' writings) to some of the intimations given by God in His Word to the 'man of faith' regarding man's origin, preservation, and destiny. See such passages as Gen. i. 26 to end; ii. 15–17; Psa. cii. 18; Isa xliii. 1, 7, 21; Micah vi. 8; Eph. ii. 10; iii. 9; iv. 24; Col. i. 16; iii. 10; Rev. iv. 11; Ps. cxlvii. 11; Rom. i. 25; 1 Pet. iv. 19; John i. 10, 11; Isa. i. 3; Hos. viii. 14; Isa. xvii. 7; xliv. 21, 24; li. 13; Deut. xxxii. 18; Jer. xiii. 11; Rev. xiv. 7; Rom. iii. 23; xi. 36; 1 Cor. x. 31; Eccles. xii. 13; 2 Tim. iii. 15–17; Phil. iv. 4; Titus ii. 11 to end: and such as Job xiv. 14, 15; xix. 25–27; Eccles. xii. 7; Heb. ix. 27, 28; 1 Cor. xv. 42–58; John v. 28, 29; 1 Thes. iv. 13 to end; Rom. viii. 17; John iii. 16; xiv. 2, 3; xvii. 24; Rev. vii. 15; xxi. 4.

One final remark, and I have done with Carlyle. In attempting to read some of his other writings, I was stopped by findi ous 'plums' abounding in his very fi on 'Hero and Hero Worship.' He have introduced into English Literatu of Biblical terms, with a twist of n his own (or borrowed from som Hegelian 'inventions'—(Eccles. vi xcix. 8); so that 'following our les of the writings of the day contain su attempts at secularizing or rather sem izing the Spiritual Truth of God's F as to incline one to laugh at the tri were there not such momentous issue therewith. Such perversions of tr one of the story of the fish which, crystal vase, judged of the courtesi life which they witnessed, as being own gambollings in their watery man, without 'spiritual discernmen 'spiritual things' from the lower medium of his own mental imaginin ceptions, and hence errs perpetuall first be 'taught of God,' and needs and learn from the Lord Jesus ' 'Teacher come from God' (John iii. xiv. 26; Ps. cxix. 18, etc.; Eph. iv.

whether the notion of *reward* and *penalty* be not, on the whole, rather a *human* one, transferred to that immense divine fact (of consequences?), has been doubtful to many. Add this consideration, which the best philosophy teaches us, "that the very *consequences* (not to speak of the *penalties* at all) of *evil* actions die away and become abolished, long before eternity ends (?); that it is only the consequences of *good* actions that are *eternal*—for these are in harmony with the laws of this universe, and add themselves to it, and co-operate with it for ever; while all that is in *disharmony* with it must necessarily be without continuance, and soon fall dead."'

What reasoning! What an answer to an anxious soul! Why, even a physicist holds tha never end, and would say that 'everlastin have its co-relative of 'everlasting death.' pleasant to think of the former, but no latter, therefore 'suppress' *that!* But presumption to attempt to answer such a to put it off, independently of the Wo (Gal. vi. 7, 8; Hos. viii. 7; John iii. 16, 3 2 Thes. i. 9; Mat. xxv. 46; Rev. xx. 10–15 was there no 'Teacher come from God you could refer the young inquirer? Ah opportunities of doing good. Oh, that repair the past! oh, that you would now teachings!

FORGIVENESS AND FRUITFULNESS.

FORGIVENESS, from God's mercy and fruitfulness to God's glory, are two most important subjects, and are often presented together in the New Testament; yea, that divine record is full of these two points.

The Lord Jesus came preaching forgiveness, and He came seeking fruit. He exhibited God as ready to forgive great sinners, and as glorified by much fruit. He delighted to dwell upon divine love, and showed how fruitful those would be who realized it. How did He delight in that forgiven one at His feet, whose fruit of love was so abundant, Luke vii. 47. He required the fruit of forgiveness towards others, of all who were forgiven of God. The same connection and order is found throughout the Epistles. In Rom. iv., v., vi. 1–11, what an exhibition have we of forgiveness: while in Rom. vi. 12, 23, fruitfulness is the great point: 'fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.' The Galatians were told, that if they let go the doctrine of free forgiveness, would wither. If Ephes. iv. 32, a are studied, we shall see that all for should be followers or imitators of Colos. ii. 12, we read, 'having forgiv trespasses;' and then, how fruitful quickened and risen ones required t iii. 1–11.

This is the great teaching of the the Hebrews. Those to whom God s sins and iniquities will I remember are called to bear much fruit,—G communion, and manward in service xii. 28; xiii. 12, 16.

This fruitfulness is an *effect* and forgiveness. It only grows in the don, and thus proves its reality Neither of these can be without *fait* must constantly have to do with God and a sin removing Saviour, produce that gratitude and love, w to issue in fruitfulness.

ECCE DEUS-HOMO.

ARTIN LUTHER said, 'I cannot have an absolute God.' The sentiment meets a response in every pious heart. We cannot have an absolute, an abstract God. An resent spirit does not meet all our need, ıntheism is repugnant to reason, unscrip- ınd unsatisfying. We crave a manifesta- God which shall bring the Divine into ınd tender sympathy with the human. ɔuld have a personal God; not a theo- but an incarnation; not the appearance nanity flitting through the gloom or ; in the light, then disappearing as l vanished from the prophet's vision, or gels from the patriarch's tent; but a ɔdy and a reasonable soul, which shall ith men for ever.

ı have in your possession the portrait of friend. It is a perfect work of art, and ize it highly. But, after all, it cannot vacancy in your soul. You speak, but ns no answer. You weep, but it sheds s in sympathy with your sorrow. You but there is no answering expression of eting yours.

he Great Father, the *Deus*, has enstamp- image on His works. The earth and ll of His power, intelligence, and love. ight to contemplate these reflections of r. As we look upon the resplendent or the mountains beyond, the fruitful , or the hills which bound them; on the ue sea, or the starry heavens far above ay, with bounding hearts, 'Our Father hem all.' But we are not satisfied with ıis manifestation of God. We are not t to wander through nature like travellers through Alpine solitudes. We listen for some audible voice to break the silence; we reach after some hand to lead us on; we long for some ear close to our trembling lips into which we may pour our tale of sorrow.

We are all reaching after some power above us, which shall yet be in sympathy with us. This is a natural instinct. Hence the gods of heathenism:—the Osiris of the Egyptians, the Brahma of the Hindoos, the Wodin and Thor of the Anglo-Saxons. But the gospel reveals an Incarnate God, who meets all the wants of the soul. Immanuel, God with us! Blessed be His name for ever! He is the everlasting Father. He is a Brother, born for adversity. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem. Weary, worn, and sad; guilty, tempted, and defiled, we go to Jesus, and find in Him all that we need.

God's people have ever clung with joy and gladness to His incarnate Son; to this divine, human Saviour, bridging over the wide chasm between God and man, and elevating the race to a dignity, perchance, above that of angels. Of Jesus they have sung in sweet hymns which shall live for ever, and now the Church catches up the old strains which reverberated along the arches of temples which have passed away. The bold confessions of faith made by Waldenses and Huguenots, among the mountain fastnesses of Switzerland, or the sheltered vineyards of the Campagna, are repeated by a greater multitude, whose sanctuaries rise in every land to-day. Dear reader, carry all your sorrows to Jesus. Tell Him all your wants. When weary, lean on Him—*lean hard*. Walk with Him until the day dawn, and the shadows flee away.

—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

SEED IN 'GOOD GROUND.'

HE cars stopped at a lonely way-side station on the edge of an oak-opening; two young ladies were helped out by the conductor, two trunks tossed upon the platform, ıe train moved on, leaving the girls ɛd, as it were, upon an inhospitable- ɛ shore. There was but one tiny log- in sight, and far on towards the horizon ɛd the bleak barren prairie. The travel- ɔwever, were familiar with the spot, for ere teachers in a seminary, thirty miles ;, reached by a branch road forming here tion with a great central route, and were ing to their labours after the winter ɾs. A man had appeared as the train d, who first examined the trunks, chalking cabalistic sign upon them, and then d the solitary room of the depôt and re- ıed the fire.

'Oh, this terrible glum-looking place,' said the elder of the two, as he left the room. 'It always puts me in mind of Haworth Moor and the Brontë sisters. That man looks surly and ill-natured, and I don't wonder.'

'Do you think so?' answered her companion. 'I thought he looked troubled, and was questioning whether it would do to speak to him.'

'Nonsense, Clara! The man is cross, like enough, because he has to keep sober in this out-of-the-way den, and it isn't a very proper thing to be making free with such sort of people with whom we have so little in common.'

'Only that Christ died for them as well as for us—we are at least bound together by the need of the same salvation.'

There was no reply to this, for just then the man came in again to hang up a lantern, and as he stooped to brush up some ashes about the stove, Clara heard a low sigh, and she felt

borne in upon her mind the conviction that she ought to speak to him.

'You must find it very lonely here, sir,' she said after an instant's hesitation.

The man looked up surprised, as if he thought, 'And what does anybody care if it is?' then he answered, 'Yes, miss, awful lonesome I call it, especially'—and his voice faltered—'since my wife died.'

'Your wife died, and here?'

'Yes, miss, and we had to bury her there, just within the woods. Lucy—she's my oldest—likes it because there 's a bitter-sweet climbing round that big tree, and she said it would be cheerful-like with its orange seeds, when everything else was withered. But it seems so bleak and hard'—and the man shuddered—'to think of her lying there.'

'Was she a Christian?'

'Oh yes, miss.'

'Then you must not think of her there, but in a home far more beautiful than we can imagine. Don't you believe in her Saviour?'

'Well, miss, there it is; I don't know. You see, I had to come here; I couldn't get better to do, and there's no one for a body to speak to, and it isn't much I can teach my two girls; and somehow I feel out of the way, as if God didn't care for me here, and sometimes I think I'd be more in the way of being a Christian somewhere else.'

'Did you ever read in the Bible the story of blind Bartimeus?'

'Yes, miss, the children like that.'

'Have you never thought that all that poor man could do was to beg, and so begging became his duty, and as he sat in the way of his duty, *Jesus passed by?* If Christ is to be found in one place more readily than another, it will be in the place in life to which God has appointed us. Wherever we are, the opportunity for repentance is always ours, and by the gift of the blood of Jesus, which cleanses all our sin, God has written *now* is the time for pardon and salvation.'

'Do you really think it means all of us?'

'Yes, all. Give up everything but belief in God's willingness and Christ's power. He is waiting for you, yearning to receive, if you will only come.'

'Bless your kind heart, miss,' said the man, with tearful eyes, as the expected train arrived; 'with all the coming and going, nobody has said a word to me like that.'

A month or two after, Clara received a letter in an unknown hand, and one evidently not used to correspondence. It contained simply these words:

'God bless you again, miss. It is not lonesome here now. I've found *Him*—Jesus has passed by.' —*American Messenger.*

MEMORY AT THE JUDGMENT.

AMONG the records to be produced at the judgment of the great day will be the book of memory. The faculties of the soul, we may be sure, will not sleep in the other world. On the contrary, we are given to understand that they will be wonderfully quickened. Often in this life the powers of the mind are immensely stimulated by some great emergence of peril or of joy, so that the whole past, in thronging memories, seems in an instant to flash upon it. In a vastly higher degree is it probable that in the future state the spirit, unfettered and free, will peruse with astonishing celerity and accuracy the annals of life in the flesh.

We are told of a river in Africa which, because it runs many miles under ground, was fabled by the poets to be one of the rivers of hell, and because its name (Lethe) signifies oblivion, was feigned to cause forgetfulness of all that was past, to those who drank of its waters. This myth, in which the heathen world blindly reposed, and to which evil-doers now give easy credence, whenever thoughts of their accountability and final retribution disturb the mind, is the creation of the unsanctified imagination, and wholly unsupported by the word of life. Such a fancy quickly vanishes before the light of revealed religion. The histories of time can never be obliterated. How can they die out of the recollection of the immortal human spirit? God himself will require that which is past. And His almighty requisition will be fully and promptly obeyed. Even the behest of created intelligence, in its backward glance, will be quickly met. Before it the deeds and events of mortal life will rapidly marshal themselves in the unclouded light of eternal day. In what crowds will the reminiscences of time come to that final review! The numberless items of temporal being will be easily exhumed from the dust and rubbish of the past, and straightway recognised in the spirit world. A mightier power than the friendly hand of 'Old Mortality,' chiselling afresh the epitaphs of the dead, will cause the soul to retain among its stores of knowledge the ineffacable records of memory. These are treasures which the devouring tooth of time cannot touch, and of which not even the insatiate king of terrors can rob the soul.

Now it is not uncommon for mortals to forget, fail to recollect, try to banish, or only occasionally recall the past. Many times we let slip the things we have heard and learned, even as water escapes from a leaky vessel. The effort is often made to wipe out the pencillings of life. Not to speak of the lull of sleep, or stupefying potions, or the inroads of disease, which sometimes dim the light of the understanding and the memory, wave after wave of folly drench the soul, until the vestiges of other days, like careless tracings or footprints upon the sandy

beach, are well nigh washed out. But the days of dreams and opiates, disease and stupefaction will soon be passed. Then there will be no potion to dull the activities of memory; no hand to draw a veil of oblivion over the fields of personal experience and human history.

No gleaner ever more faithfully harvested his field, than will memory in the other world carefully gather up every sheaf of her past. Over and over again will she eagerly revisit and traverse all the way by which she came up to the judgment-seat of Christ. She will seem to live over again each epoch of mortal life, and treasure up the number of those years which were spent in the earth, as a tale that is told. Each incident of that tale will be distinctly defined, and some of its occurrences prominently delineated among the pictures of memory. There will be a grouping of the recollections of childhood, of youth, of manhood, and of old age, in their appropriate variety and order. Seasons of grace and of trial, of wandering, of peril, of conversions, of the spiritual conflict, of prayer, praise, Christian fellowship and gracious attainment, and of the dying hour, will come thronging to the mind like bees to their hives—like doves to their windows. Privileges, opportunities, invitations, warnings, appeals of conscience, strivings of the Spirit, sermons, Sabbath hours and ordinances of God's house; the vicissitudes and associations of business; memorable events of domestic and social life, of school days and of subsequent years, will flock for recognition to the door of memory. And that door will be thrown wide open.

Many of the stores of time are wrapped up in mystery, or jealously guarded as the secrets of the individual breast; known only to consciousness and to the Omniscient eye. But hereafter we may expect veils and disguises to be removed, and may anticipate the disclosure of every idle word, each guilty purpose, each sinful thought, as well as of every deed done in the body. Secret sins will be set in the light of the Divine countenance. All that was good and pleasing, too, with every evil record that memory contains, must be divulged in presence of the great white throne.

Who is ready for the opening of the book of memory, or for the discovery of all that is there imprinted? —*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

THE BLESSED BIBLE.

In Scotland during the times of bloody persecution, when Claverhouse was marching about the country, driving people from their homes, burning their houses, and putting many godly people to death, a pious father told his family that there were soldiers near, and that they must hasten to the next village, where there was a strong old church the fugitives could use as a fort. So he told Jeanie to take the big Bible for her load, and that she must be very careful not to let it get wet or lose it by the way. 'For we could not live,' said he, 'without the good Book.' So she wrapped a gown around the Bible and started with her father and mother, each of whom carried a child.

They had to cross a brook, but they did not dare to go by the bridge, lest they should be captured by the enemy. There was a place where they thought they could cross on some stepping-stones, but on reaching the place it had become quite dark. So Jeanie's father waded across, and carried the others one by one, until she was left quite alone. Jeanie was much afraid to be left there by herself, so she started to cross after her father, stepping carefully from stone to stone. But presently her foot slipped and down she went to the bottom. At the same time up went her arms, holding the precious burden over her head. The water came up to her waist, but bracing herself firmly against the rapid current, she walked bravely on across the stream, and had nearly reached the shore, with the dear old book lifted as high as she could raise it, when she met her father returning to bring her.

'Father,' she cried, 'you told me to take care of the dear old Bible, and I have done so.'

Just as she said this, they heard several pistol shots and the sound of approaching horsemen. They soon hid themselves in a little cleft of the rocks, and were not discovered.

Jeanie married in after years, and now has great-great-grand-children living in this country. The old Bible became hers after her father's death, and in it were written the names of her seven children. It is still in very good condition, in the possession of her descendants.

Jeanie never forgot that dreadful night when she carried the old Bible through the deep waters, and when she was dying, she seemed to be dreaming of it, and said:

'I am in the deep river—in the deep river, but I'll hold up the dear old Bible! There, take the book! take the book!' and soon she ceased to breathe.

That brave girl wading through the waters and holding up the Bible is like the Christian Church marching through rivers of persecution and streams of blood, ever holding up the Word of God, that it might be safely kept and handed down to the generations following.

—*S. S. Visitor.*

Gems from Francis Raworth.*

1655.

CHRISTIANS, arise and prepare for the coming of your Master, for as it is certain, so it will be sudden. If it were the last hour in Paul's time, sure now it is the last minute of that last hour. Never was the Judge nigher to come, and never less preparation for His coming. Christians, have we not closets to mourn in? or rather do not we want hearts to mourn? Hath Christ cast His cloak of love over you, and said 'Live,' and will you not pity those that yet lie, as it were, dead in their blood? If you have any knowledge, advise; any faith, pray; any zeal, endeavour; any wisdom, soberly wait, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. How can Christ wipe tears from our eyes, if we never wept for His absence? or come to answer our prayers, if we never pray for His coming.

2. Jacob, I am persuaded, never had a sweeter night's lodging than at the time when the stones were his pillow, and the heavens his canopy, when providence made his bed, and angels rocked the cradle. How pleasant it is to consider—angels guard Jacob, God guards the angels, and God guards Jacob with angels. What ground then hath Jacob to fear either men or devils to disturb him, when he hath a guard of God and of His angels.

3. In heaven God will appear to the saints in one glorious form, though now it is the Lord's honour to apparel Himself in changeable robes. The embroidering of providence is made up of divers colours. Sion is not always in one condition, nor the soul always in one posture. Sometimes Christ frowns, and sometimes He smiles; sometimes He casteth down, and sometimes He lifteth up; sometimes the Church of God is in the wilderness, sometimes in Canaan, sometimes on a raging sea, and sometimes in a quiet harbour. We must not look on the scattered lines of providence, but tarry till God hath made a conclusion; never say providence scribbles, till you have seen the whole copy.

4. There is no reason that the Lord should give man a reason of all His ways. He often wills a change, but never changeth His will. God sees our works in our wills, but we cannot many times spell out the Lord's will by His works.

5. The conversion of the soul is supposed to be as considerable a work, if not a greater, than the creation, for in the creation God had no adversary. The light did not say, I will not be created; the earth did not say, I will not be formed; but in the new creation, sinners labour to prevent the conception of grace, and study how to defeat the Spirit of God, and make its work abortive. God, when He comes, finds the house not only empty of grace, but filled with lusts, and the strong man up in arms; not a milk white paper, but he finds the devil to have been scribbling, and the world to have been scribbling. Angels may knock at the door of a sinner's heart, but God only can open it.

6. Christ receives sighs in His censor for prayers; though others mock at groans, yet He that made them knows what they mean. The Spirit first makes the sigh as an Intercessor, and then as God hears it; He is within, praying, and without, hearing. A dumb beggar gets an alms at Christ's gate, even by making signs. The Lord regards not the grammar of prayers, how men word it in prayer; nor the arithmetic of prayers, how often they pray; nor the rhetoric of prayers, how finely they pray; nor the music of prayers, what sweetness of tone men have in prayer; but the divinity of prayer. There are sighs and groans which cannot be uttered.

7. Those that would be Israel's, to prevail with God, must first be Jacob's, for prayer unto God. How often hath God found His people lamenting in prayer, and left them rejoicing? how oft has He found them despairing, and left them triumphing? and how often doth the Lord, as it were, cast His glove to His Jacob's, and challenge them to enter the lists with Him? None taketh hold of Me, cries the Lord, none will wrestle with Me, none will pray to Me.

8. Prayers and patience are the armour, prayers and tears are the weapons of a Christian. If we would conquer, as Jacob did, we must weep or sigh as Jacob did. When we wrestle with God, we must mingle more faith with our prayers, we must pray more believingly: we must mingle more fire with our prayers, we must pray more fervently; we must, as Jacob, mingle more water with our prayers, pray more humbly and weepingly. Jacob had more hold and power over the angel with his tears, than with his hands.

* From 'A Sacred Duel, Fought betwcen God and *Man, at Peniel.*'

AN OLD DISCIPLE.

BY THE REV. H. T. HOWAT, LIVERPOOL.

'Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple.'—ACTS xxi. 16.

IN all ages of the Church there have been many eminent believers of whom the world has known nothing. Like the flowers in the desert, the rich gems in the depths of ocean, so in the most unheard of and unlikely situations, God has had His secret children. 'The Lord knoweth them that are his.' There was the widow of Zarephath, and the mother of Syro-Phœnicia; Obadiah in the court of Ahab, and the 7000 in the caves of Israel; Joseph in Egypt, and Daniel in Babylon; Nicodemus and his brother-ruler in the upper circles of the Jews.

In the reading of the sacred Scriptures, and especially of the New Testament, it is also very remarkable of how many very eminent servants of God we have nothing more recorded than their names. Take the last chapter of the Romans. Who was 'Phebe, our sister,' of the church at Cenchrea, and 'Gaius, mine host,' and 'Erastus, the chamberlain of the city,' and 'Rufus, chosen in the Lord and his mother and mine?' Information on these points would have been exceedingly interesting. Each had a history. Each too possessed some special and peculiar excellence. Each was also doing his or her part in the different agencies and work of the early Church. And we have only their names, a courteous salutation by Paul, who had a kind word for the humblest believer, and then they are withdrawn from the sacred page.

> 'They come like shadows, and like shadows
> they depart.'

Another of these useful and pious members of the early Christian Church is brought before us in the text. He has only a brief biography: his name, his birth-place, his age, his character; and yet, like the kindred expressions, 'Barnabas, a good man,' 'Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,' it is at least an enviable eulogy, if it be a short memoir, that is here contained: 'Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple.'

What holy, tender, solemn recollections these words imply! We have all met 'the old disciple.' We have seen her in the picture, which represents an aged matron seated in an arm-chair, beside a fire which is burning brightly above a clean swept hearth, her Bible open on her knee before her, 'preparing for the Promised Land.' And we have seen her in the retirement of home, 'wonderfully well,' as she often says, cheerful, contented, happy in the love of children's children, going back to the memories, the joys and sorrows of other days, spending her closing years in peace, a quiet evening before the final sunset. And we have seen her on the sick-bed and the death-bed, 'knowing in whom she has believed,' conscious of the power and presence of her only Saviour, wrapped up in God, her adieu bidden to the world, Christ in her heart and heaven in her eye: we have taken the feeble hand, and listened to the faltering voice, spoken of meeting her *yonder*, and then 'at midnight a cry was made,' 'the Bridegroom came,' there was a gentle sigh, and the 'old disciple' passed away. I have read many books on the evidences of Christianity, and am familiar with the arguments they contain in behalf of the divinity of our common faith: but I have often felt, in scenes like these, a power in many senses beyond them all, living illustrations of a soul-sustaining Gospel, a real and present God, which not all the infidelity in the world could shake or take away.

I. We have here, in 'an old disciple,' *a very special attraction.*

Unless in very exceptional cases, old age is always venerable. In this very island of Cyprus, and, indeed, all over the Greek and Eastern continents, in the days of Paul, so much respect was paid to age, that if an old man chanced to enter a public assembly, the whole assembly rose up to greet him. One of the Levitical statutes was this,—'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord' (Lev. xix. 32); while there is scarcely a more beautiful incident in all the life of Solomon—the Dedication of the Temple excepted—than the respect he paid, on one memorable occasion, to his aged mother (1 Kings ii. 19). True, old age without religion, is a most melancholy spectacle,—the world still uppermost at threescore and ten,—the gay garland on the withered brow,—the pleasures of youth affected in the midst of increasing infirmities,—the haunt of vice resorted

to by the tottering footstep, and the heart sealed against anything like serious thought, when a few months—it may even be weeks—are to terminate the earthly scene for ever.

On the other hand, what an engaging sight, what a double attraction, is 'the hoary head,' 'found in the way of righteousness,' like the aged Cypriot of the narrative. If age heightens the grandeur of the grandest objects, if the boom of ocean has a deeper tone, when the reflection comes in, how long its waters have been sounding on,—if a look up at the clear quiet stars solemnizes us all the more, when we remember how long they have been sparkling and twinkling there,—if men take long journeys to see an ancient field of battle, or a fortress which withstood the invader long centuries ago, with what intensified regard we should contemplate one who has been actively serving God for some fifty or sixty years, and whose spiritual character the lapse of time has only rendered the more mellow and mature. The widowed Anna, 'departing not from the temple, but serving God with fastings and prayers night and day;' or the aged Simeon, cheerfully striking sail, on beholding in that little Babe, as He lay in his arms, the realization of his fondest hopes; or the venerable Lois, out of her own 'unfeigned faith,' teaching Timothy 'from a child the holy Scriptures'—*there* is profitable society where all of us can learn. It is comforting to think that Goldsmith's description of 'the old village pastor' is scarcely less true of the silvered relic of many a Christian home,—

> 'And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt her new fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.'

II. We have here *a very striking illustration of grace.*

In another sense, an old disciple may be pronounced a very striking illustration of Providence. The remark has been somewhere made, that one who has lived in the world for fifty years, must sometimes feel in his quiet moments, as if he had come out of a battle, when he thinks of how many of his old companions and friends have been struck down, while he, strangely enough, is spared to find food for reflection in their memory. The thought is still truer in the case of 'the old disciple.' In how many different ways the thread of life may be snapped: how numerous the diseases and dangers to which we are every moment exposed; how at any time there is but 'a step between us and death,'—and yet that old disciple, after the frosts of some seventy or eighty successive winters, is still comparatively *strong* and hale, like Lebanon to which in sacred figure he is sometimes compared, white at the top, yet green at the bosom.

What a triumph, then, we say, even of Providence; and yet how greater still the triumph of grace. Religion preserved in the midst of much human infirmity. A consistent walk and profession maintained to the very close. The shield of faith well worn in the conflict, but not flung away. A spot here and there, perhaps, on the burnished armour, but visible only because all the rest is so beautiful and bright. And remember the enemies in the conflict: the ever busy spirit of all evil; a heart within, still a terrible sorrow to the holiest man, by reason of ficklenese and indisposition to holy ways; and a world without, where fashion and folly seem to be fast usurping the place of religion and God. These are serious enemies to every Christian man. And he must meet them face to face. There must be no cowardice, no retreat, but an honest, close, and manly grappling with them all. It must ever remain, therefore, matter of profoundest astonishment, and must ever be uttered to the glory of the mercy and upbearing hand of God, that amid all the intrigues of the great enemy of souls, amid all the remains of inbred corruption, and amid all the temptations of a wicked world, any one of us, and especially from the length of exposure, 'an old disciple' is able, in any degree at all, 'to hold fast the beginning of his confidence stedfast unto the end.' 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name be glory,' as John Newton once said: 'I am not what I might be, I am not what I ought to be, I am not what I wish to be, I am not what I hope to be, but I thank God, I am not what I once was, and I can say with the great Apostle, "By the grace of God I am what I am."' Alongside of this testimony of Newton, we place the prayer of David, significantly offered in the 51st Psalm: 'Uphold me with thy free Spirit.' *There* is the secret of our power. *There* is the hiding of God's strength. Divine Spirit perfect this strength, this gracious 'upholding' amid all our weakness; and while we seek to overcome evil, do Thou spread around us 'the everlasting arms,' and by divine restraining law, 'beset us behind and before'—then even to old age we shall be safe.

III. We have here *a specimen of progressive and practical religion.*

There can be no more mistaken Christianity than that which is fitful or fruitless, and in both respects 'an old disciple' is a remarkable testimony to the very reverse. First of all, the very sight of 'an old disciple' is an illustration in itself, that religion there has been no spasmodic impulse. It has been the principle

of a life, the greatest fact of consciousness, the inward lever and moving-spring of all outward existence, guiding, directing, underlying all. Jonah's gourd may be the emblem of the Christianity of some, but not the Christianity of the 'old disciple.' Just as ordinary human love deepens with years, and from the mere romantic impulse of youth, settles down into a steady, subdued, calm, but intense power, claiming supremacy over the whole man, in like manner 'the old disciple' is a living witness, not to the mere religion of excitement, not even to the rush and ardour of the early converting hour, but to what is a phase of Christianity broader, deeper, and more potential still, the rich spiritual experience which has tried Christianity and found it all it promised.

Again, in the religious life of 'the old disciple,' you see fruit-bearing as well as principle, nay, its very growth and outcome. The special grace indicated in connection with Mnason is the grace of liberality, the offering of a Christian home to Paul and his missionary companions in one of their evangelistic journeys. The good man had, no doubt, many other graces, but this was one of them, very useful in the early Church, rare too, possibly, from the general poverty of the early Christians, and therefore prominently mentioned. But every 'old disciple' has his peculiar grace, clusters of 'the fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.' They are seen in his sanctified lip, his godly example, his counsels, his conversation, his charity, his prayers. Have we not felt the very presence of a venerable man of God deeply impressive: felt the grey hairs, and the measured footstep, and the calm furrowed face all to be speaking to us, as well as the tremulous voice with which he encouraged us to hold on the Christian path? This is the highest type of Christian manhood: force of Christian character, weight of Christian example—'Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.'

The 'old disciple' may not ostentatiously display his religion, but it will be perfectly impossible for him ever to hide it. It will ooze out from him unconsciously. Men will feel it when he is never thinking about it, like the scent of a bank of violets, fragrant by its hidden sweetness. Lord Rochester, who has been described as 'a great wit, a great sinner, and a great penitent,' fairly fled from Fenelon, crying: 'If I stay here any longer, I shall certainly become a Christian in spite of myself.' And one who had once been another notorious sceptic has left it on record, that in his old infidel days he thought he could refute every argument in behalf of Christianity, but there was always one he could never resist or get away from: 'the grave and consistent example,' as he tells us, 'of my old godly father.'

Some very solemn thoughts press for utterance here. One is, the care we should exercise in the religious training of our children. Another is, how much society and the world owe to the existence in their midst of the people of God. Whether politicians and diplomatists believe it or no, godly men are the true conservators of civil society. 'The holy seed,' as in Isaiah's vision, is still 'the substance thereof.' Or in the words of the Master, 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' These are the men that furnish the moral bone and sinew of any country. It was the prayers of England and not the fleets of Elizabeth, that beat back and sunk the Spanish Armada. The glory of the Covenanters of Scotland yet lingers on the hills, where the heather was purpled with their blood, and over many a secluded place of graves, where their ashes sleep. The Pilgrim Fathers have stamped themselves on whole districts and successive generations in another hemisphere. The refugees of Holland have left their mark on the church-going character and homely religious life of the Netherlands; and among the valleys of the Alps, the old lamp of the Vaudois still shines in the darkness. Spiritual power is the greatest power on earth. 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.'

IV. We have here *a very useful example for the young.*

One of the great lessons taught by 'an old disciple' to those who are young in years and Christian experience is, the happy results of consecration to God in the spring time of life. We are to reap as we sow; and while at any period of life the peace of the Gospel can be found and religion felt to be a living power, these will be most felt by those who have been longest in Christ, and can look back upon the largest extent of Christian observation. How many Bethels and Peniels 'the old disciple' can count: how many seasons of deep, quiet, holy, sacramental joy: how many proofs of the ways God still fulfils his largest declarations: 'Them that honour me I will honour,' 'They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded.'

The old disciple has had his trials; and like the old man Jacob has sometimes had to cry: 'If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.' And there have been other crosses and losses in the lot of our aged friend. The desire of his eyes, the wife of his youthful love, has been taken away. And business has sometimes gone against him. And some bright hopes have been

disappointed. And those in whom he trusted have played him false. But God was always left. When the cloud was over his hearth, he saw God above the cloud. When earthly hopes were blighted, he got just the nearer to heaven. When creatures proved broken reeds, he turned him to the Rock of Ages. When earthly cisterns leaked, he drank of the full and overflowing fountain. 'See in what peace the Christian man can die,' said Joseph Addison. 'I have an humble hope in Christ,' said Robert Hall, 'which now on my death-bed I would not exchange for the entire universe.' 'In your last hour I am pleased to see,' said one to Archbishop Whately, 'the great fortitude of your character still supports you.' 'No, sir,' was the reply; 'not my fortitude that sustains me, but my faith in Jesus Christ.' These are the lessons, then, which 'old disciples' have to teach the young; to wit, that the true way to secure a happy evening is just to make the morning bright; the true way to prevent the rough world hardening the fibres of susceptible hearts, is just to cast the care of them on Christ; the true way to find the Master 'abiding with us when the day is far spent,' is just to seek and find Him, Mary-like, at the dawn. She found Him at the Sepulchre, we can find Him at the Cross. None ever yet complained of beginning to serve God too early: many have uttered the lamentation, that they were seriously afraid they were beginning to serve Him too late. True wisdom, true happiness, is like the old disciple, to give Christ the first of our days and the best of our days: we are then in a position to appreciate, even through grace to appropriate, the far stretching benediction: 'And even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you.'

V. We have here, in the last place, *a ripening for glory.*

When I go into my garden amid all the beauty of the summertide, and see a peach that has dropped from the branches to the ground, I conclude it was ready for the master's use. And so when I see an old disciple much in prayer and fond of it, never far from her Bible, nay, *that* her constant companion, I see what is going on, and prepare for the period—'fully ripe.' The peach will soon fall, but only to be lifted up again by loving hands, to where 'the Master hath need of it.' Old disciple! we shall miss you here some day; miss all your holy words and heavenly ways, but we shall know where you have gone, and hope to meet you where all are young for ever: children or the childlike. Very near the end now. Very near the harbour now. A few short years, and then 'ever with the Lord.' A few more steps, and then the land of Beulah. A few more conflicts, and then life's everlasting victory: the King in His beauty, the land no longer far away. And the inhabitant shall never say, 'I am sick.' And Rachel shall dry her tears for her children. And Mary shall meet Lazarus, and best of all, 'we shall see Jesus,' face to face.

'Thrice blest, whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure,
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs.'

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXAMINATION DAY.

OCTOBER was coming on fast, and Guy Linton was not trying to gain the exhibition. Sometimes, at a suggestion from Ethel or Percy, he would gather his books round him, and give out that he was going to study most vigorously, and was not to be disturbed on any consideration; but before half an hour was passed, he would be chasing Gertie round the room, or tormenting May 'on principle,' as he said, by causing havoc and confusion in her work-basket.

'Oh, Guy,' said Ethel, one day, 'I am sure papa is not pleased, though he says nothing. I can tell by the look of his face this morning, when you were running in the garden instead of getting ready for school. I do wish you would really try for this, because it is papa's wish, if for nothing else.'

'It is too late to try now, replied Guy, coolly, as he stood with his back to the fire and his hands in his pockets, 'if I were to work ever so hard, I should never be able to gain it now. I cannot tell why there should be such a tiresome thing as an exhibition at all; or why my father should have set his mind upon my getting it; as if my brains were ever likely to accomplish such an impossible thing!'

'That is a delusion on your part, Guy, which you will persist in maintaining in spite of most conclusive evidence to the contrary,' said Percy, looking up for a minute from the exercise he was writing, 'you know your brains are better

than most of the fellows in the school, and that if you had cared you might have had the exhibition more easily than any one.'

'Ah well,' replied Guy, in an easy tone, 'it was too much trouble to try. I don't see the good of fussing and stewing one's self, as some of you are doing, and run the chance of failing after all; besides,' he continued abruptly, changing his tone for one of earnest seriousness, 'you know my heart is not in it; it is an intense grind to study at all. I am not like you, Percy, fond of "poring over miserable books." I shall never settle on land; I want "a life on the ocean wave."'

'So you think I am fond of books, do you, Guy?' said Percy, with a quiet smile, 'what will you say if I tell you that it is as great a grind to me as to you, to have to work so hard, in order to drum into my slow pate the little knowledge that has got there.'

'Then why on earth *do* you grind?' asked Guy, in amazement, 'I thought it was because you preferred those musty old Latin books to a good hearty game at cricket, that you so seldom join us.'

'No,' said Percy, 'I am so slow over my lessons, that I should be behind hand always with them, if I did not stay in to learn them; but it is not from choice, Guy.'

'Then why not shirk the tiresome old lessons? I heartily wish there were no such things, they are the persecution of boyhood. I shall drag you off to the playground to-morrow, so you may make up your mind to go. I cannot tell why you do grind, if you don't like it, Percy.'

Percy hesitated, and the deep flush rose to his forehead.

'Because I do not think that we are meant to do always just what we like, Guy,' he said, with evident effort; 'God gives us all work to do, and I think this is mine; and I want to do it in the very best way I can to please Him.'

As he spoke, he looked across to where Ethel was sitting, and met with an answering glance of sympathy; but Ethel did not join in the conversation. She was glad Percy had spoken out, and she listened eagerly for Guy's answer. It did not come for a minute or two.

'Percy, I always knew you were the best fellow going, but I never thought you were half so good as you are,' he said warmly.

Guy could appreciate his brother's devotedness to duty. He even for a moment half resolved to imitate it; and then he went away and forgot the avowal it had cost Percy so much effort to make. But no, he did not quite forget it either. He honoured and respected Percy all the more; and even while he professed his own superiority, he felt all the while how far Percy was above him.

The 10th of October, the day fixed for the examination of the candidates for the exhibition, was always a grand day for the school; more so than the half yearly distribution of prizes, for this was only an annual thing. Many visitors were always present, and it was a formidable thing for the boys to be examined before so large an audience. Only eight or ten out of the fifty or sixty boys were competitors this year, and of these Guy and Percy Linton made two.

Every one said that it was absurd of Percy putting down his name, for even were he to be at the head of the list, which was not in the least likely, he was under the given age, and so of course could not be successful. Mr Linton said the same, and Percy himself knew that it was true.

The day came on quickly, but its approach made little difference in the aims and plans of the two boys. Guy continued to protest that he could never have had it if he had worked ever so hard, while Percy quietly plodded on, with certain defeat before him, and yet feeling conscious that he was gaining much useful knowledge, and that all the work and labour would be far from being lost.

The boys of Mr Linton's class might have known that Guy was disappointing him, by his hard stern manner towards them; but they only thought him cross and ready to blame them for the slightest faults. To Guy himself Mr Linton had not addressed a word on the subject, from the time when he told him what he expected of him until the morning of the eventful day. As they were walking together to the town that morning he said,

'I suppose you do not think I have been blind all these weeks, Guy. You do not think you have deceived me into the idea that you have been trying to fulfil my wish. I know perfectly well that you are as unfit for this examination as the youngest child in the school, and yet you *must* go in for it. If you had no shame yourself, you might have spared your father the disgrace of seeing you beaten.'

'Why, papa, you know it was not my doing. I did not want to try at all.'

'Silence, sir!' exclaimed Mr Linton sternly, 'is it not enough that you should have wasted your time in this disgraceful manner, but you must needs throw the blame upon me? Was it not your duty to do all in your power to gain what would be such a help in your education? and if you had one half of Percy's perseverance you would have easily done it; and yet you sit down in contented idleness, because, forsooth, it was not your wish! Guy, I am ashamed of you!'

'If I am a burden to you, father, I will take myself off somewhere else,' replied Guy proudly.

Mr Linton turned upon him such a look of affection as his sons scarcely ever saw.

'Guy, you know I did not mean anything of the sort! You little know how dear you are to your father's heart, nor how difficult he finds it to provide for you all, or you would have been ready to give all the help you could.'

Guy's better nature was touched.

'Papa!' he exclaimed, 'I am very sorry: I do wish now that I had tried; but it is too late.'

Ay, there are many things regretted when it is too late!

It certainly was too late then for Guy to

perfect himself in the smallest measure; and Mr Linton, as he assisted in the examination, grew graver and more grave as he saw how utterly Guy was failing. There was some consolation in the knowledge that Percy's answers were quick and to the point; but even that was mingled with disappointment, for however well Percy acquitted himself, there could be no hope for him.

At length the examination closed, and there was a pause of a few minutes during which both boys and visitors were eagerly waiting for the decision. It came at last. Dr Marshall rose amid tremendous cheering.

'Gentlemen and ladies, we have met together this morning to decide an important point; as to which pupil in this school has attained sufficient scholarship to benefit by the terms of the exhibition so generously left by our late lamented townsman, Sir William Corneplante. It has never—yes, I think I may say, never, given me more pleasure to pronounce the name of the successful candidate than on this occasion: for he is one whose perseverance in the performance of duty, and strict adherence to truth and honour, must win the respect of all who know him; and though he has not attained the usual age required, still, he has acquitted himself so well, and understands the subjects he has studied so thoroughly, that I am sure you will all agree with me in thinking myself perfectly justified in awarding this exhibition to—Percy Linton.'

The Doctor here paused, for it was useless attempting to speak for the warm applause that greeted the announcement of the name; and none envied Percy his good fortune—not even those whom his learning had outstripped.

As for Percy himself, he could scarcely believe his ears: he had so little hope, that the news came upon him most unexpectedly, and all the more acceptably for the words of praise with which Dr Marshall had prefaced it; and even in that moment of triumph, there flashed across him the thought that now there might be some hope of his beloved wish being accomplished.

Silence being once more restored, Dr Marshall proceeded to mention the other candidates by name as having done well,—all but Guy—and when he came to him he paused for a moment, and then turning round, looked him full in the face.

'As for you, Guy Linton, why you attempted this at all, I cannot tell, if you could do no better than you have done. If you had applied yourself one quarter as diligently as your brother, you might have accomplished—I do not say as much—but sufficient at least to ward off the disgrace which I feel it my duty to pronounce—that you shall forfeit the privilege of trying again next year. I am sorry for you, for your father's sake; for I am sure he is ashamed of you, if you are not ashamed of yourself.'

But Guy was thoroughly ashamed of himself now, when it was too late to amend; and as he looked across to where Mr Linton was sitting with his hand over his eyes, he most heartily wished that he had acted differently; for he felt that his father's pleasure in the success of one son, was sadly marred by the disgrace of the other. For himself he did not so much care; indeed, if he had chosen, he would rather be without the exhibition, for it would only have been so much hindrance in the path upon which he had set his heart.

A little knot of school-fellows and friends gathered round Percy to offer their congratulations on his success. When they had dispersed, Guy came up, and warmly grasped his brother's hand.

'Percy, old fellow, I am as pleased as Punch! I had a thousand times rather you got this than me; and I congratulate you with all my heart!'

'I am very sorry Dr Marshall said what he did about you, Guy.'

'Why, yes; it made one look rather small, but I shall get over it; I deserve it all, I dare say. If only papa would not care about it.'

At that moment Mr Linton joined them. He laid his hand on Percy's shoulder.

'Percy, my boy, I am proud of you! this has not been won without a great deal of patience and perseverance; but it has brought its reward; and I am sure you will make the best possible use of your three years at Eton.'

'I shall try, indeed, papa,' replied Percy, with a look of gratified pleasure.

'Papa,' said Guy humbly, 'I am sure you must be very much displeased with me, and I am very sorry. But indeed I do really mean to turn over a fresh leaf and work very hard indeed, if you will forgive me?'

'I wish you would, Guy,' was Mr Linton's reply; 'you have disappointed me sorely in this business; and Percy having succeeded does not make any difference to your idleness in the matter. It is for your own good, my boy, to study now; and you will find that out by-and-bye.'

'I would study so hard, papa, if there was any hope of my ever going to sea. You know I have set my heart upon that, and I cannot settle to anything else.'

'It is useless talking of that, Guy, as I have told you over and over again. You speak of going to sea as if it were a thing to be had for the asking; it requires both interest and capital, neither of which I possess,—unless you go as a common sailor, which is not to be thought of for a moment. Once for all, you must put away such ideas, and stick to your lessons; they will be of more use to you than running after ships and boats. I look forward to your taking a mastership in the grammar school—if you are able to fill it,—that is the only way of providing for you which I see at present.'

'Well, I do mean to be very diligent next half, papa, but as for not thinking about the sea, that is impossible.'

And certainly Guy did mean what he said; but whether his resolution would stand the test of trial, remained to be proved; and his father was not very sanguine upon the point.

The tears stood in Mrs Linton's eyes when she heard of Percy's success, and she clasped him in her arms, and kissing him, whispered,

'My darling boy, I am so very pleased, except that it will take you away from us.'

For, with a mother's fond love, the thought of the parting came along with the feeling of joy.

The little ones crowded round, eager to show their pleasure: but it was Guy who proposed that it should be a sort of gala day: that they should smarten up the parlour, and weave a crown for Percy, the hero of the day: for in the gratification of Percy's success, he had lost the slight disappointment he had felt on his own account. He went off to see what the garden would produce, followed by the younger children, laughing and shouting merrily at Guy's promise of finding them all employment in 'searching for flowers in the barren desert,' as he said;—for Percy's labours in the garden had not been productive of flowers that summer.

When the noisy group had departed, Percy received anew the congratulations and good wishes of his mother and Ethel; and then Mrs Linton went up to the nursery, *where* she heard the baby crying, and the brother and sister were left alone.

'Do you know, Ethel,' said Percy, 'almost the first thing I thought of was that this would help forward my wish: there is more hope of my being a clergyman after three years at Eton.'

'I thought of that too, Percy. And yet I don't know how you are to get to college; for I suppose you cannot be a clergyman without that. I would not think too much about it if you can help it; perhaps it may not be after all.'

'But one cannot help wishing things, Ethel: however I don't want it to get too much told of me; and I shall try not *to* let it. I am glad I have told you.'

'And so am I, because we can talk about it: and that is a great deal better than thinking only. But, Percy, it will take a great deal to reconcile us to your going away.'

'Oh, that will not be until after the Christmas holidays. It is too soon to think about that yet.'

At that moment Guy came rushing in, waving a laurel wreath above his head.

'Behold, what the garden affords!' he exclaimed; then bending gracefully on one nee, he placed it upon Percy's head. ''Tis thus I crown the victor's brow!'

'Guy, you are a good fellow! you have behaved beautifully: you don't show your own disappointment a bit!'

'Why should I!' said Guy, throwing himself on the floor beside them; 'I am more pleased that you should have it, so why should I not show it?'

'It is a grand thing of Percy, so young as he is; is it not, Guy?'

'That is why I am so pleased; I am proud of my brother! you will be a regular clever genius some of these days, old fellow, see if you won't!'

'Not a genius quite,' replied Percy with a smile, 'seeing it is such a labour to learn.'

'Patience and perseverance conquer all things. P. P. can conquer that if he likes.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE END THEREOF.

THERE are some for whom the world has done far more than they at one time expected. It may be that they are often surprised at the position they have attained to in society, as well they may be. Take one instance, not a very uncommon one:—A lad goes to London, or some other large city. He enters it poor, and almost friendless. He begins life in some menial employment, but he rises higher and higher, and at length becomes the opulent merchant. He can look round on his mansion, his estates, and his funded property, and say,—*This is more than I once hoped for.* But are his sins forgiven—is God the portion of his soul? If not, how sad his case. What else will that world do for him ere long, which has done so much already? As regards the past,—'he asked water, and she has given him milk; she has brought him forth butter in a lordly dish.' But what comes next? 'She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer.' You know the sequel as regards Sisera, and you know how to apply it to the worldling. Will it fare any better with the favourite of the world, if he finds no better portion? No; through his busy brain and craving heart one terrible thought, far sharper than Jael's nail, will one day securely fix him down to the rock of despair. That thought will be,—I HAVE GAINED THE WORLD, BUT LOST MY SOUL.

Two friends were riding through a pleasant country, and one asked the other how much an estate, which had recently been sold, had realized? The answer was, I do not know; but I think I know what it *cost* its former proprietor. How much? was the question; and the answer was,—'HIS SOUL.'

The justification of this strong language was given in a few words. The rich man whose estate had been sold (for he could not carry it with him) had once been a professor of religion, and bid fair for heaven. But he would be rich; he gained his wish, 'fell into temptation and a snare.' He even gave up any profession of religion, lived and died a thorough worldling. Died in the midst of his broad acres; cut down at once, 'he gave no sign.'

Oh Thou who didst die to redeem from this present evil world, send Thine own words, thrilling through the souls of those who are just beginning to try and serve two masters,—'What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

J. C.

Songs in the Night.

IV.

PSALM LXXIII. 23–26.

MY heart and flesh doth fail—
And cruel foes assail—
And gather round to tempt my feet to stray,
Be thou my strength O God,
With Thine avenging rod
Draw near, and help me in this dreadful fray.

My soul is full of sin,
Fightings and fears within,
And unbelieving thoughts maintain their power;
My fainting frame is weak,
E'en like a reed to break,
Quench not the smoking flax in this, its danger hour.

Jesus! be Thou my guide,
O! there is none beside
That I desire on earth compared with Thee;
Plead Thou my cause above,
And by Thy dying love
Mine Advocate and Intercessor be.

All through my little life
Of mingled sin and strife,
Thou never hast withdrawn Thy hand from mine;
And shall I be afraid
Thou wilt refuse me aid
Now, when my trembling soul would cling to Thine?

O no, I will not fear,
For Thou art ever near—
Continually to guide my weary feet
Unto green pastures fair,
And cooling waters, where
The living streams flow round Thy mercy seat.

Therefore I will not shrink,
E'en though upon the brink
Of death I stand, within the shadowy vale,
Thou art my Portion, Lord,
My hope is in Thy word,
Thy word is true—no promise then shall fail.

It tells me Thou art near,
My dying bed to cheer,
To hold my hand, to soothe me, and to bless,
And when that pang is past,
I shall awake at last
To see Thy face, my Lord, my Righteousness.

O! hasten then the day,
To bear my soul away
Far from this world of bitter pain and fears,
Unto that glory bright
Where faith is lost in sight,
And God's own hand shall wipe away my tears.

A. M.

'MOTHER SCRAT.'

IN Midland county dialect, 'a good Scrat' is no ordinary title of domestic honour. The metaphor is taken from an indefatigable, matronly hen, ploughing and hoeing with bill and talon from morning to night, turning up, on mixen or field, the grub and seed for her own and her chickens' meals. At the same time, as a good layer of eggs, she provides other people's breakfasts beyond her own family, like the economical hospitality which consumes the scraps, so that nothing be lost, but welcomes its friends to 'the joint.'

Mother Scrat was an economist of this self-denying class. Nobody disliked her, except the unthrifty slatterns, whom her example tacitly reproved. These sneered at her for 'a drudge as had no spirit, but to set other folk's husbands a-findin' fault wi' their wives!' But Mother Scrat seldom, if ever, heard these strictures, for she had no time, and less taste, for 'gossipin' and neighbourin,' and she said, the days was none too long to put things straight, and keep 'em goin' for'ard.' If one neighbour told her some spiteful thing which another neighbour said of her, she generally retorted—'Oh! if Nancy knowed as much of me as I know of myself, she'd say a deal worse nor that.' Mother so disarmed folks that way, that they got to feel that to malign so much humble-mindedness was '*like striking a man when he was down*, as everybody knows was scandalous.'

Mother, whether 'Mother Scrat,' or simply 'Mother,' was what everybody called her, for she was not only 'mother' to nine bairns, who voluminously advertised her title, but was as motherly to other people's bairns as if they were her own. 'They were all *some* mother's wee things, some time or other,' she used to say; her true woman's heart 'went after' them, as it seemed a kind of natural due to their tender years, especially with motherless bairns. It was something almost sacred among the better relics of human nature, to see 'mother' beg a turn with the baby (whose own mother had died in childbirth), when the nurse dropped in of an evening. 'Mother' was not given to tears—in everything had more sense than sentiment, and 'would have none of them coarse penny romances brought into her house, to set her lads and lassies a-crying over anything sooner nor their sins.' But there was a watering about the eye, as she kissed and danced up and down the tiny bit of unconscious orphanhood, as if she'd make believe baby wasn't so motherless after all; but they'd all lend a hand to keep her never to know it, leastways till she was better able to do without one.

Mother Scrat was the wife of a 'cabby'—*Mr* Scrat, as he was called, he looked so respectable—and his decent turnout, man and horse, drew him lots of jobs, and his civility made them frequent customers.

The Scrats were too large a family not to be poor; still hard work was the only sign of their poverty, for she, her little ones, and honest Cabby, who collared gallantly the load for the lot, never lacked bread. Knitting or sewing, darning or mending, washing or scouring, mother was her own 'maid of all work;' and, as the children grew up, strong, healthy, happy young Anglo-Saxons, there was no job about home, inside or out, they couldn't put their hands to, and were proud to do; it wasn't work, it was like 'playing at mother.' That game they liked best, because they loved her best, as she deserved to be, she had so fairly won it. Brave old Mother Scrat! never a braver heart beat in a poor woman, and she had much to try it, with all her management.

Measles, whooping cough, and croup, are things of flesh that must have their way. Little houses, with little incomings and large outgoings, sorely aggravate the trials and terrors of the epidemics of childhood. The family have no other home. There are no means of isolating the sick from the rest, except by the separation of the little grave, where mother's anguish lays down her young Jamie, or pretty Jane, to their last sleep in the cemetery. 'Mother' had her share of these sorrows. Three such mournful journeys had Mr Scrat's cab taken; funeral jobs, where his own children were the fare, and a tiny coffin mutely signified the sad errand they were on. There was much grief, but no waste in 'buryin' show' on these occasions. Perhaps she who suffered most bore it the best, for the others' sake, who somehow looked to her for support, and that conviction rallied her. It was a proud thing, in the midst of her sorrow, to feel she was so necessary to them all, even to Mr Scrat, who hadn't the heart to touch his old horse the whole way there and back. They would have had him not to drive, but he murmured between his sobs, 'Little Jamie he'd scarce ever druv 'afore, and no stranger should take him his last fare—poor babby!' So mother let him have his own kind of cabby's way of showing respect to his little boy's obsequies.

Occupation is the best disperser of such dark clouds as these, and 'mother' got them all to work with her as soon as possible. It was a marvel to many how she got through with all she had to do. But she found time by losing none, and made it go farther than most folks. Her example was a daily lesson, which the children 'got by heart,' for they dearly loved the teacher. Then their parents 'had no words,' except kindly ones, and these sanctified by the blessed Spirit, whose holy words they and their children daily prayed together. Mother taught them to count 'diligence in business,' and 'fervency in spirit,' as both ways 'serving the Lord.' Hence they understood toil was a religion, though religion was no toil. The Sabbath, their only day of rest, and the sanctuary, their only place of visiting, were their weekly

'highday and holiday,' when all of them 'pranced out in their Sunday harness,' as Mr Scrat would say, 'groomed up sleek and silky as a lot of colts and fillies as belonged to somebody who looked arter 'em,' and Father Cabby walked alongside of them, 'proud o' the dam as did it all—bless her paces!'

Mother's home never suffered by its contrast with the tap, and thus was no temptation to her husband, or her big boys, to migrate, like birds, from the chill of winter to a more genial temperature. Mother's hearth was as warm as her heart, and her home verified the old song—'Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home.' Wherever it is *not* so, it is no home, but a haunt, a hovel, which welcomes no one, but the improvidence, or vice, which has spoiled its welcome everywhere else. Both parents reached white hairs, with enough laid by between their scrats to live on in the old home, rent free, their own landlords, with no secret to account for it, except the Building Society, in which they invested their Savings. I always write Savings with a capital S, because it is the *only* capital of the poor. There they lived in the homely dignity of self-subsistence, frugal, God-fearing old souls, to the last. 'It's not the work, but the worry, as wears you out,' said Mother Scrat, and her own serene though busy life, with its quiet, trustful exodus in death, endorsed her favourite maxim.

—*Mothers' Treasury.*

THE LOAD LIFTED OFF THE HEART.

I WAS out on a summer tour. I had travelled miles longing to make acquaintance with those who were rejoicing in the knowledge of peace with God through faith in the precious blood of Christ. The scenery was magnificent, but as to life in Christ, as far as was apparent, there was a sad want. Few cared to hear about the story of God's love in the gift of His Son. At length I came up to a man who was fast descending the down-hill of life. His grizzly locks told that sixty years at least had passed over him. He was leaning over his garden-wall looking at the vast panorama that stretched out for many miles on every side. After exchanging words about the scenery, I asked him if he possessed all this tract of country? He smiled, and said he would be a rich man if he did. 'Yes,' I replied, 'if you possessed something else with it, you would be rich.'

'What is that, sir?'

'Christ,' I replied; 'and without Him,' I said, 'a man is only poor, however much he may have in this world.'

He made no reply for a while, and then said, 'Where is the man who can say that Christ is his?'

'Here,' I replied, 'is one who, by grace, can say so; and because I can say so, I am come to tell you how you may find the same treasure.'

He looked well at me, as if it was a strange sight to see one who could make such a confession.

'Well,' he replied, 'I have not for a long time looked upon the man who could say that. I have been waiting to find this assurance for twenty years. I have tried every way that I could think of, and that others could tell me of, but I can't say such a thing. I feel very uncomfortable about my sins, and about the day of reckoning.'

'And what makes you so uncomfortable?' I asked.

'Oh! Its my sins.'

'Well, what do you mean to do with your *sins?*'

'Ah! that's the question. That's just what I want to know, I can't get rid of them, nor do I see who can.'

'And would you like to hear what another has done for you, in order to put them away?'

'Yes sir.'

'Will, then, I have a message for you from the God of heaven; and by that message, even as you stand there, you may *know* and rejoice in the same peace that God *has* given me.'

I then read to him part of the third of Romans, setting before him his state as guilty and condemned. I pointed out to him that a person who was condemned for a breach of law could not, by all his prayers or good resolutions undo that which he had done. *The sentence of the law, also, must be carried out.* It could not be set aside. There is, therefore nothing but punishment for him, unless that punishment be borne by another.

I further read to him that God had given His own Son to die for sinners, and thus bear the punishment that they had merited. I showed him that because Jesus, the Holy Son of God, by His death for sin, had borne in His own blessed person the 'curse of the law,' and thus met all the righteous claims of a holy, sin-hating God, God has, therefore, a right to justify or clear the sinner who believes on Jesus. Rom. iii. 26.

I showed him that God, because of the full *satisfaction* for sin which was made by His blessed Son, has sent forth the message of the Gospel, which contains the offer of free pardon to *all* who shall believe in Jesus Christ as the Saviour. I showed him also that we are to be saved, not by anything we can do, but by what the Lord Jesus has done for us, and that God requires *nothing* from the sinner but a hearty trust in this one great *atonement*. However ungodly the sinner may have been or may be, yet a simple, hearty trust in Christ who died, the *just* for the *unjust*, will justify that sinner; for in God's word we read, 'To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' Rom. iv. 5.

'How strange that those words should be in that book!' cried the old man. 'I have read it again and again, and yet I never understood it till now. Come inside, sir, and have something to refresh yourself. You have lifted the load right off my heart. I see it as clear as noonday, and somehow, I feel as light as a lark. Why, sir, I am like a young man, again, and all through that one atonement of the blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Yes, He is *my* Saviour. God is good. God is holy. God is just. God is love. Christ, His Son, has died for poor *me*, and I am saved!'

Thus was this poor man, who, for many years, had been anxious about his soul, enabled to lay hold of Christ as his Saviour, and to give him glory, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks for very joy.

Two years after this, I called on him again. He was on his death-bed. He could scarcely speak. But taking his thin hand in mine, I asked him how it stood between his soul and God? Not that I doubted how it was; for his peaceful countenance told of joy within. But death-bed confessions and victories are for the glory of Him who died for sinners! He looked up and said·

'My peace flows like a river. I stand upon the one atonement made by the precious blood of Jesus with me. His precious blood hath sealed my peace. God beholds His Son, and accepts me *in Him;* His blood my peace, His blood my title to the rest above.'

'Then you can shout, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb"?'

'I will soon—I am too weak now. But I *have* the victory. I know in whom I have believed. Jesus did it all. He loved a wretch like me, and I shall soon see His full-glory.'

This was too much for his weak frame. Thus faith triumphs. There were no rolling waters near his soul, no fear about the rest above. Why? Because he trusted in the atonement made by the precious death of Jesus.

Dear reader, how does the matter stand with you? Let me affectionately press this solemn question upon your consideration. If you have not peace with God, oh! come and receive the pardon He is now proclaiming through the atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Accept it, and you will be happy. Reject it, and you will be lost for ever.

—*New York Witness.*

Aged Christians.

THEY are resting from their labours
Ere the final call shall come,—
Ere they quit their earthly dwellings
For their long prepared home.

They are resting in the twilight,
For the eventide is nigh;
Time has turned their locks to silver,
Age has dimmed each steady eye.

They have passed through joy and sorrow,
They have lived in peace and strife;
Learning sweet and bitter lessons,
Scholars in the school of life.

Though around them many dear ones,
Children and grandchildren stand;
Many more have gone before them
To the Holy Spirit land.

Many tears have dimmed their eyesight,
Now their bitterness is o'er;
In the land of many mansions
They shall grieve and weep no more.

Earth is bright, but Heaven is brighter
With the glory that exceeds:
Short the passage o'er the river,
When the gentle Shepherd leads.

So they linger in the radiance
Of a sunset purely bright,
In the rest that still remaineth,
For 'at evening shall be light.'

—*Mary Wilson.*

Gems from Mr Richard Greenham.

BORN 1531. DIED 1591.

1. BE more afraid of secret sins than of open shame; lay this foundation sure, that there is mercy with Jesus Christ.

2. When you would do any good, or receive any good, offer up your endeavours, actions, and means in sacrifice to God in Christ; beseeching God to give His holy Spirit to sanctify His own sacrifice, for out of Christ all is sinful, though in itself good and commanded.

3. Be persuaded always that you are in the presence of God and His Christ, and frame your actions accordingly, for otherwise much evil will ensue.

4. Beware of a discontented mind in any case; yea, be contented to have your desires denied you of God; and if your prayer be not heard of God, vex not yourself too much, neither vehemently covet, nor be grieved for anything, save the not having the favour, or the loss of that favour of God, and thereby you shall justify both His wisdom and providence.

5. Labour for meekness and patience, and be ready to kiss the rod, and to offer up all to Him of whom you have received yourself; for if you struggle, it will fare with you as a bird in a gin, the more she stirreth, the faster she is. We must use the Word in troubles and temptations, as a sick man doth his meat, which, though he eat against the stomach and presently feeleth no benefit of it, yet we know by experience it doth him good, and himself afterward shall perceive it.

6. Believe always your state and condition to be the work of God, and vary not therein, for a sparrow falleth not but by His providence, and your humiliation, as well as your consolation, is the glory of God, and the good of many others.

7. In such multitudes of God's mercies as you enjoy, marvel not that you have some crosses, lest we should presume: likewise blessings with crosses, lest we should despair—and in any outward blessing which you see you cannot have, beseech God you may never be vexed for it.

8. Dispute not with God, lest you be confounded; nor with Satan, lest you be over come.

9. So long as you look upon yourselves, you have cause to fear, because you are as unable to prolong, as you are to begin your new birth but if you look to God, you have nothing bu matter of faith, for whom He once loveth, H loveth for ever, and thou mayest ever hav comfort, though thou think thyself forsaken.

10. As a man swimming in the deep water is never in danger of drowning so long as hi head continueth above the water, so, though you swim in deep seas of dangerous temptations, yet are you sure and secure, because Christ Jesus your head is still above all your troubles, and therefore able to draw His members to the shore of salvation, without peril of perishing.

11. None can judge of the work of the Spirit, but by the light of the Spirit, as none can judge of the sun, but by itself.

12. The patient bearing of misery is an acceptable sacrifice to God; for when the goldsmith putteth a piece of gold into the fire to make better use of it, it seemeth to the unskilful that he utterly marreth it. So the children of God in all affliction seem, to the judgment of the natural man, undone and brought to nothing; but spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

13. In all temptations and trials, believe that God the Father doth govern your temptations; that the holy Spirit doth, and shall assist you; that Jesus Christ was tempted to overcome in you; that the saints on earth pray for you—this will uphold and stay thee up though in the depth of troubles.

14. When tried and afflicted, be persuaded that your punishment is far beneath your sin and this will make you patient and thankful.

15. Suffer not your heart to be strict, narrow, and uncomfortable in heavenly things, this draweth away both the breath, blood, and life of true godliness—but blessed be that mortification which so far estrangeth us from the world, that it changeth us to the similitude of Christ, to whom we must be conformed in sufferings, that we may be like Him in glory.

GODLINESS AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES J. BROWN, D.D., EDINBURGH.

I. CONVERSION to God, personal godliness, is the foundation, and an indispensable prerequisite, of the Christian ministry. Now, I should be ashamed to go into any formal proof of this as of a thing that could be disputed. Nobody here can possibly question it. The beginnings, at least, of personal godliness are necessary even to sitting down warrantably at the table of the Lord, much more to entering into the *ministry* of the Lord. But though not in the way of proving a thing disputed, yet in order to the impressing on my own mind and yours of a thing unspeakably important which is conceded, I will attempt to illustrate the position a little from two different sources — from the nature, distinctive ends, strength necessary for, and grand instrument of, the ministry; *and* from several texts of the Word of God.

1. As to the nature of the ministry, it is, as the word indicates, *a service* of and from the Lord Jesus, about the highest spiritual things of His kingdom. Well; the position is already established, so far as mere proof is necessary. For an unconverted man, destitute of personal godliness, is an *enemy* to Christ. 'The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.' To imagine that Jesus should commission an enemy for any such service, is out of the question. The ministry is a *high* and very *confidential* service of the Lord Jesus. It is an ambassador's service of a sovereign who employs him to negotiate peace with his enemies—it is the service rendered to a bridegroom by a friend whom he employs to assist about his espousals. It is an ambassador's service of a sovereign. 'We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.' What sovereign would think of employing one of his enemies to negotiate peace with the rest? It is the service rendered to a bridegroom by a friend whom he employs to assist about his marriage. Said John the Baptist, 'He that hath the bride is the bridegroom: but the friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice; this my joy therefore is fulfilled' (John iii. 29). I suppose, indeed, that the 'friend of the bridegroom' here means an *official* friend. But the official friendship necessarily presupposes the personal. Bridegrooms are not wont to ask strangers, much less enemies, to be helpful about their espousals. Then as to the distinctive *ends* of the ministry, here they are in two words—'I send thee to the Gentiles, to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me' (Acts xxvi. 18); *and*, 'for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ'—'whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.' But to both ends an unconverted man is an utter stranger. He knows nothing of them. He cannot seek, aim at, prosecute either of them. The *strength*, again, necessary for the ministry, for the discharge of its duties and the attaining of its ends, is none other than the Holy Ghost. 'Who is sufficient for these things? Our sufficiency is of God.' 'No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.' The unconverted man 'has not the Spirit of Christ;' he is 'none of his.' He is a stranger at once to the whole strength, and to the *prayer* which brings it down. Lastly, the *instrument* of the ministry is the Holy Scripture. It is enough here to remind you of the solemn words, 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned' (1 Cor. ii. 14).

2. But now passing, for illustration of our position, to some weighty texts of Scripture, turn, first, to Galatians i. 15, 16: 'It pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, *that I might preach him*' (ἵνα εὐαγγελίζωμαι αὐτὸν). Paul tells us that God had done two things for him, in order that he might preach Christ. He had called him by His grace; and, more specifically, had revealed Christ in him. He had called him from death to life, out of darkness into His marvellous light. God

* From 'An Address to Students of Divinity.' Edinburgh: T. Nelson & Sons.

would not have a man still in darkness, in death, to preach the living, life-giving Redeemer, even had the thing been possible, which it was not. Paul could not preach a Saviour he did not know. And thus, more specifically, God had revealed His Son in him. The expression sends us back to such words as these, 'Whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven' (Matt. xvi. 15–17).

Again, turn to John xxi. 15: 'So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.' A terrible doubt had been cast over the entire religion of Peter, and he had virtually separated himself from the society of the apostles, by his denials of Jesus in the high priest's palace. In order to his restoration to the work before committed to him, 'thou shalt catch men,' the doubt required to be as openly removed as it had openly been created. No stranger to the love of the glorious Shepherd might or could 'feed his lambs.' 'Lovest thou me? Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my lambs. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep' (ver. 16). Wholly out of the question that a *wolf* (and what else are *we* if we belong not to Jesus?) should be set to feed the sheep! 'He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep' (ver. 17). I would just add, before leaving this great passage, that if indeed the Lord Jesus shall say to *you*, 'Feed my sheep, feed my lambs,' then shall you, amid the trials and manifold difficulties of your work, have this blessed support, that when, on a Saturday evening for example, you might be ready to sink beneath the weight of the duties of the next day, you shall be able, in the spirit of Moses at Horeb, to plead, 'See, thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people: and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. Yet thou hast said, I know thee by name, and thou hast also found grace in my sight. Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, show me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight: and consider that this nation is thy people' (Exod. xxxiii. 12, 13). And to you also the Lord shall say, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.' Ay, and your *deepest Sabbath joys* not rarely shall follow close on your heaviest Saturday trials.

Again, turn to Paul's words in 2 Cor. v. 18, 20: 'All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation. . . . Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.' He hath *reconciled us to himself, and given to us the ministry of reconciliation.* For, as was observed near the beginning, sovereigns employ not enemies about their negotiations of peace. Yet here is a marvellous thing—an enemy *reconciled*, a man *once* an enemy, entrusted with the ministry of reconciliation! Oh, none so fit for such a ministry as this!—fitter than an angel he who, now reconciled, knows both the blessedness of the peace and the horribleness of the war,—he who can plead with the enemies in the lowly and tender spirit of those words, 'I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am' (1 Cor. xv. 9, 10). 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief' (1 Tim. i. 15).

The only other passage I would ask you to turn to is 1 Tim. i. 12: 'I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry'—first intimating, that Christ would not (yea, to speak with reverence, could not) 'enable' him for such a ministry, being still faithless; and further expressly declaring that Christ first counted him faithful, and then put him into the ministry. With which let 2 Tim. ii. 2 be compared, 'The things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also'—as if to say, that only faithful men shall ever be able to teach (ἱκανοὶ διδάξαι) the faith to others.

Without asking you to turn to them, I remind you of such further great words as the following—'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ' (Eph. iii. 8). Again (1 John i. 1, 3), 'That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life; . . . that which we have seen and heard

declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.' Again (2 Cor. iv. 5–7), 'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. *For* God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels'—O yes, 'earthen,' but no longer 'vessels of wrath;' *earthen* vessels—frail, ready to fall to pieces, yet 'vessels of mercy,' 'vessels unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work.'

At your leisure, you might do well also to study the principles, the whole analogy, of the consecration of Aaron and his sons to the priesthood, in Leviticus, eighth chapter. Thus, at the 22d verse, 'Moses brought the other ram, the ram of consecration: and Aaron and his sons laid their hands upon the head of the ram. And he slew it; and Moses took of the blood of it, and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot. And he brought Aaron's sons, and Moses put of the blood upon the tip of their right ear, and upon the thumbs of their right hands, and upon the great toes of their right feet.' Compare that whole glorious passage in Isaiah vi. 5–8, 'Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts. Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.' Personal godliness is, in short, the foundation, and an indispensable prerequisite, of the Christian ministry. It is the foundation of it. I venture to affirm that it is three parts of the ministry out of four. No doubt, there *is* a fourth part which is quite necessary. But so prominent, pre-eminent, is the godliness, that I think an unlettered peasant, with the love of Christ burning in his heart, were fitter for the ministry than the most learned of men 'dead in trespasses and sins!'

II. Our second position is, that during the whole course of the ministry, after it has been entered on, there continues to subsist the closest mutual connection between the two elements—the strongest reciprocal influence of godliness on the ministry, and of the ministry back again on it.

1. Of godliness on the ministry. Take two views of this rapidly. (1.) All the subject-matters of the ministry might be reduced to two—*Sin*, and *Christ*. Sin. But he alone can tell of sin to much purpose whose inmost soul is touched with the sense of his own sin. Oh, it is a horrible thing to hear men talk coldly, indifferently, or which is much the same, harshly, vociferously, of sin and wrath and hell. It can but pain and shock the serious, and tend to harden the careless and impenitent. He only is fit to deal with such themes who, with a spirit chastened and subdued, is entering in some measure into the soul of those words, 'Woe is me! for I am undone'—'I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes'—'Sinners, of whom I am chief'—'The good that I would I do not, and the evil that I would not that I do.' And then, Christ. He only shall tell to much purpose of the glorious Saviour who is fain to break forth, 'Thou art fairer than the sons of men'—'My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand'—'Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?'—'Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave'—'The love of Christ constraineth us.' Let me ask you to turn here with me to a single passage in Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy—an epistle which might be named Paul's *dying charge* to that young minister, penned, as I think it doubtless was, during his second imprisonment at Rome, and when, no longer simply bound to a soldier in his own hired lodging, but immured in Nero's dungeon, he was soon to be brought forth to martyrdom. Says he: 'Whereunto I am appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles. For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless *I am not ashamed;* FOR I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day' (i. 11, 12). So it seems that the grand secret of all Paul's sufferings and services for the Lord Jesus, lay just in one grand, overwhelming service the Saviour had done for *him*—even that, when he, a miserable sinner, was ready to drop into hell, Jesus had laid hold of him, and snatched him from the burning, and still was keeping his never-dying soul as a precious deposit committed to Him, against the great day—'for the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed; for I know whom I

have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.'

(2.) Then take the other view to which I pointed, of the influence of godliness on the ministry. Reference was made, near the outset, to the *strength* for the ministry, the Holy Ghost; and to the great *instrument* of it, the Scriptures. But as for the strength, the man whose soul is prosperous before the Lord is one living at the very fountain-head of the strength—drawing supplies of it, by ceaseless prayer, for the finding of suitable subjects and themes from week to week; for the obtaining of all necessary materials in connection with those themes; for the whole meditating of the things concerning the King and His kingdom; for the delivering of them with the needed skill, and tenderness, and power; for passing from household to household of the people; for the visiting of the sick and dying—for the whole work and duty of the ministry together. And as to the *instrument*, the Scriptures, are they not, to such a minister, the 'man of his counsel,' his 'songs in the house of his pilgrimage,' 'more precious than thousands of gold and silver,' 'sweeter than honey from the honeycomb?' Can he fail thus to grow daily more and more at home, as it were, in the use of his *weapon*, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God?

2. But there remains to be touched on, the influence of the ministry back again on the personal godliness. And here I desire, for myself, to give humble thanks to the Lord, that He ever gave me a *profession* which goes hand in hand with the soul's everlasting blessedness,—where the work and the everlasting welfare run in parallel, yea, rather, ever convergent lines. For I hold it to be nothing else than a libel on the ministry, to charge it with a tendency to render a minister's piety coldly professional and intellectual. A poor piety, methinks, that can be so rendered! No doubt there *is* such a thing as an unholy familiarity with the things and themes of the Scripture—a dreadful rock to dash against, truly, where the profession and the piety run not in parallel, but in divergent lines. But blessed be God, there is, if we are but true to ourselves and our work, a *holy* familiarity also with the things and themes of the Scriptures, the sacred volume becoming more and more a minister's bosom companion and friend. Again, I say, I desire to give solemn thanks for a profession, in which the better a man by grace is, the better he shall do his work; and the better he does his work, still the better a man he must become, and the more ready, when the work is done, 'to depart, and be with Christ,' which for him, *at least, shall* be best of all!

But now, in conclusion, I venture t few more immediately practical hints gestions. Of course, the entire subje the question for every student, and for I indeed Christ's? Have I been calle ually out of darkness into God's ma light? Know I that conversion, that godliness, which is the foundation, an dispensable prerequisite, of the ministry I indeed known what the Catechism l childhood taught me—'Effectual calli work of God's Spirit, whereby, convi of our sin and misery, enlightening ou in the knowledge of Christ, and renew wills, he doth persuade and enable us brace Jesus Christ, freely offered to u gospel?'

The question might have three answers. First, a distinctly *negative* c that case, what ought to be done? S address any for whom the negative a the only true one, is their right cours out of the Divinity Hall straightway? lieve that there is another and 'more e way.' Oh take heed lest thus you sho your backs, at one and the same time ministry and on heaven. God gives liberty to *remain* strangers to His gr continue without His Christ even for day. To perish is a crime; to be with Saviour is a crime. 'This is his *comm* that we believe on the name of his Sc Christ.' Therefore, at once to Hi 'Awake thou that sleepest, and arise f dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' to the voice, 'I am the resurrection, life; he that believeth on me, *though dead, yet shall he live.*' With Bartimeus wayside, cry, Jesus, thou Son of Dav mercy upon me. And if the multitud thee to hold thy peace, cry the more shall Jesus say to thee also, What w that I should do unto thee? And th answer, Lord, that mine eyes may be And Jesus shall have compassion on t touch thine eyes, and thou shalt recei and follow Him in the way. Not a f entered the Divinity Hall out of Chri turned to Him in the course of their have left it, by His sovereign grace, with His love,—chosen vessels to b name to sinners all around.

Or the question may have an answe decisively negative nor affirmative, but ful *doubt and hesitation.* In such a case say, first, that a man's doubting of version by no means proves him unco though, if he can be content to live doubts, and take them easy, this, indee go far to prove him Christless. But, s

if even ascertained non-conversion demand not the abandonment of the ministry straightway, far less can mere doubts of it, however grave. And therefore your course is, to carry these doubts straight to Jesus—to beseech Him to resolve them. Or, better still, carry your whole case and misery together to Him. Throwing yourself at His feet, plead on His naked word, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Cry, Lord, save me, I perish—Lord, to whom shall I go? Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return f lowing after thee—I will not let thee g thou bless me.

But the third answer the question ceive is the happily and hopefully *a* one. In this case, let me say, first mo rally, seek, throughout the entire c your divinity studies, to keep your he all diligence. Take heed to *yourselve* youthful lusts; and follow after righte godliness, faith, love, patience, meekn

Seed Time.

NOW, by the rose's crimson heart,
And the robin's brooding wing,
There never dawned on the waiting earth
So full and fair a spring!
For the splendour of uncounted Mays
Through many a century fled,
Beams in the eyes of the latest-born—
Heir of the lovely dead.

O, the odour of the opening leaves
Comes like a breath divine,
And the mountain air is a richer draught
Than Hebe's rosiest wine!
The dells are blue with violets,
And, over the garden wall,
At the lightest waft of the south wind
The apple blossoms fall.

Thank God! we breathe the balmy air,
We hear the soft winds blow,
And our hearts are glad at the violet's blue
And the apple blossom's snow;—
So, lightly down, through shower and shine,
To the Summer-Land we go.

Yet more! God's dearer fields of Truth
The centuries have ploughed,
As, over them, through calm and storm
His labourers, toiling, bowed;—
What shall *we* plant in the furrows wide
Beneath His sun and cloud?

They cry to us, the glorious Dead,
'Why do ye linger so?
The soil was never so warm above,
So mellow and moist below;—
We wrought to clear the cumbered ground,
And yearn till the grain shall grow—
Till the weeds are crushed in the garden bowers,
And the rose and the lily blow.'

O helping God! we long for Thee!
Our hearts are all a-glow!
And the deeds of a loving life shall be
The precious seed we sow,—
For Hate may kill, but only Love
Can make the roses blow!—
Then gladly on, through shade or shine,
To the Harvest Land we'll go!

—*Dean.*

The Ayrshire Embroiderer.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THREE OPPORTUNITIES,' 'JESSIE WILSON,' ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE following day dawned serene and lovely, with a true Sabbath-like calm. All nature—such nature at least as is to be met with in the vicinity of a crowded city—seemed to rejoice in the sweet, spring-like beauty of the morning, as Katherine and the rest of her family walked through the public park to church.

The showers of the preceding week had freshened the grass; the sun shone sweetly on the river which flows through the grounds, reflecting on its placid bosom the large old trees which clothe its banks. Buds and blossoms were bursting into life; birds sang cheerily from tree and shrub; primrose, snowdrop, and daffodil were blooming in the flower-borders. And a mingled sound of many bells, rendered musical by distance, coming from different parts of the city, announced the advent of the day of rest, calling on its multitude of inhabitants to 'go up to the house of God.'

Katherine's heart thrilled with a feeling of unusual happiness as she glanced from one to another of the dear group by her side; on the stately form, and mild, benevolent countenance of her father,—

> 'His dark hair slightly grizzled o'er,
> But more through care than age;'—

on her gentle mother,—whose sweet chastened expression of countenance, and simple modesty of attire, bore witness at once to her patient resignation under altered circumstances, and readiness to conform her mind to the change; and on the bright eyes, blooming cheeks, and elastic figures of her sisters and brothers. She could not help contrasting her own situation with that of the young girl she had seen on the previous day; and, as she thought of her as the last survivor of a large, and perhaps healthy family, her heart rose in gratitude to God for the blessing of a still unbroken circle, and for the privilege of being still permitted to attend on the public ministrations of the sanctuary.

Another blessing which Katherine enjoyed was that of the ministry of a faithful and devoted pastor. For the clergyman she attended was one eminently calculated to awaken by his spirit-stirring and searching discourses the consciences of his people, and by example as well as precept, to engage their energies in every good work.

Often had Katherine been deeply impressed while listening to his faithful, earnest appeals. But 'the cares of this world,' the longing after 'riches,' or some other forbidden object, had been suffered to spring up and choke the 'good seed' in her heart, so that, as yet, they had produced 'no fruit unto perfection.'

But, under the blessing of God, the sermon she heard that day was destined to make a permanent and saving impression. For the subject of discourse the preacher chose the three following texts of Scripture:—'To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.' Hebrews xiii. 16. 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Matt. xxv. 40. 'And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' Matt. x. 42.

From these passages he inculcated, first, the duty of universal benevolence—not limited to sentiments of good-will towards our fellow-creatures, but exhibited in 'doing good'—giving of our substance to promote the welfare of all, especially of those whom our Saviour here designates 'his brethren.' And secondly, he pointed out the motive and encouragement to this duty; first, because it is an express command of God; second, because in discharging it we possess our Saviour's own assurance that we—sinful creatures as we are, incapable by nature of doing any good thing, often displeasing Him by our unholy acts, words, and thoughts, actually give pleasure to the great Author of our being—our constant Preserver—our unwearied and ever bountiful Benefactor. Regarding the encouragement to this duty, he said, 'surely the thought that He who addresses us in the second passage of the text is no other than our adorable Saviour—He who gave His life for us,—to whom we owe the blessings of salvation here, justification from our sins, sanctification through the Spirit, grace to enable us to obey His commandments, and the hope of everlasting glory hereafter—should be sufficient without the promise of reward contained in the last.'

He then showed, from the expression used in the first passage selected, that it was evident God expected us all, whether rich or poor, to make 'sacrifices;'—sacrifices of our time, our inclinations, our desires, our pleasures, as well as of our means, in endeavouring 'to do good, and to communicate.' Then he noticed the solemn responsibility of those on whom God had bestowed great wealth—thus making them stewards of His bounty to their poorer brethren—if they should be found refusing to give largely of that bounty; reminding them of the

emphatic declaration of Scripture, that 'He who soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly;' while 'He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.' At the same time, he cautioned all to remember that none are exempt from a share in such responsibility—for there were none who had not something to give—time, talents, exertion—even money, by making such sacrifices as he had pointed out; nor from the awful punishment with which the Great Judge threatens those who did it not to one of the least of his brethren, in the verses following the second text.

Then he spoke of the glorious recompense, even 'life eternal,' promised to those who obey the command in the text; reminding his hearers that it was a reward, not 'of debt, but of grace,' as none by their own unassisted efforts could ever merit the favour of God. 'To some,' he said, 'it was given to reap reward even in this life, as was evident from Psalm xli. 1, 2: 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth;' as well as from other passages of Scripture. And though with others the reward might be reserved for a future state, it was the bounden duty of all to persevere in the good work even unto the end.' And he concluded by urging on his hearers the necessity of seeking, without delay, the aid of God's Holy Spirit, by whose influence alone power to discharge duty could be obtained.

How did this faithful and spirit-stirring sermon come home to the heart of Katherine! It seemed delivered expressly for her instruction and admonition; its subject was so appropriate to the feelings which had been awakened, though but partially, in her mind, by what she had met with on the previous day. The sacrifice she had for a moment contemplated on hearing the poor girl's tale of distress, but which she had afterwards persuaded herself was not required of a person in her circumstances, now seemed imperative. She could not put aside the conviction that God had sent her an express command by means of the discourse she had just heard, to do what she had then pronounced 'out of the question for her;' and she determined to act without hesitation or delay.

As she walked home from church, no vain thoughts, such as she now remembered with shame had prevailed on the previous Sabbath, were suffered to occupy her mind. And when she reached her home, she immediately sought her own apartment, and throwing herself upon her knees, she besought God, with tears of sincere repentance, to pardon the unworthy feelings of discontent she had so lately indulged, and to bless for her spiritual benefit the instructions she had that day received from His holy Word. She entreated Him also to strengthen her purpose of henceforth denying herself, that she might be able, in some measure, to minister to the relief of others, and to grant her grace to live to His glory, and to submit to His holy will in all things. And with her mind calmed and refreshed by this exercise, she returned to the afternoon service of God's house, with feelings such as she had never before experienced.

CHAPTER IV.

DETERMINED to lose no time in carrying her good resolutions into action, so soon as breakfast was over on the next morning, Katherine set out for the shop of the young embroiderer, for the purpose of transferring her friend's order to her, and giving her the guinea so recently destined to a different use. And such of my readers as may have experienced similar feelings to those we found her indulging at the beginning of our story, will perhaps be able, in some measure, to estimate the sacrifice she is about to make.

On entering, she again found the girl seated behind the counter, busily engaged with her needle. As she raised her head, a bright smile immediately lighted up her face, when she recognised, in her early visitor, the same young lady who had spoken to her with such kindly sympathy on the occasion of her last visit. She answered Katherine's inquiry for her mother, by telling her that she was weaker, her cough having been more troublesome during the last two nights.

But who shall describe the eager look of joy and gratitude succeeding to her expression of despondency, as she gave this sad account of the beloved invalid, when Katherine told her that she had got an order for her to sew a collar, similar to the one chosen by herself on the Saturday. And adding, that she had come to desire her to set about it immediately, and to give her the price which her friend had paid in advance, she put her guinea into the hand of the astonished girl.

The ready tears started into the eyes of the latter, but this time they were tears of joy. And, clasping her hands in a transport of delight, she exclaimed, 'For one collar! can it be possible! The very sum I owe the wine-merchant! And now, my dear mother may have the wine she so much requires. Oh, ma'am! how shall I ever be able to thank you enough for such kindness?—and to a stranger too!'

'I was a stranger and ye took me in;—sick and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;' said Katherine to herself, recalling the lesson of the previous day. And the inward satisfaction which arose from the reflection, mingled with a humble yet grateful sense of the goodness of God in permitting her to be thus the instrument of comfort to others, imparted to her heart a happiness which more than compensated for the sacrifice she had just made.

'And now, ma'am,' said the girl when her first emotions of surprise and pleasure had partially subsided, 'if you have no further commands for me at present, I shall step over the street for a neighbour to take my place in the shop for a minute, while I run to the wine

merchant's to pay his bill and obtain what my dear mother wants. I little expected to be able to get it so soon!' And again she poured out her simple expressions of heartfelt gratitude. 'And perhaps,' she added, hesitatingly, 'you might not object to go in for a little and speak to my mother, if it is not asking too much. I'm sure it would be a wonderful comfort to her to see you, for I told her of your kindness in promising to try and interest your friends for us. I never once dreamt of your succeeding so soon;' she added, little guessing that she owed her present happiness entirely to the self-sacrifice of her benefactress.

Katherine at once assented to this proposal, for her interest was excited to learn more of those she was trying to benefit. And, after a moment's absence to prepare her mother for receiving her, the girl reappeared and conducted her visitor to the back-shop. The apartment, though small, was scrupulously neat and clean; and a degree of taste and even refinement in its furniture and whole arrangement, seemed at once to bespeak a superiority in its occupants, which Katherine had hardly expected to find, as showing that they had known better days. The invalid was seated in a large easy chair by the fire, for, as she afterwards said, she felt easier and experienced less annoyance from her cough in that position than when in bed.

As she rose to receive her visitor, the latter was struck with the traces of more than common attractiveness of appearance, which survived in her even the wasting effects of sorrow and suffering. And though in her manners there was the same gentleness and modesty which distinguished those of her daughter, there was less of rustic simplicity, and more apparent knowledge of the world.

After gratefully thanking Katherine for the kind interest she had shown in her daughter from the first, and especially for the instance of it the latter had just related to her, when the girl had departed on her errand, she continued:—'I verily believe, poor dear! that she thinks my being able to get some wine, with the chance of soon breathing my native air, will be the means of restoring me to health. And I cannot bear to undeceive her, ma'am; though I feel certain that not even that, nor the fresh sea-breezes, nor the sight of the sun glancing in the waves, nor of the bonny green braes and wooded glens where I used to play in my childhood, will ever do more for me than perhaps revive my spirits a little, and prolong my life for a few months. That is all the doctor has ever led me to hope for, if we can only manage to get away before I am weaker and unable to be moved. And, but for the sake of this poor child, I could say "God's will be done;" indeed I would only feel happy at the thought that my sufferings would soon be over, and that I would join my husband and those that are gone, in a better world. But, oh ma'am! it does seem hard for me to leave poor Ellen, my good, dutiful child, who has done so much for me; I fear it will break her heart to part with me, for I know I'm everything to her. And I feel so thankful to you, ma'am, for your kindness in enabling her to get what she believes will do me good; as I know the very thought of its strengthening me will revive her sinking hopes, and give her energy to go through with all that is yet before her, which otherwise, I'm afraid, she would find too trying.' And a few natural tears dropped from the mother's eyes.

Katherine tried to speak some words of comfort. Then she asked, if she had no friends to whom she could commit the charge of her daughter in the event of her death?

'Yes, ma'am,' was the reply, 'thank God, she will not be without friends who will be kind to her; though none of them I fear will ever supply my place in her affectionate heart. But she is young, and will get over it in time. And God, to whom I commit her, will, I am confident, support and comfort her.'

In answer to Katherine's further inquiries, she said she had a brother who had succeeded to a farm belonging to her father, in which she herself had been born and brought up. And though he could not help her with money, as he had a wife and family, and things had not been prospering with him of late; he had invited her to make his house her home, on hearing that the doctor recommended her to try her native air. 'And when I'm taken away,' she added, 'I know he'll make my Ellen welcome to share with his own family; and if she gets work, she will cost him but little.'

Seeing the interest of her visitor, she proceeded to tell that her husband, whose name was Maxwell, had been a seaman, and had latterly commanded a ship sailing from one of the Ayrshire ports. Six children had been born to them, but only the two youngest, Willie and Ellen, had survived infancy. When the former, a fine spirited boy, had reached his fourteenth year, to her great regret—as from her husband's experience she knew enough of the hardships and dangers of that calling—he determined on following a seafaring life. All she could say had no effect in changing his purpose, though otherwise he was an affectionate and dutiful son. And though his father, like herself, regretted his determination, seeing there was nothing else for it, he had consented to take him along with him, hoping that one voyage would be sufficient to induce him to alter it.

'My parting with him was a very sad one,' she continued, 'but I little thought it was to prove my last. He expressed much regret for having vexed me, but tried to cheer me by the hope that he would get on and perhaps command a ship when his father should be no longer able for the service, and help both of us in our old age. I shall never forget his look as he turned to waive his hand to the window where I watched him as he went away. A painter might have taken him as a picture of health and youthful beauty, with his bright blue eyes, sunny hair, rosy complexion, and handsome, active figure. Alas! that bonny face, and manly form, I shall never see again, till that day when "the sea shall give up its dead!" The ship was wrecked on the wild coast of

Barra on its voyage home, and his poor father saw our boy perish before his eyes without the power to save him! The whole crew were drowned with the exception of my husband and two seamen. He was brought home to me sorely maimed and bruised from injuries he got while clinging to the wreck. I thought the loss of my boy would have broken my heart; and to see my husband's pitiful state besides, was almost more than I could bear.

But he was an example of patience and resignation to me, if I could have taken it. For, though from being so much at sea, he had enjoyed far fewer advantages than I had, he was a true and humble Christian. Many a time he reproved me for murmuring against the will of God in taking away my boy, and told me I might provoke Him to send me greater chastisement.

And so indeed it proved. For, when my husband was recovering, having gone out too soon, he caught cold, which, in his weak state, ended in inflammation of the lungs, and that caused his death.

With the little that remained of his savings, along with the proceeds from the sale of most of our furniture, I stocked this shop; and till my health failed, we seemed likely to do well. But now, after all my afflictions, I have learned, I trust, to endeavour to submit to the will of God, and to believe that He doeth all things well.'

The narrative, frequently interrupted by the cough of the invalid, was here broken off by Ellen's return. And Katherine took leave, with a promise of soon repeating her visit.

She pursued her way homewards with light step and lighter heart. For, while much affected by the touching story she had heard, she had learnt a lesson of Christian resignation, which she trusted would be blessed to her. And, in tasting the luxury of doing good, she had felt as great happiness as can be experienced in this world.

If any of my young readers wish to experience a similar feeling, to them I would say —'Go thou, and do likewise!'

(*To be continued.*)

PREACH CHRIST.

The people want the everlasting Gospel, in one form or another, fully brought out every Sabbath—as much, at least, as would save those hearers who, by the providential appointment of God, are never to hear another sermon ere they pass into eternity. Well does the writer remember hearing a remarkable illustration of these words from the lips of a faithful servant of God, long since departed. On one Monday morning he was informed that a man who, the preceding evening, had listened to his discourse in his usual health, had suddenly been ushered into eternity. His personal responsibility to preach the Gospel to men, as dying men—as to those who, for aught he knew, might be about to appear at the bar of God—at once flashed on his mind. Rising anxiously from his seat, he proceeded to examine the manuscript of the sermon which the departed soul had last heard, with the intensely earnest hope that he should find in it as much Gospel truth as, had it been there and then, through the grace of God, understood and believed by the departed hearer, would have saved his soul. To his inexpressible grief, after the examination was over, he found the contrary. He saw that the hearers might have believed every word of that discourse, and remained unsaved. The sermon was scriptural and well prepared, lacking in nothing save the Gospel suited to a dying man. Penetrated with a sense of his unfaithfulness on that one occasion (for, generally, he was distinguished for the constancy, ardour, and faithfulness with which he preached the glorious Gospel, and for very many seals to his ministry), he burst into a flood of tears, and falling down at the mercy-seat, confessed before God, with much contrition, his dread omission; and ere he rose from his knees, he made the solemn vow that, with Divine help, to the day of his death, he would never preach a sermon without setting forth as much of the glorious Gospel as would, if truly believed, save any unregenerated soul then present who might be about to enter the world of spirits.

—*Crisis of the Church of God.*

THE RELIGION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

How many are there, whose religion is nothing more than a shallow, and sometimes pretentious, sense of the beautiful? Their religion is made up of decencies, if not gaieties in the house of God—velvet, gilt, fine carpets, with hymn-book, prayer-book, and clothing to match. Their raptures are transports of æsthetic feeling over operatic music, and a finely-intoned liturgy. Their interest in the sermon is rhetorical; it has its hold on forms of expression, on figures of speech, on tones of voice. And even when Christianity is more broadly and profoundly viewed, it is to be feared that sometimes even then its strength is only admired as sublime, and its revelations of heaven as beautiful. In such a case it is only a wretched, sterile, critical taste, handling the word of life. Multitudes of such people attend fashionable churches, of whom the Prophet might repeat his words, 'They come as my people come; they sit as my people; thou art to them, Son of Man, as one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play skilfully on an instrument, for they hear thy words, but they do them not.' —*Methodist.*

Who can tell?

IN the dark and mystic future,
Down the swelling tide of years,
Who can catch the glowing picture,
'Mid our mingled hopes and fears?
What of joy or grief may meet us,
What of song or cheer may greet us,
Who can tell?

O'er the past, our weary vision
Lingers tearfully to view,
How amid the cloud and sunshine,
We have passed life's journey through;
Why so much of joy or sadness,
Why this mingled grief and gladness,
Who can tell?

As we tread the weary present,
Through its labour and its strife,
With the sound of every footfall
Touching tender strings of life,
In uncertain years before us,
What the song and what the chorus,
Who can tell?

Sowing seed beside all waters,
In the morn and eventide,
'Neath the cloudy sky or sunshine,
With a never-failing guide;
Of the glowing wealth and verdure,
Springing in the misty future,
Who can tell?

I have seen the balmy morning,
Gilding all the eastern sky—
Seen the wealth of silvery dew-drops
On the leaf and floweret lie;
But the gentle gale seemed whispering
Words prophetic—I was listening—
'Who can tell?'

O'er the misty hill, the daylight
Struggled through the deep'ning cloud,
And the deep-toned thunder muttered
From beneath its tattered shroud;
But behind the darkness lingers
Forms of beauty—fairy fingers
Weave the texture of our bliss,
Fill our cup of happiness,
And ere noon the azure sky
Smiles above us—we reply,
'Who can tell?'

Over all, by every pathway,
In the midst of joy or grief,
There is One who ne'er forsakes us,
One who sends us kind relief;
Why our harps upon the willows
Are so often sadly hung,
Why the measures of our life-strains
From its broken strings are flung:
Why such strange extremes are given,
Why this narrow path to heaven,
God can tell.

—*J. W. Barker.*

Miscellaneous.

Things that Eye hath not seen.

Now I saw in my dream, that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain: and thus they began their discourse.

Chr. Come, neighbour Pliable, how do you do? am glad you are persuaded to go along with me. Had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

Pli. Come, neighbour Christian, since there are none but us two here, tell me how now further what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

Chr. I can better conceive of them with my mind, than speak of them with my tongue: but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my Book.

Pli. And do you think that the words of your Book are certainly true?

Chr. Yes, verily; for it was made by Him that cannot lie.

Pli. Well said; what things are they?

Chr. There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us; that we may inhabit that kingdom for ever.

Pli. Well said, and what else?

Chr. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven.

Pli. This is very excellent; and what else?

Chr. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow: for He that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

Pli. And what company shall we have there?

Chr. There we shall be with seraphim and cherubim, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place; none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in His presence with acceptance for ever. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see the holy virgins with their golden harps; there we shall see men that by the world were cut in pieces, burned in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment.

Pli. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart. But are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers thereof?

Chr. The Lord the Governor of the country, hath recorded that in this Book; the substance of which is, if we be truly willing to have it, He will bestow it upon us freely.

Pli. Well my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things: come on, let us mend our pace.—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

Life is the porch of eternity; here the believer dresseth himself, that he may be fitted to enter in with the Bridegroom. It is to a child of God a season of grace,—the seed-time of eternity. The life of a believer is as a lamp—he gains good, and doeth good; while the life of a sinner runneth out like sand, utterly worthless. The life of the one is as a figure, sculptured in marble; that of the other, as letters written in dust.

Religious Magazines.—In the great system of Christian agencies the religious journal holds an important place, and it encourages us to know that we are serving the higher Christian ends. The Gospel, as we proclaim it—the doctrinal, the experimental, the practical—is the power of God unto salvation to such as believe. We do not gather the fruits of our toil, and therefore report not the results; but we know, and are rendered solemn by the consideration, that what we do enters into the scheme of cause and effect superintended by the Son of God, and that in the great day, when the complex mass shall be analyzed, our true measure of influence will be made apparent and have full recognition. That we have contributed to 'save a soul from death' will then afford a satisfaction for which there can be no substitute. Brethren, when you get the nearest to God, pray for the still greater usefulness of this agency.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

The true knowledge of God, is that no one might think of His Majesty only, that is, what God can do and how powerful He is; and that no one might think of man as the lord of his possessions, as the lawyer does; nor of man sick or in health, as the physician does, but of man as a sinner. For the proper subject of theology, is man as guilty on account of sin and lost, and God the Justifier and Saviour of man as a sinner. Whatever is sought for, or disputed on, beyond or out of this subject-matter in theology, is error and poison. For it is to this, that the whole Scripture tends—to commend the goodness of God towards us, who wills by His Son, to restore nature fallen into sin and damnation, to righteousness and life.—*Luther.*

It is endurance under chastisement which is the mark of adoption. Patience by and under afflictions gives an experimental acquaintance with *faith* in God. Affliction puts *faith* to the proof, especially in these three things: 1. While unbelief rests in second causes, faith ascribes all to God, as to the occasion itself of affliction; 2. While unbelief has solely recourse to human means for deliverance, faith takes the other way, and saith, 'O Lord God, we have no might, neither know we what to do; but our eyes, O Lord, are upon Thee;' and, 3. As unbelief is impatient always to see the end, the language of faith to the soul, on the contrary, is, 'Be still, tarry thou, the Lord's leisure.' . . . Afflictions are these trials; so called, because they prove us, whether grace be in us not.—*Walker (Truro).*

Christians Responsible.—Most important responsibilities rest upon us as the recognised followers of Christ. We are placed in the midst of an apostate world to counteract its godlessness by the diffusion of holy principles, to dissipate its darkness by the light of heavenly truth, to rebuke its sins by a pure example, and to put forth our utmost endeavours to bring its perishing multitudes to the salvation that is in Jesus. If we neglect to do this, if we prove recreant to our high calling, hindering the work of God by our supineness, and deepening the apathy of the irreligious, we become partakers in the ruin of souls, and bring upon ourselves the condemnation of the great Master.

There is more evil in a drop of sin than in a sea of affliction.

Gems from William Perkins.

BORN 1558. DIED 1602.

EVERY one that will be saved, must first know and be persuaded in heart of his miserable estate, and that God hath provided a remedy against all our misery, by which we may be set free from it. This remedy is perfect satisfaction and perfect righteousness, and this is only to be found in Christ Jesus, who, being both God and man, hath, in our nature, suffered the punishment due unto our sins to deliver us from the same, and fulfilled the righteousness of the law to justify us before God, and so delivering us from sin and death, hath restored us to righteousness and life.

2. In what place soever thou art, let this persuasion abide in thy heart, that thou art before the living God, and let the remembrance hereof strike thine heart with awe and reverence, and make thee afraid to sin.

3. Have a special care to avoid those sins which thou findest thy nature most prone to, and eschew those provocations which were wont most to prevail against thee.

4. Follow with faithfulness and diligence thy lawful particular calling in which thou art placed, and think evermore thy present estate and condition to be the best estate for thee, whatsoever it be, because of the good providence of God.

5. Esteem of every present day as of the day of thy death, and therefore live now even as though thou wert now dying, and do those good duties every day which thou wouldest do if this were thy dying day.

6. Let prayer be the key to open the morning, and the bar to shut in the evening.

7. Be willing and ready to depart out of this world, without murmuring or repining, whensoever, wheresoever, or howsoever it shall please the Lord to call thee. For why should'st thou unwillingly suffer a short death that will bring thee to the fruition of eternal joys? Persuade thyself that if thou live by the mercy of God thou shalt do well, but if thou die, doubt not but thou shalt do better, and with a free heart speak it, 'Come, Lord Jesus.'

8. As the just live by faith, so the just live the life of faith. Now, they that live the life of grace, one day shall live the life of glory.

9. Be willing at all times to examine your hearts and lives, for the finding out of some special sins; and when you see them, do not lightly pass them over and confess them, but aggravate them so as to humble yourself.

10. He that is saved by Christ is also by Him mortified unto sin, and regenerate unto righteousness and true holiness, and is become a new creature, and being now, by faith in Christ, made the child of God, doth withal receive a mind from God to know Him, an heart to love Him, a will to please Him, and in some measure also strength and power to obey Him; and although with imperfection, yet with manifest difference from his former estate, and so contrarily, he doth hate sin as he loveth goodness.

11. When any good motion or affection doth arise in thine heart, suffer it not to pass away, but feed it by reading, meditating, or praying, and make conscience of idle, vain, dishonest, and ungodly thoughts, for these are the seeds and beginnings of actual sin in word and deed.

12. Inure thyself by little and little to die, before thou come to that point that thou must needs die. He that leaves the world before the world leaves him, gives death the hand like a welcome messenger, and departs in peace.

13. Endeavour before death come upon thee to pull out his sting, and take from him his power and strength, by humbling thyself in the time present for all thy sins past, and by turning thyself unto God for the time to come. That man can never die ill that hath a care to live well.

14. A good life till death, and a good death after a good life, are the best means to attain an eternal happy life in heaven. As death leaveth thee, so shall judgment find thee.

15. Often meditate of God and good things. Carefully watch over thine outward senses—chiefly thine eyes and thine ears—be alway doing something that is good.

16. Avoid all superfluity of words, a needless speeches; affirm no more than th knowest to be true, and do all things as God's sight.

SONG OF SOLOMON.

SONG ii. 3.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

DO these words of the Spouse express the sentiments of your hearts? Have you, like her, taken a survey of this world's treasures, and found hat they were but vanity? Have you seen hat they are but trees of the wood—that hey may look fair and promising at a distance —yet, when you draw near, you find them arren, bearing no fruit for the soul? Have ou gone to the wise, and found that they ould give you no saving wisdom? Have you one to the powerful, and found that they ould not shield you from the strokes of afflic- ion or of death? Have you gone to the phy- icians, and found that they could not soothe he corrodings of care, nor quench the fevers f lust, nor stay the progress of corruption? Have you gone to brothers and sisters, and ound that they could not ransom your soul or make an atonement for your sin? Have ou gone to father and mother, and found that hough they could make you children of wrath nd heirs of hell, they could not make you hildren of God and heirs of glory? Have ou thus summoned the best and stateliest of his world's objects, and found that they are ut trees of the wood? and have you, with a eart disappointed, wearied, and fatigued at he emptiness, and bankruptcy, and insufficiency f all earthly things, turned to Jesus and seen that He could afford you abundantly all that you had vainly sought in others? Are you wondering that you could so long have over- looked this tree of righteousness, the planting f the Lord? Have you, like Moses, now urned aside to behold this great sight? Are ou admiring this glorious tree? See how it ends forth its roots as Lebanon; they are one down deeper than death, deeper than ell. See how it lifts up its stately growth; s head is higher than the heavens. See how spreads abroad over the earth; it is sending rth its boughs to the sea and its branches to e river. See how the sunshine of heaven er gladdens it, and the dews of heaven ever ater it. See how it is laden with pleasant uits; its very leaves are for the healing of he nations. Happy they who dwell under its hadow. They revive as the corn, they grow as the vine, their smell is as the smell of Le- banon. Are these your feelings, believer? Are you saying, 'As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons?' Then come, sit under His shadow and eat His pleasant fruits. Though you come wearied and fatigued with a fruitless search after happiness everywhere else, yet you are welcome as the dove returning to the ark, when it could go nowhere else. Oh! it is pleasant to sit under Jesus' shadow. He is a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Here you shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on you, nor any heat. See how many have already gathered under its shadow. Abel, and Noah, and Abraham, and Moses, and David, and all the prophets sat under its shadow, and ate of its fruits, while they sojourned on earth; and now they are even now rejoicing under its shade, and eating of its precious fruits. O blessed be God, that this tree of life which gladdens the paradise above has been planted in our sinful world. You can now come and sit under it. Let me pluck some of its grapes of Eshcol for your refreshment.

Forgiveness of sin.—He is exalted, a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sin. Eat of it, and thy sins, through mercy, shall all be forgiven thee. Hear the voice of joy and gladness, and let the bones which were broken rejoice.

Peace with God.—He hath made peace by the blood of His cross. Oh! rare fruit, by which the holy God and the helpless sinner are made one, so that neither life nor death, nor height nor depth shall be able to separate. Are you not already receiving proofs of a Father's love? Are you not sitting at His table and entering into covenant with Him? Oh! sweet cordial, for an enemy, a rebel, to be invited to the table of the King of kings. I will both lay me down and sleep, for Thou, Lord, makest me to dwell safely.

Adoption.—As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become sons of God. Oh! rare fruit. Eat of it, and you are not

only made a friend, but a son and heir. Oh! returning prodigals, is not your Father falling upon your neck and kissing you? Is He not saying, 'All that I have is thine; my Son shall be your elder brother; my angels thy guards; my providence thy protector. Thou shalt have heaven for thy home; a kingdom for thy portion; an honourable maintenance while here, and an incorruptible inheritance hereafter.'

The fruit of the Spirit.—I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter. Oh! blessed fruit. Eat of it, beloved. Happy they who eat. It will teach them all things, call all to their remembrance, convince of sin, comfort in trouble, witness of their state, and give sights of heaven.

Its leaves are for healing. To strengthen weak faith; to influence cold love; to quicken dead souls; to soften hard hearts; to cure paralytic hands; to enlighten blind eyes; to enlarge straitened hearts; to fix wavering thoughts; to elevate creeping desires. Eat, drink. Let love satisfy itself, among ten thousand desires, in the Desire of all nations. Let delight bathe itself in the river of God's pleasure.

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A QUARREL.

'MISS ETHEL, here is that man Dawson brought his bill; he says the master told him to bring it to-night;—can he see him, or is he engaged?'

'If you will give it me, I will take it to papa, Charlotte; I dare say he is busy, but no doubt he will see him.'

Ethel went into the parlour, where Mr Linton was studying at the table, with the elder children around him; for the small study was no longer habitable without a fire; and an extra fire was not to be thought of, unless absolutely necessary on Mrs Linton's account.

'Papa, here is Dawson's bill; he says you told him to bring it.'

'Give it me, Ethel,' replied Mr Linton, without looking up from the book from which he was copying sundry paragraphs. Ethel put it into his hand.

'Dawson has made a mistake,' he said, looking over the items; 'he has made his bill come to half-a-crown more than it ought to do. Certainly those boots of mine that he mended on the 12th were paid for: I remember perfectly giving you the money to pay for it, Guy, the following morning.'

Guy started up.

'I do believe I never paid it!' he exclaimed, 'in fact I am sure I never did!'

'Then where is the half-crown I gave you for the purpose?'

'I have spent it, papa; do not be angry, please; I quite forgot all about it.'

'Guy, you are a most careless fellow! you seem to think I am made of money. What did you spend it in.'

'Why it was only last Friday, papa; some of the fellows were getting up a birthday present for Wilson, the usher; so they asked me to contribute, and it seemed so mean to give nothing, so I gave the half-crown; but I had quite forgotten how I came by it, or that it belonged to any one else.'

'That was being generous with a vengeance, certainly. What had you to do with Wilson, that you must needs give him anything? What did you give, Percy?'

'Nothing, papa;' and his face flushed at the remembrance of the names he had been called in consequence; of which 'miser' was the least unpleasant.

'Well, I suppose Dawson must have his money; but if you think half-crowns are so plentiful with me as to throw away in that manner, you are sadly mistaken, Guy: you might have learnt the value of money by this time, one would think.'

'You are really very thoughtless, Guy,' said Ethel, when Mr Linton was gone; 'I am sure papa has enough to do to make both ends meet, as the saying is, without you troubling him in this way.'

'Why, what was a fellow to do? I could not say I had no money, when all the while there was this precious piece of silver at the bottom of my pocket, and I had no idea it belonged to any one else. I hate to have to think every minute if I can afford this or that;—give while you have it, and then do without, is my motto.'

'If every one did so what would become of us all, pray; we cannot go without everything. "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves," is a better motto than yours, Guy.'

'Ah, well, if you care to spend all upon yourself, pray do, Ethel,' replied Guy with easy coolness; 'all I can say is, it is not my nature. I like to give if I possibly can.'

'If you gave what rightly belonged to you, no one would blame you, Guy; but you don't.

But it is no use my talking, if you think me so mean and selfish as your last speech implied.'

'Now, Ethel, don't go off into the sulks. I don't think it is in your place to find fault with me.'

'I am not finding fault with you, Guy; I am only telling you the truth; and both papa and mamma would tell you the same if they only spoke out what they thought.'

'"Faithful are the wounds of a friend!" did not Mr Fletcher tell us so last Sunday?'

'Guy, how can you? you ought not to quote such words in such a manner! it is very wrong indeed.'

'Wrong in aunt Ethel's eyes: I suppose it is to her I owe this scolding. Ah well, a fellow has a great deal to put up with in this here world!'

'Guy,' said Percy, 'I do wish you would be quiet, and get on with your work: you hinder everybody.'

'How can I learn when Ethel is railing at me? I must defend myself.'

'If you think it railing, and that I prevent you learning your lessons, I will not say another word,' was Ethel's reply.

But Guy had drawn his father's chair to the fire, and with his feet on the fender, had made himself pretty comfortable: and he went on talking and justifying himself, though he received no answer from Ethel.

During the conversation May had slipped away out of the room: she had a purpose in her mind, had little May. She went upstairs to her drawer, for May's things were so orderly, that she could find whatever she wanted in the dark as well as in the light. She took out the small box which contained the little hoard which she had worked so hard to earn. Her secret had been well kept; neither papa nor mamma knew anything about it; for she had not been able to make up the sovereign quite yet: there yet wanted two shillings, and working time was getting over. It was so cold and dark in a morning now, that it was no use getting up early, and she had not much time to herself in the day. She hesitated a little with the box in her hand; then she took out half-a-crown, and putting the rest back into the drawer, ran down again, fearing lest her resolution should fail before she had accomplished her purpose.

She came softly into the parlour. Mr Linton had not returned; he had joined his wife at the nursery fire. May was glad of that; she placed herself on Guy's knees and whispering something in his ear, put the half-crown into his hand.

'Eh, what? I cannot hear: speak up, May; what is this for?'

'It is to make up for what you spent.'

'Why, how did you come by it?'

'I earned it, but don't tell any one; take it and give it to papa.'

'No, no, little one, indeed I cannot; you are very good, but I cannot take it.'

'Yes, do, please, Guy. I would so very much rather you did.'

'No, May, dear, no. I will bear the consequences of my fault, if fault it can be called; you shall not, certainly. I will go without sugar until this is made up; there is so much fuss about it. But thank you all the same, May; you are very good to think of it. You try to help me, but Ethel only scolds.'

Ethel did not notice Guy's allusion. She was offended—very much offended—at the way in which Guy had taken her well-meant remarks; and she maintained a dignified silence towards him for the rest of the evening. Guy took it very coolly; if Ethel did not choose to speak to him she need not, he said; and this incensed Ethel all the more. She did not say she was angry; it would have been better if she had—but she sat there with her books before her with a most martyr-like air. Guy laughed at her, but that only made matters worse.

The next day saw no difference in the state of affairs; it seemed to have come to a regular quarrel between Guy and Ethel. Guy, indeed, was the same as ever—or would have been if Ethel had allowed him, but she took no notice of him in the least. If, by chance, he addressed her, she did not answer: if Guy called her well-meant advice scolding, she should not speak to him, she thought. Percy was very sorry about it; but he knew, by past experience, that remonstrance was worse than useless when Ethel was annoyed. She held herself all the more aloof for anything that was said.

But Ethel's anger was never violent; it generally showed itself in *not* saying what she thought; and so it passed unobserved by both parents; for Mrs Linton was engaged with little Lena, who was suffering a great deal from her teeth; and Mr Linton had his own duties to occupy his time and thoughts; so Ethel's manner was cold and moody the whole of that day.

The next day was Saturday; and, of course, a holiday afternoon. Ethel was alone in the parlour, working at a shirt for Percy; for much as she disliked sewing, she was obliged to do it now, or Percy's things would not be ready for the time he must leave home. She was sitting there thinking—or rather brooding—over what Guy had said the other evening, and 'scolding' and 'railing' grew into great offences. Guy had no business to say such things! She was not scolding, and he knew that as well as she did.

In the midst of her thoughts Guy entered, and threw himself into a chair by the fire, with an exclamation of weariness—not a very pleasant interruption, to judge by Ethel's face; but she took no manner of notice of him. The silence had lasted perhaps about five minutes, when Guy started up, and said in a cheery tone,

'Ethel, don't you think you and I have quarrelled long enough? let us make it up, come; it is not pleasant to go on in this way.'

But Ethel did not look up nor answer; her work just then seemed to claim all her attention.

'Ethel, I don't think I have said or done

anything so very bad as to make you not speak to me.'

'You say I only scold, so I had better not speak at all,' was Ethel's short, cold reply.

'I am sure I am very sorry for my unfortunate speech; I wish I had never said it; but I was put out, I suppose. But I am very sorry; won't you forgive me, Ethel?' and he held out his hand.

But Ethel was folding up her work, and affected not to see it. She was leaving the room, but Guy stopped her.

'Ethel, don't go until you have forgiven me; I am really very sorry.'

'Do not hinder me, Guy; I am going to practise my music.'

And she went into the drawing-room and shut the door; but not before she had heard Guy's impatient answer—

'Ethel, you are most unforgiving! if you do not call that bearing malice, I don't know what is!'

Guy took up his hat and went out. He was angry certainly, but his anger cooled down before he had gone half the length of the village street; and he thought to himself he should make no further attempt at reconciliation: Ethel might take her own time for him.

Just as he reached the turn up to the vicarage, Mr Linton overtook him: he was going, as he did occasionally, to take tea and spend the evening with Mr Fletcher, the clergyman.

Guy passed on through the village to a house a little way out of it. A pleasant-looking house it was. Though small, it stood in a gay, cheerful little garden, and was inhabited by one Mrs Gordon, a widow lady. Guy opened the door and went in. It was not the first visit by a great many that he had paid there, and none knew so well as himself how often he went, or for what purpose.

Mrs Gordon looked up as he entered, and her face brightened visibly.

'Oh, Guy, I am so pleased to see. You are just the very person I was wishing for.'

'Then I am very glad I have come, Mrs Gordon. How are you going on? Here is the cold and frost come again after the rain.'

'Yes, and brought my rheumatism with it.'

'Be thankful it is not "rheumatics," Mrs Gordon,' replied Guy, with a grave face, but with a comical expression lurking in his eye corners; 'that is a great deal worse than rheumatism; at least so Jenny Cartwright informed me the other day.'

Mrs Gordon smiled.

'I am sure this is bad enough; and the worst of it is, I have none of the lotion left that did me so much good last time; no one has been going to Middlebank lately.'

'Red flannel is the best thing, Jenny says. But you must not think about it now, for I am going to tell you a story;' and Guy launched out into some village gossip, told in his most ludicrous manner, until the old lady forgot her pain and laughed heartily. But she grew grave again after a while.

'You remind me more and more of my dear son Lawrence, Guy; he was just as you are at your age. I wonder if my old eyes will ever see him again!'

'To be sure they will. And in the meantime I mean to act the son to you, you know, unless I follow him to sea; which I fear is not very likely.'

'No, Guy, your father does not wish it; and I am sure you will not go without.'

'Well, I must be off now, Mrs Gordon.'

'But it is not late, and you have not been long; and you always cheer me, Guy.'

'Do I? that's right. But you see I cannot stay any longer now, because I am going to Middlebank.'

The old lady started.

'Not for me, Guy?'

'Yes, for you; why should not I?'

'But Middlebank is full four miles off, and it is getting late.'

'You said just now it was not late, Mrs Gordon,' replied Guy, with a smile.

'Not for going home; but for going to Middlebank it most certainly is. Do not think of it, Guy; I am sure your parents would not like it.'

'I will take the risk of that. Besides I shall not walk; I will borrow a horse of some one. And I am sure you will be glad of the lotion, Mrs Gordon.'

'Yes, there is no doubt about that. But I would much rather you did not go for me, Guy; you are too good.'

'Lawrence would have done it, Mrs Gordon, so I shall. You shall have your lotion to-night; if it is to be had at Middlebank.'

(To be continued.)

THE ONE PRECIOUS FRIEND.

A FRUITFUL source of uneasiness to the believer is the disposition to expect too much from the world and too little from the Lord Jesus Christ. We expect receive from the world what we would have right to look for, only if the world were ıat it would be had there never been any ı. We fail to raise our hopes to the full ight of our privileges in the Lord Jesus, be-use we imagine Him too much on a level th our own nature. We over-estimate the ›rld; we under-estimate the Lord Jesus ırist. The complaint so often made of rthly friendships has no just ground. Friends ay be found few and unreliable. This is not, ›wever, anything of which to complain. It something for which to be thankful. No ›rson needs more than one bosom friend on rth; and he who has found one such, proved ue and reliable by the furnace of affliction, s got all that he needs, and all that he has a ght to expect. Our Father in heaven may ve us one confidential friend for the purpose enabling us to realise therefrom the pre-ousness of Jesus as a confidential friend, he same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' e gives us but one such friend, that we may kept from the snare of forgetting Jesus, ong the entanglements of too many objects aiming our affections. For the same reason e dearest friends are often sundered by death, so separated as to see each other seldom. ius cut off from those we might love too ell on earth, we are laid under a necessity of eking deeper and more uninterrupted com-ınionship with Jesus. The meetings of friends ı earth are at best little more than the meet-gs of travellers on the desert, crossing each hers path but for a moment, and then gone. et they are nevertheless precious, and more ›lightful to the memory than the vision that tted across the patriarch's way when 'Jacob ent on his way, and the angels of God met m.' Gen. xxxii. 1. In that meeting there as more to dazzle the view, but less to impart essedness to the heart in the remembrance, ıan we are now often made to feel when, amid 'e's weary wilderness, those whom our hearts ıow and love better than we can know and ve strangers, though angels, meet us with the warm sympathies and affections of loving ones—if not 'shining ones'—allied to us by the ties of our common nature as men. Talk about meeting with angels! Why, there is far more blessedness in meeting with tried and cherished friends, who are bound to us by human hearts, by human sympathies, by sanctified sorrows, by conflicts, struggles, and triumphs, in our pathway of tears, onward to glory. Were I to meet an angel, I could but hail him, however glorious, as a stranger, at best. But when I meet a friend who has known me in trial and sorrow, who has had no earthly happiness greater than that of praying for me, day by day, when we were pursuing our different paths afar from each other on the dusty thoroughfares of life—in such a friend I meet what is to me more than angel; and the fact that the friend, instead of being robed in the garments of glittering white, around the angels of old, comes to me veiled with the dark mantle of our common toil-worn humanity, only makes me feel more tenderly how closely he is allied to me by human sympathies, sorrows, and hopes.

And such a friend is Jesus. He is not an angel; He is a man. He is 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities.' 'He can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; for that He himself also is compassed with infirmity.' The sympathy of Jesus is as exquisitely tender as His wisdom is infinite and His power almighty. The best, truest, most cherished friend should be treasured and studied as a living gem, on which the Holy Spirit has cut these lineaments of love, for enabling us to learn therefrom something of the features so attractive in the friendship of Jesus. When, even amid earthly frailty, so much that is precious is found in the earthly friend—the type—what must we be able to find in Him whom earthly loves do very dimly shadow; in whom are hid all treasures, not only of wisdom and knowledge, but also of sympathy and love! While the earthly image, in the bosom of a friend, is so priceless and attractive, what must be the glorious reality in Him who is God—who is love! No expectations can be extravagant, however great, that may be formed of the loveliness, the friendship, and the sympathy of Jesus. —*Presbyterian.*

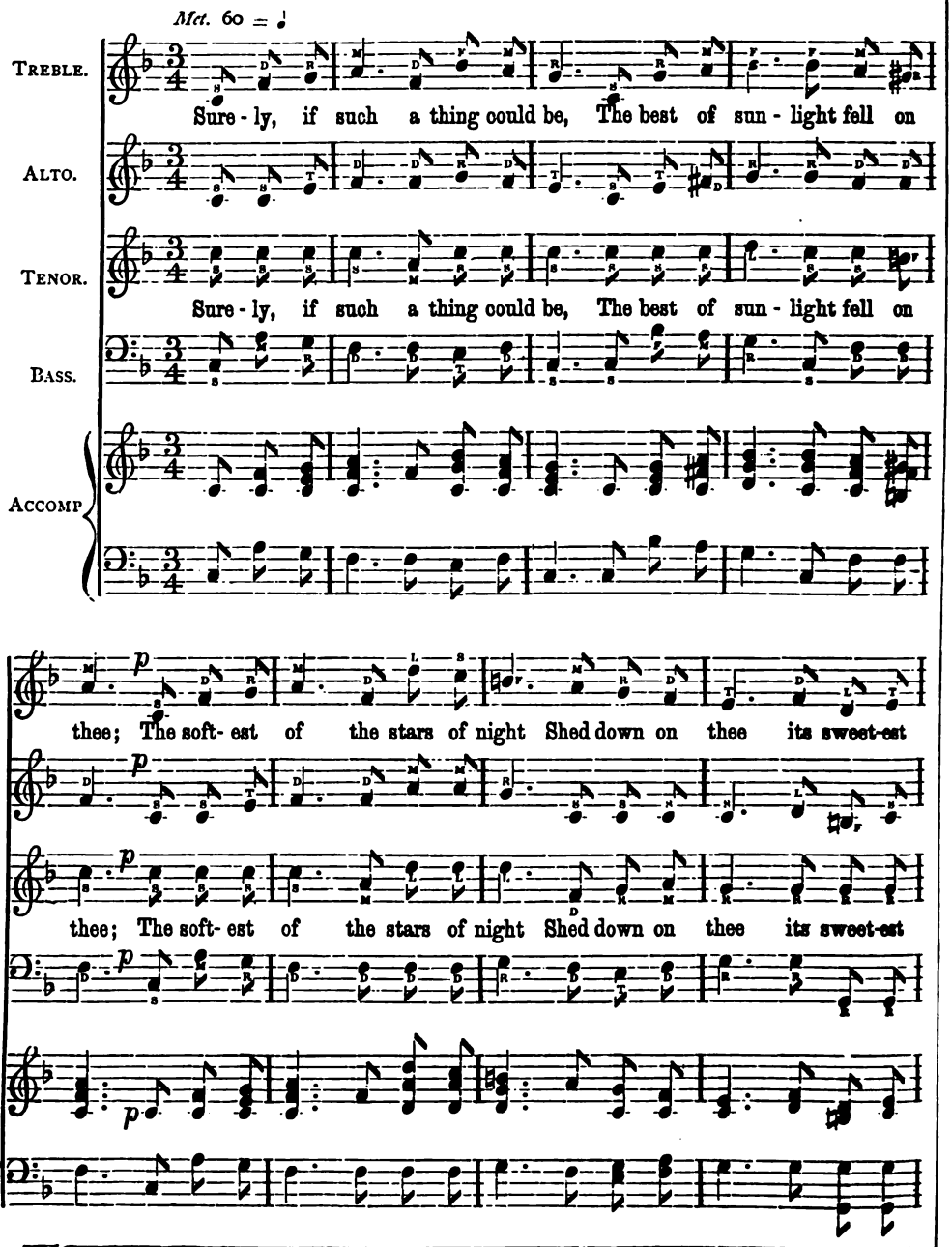
THE HONEST COBBLER.

ME few years ago I was brought into contact th a coloured working man. He was nothing t a cobbler—he said himself he was not a cent shoemaker, and I can testify to that ›m some experience of his work. But if not gantly done, it was thoroughly done, and at was the point. He told me that when he came too old and crippled to work in the lds, he took to cobbling. I said to him, 'My end, after this cobbling on earth has done, w about that other world?' 'Ah! master,' said he, 'I am nothing, as I told you, but a poor cobbler, but I feel when I sit here and work at my stool, that the good Master is looking at me; and when I take a stitch, it is a stitch; and when I put on a heel tap, it is not paper, but good leather.' It is not the work we do upon earth that makes the upshot of life, but it is the way in which we do that work—it is the motive—'Thou God seest me.'

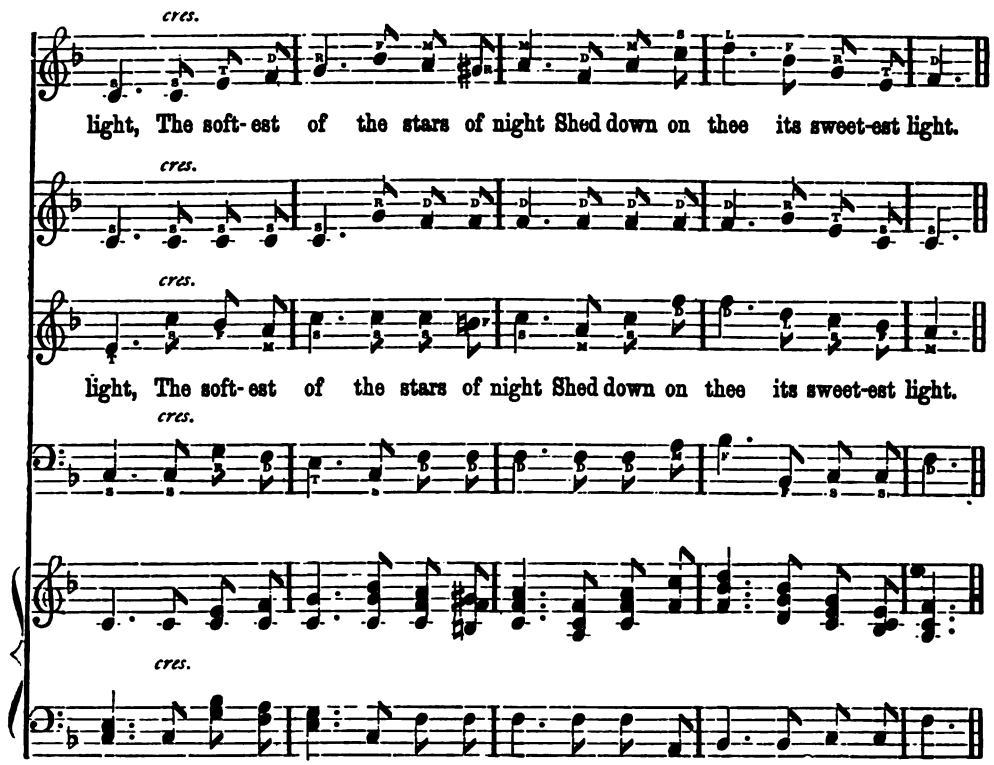
—*Sunday School Journal.*

The Treasury Hymnal.

HIS OWN RECEIVED HIM NOT.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. *Music from* MASSINI.

Met. 60 = ♩
TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP.
Sure - ly, if such a thing could be, The best of sun - light fell on
Sure - ly, if such a thing could be, The best of sun - light fell on
thee; The soft- est of the stars of night Shed down on thee its sweet-est
thee; The soft- est of the stars of night Shed down on thee its sweet-est

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*


cres.
light, The soft-est of the stars of night Shed down on thee its sweet-est light.
cres.
cres.
light, The soft-est of the stars of night Shed down on thee its sweet-est light.
cres.
cres.

Surely, if such a thing could be,
Noon kept its gentlest rays for thee;
The lightest of the winds of morn
Across thy weary brow was borne.

The freshest dew that eve ere shed
Fell in its coolness on thy head;
The fairest of the flowers that bloom
Reserved for thee their rich perfume.

Yet though this earth which thou hast made
Its best for thee might hourly spread,
And though, if such a thing might be,
The best of sunlight fell on thee;

Man had no love to give thee here,
No words of peace, no look of cheer;
No tenderness his heart could move,
He gave thee hatred for thy love.

Thy best of love to him was given,
The freest, truest grace of heaven;
His worst of hatred fell on thee,
His worst of scorn and enmity.

Life, as its gift for him, thy love
Brought in its fulness from above;
Death, of all deaths the sharpest, he
In his deep hate prepared for thee,

O love and hate! thus face to face
Ye meet in this strange meeting-place!
O sin and grace, O death and life,
Who, who shall conquer in this strife?

"Father, forgive," is love's lone cry,
While hatred's crowd shouts "Crucify!"
How deeply man his God doth hate,
God's love to man how true and great!

Love bows the head in dying woe,
And hatred seems to triumph now;
Life into death is fading fast,
And death seems conqueror at last.

But night is herald of the day,
And hate's dark triumph but makes way
For love's eternal victory,
When life shall live, and death shall die.

Bible Class Notes.

WHILE it is hoped that the following 'Bible Class Notes' will be found to possess an intrinsic value of their own, it may not be uninteresting to know the circumstances in which they were produced. The writer of them, Alexander Anderson, was a fine specimen of the Scottish peasant of the highest type. Alas! that there should be now so many fewer of his class than once there were: for this, we fear, must be admitted. How different would be the aspect of the rural population in many parts of Scotland, and notably in the counties of the North-Eastern District, where these 'Notes' were written, were such men as he more frequently to be met with!

With little or no education, we believe, beyond what was afforded by the parish school, Alexander Anderson evinced an amount of general information, a cultivation of mind, and an acquaintance with the Scriptures, such as are not often found, even among those much more highly favoured. Combined with these, there was a uniform consistency of conduct, and also the most retiring modesty, which prevented his worth being known as it deserved. Not until he was gone did the writer of this notice, and others who had frequent opportunities of seeing him, know how great were his attainments. For a few years before his death, which happened at an early age, he had ceased to be a farm-servant, and had been employed as a factory worker in Edinburgh. But the subjoined paper, and others which may succeed, were all prepared while he was following the plough.

His Bible class consisted of the sons and daughters, as well as the servants, of small farmers in the neighbourhood. Many of these notes were written after the labours of the day were over, by the light of his own lamp, on the top of his chest, in the sleeping apartment of the farm-servants. After they were prepared, he used to take them with him to the field; and when his horses were resting, he would take out his manuscript—a sheet of the smallest notepaper, written in a most minute hand—and read it over, in order to familiarise himself with its contents before meeting his class.

After an illness of nearly twelve months, borne with the most exemplary patience, and even cheerfulness, he passed away. It was not till then that the writer was made aware of the existence of these notes. He will not soon forget the emotions produced by the reading aloud, to the few friends who met that Sabbath evening in the chamber of death, of one of the papers, 'Life a Journey,' after the hand that had traced the description of the joys that crown the 'journey's end,' was cold in the grave, and the happy soul was experiencing them in all their fulness.

It may be mentioned, that almost all the notes are in the form of question and answer. Apparently this course was followed with the view of quickening the attention, and inducing the pupils to exercise their minds on the subject. This plan also enabled the teacher to discover and correct any erroneous notions they may have formed, while the unexpected replies he sometimes received, may have occasionally suggested new thoughts to his own mind.

No. I.

THE I AMS OF CHRIST.

1. 'I am meek and lowly' (Matt. xi. 29). What is meekness? Patience in the reception of injuries. What does meekness produce in the mind? Peace. (Ps. xxxvii. 11). Does it show greatness or littleness of soul? As there is peace, what does it produce in the mind? Happiness. What does anger produce? Misery. What way* did Christ show His meekness? When reviled, He reviled not again; endured contradiction of sinners against Himself; prayed on the Cross for His enemies. What more? Lowly. Was it prophesied that He would be lowly? (Zach. ix. 9). When do we see His lowliness? By His taking the form of a servant. Rich, yet for our sakes, He became poor. The foxes had holes. Mention any prophet who resembled Christ, and prophesied that Christ would resemble him? Moses. A prophet shall be the Lord your God. Did Christ love humility when on earth? Blessed are the meek. Except ye be converted, etc. To this man will I look. God resisteth the proud. For what important office does His lowliness qualify Him? A teacher for the ignorant—the most unteachable.

2. 'Lo I am with you alway,' etc. (Matt. xxviii. 20). What does this tell us about Jesus? That He is God Omnipresent. What is the watchword He hath given us during His absence? Immanuel: God with us. Although invisible, yet near. Where does He love specially to be? Where two or three are gathered together in His name. At what special seasons does He promise to be near? Affliction. Fear not, for I am with thee. Death. (Ps. xxiii). What way may He be said to be with us, seeing He is invisible? By His Spirit. By His Providence. By His Word. By His inward direction and guidance. To strengthen. To assist. To guide. He is with us now. Lo, I am with you. But will this be the way in eternity? No. What then? We shall be with Him? For ever with the Lord.

* A well-known Scotticism for 'how;' the expression is retained throughout

3. 'I am—Christ' (Mark xiv. 62). What does He bear testimony to here? That He is Christ—the Anointed—sent and qualified to save to the uttermost. Was His testimony received by those men? When He says to us, I am the Saviour, what should be our joyful response? 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' (Matt. xvi. 16). What is the promise to those who make such a confession? (Matt. x. 32). 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess.' Peter at one time was afraid to confess Him, and denied Him.

4. 'Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?' (Matt. xvi. 13).

5. 'I am among you as he that serveth.' (Luke xxii. 27). Service characterised His life. Prove that this was the design of His life. (Matt. xx. 28). He went about doing good. He was man's servant! Was He any other's servant? God's. Behold my servant. What should characterise a servant? Obedience. Was He obedient? Obedient unto death. Not my will, but Thine be done. What way did He learn obedience? By the things He suffered. What honour will He receive for that service? (Phil. ii. 9).

6. 'I am he.' (John iv. 26). The first time He professed it. What was His reason for then revealing Himself to the woman? He saw her unwillingness to listen to Him as a prophet, but her willingness to listen to the Messiah. He declared Himself, wishing to save her soul. What do we see about Christ here? 1. His wisdom. 2. His knowledge of the heart and life. 3. Our duty—to seek to lead sinners to believe that Jesus is the Christ. 'If ye believe not that I am he.' (John viii. 24). Unbelief brings death. The Israelites could not enter because of unbelief. What saves from death? Faith in Jesus. He that believeth in the Son hath eternal life.

7. 'I am from above: I am not of this world.' (John viii. 23.) What were they, said He? From beneath. Influenced by earthly, sensual, corrupt passions; governed by the lowest views and feelings. I am from above. My views are heavenly, divine. Not of the world. My views and feelings are above earth. Christ's people are not of the world, as He is not of the world.

8. 'I am the door' (John x. 7). The door to what? To God. To life everlasting. When does a man enter in at this door? At conversion. What is the key that opens this door? Faith. Is there any other door? 'No man cometh to the Father but by me.' Is this gate easy or strait? Why? Is it because He is not able to save? Is it because there is scarcity of room inside, or want of provision? What then? Because we love sin. We love the world. What about Christ makes Him the door? His merits. His intercession. His satisfaction. (Ephes. ii. 18). Is He the way to anything else than to God? To the Church. (John x. 9). It is necessary to enter into the Church by Christ—the Door.

9. 'I am the Way' (John xiv. 6). This is the only way. There is no other name. No man cometh to the Father. A new and living way. The way to peace. He came to guide our feet in the way of peace. Why called a living way? Because full of life; imparts life; leads to life and happiness. Ever new—ever fresh—ever flowing, like an ever springing fountain. Ever discovering new beauties in Christ; new supplies of grace. Mention a passage in the Old Testament referring to this way. (Isa. xxxv. 8.) How is Christ the Way? Because by obeying His instructions, following His example, and depending on His merits, we can come to God with acceptance. He guides the wandering. He teaches the ignorant. Had we lost the way? 'All we like sheep have gone astray.' What is He the way from and to? 1. From condemnation to pardon (John iii. 17, with Ephes. i. 7; Acts v. 31). 2. From guilt to justification (Rom. iii. 19, with Acts xiii. 39). 3. From alienation to acceptance (Ephes. ii. 12, with Ephes. i. 6). 4. From enemies to a state of Sonship (Col. i. 21, with Gal. iv. 4). 5. From bondage to liberty (Rom. viii. 21). 'If the Son make you free, ye are free indeed.' 6. From darkness to light. To open their eyes, and to turn them (7) from sin to holiness. But now being made free from sin (8) from death to life. 'The wages of sin is death,' etc.

10. 'I am the Truth.' What is truth? A representation of things as they are. A thing real and substantial. Opposed to what is shadowy or typical. What was it the law saw? (Heb. x. 1) 'A shadow of good things to come.' What were the good things—or the truth? The righteousness, incarnation, intercession, and government of Christ. The law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ. He is the source or fountain of truth. What way? By His inspiration the prophets spake the truth. By His life, and purity, and teaching, all truth is communicated.

11. 'I am the Life.' What way is He the life? 'As the Creator of all things' (Col. i. 16). As the source of spiritual life (Ephes. ii. 1; John v. 26; vi. 33). As the source of everlasting life (John iii. 16; x. 28). Life in His very words. The words that I speak are spirit and life. He has only to speak and we live. What have we to do? Hear, and your soul shall live.

12. 'I am the bread of life' (John vi. 35). Does spiritual as well as natural life need to be supported? His teaching, His grace, His Spirit, give life and peace to the soul. The believer hungers and thirsts after righteousness. As the hart panteth, every one thirsts after happiness. Will we find it in wealth or pleasure? Where then? (John iv. 14). Never thirst after worldly joys. Be ever satisfied with the rich and pure joys of the grace of Christ. A well of water springing up. Religion ever lives like a fountain in all seasons, in all circumstances, and in all changes. The fountains of earth will stop when time is done. This will not. Where has this religion its seat? In the heart. What way does it mani-

fest itself? By a life of piety. Out of his belly shall flow rivers. What is its end? Everlasting life.

13. 'I am the Light of the world' (John viii. 12). What is light? That by which we see objects distinctly. Always in the Bible means knowledge (Ephes. v. 13). Was He spoken of as a light in the Old Testament? (Isaiah ix. 2, with Matt. iv. 14). In order that knowledge be communicated there must be a teacher (John iii. 2). What way does He teach or give light? What way before His advent? By giving the law and prophets (Gal. iii. 19). By His ministry and by His Spirit (John xiv. 16, 26). Since then by His ministers (Ephes. iv. 11). Who was the world's darkness? Adam. The second Adam is the world's light. The one shuts out God; the other brings Him back.

14. 'I am the Good Shepherd' (John x. 11). Who are His flock? What way does He prove Himself to be a good shepherd? He redeemed them by His blood. What does He give them to feed on? His own flesh and blood. He leads by green pastures, still waters. Where will He land them? I give unto them eternal life. When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.

15. 'I am the Resurrection' (John xi. 25). What way? By raising up from spiritual death (Ephes. ii. 1). By raising up at the last day. Because I live, ye shall live also. What did the apostles lay down as the foundation of their preaching? The resurrection of Christ (Acts i. 21, 22). What was His own resurrection a proof of? Of the all-sufficiency of His satisfaction. What gives us faith in His promises? His resurrection. What gives believers the assurance of their resurrection? 'But now is Christ risen from the dead,' etc. What is the first fruits a pledge of? The coming harvest. He the head; Believers the members. What confirms the hope of believers? Resurrection (1 Peter i. 3).

16. 'I am the True Vine' (John xv. 1). What is meant by the *true* vine? Were there other vines? The Jewish people were a vine; a noble vine. We read of them again being the degenerate plant of a strange vine. What is the meaning of true? Real, genuine. What is the idea brought before us by a vine? All the nourishment the branches receive pass through the main stalk or vine. Christ the root—the fountain—the head. The source of all grace and strength to His people. Their leader and teacher. God engrafts them into Christ, visits, defends, supports, prunes, and makes them to bring forth the fruits of holiness. Apart from Christ, what are we? Barren; lifeless.

17. 'I am the Son of God (John x. 36). What does He by His Spirit teach us to say? Abba, Father.

18. 'Before Abraham was, I am' (Exodus iii. 14; John viii. 58, with Isa. xliv. 6). He was God himself.

19. 'I, even I, am he that blotteth out' (Isa. xliii. 25). Numerous sins—aggravated sins—He will blot out. 'Blot them out as a thick cloud' (Isa. xliv. 22). Sin stands like a cloud between heaven and earth. Separate from God. What do dark clouds threaten? A storm. What dispels the cloud of sin? The Sun of Righteousness.

20. 'Master and Lord: so I am' (John xiii. 13). Blessed to have such a Lord and Master. Let us choose and own Him as such.

21. 'I am a King' (John xviii. 37). Was it to collect armies and subdue nations that He came? What way was He to exercise dominion? By the truth over men's hearts. By this the sinner is convinced, converted, guided, sanctified. King of kings. True King of heaven and earth; He will yet take His great power and reign.

22. 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest' (Acts ix. 5). Is it possible to persecute Jesus in heaven? He says it himself. All the members suffer together. So does the head suffer and sympathise.

23. 'I am with thee' (Act xviii. 10). The Lord fulfils to individuals what He promises to the Church.

24. 'I am Alpha and Omega' (Rev. i. 8). First and Last, clothed with omnipotence. He has existed in all past ages, and will exist in all ages to come. In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge (Isa. xli. 4). The First Cause. For whose glory are all things all in all. The foundation, corner, topstone, of all creation. From Him creation sprang; to Him creation returns.

25. 'I am the first and the last' (Rev. i. 17). As such He can accomplish all His promises and execute all His purposes. It is I, be not afraid. Fear not, for I am with thee.

26. 'I am he that liveth, and was dead' (Rev. i. 18). The highest life, the deepest death, meet in Him. He will die no more. Friends may die—we die—but He will never. He accomplished much by His death; He will accomplish much for us by His life.

27. 'I am he that searcheth the heart' (Rev. ii. 23). He sees through creation. His eyes are as a flame of fire.

28. 'I am the root and offspring of David. I am the morning star' (Rev. xxii. 16). David's Son, yet David's Lord. Our kinsman, yet our Creator. Morning Star. Herald of day. He introduces us through Gospel day to eternal day.

(To be continued.)

Songs in the Night.

V.

ISAIAH XXV. 10.

SWEET sister, do not weep
That to its last long sleep,
My body now hath sunk, outworn with pain.
Let not your tears be shed
Over the early dead,
For death to me was everlasting gain.

When from its cage of clay,
My spirit fled away,
And winged its flight unto the realms above,
An angel form was by
To guide me through the sky,
Unto the throne of Him whose name is Love.

How swiftly then we flew,
Up, up that brilliant blue,
Until we reached the gates of purest gold;
When they were open flung,
The angels' harps were strung
To welcome me, a lamb of Jesus' fold

And soon I knelt alone
Before that Saviour's throne,
And heard His gentle voice pronounce my name.
O sister, could you hear
That voice, so soft and clear,
Earth's music would not charm your soul again.

But ah! I could not raise
Mine eyes to meet His gaze,
For on His feet I saw the wounds He bore,
Till, as I weeping lay,
He dried my tears away,
And gently whispered, 'Here they weep no more.'

Then from a little band,
That stood at His right hand,
A joyous anthem met my raptured ears,
Brothers and sisters there
With welcomes rent the air,
Ah! then I felt that I had done with tears.

O! could you see the light
That dazzles now my sight,
As yet unused to that pure, radiant glow,
You would not wish me back,
To tread life's weary track,
Or struggle through the mists of earth below.

O! could you see the grace
That beams from every face,
Reflected from the Saviour's throne so bright,
How would you wish to come
And join our happy home,
And wear the golden crown, and robe of spotless white.

But soon we all shall meet
Around our Saviour's feet,
No more to sin, no more to suffer pain;
'Tis but a little while,
Sister, look up and smile,
For death to me was everlasting gain.

A. M.

Gems from Thomas Rogers.*

1583.

1. IT was the saying of an ancient, that cities would flourish well in prosperity, if the inhabitors of them were watchful, and still imagined their enemies to be at hand. Now that which was said for the prosperous estate of a commonwealth, did our Saviour say for the happy success of a Christian; and both tend to show, that whether we respect the safety of our bodies here on this earth, or the salvation of our souls in the kingdom of Christ, we must not be in our callings, either idle, secure, or careless. But yet such is our nature, we rather obey the words for temporal prosperity, than the warning of Christ for eternal happiness; whereby it comes to pass, that we have commonly fair bodies but deformed souls;—much goods but little goodness:—and glorious we seem in the sight of men outwardly, but odious inwardly in the eyes of God.

2. Seeing all which hath been spoken aforetime of Christ's coming in the flesh, of His death and resurrection has been fulfilled: how can we otherwise think, but that those things which are revealed unto us by our most mighty and blessed God concerning the ruin of the world, and of Christ's eternal kingdom, must likewise assuredly come to pass?

3. God is not a God of confusion, that He can do all things at His pleasure by a certain inordinate affection as men do: but He is a God of order, a keeper of order in His things created from which He doth not rashly digress, although He tieth not Himself thereto, that He will not or cannot alter it when His glory, by His secret counsel and safe-guard of His church require the same.

4. Such is the great force of sin, and so marvellous is the reign of Satan in these latter days, that he endeavours by all means that possibly he can, to bring the whole world into a desperate security of life, that so he may have many partakers of his torments in hell, from which there is no redemption.

5. If the coming of thieves and stealers of our earthly goods is to be feared, with how great diligence and watchfulness should we seek to escape those enemies which would spoil us of our eternal riches and kingdom of heave here we use great heed and wisdom to preser our mortal bodies from hurt and danger, b to save our souls which are immortal, fr eternal pains in hell, we altogether careless a unconcerned are.

6. Christ in behalf of us all hath suffered most reproachful death upon the cross, to t end that death and the devil being vanquishe He might rid all believers from eternal deat and the intolerable yoke of Satin—He ha also risen like a conqueror in glory from t dead, and ascended into heaven, that He migl prepare a way for us to His Almighty Fathe whose anger, by His righteousness, He h appeased, and reconciled Him to us.

7. What desire of righteousness, or zeal i religion, is there to be found in these days Yea, who is not in christianity either cold careless? Many desire to be religious, a think they are so, if only for a fashion th frequent sermons, and come to ordinance supposing themselves for so doing, to be suf ciently religious, although their hearts do bu with desires of transitory things, and th swell through the poison of ungodliness.

8. If for the consolation of the godly, a confirmation of our faith, the Holy Ghost ha had great care to deliver unto us by t prophets certain foresigns by which might conjectured when the coming of Christ in t flesh was nigh at hand; whose coming shou yet before the world be base and very simp yet of sufficient power to save our souls fr the heavy curse and displeasure of God. so a hath the holy Spirit of God been the m diligent to show to the Church many a manifest signs of the Lord's second comi that so we might be driven from all security this life, and wake out of the deep sleep of deadly sins, lest by the speedy coming of Lord to judgment, we suddenly perish.

9. As the kingdom of God is at hand, us lift up our heads to heaven—let us conde all wordly things—let every man cast a security and desire of pleasure, let every m frame himself to learn what is good,—let h prepare himself to the cross, and put on whole armour of righteousness, that if adversary challenge to combat, we may by flattery—by no force—by no terrors—by torments, be drawn and plucked away fr Christ.

* From 'Of the End of this World, and Second Coming of Christ; a comfortable and most necessarie discourse for these miserable and dangerous dayes.' *By* THOMAS ROGERS, London. 1583.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.*

IT was no common privilege, when the saints of old were allowed to see the day of Christ afar off and to rejoice. Ever and again would a ray of that heavenly brightness light up their horizon. From the glory which gathered around one of their own prophets might men infer what would be the power and goodness of Him who was 'before Abraham' and 'greater than Moses.' In such events, Gospel times and Gospel truths were to be anticipated, that so the mind of Israel might be prepared what to expect of Him who was 'the desire of all nations.' Rare as, comparatively speaking, such anticipations of Christ were, we are naturally led to look for a large proportion of them during the ministry of Elisha, not merely because his was specially typical of the ministry of Jesus, but also because he may be said to conclude the series of the *prophets of deed*. They were, in the onward progress of the kingdom of God, followed by the *prophets of word*, until, at last, both word and deed merged in Him who was 'the Word become flesh.' Thus the marvellous feeding of the multitude upon the few barley loaves and fishes was foreshadowed in Gilgal, with such great differences, however, as correspond to those between them who spake the multiplying 'grace' over the meals.

It is this 'grace before meat,' this blessing of God invoked and bestowed upon the food, which makes it really nourishing. Why should it seem strange to you that, dispensed by the hands of God Incarnate, the bread should suffice to nourish its thousands? You fail to perceive the close connection between nature and God. Without God, nature would be dead; its continual life depends on the continual presence of God in it. As there is a false materialism which fails to recognise God in anything, because it identifies God with everything, so there is a spurious spiritualism which equally fails to recognise God, because it separates God from everything, save that limited sphere which it designates as religious. Hence the morbid asceticism which is not gladdened by the beauties of nature, nor interested by the productions of art, nor raised by the researches of mind, nor even warmed by the joys of home and its circle, simply because it sees not God in any of them, and thus, looking away from God in all His gifts, at last settles into a half-desponding, austere gloom. It is *not* strange that, by the touch of His hand and the breath of His mouth, Jesus could expand His creature into a multiplicity of provision, for we ourselves, in all outward things, daily experience this. It was not even strange that His forerunner could foreshadow this event by the fare increased to satisfy the one hundred sons of the prophets. But it was strange, that, in the infinitude of His love, Jesus should so have condescended to our human weakness as visible, in the presence of all—believers and unbelievers—to breathe upon His creature of bread, that so, for all time coming, it might be to all a lesson of Him and a lesson of the multiplied food. And it was strange—at least to our human experience it seems so—that so unexpectedly there should have come from a wholly unknown quarter, what, under the blessing of God, proved sufficient and seasonable relief to the prophets.

But why should God in working a miracle require any agency? He does not require it; He condescendeth to use it. Why? First, Because He is the God of nature, and employs His creature, nature. Secondly, Because He is the God of grace, and in the use of such means, alike disposes the hearts of those whom He uses as His instruments, and prepares the hearts of those who are the recipients of His gifts. Who 'the man from Baal-shalisha' was, we know not; we do not even know the situation of the place, nor anything else about it. Probably he was equally unknown—at least, personally—to the prophet. At any rate, he appears as that exceptional character in the modern lists of churches and religious societies, 'an anonymous contributor.' And whatever his name, rank, or condition may have been, he was a just, a conscientious, and a liberal contributor. The angel, whose recording pen enters the gifts offered to the Lord, has written it down for acknowledgment in heaven, and when the Spirit of God chronicled it for the instruction of us all, He has not allowed the joy of the giver to be minished in the blush caused by having his ministry known.

The seven long years of famine (2 Kings

* 'The History of Elisha the Prophet, read in the Light of our own Days.' By the Rev. Dr EDERSHEIM, Torquay. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1869. A most interesting volume, full of admirable exposition and spiritual thought.

viii.) were at last drawing to a close. Once more the prospect of plenty gladdened the heart of the nation. Emigrants thought of setting their faces homewards; and those who had wearily toiled, where toil was so long unrewarded, gathered fresh strength. In fact, the early harvest had actually commenced. Under ordinary circumstances the first-fruits belonged unto the Lord, and it was the privilege of every family in Israel to receive home and substance as it were every year anew in fief from their God, and in the first-fruits to consecrate all unto Him. But times were sadly altered. To whom were the first-fruits to be brought throughout the kingdom of Israel? Its established religion was Baal-worship, its established priesthood idolatrous. Doubtless there were who brought their gifts to Jerusalem, or offered them through the faithful among the Aaronic priesthood. But considering the difficulties in the way, these must, in the nature of the case, have formed an exceedingly small minority even among the small godly minority left in Israel. It was easy to argue, that you were released from obedience to a command of which the literal fulfilment had become well-nigh impossible. But love is ingenious, and knows under the letter to discover the spirit of the law. The man from Baal-shalisha 'brought the man of God bread of the first-fruits.' There are, who are ingenious in their liberality, not in its eccentric application, which only argues folly or vanity, but in finding out the right mode of its exercise. There are others who always refuse, and somehow always refuse on principle. On principle they would on this occasion, of course, have refused to contribute to Samaria; and on principle they could not bring anything to Elisha, as he was neither priest nor in office at the temple. And so 'on principle' they would hold what they had, and this would be their peculiar mode of 'making the best of both worlds.' Like many of us, they would combine the principles of the next with the practice of this world. Nor was the contribution from the anonymous donor inconsiderable. It was of 'the first-fruits' after a seven year's famine! How many gaps had to be repaired in broken fortunes, and ill could a man spare the best of the first for an unknown personage, not even a relative or friend. Even if contribution were to be made, the argument for postponing it to the end of the summer was overwhelming—for, as the world would misapply one of its sayings, not untrue in itself, but exceedingly hypocritical, as often used, 'You must be just before you are generous.' As if you *could* be just, while neglecting the claims of the Most High! But, indeed, what many mean by this saying is not what it expresses, but exactly the reverse, that they must be generous, that is, to themselves, before they can be just; and such is their generosity in this respect, that what between claims, and friends, society, the exigencies of their station and a future provision, there is very little left for the exercise of their charity. The modern Church has, blessed be God, not wholly lost the grace of liberality. It has produced, from among its members, high and low, rich and poor, some very noble instances of devotion to the Lord, though the organised system of advertising their bounty, and as it were posting men with trumpets at every corner, has sadly broken in upon the music of their worship in offering their gifts unto God. The system was no doubt kindly intended, but is a sort of Gehazi plan for encouraging those who have given, and drawing by the noise to the treasury a crowd who might give. But the Church has sadly declined from the liberality of Old and of New Testament times. Is it necessary to prove this? But what of it? Liberality is a grace, that is, one of the directions in which the Holy Ghost, if He dwells in a heart, incline that heart. It is not a gift, it is a grace. It is not a matter of indifference. A Christian may be wise or foolish, learned or unlearned, a babe or a man, in Jesus. But a Christian can be neither without grace nor without graces. In the latter case he will be at least a very defective Christian, just as the human body is when it wants a limb. Nay, it is doubtful if there can be such defective Christianity, when we read that we are all to be presented 'perfect' before God. The discipline of God's chastening providence will be directed towards the filling up of such a gap, if it really occurs in Christians. Consider, when you settle such questions, what you owe—'that though He was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.' Do you believe that this world is nothing, and yet do you live for it and hoard it? Do you believe that you are redeemed with the precious blood of Christ and yet what have you done for Him? Do you believe that the world needs the gospel and yet what do you contribute to its spread? Do you believe in the promises, and yet do you live as if there were none? Do you believe that you are soon to die, and then what of all, that which you are now devoting your heart and your money, will follow you or give you satisfaction in another world? In answering these questions, let us be honest with ourselves. If they are not followed up by a practical appeal to the purse, but to the heart and conscience. But you contribute! How? Freely, with gladness, giving as unto the Lord? Proportionately to your income? The answer about

giving a tenth is scarcely always satisfactory. There are some to whom a tenth may be far more than a just contribution, for a man is to give of what he hath, not of what he hath not. And there are considerations connected with the position which we may providentially occupy in society, which may oblige us to curtail our givings. This is indeed a principle capable of abuse, nor is it possible to lay down rules for its right application. Spiritually-minded Christians will rightly apply it; others will not, whatever be said or explained to them. Then there are persons in whose case a tenth would be far below the right proportion of contributing, whether viewed in itself, or proportionately to their other expenditure or their other savings. In this matter also no definitive rule can be laid down for others. Let the motive be love to Jesus, the act of giving one of worship, and let a definite and high aim be taken by each of us, as in view of the comparative value of things temporal and things spiritual.

There was another most pleasing feature about the anonymous contributor from Baal-shalisha. The 'twenty loaves of barley' which he had brought may be regarded as the necessaries of life. The parched corn which he added ('full ears of corn in the husk thereof') was at all times, and specially of course at that time, regarded in the east as a delicacy. It was a peculiar, tender little attention to the prophet, which proclaimed louder than any words, that the gift had come out of the fulness of a loving heart. Let us beware of marring our gifts by the grudging manner or the churlish mood in which we bestow them. 'God loveth a *cheerful* giver.' Else why give it at all, if it is not regarded as a privilege? Who hath demanded these things at our hands? The cause of God does not in the least depend upon us. It has for these thousands of years been carried on without us, and will quite as well prosper long after we and our gifts are for ever gone. But we may deprive ourselves of the honour of being used as His instruments, and of the reward promised to His faithful stewards. It were almost better not to give than to give in a churlish spirit. How much readier does a man bestow upon himself and his children, his luxuries, or even his follies, than upon the Lord. 'When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?'

Placing ourselves in the position of those who formed the company at Gilgal, we may probably feel that we would have rejoiced as much, if not more, in the fact of the giving as in the gift itself. And why? Not that the supply, though small, would not be most welcome. But, long before, they must have learned to commit their daily wants unto the Lord. Equally, must they have been taught how readily their every requirement can be and had been supplied by their God. Seven years of famine must have been an excellent school in which to learn the practical lessons of faith. But here a hand of sympathy was held out to them from a distance. A man wholly unknown came to their relief. That there was such a man was in itself a relief. There might be thousands whom God could dispose for their help, were it needed. That he was unknown and unnamed was all the more precious. It is so to us; for his deed, like the gift of the poor widow, and not his name, is preserved. It was so to them, for it showed them how deliverance often comes unexpectedly and from the most unexpected quarters. 'Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab.' Help comes sometimes through most unlikely channels, and it is in the experience of His saints that much more frequently it is given through means of which they had never thought, than through those which they might have deemed likely to be used. And herein lies our confidence, when this stay fails and that prop breaks, that God is not bound to any kind of instrumentality, and that He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. The less likely a helper, the more likely the help. How? By His own hand, which has redeemed us, in His own way, which is of pleasantness, in His own time, which is the right time. Do we believe this? Nay, and perhaps not only shall twenty barley loaves be sent, but with them 'full ears of corn in the husk thereof.'

The unexpected provision had been brought by the stranger *to* Elisha, but not *for* Elisha. He who had sent His steward from Baal-shalisha had intended this, as all His other gifts, to be employed in His service, not to be consumed selfishly. In this sense also 'none of us liveth to himself.' All God's creature-gifts are good, if they are only sanctified by the word and prayer, and used aright. It is lawful to enjoy them, nor is it either wise or truthful to institute a comparison between God and them, as if in order to love God we had to renounce the good gifts bestowed upon us. Scripture nowhere contrasts love to a wife or child with love to God, or represents them as inconsistent. If the love of God is really in us, our deepest earthly attachment can never come into comparison, far less into conflict with it, because it is of a totally different character. Our love to those around us is of a totally different nature from that towards God, nor would it in any way increase our love to Him if we had none on earth to love. It is thus we are to keep ourselves 'from idols,' that is, from bestowing

upon the one what is due to the other. But that refers to the subversion of the right relationship, and it no more proves the latter impossible than the direction, 'Lie not one to another,' would prove absolute truthfulness impossible, or would make perpetual silence advisable, in order to avoid moral danger. We do not love the world, nor any creature, in the sense in which we love God, and if we were to do so, the love of the Father could not be in us.

It is one of the peculiarities of receiving all directly from God, that, like Elisha, we consider it not as our own, but seek to employ it in His service. Thus we learn to do all, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, to the glory of God. Yet even in the happy company, gladdened by the unknown friend from Baal-shalisha, there was one whose brow was clouded, and whose face betrayed dissatisfaction. It was Gehazi. The arrangement proposed by Elisha did not approve itself either to his head or to his heart. Prudently used—and Gehazi would have taken care of that—the provision might have sufficed for some time for his master and himself. It had been brought to them, and the sons of the prophets had neither legally nor morally any claim upon it. It was just like one of Elisha's unpractical ways, which always led into difficulty! Probably Gehazi expressed neither of these feelings. But he laid all the more stress on the obvious impossibility of extending such a meal to 'an hundred men.' It is the old argument of carnal reason and plausible appearance against God and duty! Never has work of faith come to us but common sense has called out a perfect phalanx of reasonable arguments against it. Was there ever anything more unreasonable than trying to pass through the Red Sea, or encompassing Jericho with the ark and blasts of trumpets, or spreading a letter before Jehovah, or building a wall which would break down if even a fox went upon it—or that the Son of God incarnate should be laid in a manger, or that the Gospel, carried by a few illiterate Jewish fishers, should succeed in subduing the civilisation of Greece and the institutions of Rome, and in its onward progress conquer, renew, and civilise the world itself? More than that, was there ever anything more unlikely than that for such sinners as we are the blessed Jesus should have shed His precious blood? Yet, as taught by God, we marvel at nothing, which we may be led to expect from the pages of Scripture. And when day by day the ministers of Christ go forth to feed the company with provision, which it needs not a Gehazi to remind them is in many respects insufficient, their comfort lies in this same gracious power of God. In answer to prayer, He can and He will multiply the scanty food. Better than that, we know that one greater than Elisha is here. *We* may have brought a few loaves and fishes; He speaks 'the grace before meat;' He takes and dispenses it, and lo! there is enough and to spare. Who is sufficient for these things? is often the anxious cry of those engaged in this work. The answer is, 'Our sufficiency is of God.' It needs not power, might, imagination, eloquence, or genius. After having used all the means at our disposal in preparing for the work, we may calmly, if believingly, go forward in His name. Just as in our outward want He can, if needed, send to our relief a stranger with twenty barley loaves and parched corn, so can He multiply the provision, temporal or spiritual, till it not only sufficeth, but there is left thereof.

And so Gehazi's prudential objection was silenced by this argument, '*for* thus saith the Lord'—an argument which overrules all others. Gehazi this time obeyed, beheld, and wondered—yet alas! he understood not, what was the grand lesson of this whole event, not only to them but to us, and to the Church in all ages; and with which the narrative emphatically closes, bearing that all this was '*according to the word of Jehovah.*'

Exposition of the Scriptures.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CURVES OF LIFE.'

THE term Exposition is very commonly applied to those remarks which are made on a text of Scripture to aid the reader or hearer the more easily to comprehend its meaning and design, and also to assist him in the practical application of it to himself. Exposition of the word of God, by the living voice, constitutes one of the chief exercises of divine worship, when assemblies of the people meet for that purpose on the Lord's day, and on other occasions. It is to this division of the subject that the present remarks are intended to apply. To ascertain how far pulpit exposition as an exercise is sustained by Scripture teaching, and to what extent, in the nature of things, it is calculated to promote the end which that teaching has in view, is important. It is so to those who avail themselves of its services; and to a still greater extent, perhaps, to those who from unbelief and prejudice, despise it as an invention of men.

This subject may be briefly discussed under each of three aspects. It is proposed in the first of these divisions to ascertain how far pulpit exposition, as an exercise, is sanctioned by the teaching of the word of God; in the second, to inquire, how far in the nature of things, such an exercise is calculated to promote the end which Scripture teaching has in view; and in the third, to review some of those principles deducible from inspired teaching, for the direction and control of pulpit exposition.

It is recorded of the Saviour in the fourth chapter of Luke, that 'He came to Nazareth where he had been brought up, and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and stood up for to read.' And that having read a portion, He proceeded to make practical remarks upon it, the drift of which is indicated by the expression, 'This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears.' This is in every sense an exposition of the portion read, for it determines the meaning of the passage, whilst it is at the same time practically applied to the audience. The narrative is brief, but not more so than that which the evangelists employ in other places to indicate the drift of public discourses, as in the following example, 'From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' The former passage gives complete evidence, that the Saviour, by His own example, inculcated the duty of expounding the Scriptures in public. Its relationship to the subject is of the happiest character, because it constitutes, as it were, a link connecting the Old Testament practice of expounding the Scriptures with that which has been divinely appointed under the New.

Looking back into Old Testament times, we read in Nehem. viii. 8, 'So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading.' In other words, they expounded to them the portion which they had read. In the prophecy of Mal. ii. 7, the priests are reproved, because, by their slothfulness, indifference, and ignorance, they had disqualified themselves for the discharge of this sacred duty. The passage reads thus, 'For the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth; for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts.' It appears from the testimony of inspired writing, that the exposition of the revealed will of God in public to the people, was attended to as a divine ordinance from the earliest times. This will appear from a reference to a passage in the New Testament, in which Noah is called 'a preacher of righteousness.' Now, it is evident that Noah was not the bearer of a new or an additional portion of revelation, every time that he addressed the people; he must therefore have taken as his subject some portion of God's revealed will, whether that was written, or communicated by some other mode of instruction.

Then turning to view the subject in the light of New Testament teaching, we find Christ, before leaving His disciples, giving them a solemn charge in the following words, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' Their preaching of the gospel was the exposition of that divine revelation which was committed to their charge by the Master himself. They were neither permitted to add to it, take from it, or in any other way to change or modify it. A passage occurs in the Acts of the Apostles, which so strikingly resembles the one referred to in Luke's gospel, that allusion to it in connection with the argument will be found appropriate. Acts xiii. 14, 'But when they departed from Perga, they came to Antioch in Pisidia, and went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and sat down. And after the reading of the law and the prophets, the rulers of the synagogue sent unto them, saying, Ye men and brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on.' Then it is said of Paul, that he stood up and delivered an address to the people. Whilst the portion read is not indicated as in Luke's gospel, yet from the striking resemblance of the two incidents, there is every reason to believe that the discourse addressed to the people by Paul was founded on some part of the section read.

In the case of Peter's sermon, so fruitful in results, he founded it upon a passage selected from the prophecy of Joel, Acts ii. 16. We see

from the portions quoted, that the exposition of the inspired text formed part of the sacred exercises conducted in the synagogue, and that it received Christ's own approval by His taking part in it, and afterwards that of Paul and his company long after Christ had ascended.

With the change of the sacred day of rest, from the seventh to the first day of the week, the Christians appear from the first, in their meetings on that day, to have adopted the sacred and all-important custom of expounding the word of God, in an address by the living voice, to all who met with them. Acts xx. 7, 'And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow, and continued his speech until midnight.' This was probably one of 'the things pertaining to the kingdom of God,' in which the Saviour instructed His followers before His ascension.

Whether or not the founders of the New Testament church were guided by the Spirit of God in this as in all other things that they did with authority, the institution was of the happiest and most appropriate character. In these meetings of the Christians the Old Testament Scriptures were first used, and these, expounded in the light of New Testament revelation, had the veil of types and shadows taken away, and the Saviour and His work published and proclaimed in all the beauty and simplicity of New Testament teaching. The two disciples journeying from Emmaus in company with their Master, though not knowing Him, were the first to taste the divine pleasure which the soul enjoyed in the richness of that gospel light, which shone forth from the writings of the Old Testament, the veil of dark and mystic shadows being removed. Their sudden transition from the dim light of the Mosaic dispensation, into the bright effulgence of gospel day, produced within them a state of feeling which found adequate expression in the beautiful and intense language employed by the sacred writer in the passage alluded to: 'And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?' This was the effect that followed the exposition of the Old Testament Scriptures by the Saviour himself. Luke xxiv. 27, 'And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.'

In the early meetings of the Christians they were confined exclusively to the Old Testament writings, no part of the New being as yet written. As the latter came into circulation, they were placed on a footing of equality, and considered as one with the former. This may be seen strikingly from the Second Epistle of Peter. In the first chapter of that epistle the writings of the Old Testament are referred to in the following expression: 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed; for the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' Then in the third and last chapter, the writer refers to portions of the New, which were then written, placing them on an equality, and making them one with the former, by the terms which he uses: 'And account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation; even as our beloved brother Paul, also, according to the wisdom given unto him, hath written unto you. As also in all his epistles, speaking in them of those things; in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction.'

In the Second Epistle of Paul to Timothy, chapter fourth, the exposition of the Inspired Word is presented in a clear and striking light: 'Preach the Word.' Which means, expound the Word, in the sense in which exposition is here used. Then the 'Word' must mean the Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament. The passage is one with the last verses of the preceding chapter. There it says, 'and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures.' This must refer to the Old Testament, as no part of the New was then in circulation. But then another expression follows, which includes the whole Word of God: 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.' This will appear in a more striking light by a reference to a few other passages. 2 Tim. ii. 2: 'And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.' Col. iv. 16: 'And when this epistle is read among you, cause that it be read also in the church of the Laodiceans, and that ye likewise read the epistle from Laodicea.' 2 Thess. iii. 14: 'And if any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed.' It will appear from these and other portions, that the Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament were to be read and expounded in the public meetings of the Christians, and that this has been an ordinance of the church of God from the earliest times.

In the second place, it is proposed to inquire how far, in the nature of things, the public exposition of the Word is calculated to promote the end which Scripture teaching has in view. It would appear from the testimony of Scripture itself, that the great end which Scripture teaching has in view is the conversion of sinners, through faith in the Saviour, and the edification of those who are thus converted. John xx. 31: 'But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.' 1 Pet. ii. 2: 'As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' Rom. xv. 4: 'For whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope.'

Before attempting to discuss the adaptation of the public exposition of the Word, as a

means to an end, it is well to note the importance of a principle of divine authority, which, in a discussion of this kind, should never be overlooked. Let it ever be received by us with the fullest confidence, that whatever God calls upon us to do, is the best that can be done by us for the promotion of our happiness, whether we can see much or little adaptation in it to the end which it has professedly in view. This principle is prominently set forth in the teaching of God's Word. See the following and other portions of similar import: 'In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.' 'Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.' 'We ought to obey God rather than men.' 'O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.' When once we have determined what the divine will may be in anything concerning which we may deliberate, then let us ever bear in mind, that the doing of that will is the only course consistent with our present and future happiness.

If the conversion of sinners, and the edification of those who are converted, be the great end of Scripture teaching, then the public exposition of the Word is divinely adapted to the accomplishment of that result. It is the Word of God as a means that the Holy Spirit uses in the work of regeneration, and equally so in the process of sanctification. 'Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth.' 'Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth.' 'Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.' But in producing one and the other of these results, the Word must make its entrance to the heart. 'And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart.' 'Forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistles of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in the fleshly tables of the heart.'

One of the striking features observable in the practical application of the gospel to our race, is the difficulty that it has to encounter from unbelief, indifference, and the unfavourable circumstances in which it finds the majority of individuals to whom its message of mercy is addressed. Though in every case it is the Holy Spirit that renders this message of mercy effectual, yet He works by means, and the inspired writer refers to this necessary use of means in pointed language, where he says, 'How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?' The use of means is as divinely recognised in the work of the gospel as in the civil and social relationships of life.

But it is evident, that means of any kind may be applied in one aspect of circumstances with greater advantage than in another, and none more so than gospel means. If the Word cannot become the message of life without being heard, it is evident there are circumstances in which it may be heard, with a greater degree of probability that it will be entertained by the understanding, than in another condition of things less favourable. When it is said, 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear,' implies that the Word may reach the ears without being received by the understanding, it is evident, that when the Saviour withdrew to the top of a mountain, on the occasion of His sermon, and Paul resorted to the river side at Philippi, both did so that quiet leisure and orderly retirement might enable them to speak the Word to the people, in circumstances in which it was the more likely to be received with profit.

But the circumstances which attend the exposition of God's word in the sanctuary are of a character the most favourable to its reception. There is the hallowed leisure of the Lord's day; the sacred retirement of the place set apart for divine worship; the constraining sympathy of members met for the same purpose; solemn prayer is offered up to the Saviour for the power and presence of His Spirit; God's praise is sung; and the people seem to themselves as if they had withdrawn for a time from the world and its cares, to gain deeper impressions and more extensive knowledge of those things that are divine and everlasting. Where else can the word be heard, in connection with a combination of influences so favourable to its reception? The mind cannot entertain any subject requiring thoughtful consideration, without dismissing others from its attention, and devoting to that one a portion of time consistent with its claims and importance.

But there is no subject, from which the human mind, in its unrenewed condition, is more disposed to turn aside, than from one which is presented to it by the Gospel of Christ. And even with those who are the children of God, the struggle against this carnal tendency constitutes one of the most common aspects of the fight of faith. In the case both of the believer and the unbeliever, the circumstances already alluded to, are most favourable in their tendency to the profitable reception of the word. That any subject be thoughtfully reviewed by the mind, leisure is required. Nor can the majority of persons thoughtfully consider anything, in the presence of what is frivolous and trifling. If the subject be very important, the mind recoils from it, or else suffers from the jarring effects of what is frivolous and common place. It is a relation of things that exists in the fundamental principles of our nature, and we cannot alter it if we would. Cause is not more efficiently adapted to its appropriate effect, than is the leisure of the Lord's day to the peaceful acquisition of religious knowledge, and the cheering and refreshing exercises of private and public worship.

This appropriate arrangement of condition towards the attainment of a desired end, is suitably sustained by other appointments of divine wisdom and goodness. The importance of the Lord's day leisure is enhanced by the ordinances, which receives expression and authority from the following portion of inspired writ: 'Not

forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another; and so much the more as ye see the day approaching.' The divine privilege of the Lord's day secures to the people leisure and retirement for those various religious exercises which gladden and refresh the mind after the toils of the week.

One of the most important of these exercises is the exposition of the inspired word on those occasions when the people meet for the worship of God. The exposition of the word on the Lord's day, when the people are met for divine worship, is associated with a combination of circumstances, all tending as a means to increase the influence of the message delivered. The sacred leisure of the first day of the week, withdrawing the people from their usual employments; its suggestive thoughts of responsibility to God, and of the great work of the Saviour with which it is associated, all tend to solemnize the mind for the reception of the sacred message. The people retiring from their homes and the social circle to a public place of meeting, set apart for divine worship, apart from its convenience, is all in the same direction with that of the quiet leisure of the Lord's day. Nor does the accumulation of influences, all tending to one result, end with these. In the place of public meeting, solemn prayer is offered up for the sanctifying presence of the Holy Spirit, God's praise is sung, His word is read; and the true worshippers, believing His promise, feel that His gracious presence is truly in the midst of them. It is in these circumstances, the most solemn in which the worshippers can meet, that the exposition of the inspired text is delivered with the living voice to a listening and seriously disposed audience.

Considering the solemn and important character of the truths taught in the word of God, where else, in circumstances differing from these, could they be addressed to any audience with the least prospect of results so satisfactory? In the ordinary bustling and engrossing affairs of life, it is difficult to separate from the grasp of the thinking powers the carnal and the temporal, and to engage the mind, free and unembarrassed, in the review of what is religious and eternal. The heart by nature, wedded to the sensual and the carnal, drags with it the thinking powers, and, in the most favourable circumstances, to rise above the unhealthy influence of this grovelling foe is very difficult.

If it be difficult to free the mind from the paralysing influences of the carnal and the secular, it may the more easily be seen, how important those elevating and abstracting influences are as means, in association with which the word is publicly expounded. Their tendency is to make the hearers of the word feel that they are for a time separated from the business of the week, and by circumstances placed more strikingly in the divine presence, whilst the living message of His word is addressed to the understanding, the heart, and the conscience.

(*To be continued.*)

MARIE.

MARIE ELINOR VIOLLIER was born at Paris, of Swiss parents. Her father's talents had procured him a high office in the Russian embassy, and thus, at the baptism of his little girl, the Russian empress did not disdain to stand as her God-mother. The gold chain, by which a valuable ring was suspended around her infant neck, was only the first of a series of favours from this crowned head to the little Marie. Monsieur Viollier, having removed to St Petersburg, to become the secretary of the Emperor Paul, his daughter was placed for education at the Institution of St Catherine, where her companions were the children of the Russian nobility.—How fair and bright for this world seemed the dawning of that young life! One can well imagine that a vessel, so launched in sunshine, was little fitted to weather the storms of common life. Yet it was ordered in the Providence of God that Marie should have more than a usual share of these. She herself always regarded these troubles as mainly caused by one hasty step. She married very young, without the knowledge or consent of her parents, who foresaw that she would afterwards have reason to repent it.

Her husband being an Englishman, she was brought to England, and from that time had to struggle against adversity in varied forms. To this was soon added personal affliction, and the once gay and admired Marie became by degrees a worn and suffering woman, obliged to lay aside, one by one, the accomplishments in which had consisted her whole education, and the ornaments which had been her pride. And now what was left? To the worldly eye, nothing but a dreary waste of destitution and despair, which might call forth continual lamentation and woe. But the Christian knows well that such bitter discipline is sometimes employed by a tender heavenly Father to disperse the visions and shadows of earth, and unveil a glimpse of a better world.

'When we were in trouble,' as Marie afterwards said, 'my dear husband led me to seek comfort where he himself had found it—in the Bible.'

Let us see what Marie found in the Bible that was especially suited to her case.

Her character was remarkable for its child-like simplicity and cheerfulness. In her former education the adornment of her person had been made more prominent than the cultivation of her mind; and thus, though she had excellent abilities, her mental resources were but few.

To such an one, softened by affliction, and prepared by the Holy Spirit of God, how sweet was the message of the gospel! Marie seems truly to have received the kingdom of heaven with the joy of a little child. Yet she was troubled by the memory of past sins. Her youthful disobedience was proved by the Bible to be a direct violation of God's command, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' The sin had brought its own punishment. She was warmly attached to her relatives, and now she heard of their deaths, one by one, in that far country without being able to exchange with them one look of love, or word of forgiveness. It was a bitter drop in the cup of trial, but what did the Bible say, 'Wherefore should a living man complain—a man for the punishment of his sins?' 'I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him.' Thus, in the Bible Marie learned a lesson of repentance, resignation, and contentment, which she never afterwards forgot.

But did Marie clearly understand the way of salvation through Christ? We believe that she did. From the time we have spoken of, she professed to rely on Christ alone as her Saviour, and evidently chose His people as her best friends. Poor Marie! she had soon no others left. Her husband, who had hitherto been her assiduous and tender nurse, fell into a bad state of health, and left home, hoping that the mild air of the west would restore him; instead of this, he gradually sunk, and in a few weeks died. His body was brought home to his sorrowing wife, who, in his death, mourned the loss of her last natural protector. Truly, things temporal were as fleeting shadows to Marie! Riches—favour—beauty—honours—friends—all had been hers, and she had seen them flit away, one by one, and leave no trace behind. But in the Word of God she found that no strange thing had happened unto her. (See James i. 10, 11; Prov. xxxi. 30; xiv. 20.) At the same time the Spirit of God led her to see, that though her prospects of earthly happiness had vanished like a dream, yet ALL hope was not gone. There was yet a better and a more enduring substance, which she might obtain through Christ. (See Heb. x. 34.) In the Bible Marie found that one good man *chose* affliction rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin in a monarch's court, having faith in the recompense of reward which God has promised through Christ His Son.

Let us try to e the superiority of this substance to the fleeting shadows of earth.

I. It is *eternal*,—See John x. 28; 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18; v. 1.

II. It is *incorruptible*,—Matt. vi. 20; 1 Peter i. 3, 4.

III. It is *open to all believers*, however poor their condition in this life,—James ii. 5; Matt. vi. 3; St John iii. 16.

Had Marie Elinor Viollier chosen her own path in life, she would doubtless have secured to herself a continuance of earthly pleasures and comforts. Her thoughtless disposition would never, perhaps, have discovered the vanity of these things, and thus she might have been left (as the poet Cowper expresses it) to

> 'Sport for a day, and perish in a night.
> The foam upon the waters not so light.'

Was it not, then, a merciful dispensation which so overruled her youthful disobedience, as to bring her into a more Christian land, where, though she did indeed 'suffer many things,' she heard the sweet words of Jesus, and was led to put her whole trust in Him?

During her seven years of widowhood she had much to try her faith. Her disease was paralysis of the nerves, which crept slowly and hopelessly more and more upon her. Before her husband died, this had prevented her from taking exercise, and at last he had been obliged to carry her even from room to room. Afterwards, however, an invalid chair was procured for her, and in this she frequently went to the house of God, where her still sweet and powerful voice made melody with a grateful heart. But as year by year rolled on, even this privilege was obliged to be relinquished. The good woman who acted as her nurse found the toil of dressing and lifting her too great for her strength, and there were other difficulties. Thus Marie, in the prime of life, with every faculty still open to enjoyment, was laid aside in helplessness. Her fingers, once so busy with the pencil and the piano, were now cramped and crippled. Her once lightly-tripping feet could not now sustain her body for a moment. Like the woman of old, she spent much upon physicians, but could not be healed of any; yet her cheerfulness was surprising. Utterly destitute of worldly hope, her faith in the promises of God seemed never to be shaken. But the nurse, of whom we have spoken, being at last obliged to leave her, through failing health, hinted a fear that if Marie were left with worldly people, she might be easily led away from the truth, through her natural amiability of disposition. Ah! how short-sighted and distrustful are the best of us. God so ordered it, that from this time, despite the anxious care of kind friends, Marie had first one nurse and then another, who were worldly and unfaithful. As some of her friends were absent when the change was made, it was not known at first what neglect she experienced; for Marie had always a cheerful smile, and would never willingly complain. But when her friends inquired this time, Marie could not help speaking. 'My nurse thinks of nothing but eating and drinking,' she said, 'and I need a Christian companion, one who will sympathise with me, and read the Word of God to me.' Remembering the remark which had been made, some one asked, 'Do you find that your heart has been drawn away from God since you have had no Christian friend with you?' 'No, no,' she replied, with fervour, 'God is my friend—I look up to Him. Though He slay me, yet I will trust in Him.'

When the unfaithful nurse received a notice to quit, she spent her rage upon poor inoffensive Marie, adding to neglect abuse of the coarsest

kind. Marie was horrified at what she said, and the insults evidently proved her death-blow. But she bore them till the woman began to asperse the characters of her minister and his family. 'What,' she then cried, 'do you dare to speak ill of my spiritual guide, and those who have been kindest to me? Begone from my sight!' The woman left, but Marie could not forget her ill-usage. 'I was angry,' she said, 'but I could not help it. She was very cruel to me, but I forgive her; yes, I hope I forgive her.'

Bitter as this trial was, I believe it was designed by God to prove that Marie was a true believer. Though a mere babe in Christ, of simple faith, she had enough to secure her in the hour of temptation; and thus we see Christ 'is able to keep that which is committed unto Him.'

A visitor who came to see her one evening about this time, was surprised to hear her singing, though her chamber was in darkness. 'I am often left alone in the dark for hours,' she said, 'but I sing hymns, and so I never feel timid.'

Three weeks after she sunk suddenly into death, her dying words meekly glorifying her God and Saviour. With panting breath she brought out the word 'Affliction.' A friend standing by said, 'Your afflictions are very great;' but this was not what she meant. 'Affliction,' she said again, 'cometh not out of the ground.' No! She wished to leave her testimony that she knew it was God's doing. 'Seeing, by this remark, that she was quite sensible, her friend began repeating a verse of her favourite Psalm (the twenty-third), 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the *shadow* of death;' she eagerly caught up the words—'I will fear no evil,' she murmured. Her friend went on, 'Thy rod and thy staff;' and again was prevented by the quick answer from her dying lips, 'they comfort me.'

Yes; Marie certainly experienced that the last great enemy is, after all, but a *shadow* to the Christians. It is the last of all that have mocked and deceived him in his pilgrimage here below, for beyond it are the realities of eternal day—and on these Marie has now entered.

'Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears—
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.'

The subject of our memoir was often visited by her pastor, and was scarcely ever met but with a smile, and on leaving, a hearty response to the prayers put up at the throne of grace on her behalf. The Scriptures were ever by her side, and to them often did she refer, with her hand placed on the blessed Book: 'The unsearchable riches of Christ are here, and here the inheritance promised.' Ever since she had left St Petersburg, with some short intervals of light and peace, adversity had followed in her path. In her solitary hours, she would *often turn* her thoughts to her former home, and days of youthful gaiety and enjoyment. On one occasion, when her husband was unable to obtain a situation, and they were placed in circumstances of embarrassment, she was induced to write a letter to the Emperor Alexander, and acquaint him with her difficulties. The epistle was composed and written at her dictation, but not sent; the painful conviction rushed upon her mind—'The emperor will not forget my ingratitude in leaving, without consent, one of the kindest of fathers and best of mothers;' and again her tears would flow at the recollection of her past sin. Still their pecuniary trials increased, and the letter was finally addressed, and sent through the Russian ambassador; and, after a short lapse of time, a favourable answer returned, with a present from the Imperial Majesty of a thousand rubles! Encouraged by this providential supply, an educational establishment was set up in the respectable town of H——, in Cornwall, and, for a considerable time, things went well. The school flourished, and their means increased. An unfortunate parliamentary election took place, however, soon after; her husband, perhaps with more public zeal than prudence, took the side of the liberal candidate, and the opposite party withdrew their children from the school. Their prospects were again darkened. A vacancy in the general cemetery of the office of registrar in the large manufacturing town of B——, in one of the midland counties, induced her husband to apply for the situation; and by the interest of a distant relation, it was obtained. But the locality was not favourable to Marie's health. It aggravated the spinal complaint, attended with paralysis, which baffled all medical attempts to remove. This she bore with exemplary patience, seldom complaining, and always meeting Christian friends with cheerfulness; and though, after the death of her husband, a stranger in a strange land, a widow, and in some perplexity as to her future means of support, she was never unhappy:

'The Lord is my Shepherd,' she would say,
'I shall not want.'

'His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last, in sorrow to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.'

She had now ceased giving lessons in French and music, and could not touch the silver strings of her guitar and pianoforte; but the above, and similar hymns and songs of Zion, were frequently on her lips. She delighted in the conversation of godly persons—sometimes referring to her mother, and the delight she took in reading the Bible. Of her only brother, a lieutenant in the Russian army, whom she tenderly loved, she often spoke, and felt deep concern for him in the situation he filled, surrounded by many temptations; his death was the cause of much grief to her mind. Was he among the number of the saved and justified? Did he depend on the merits of Christ alone for acceptance?

Thus, in a humble cottage, in a smoky,

ıanufacturing English town, lived and died ne whose girlhood had been spent in the aieties of the Russian Court. She, who in er last days was so solitary, was in infancy ındled by the Emperor Alexander, and made ıe playmate of others whose names are illus- ious in history. Little thought she, in those ınny hours, that days of darkness were in ore for her. Little dreamed she that her verses would make her appear 'as a wonder ıto many.' But she has passed away, and ft her life as a lesson; for this story is no oetic dream nor penciled fable, but a simple cord of facts, which, if written in detail, might ll a volume. To take notice of, and endea- our to improve, such events, must certainly be ue wisdom; for, as the Bible says, 'Whoso wise, and shall observe these things, even ıey shall understand the loving-kindness of ıe Lord.'

It was hinted that Marie's life would read lesson to the busy worldling. We think it eaks plainly also to the young, the gay, and ıe light-hearted. Grasp not too eagerly at ıe illusive shadows round you. Forget not ıe true substance—'Set your affections on ings above.' What! shall the pious cottager richer far than you? Will you despise the avenly 'mansions,' and the promised inherit- ıce? God forbid!

But perhaps some reader may be desolate this world. Yet, *if thou art a true Christian*, comforted. He who is Alpha and Omega ay say to thee, 'I know thy works, and tri- ılation, and poverty, *but thou art rich;* fear ne of those things which thou shalt suffer. e faithful unto death, and I will give thee a own of life.'

But does the reader ask with trembling, How can I gain this substance? or, being ine, how can I be *sure* that I possess it?' eader, there is no mystery here. However scrutable may be God's providence, His way grace is plain. Thou must 'truly repent, ıd unfeignedly believe His holy gospel.' Feel- g thyself utterly lost and undone, thou must ng all thy hopes of eternal life on what ırist has done for thee, and come to Him in th.

'But I cannot do this of myself.' Assuredly t, for faith is the gift of God, the first pro- mised gift of the Holy Spirit, who will after- wards give 'all good things.'

'But it seems only to be given to a chosen few; for true believers in Christ are greatly in the minority.'

Oh, cavilling and doubting heart! wouldst thou limit the grace of God? Hear His own gracious words,—'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; for EVERY ONE that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth.' Could any words more plainly point out a duty, and ensure a promised privilege? It is evident, then, that this treasure is not hid from the search of faith.

There is, in fact, but one great danger to every sinner in this fallen, apostate world. It is that of *despising* the heavenly birthright, bought by a Saviour's groans, and prayers, and blood. (See Heb. xii. 16, 17.) The many who, with all their might, grasp at a shadow, hoping it may contain 'one morsel of meat,' are, we fear, amongst these '*despisers*.'

And thus it happens that 'not many wise, after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and base things of the world, and things that are despised, yea, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are;' and wherefore? 'That no flesh should glory in His presence,' and that the rich of this world might confess themselves 'poor and miserable,' and come humbly to buy 'without money and without price,' the 'gold tried in the fire,' the 'white raiment,' and the palm of victory.

These lessons we have drawn from the touching history of one who has tasted earth's joys, was robbed of them all, and yet died in simple faith and perfect peace. 'For they that say such things, declare plainly that they seek a country.'

Here is nothing to glorify the weak creature, but much to lead to the Creator and Saviour, who has such an inheritance to give, such bless- ings to bestow. On Him let us fix our hearts, 'until the day break, and the shadows flee away.'

Union with Christ, by a living faith, makes one a 'joint heir to an inheritance incorruptible and full of glory.' How can any one, therefore, be otherwise than cheerful and happy, under the severest trials and heaviest revulsions?

HINTS FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

1. NEVER neglect daily private prayer; and en you pray, remember that God is present l that He hears your prayers. (1 John v. 14.)

2. Never neglect daily private Bible read- ; and when you read, remember that God is aking to you, and that you are to believe and upon what He says. All backsliding begins th the neglect of these two rules (John v. 39.)

3. Never let a day pass without doing some- ng for Jesus. Every morning reflect on what sus has done for you, and then ask yourself, What am I doing for him?' (Matt. v. 18.)

4. If you are ever in doubt as to a thing ing right or wrong, go to your room, and consider whether you can do it in the name of Jesus, and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. v. 17.) If you cannot do this it is wrong (Rom. xiv. 23.)

5. Never take your Christianity from Chris- tians, or argue, because such and such people do so, that therefore *you* may. (2 Cor. x. 12.) You are to ask yourself, 'How would the Lord have me act?' Follow Him. (John xviii. 27.)

6. Never trust your feelings, or the opinions of men, if they contradict God's word. If authorities are pleaded, still 'let God be true, but every man a liar.' (Rom. viii. 4.)

—*National Baptist.*

Gems from Thomas Watson.

BORN (about) 1634. DIED (about) 1690.

1. FORGIVENESS of sin is through the blood of Christ. Free grace is the impulsive cause, Christ's blood is the meritorious. Justice would be revenged either on the sinner or the surety. Every pardon is the price of blood.

2. God having forgiven sin, will call it no more into remembrance. The Lord will make an act of indemnity, He will not upbraid us for former unkindnesses, or sue us with a cancelled bond, but will cast our sins into the depth of the sea; and sin shall not be cast in as a cork which riseth up again, but as lead which sinks to the bottom.

3. The pardoned soul is out of the gun-shot of hell. Satan may accuse, but Christ will show a discharge. The pardoned soul may go to God with boldness in prayer, but guilt clips the wings of prayer, that it cannot flee to the throne of grace, while forgiveness breeds confidence: he who hath His pardon may look his prince in the face with comfort.

4. The goodness of a Christian lies in his holiness, as the goodness of the air lies in the clearness of it, and the worth of gold in its pureness.

5. Proud professors, who do not lay the whole stress of their salvation upon Christ, but would mingle their dross with His gold, their duties with His merits, this is to steal a jewel from Christ's crown, and implicitly to deny Him to be a perfect Saviour.

6. The word of God is a sovereign comfort in distress; while we follow this cloud, the rock follows us, Christ is the fountain of living water, the word is the golden pipe through which it runs: what can revive at the hour of death, but the word of life!

7. As Moses had often the rod of God in his hand, so should we have the book of God in our hand: when we want direction, do we consult with this sacred oracle? when we find corruptions strong, do we make use of this sword of the spirit to hew them down? when we are disconsolated, do we go to this water of life bottle for comfort?—then we are lovers of the word. But alas, how can they say they love the Scriptures, who are seldom conversant in them! their eyes begin to be sore when they look upon a Bible: the Two Testaments are hung bye, like rusty armour, which is seldom or never made use of: the Lord wrote the law with His own finger, but though God took pains to write, men will not take pains to read; they had rather look upon a pair of cards than upon a Bible.

8. The more worth any man hath, the more humble he is. Feathers fly up but gold descends—The golden saint descends in humility. If we would be humble, let us contemplate our mortality. Shall dust exalt itself? The thoughts of the grave should bury our pride.

9. Under the law, Aaron was to light the lamps, when he burned the incense upon the altar. Incense did typifie prayer, and the lighting of the lamps did typfie knowledge: when the incense of prayer burns, the lamps of knowledge must be lighted. 'I will pray with the understanding.'

10. It is not so much the gifts of the spirit, as the groans of the spirit that God likes. Prayer is called a wrestling, and a pouring out of the soul. Prayer is compared to incense. Incense without fire makes no sweet smell: prayer without fervency, is like incense without fire.

11. A wicked man's prayer is sick of the plague, and God will not come near him. The load stone loseth its virtue when it is bespread with garlick; so doth prayer, when it is polluted with sin.

12. Sincerity is the beauty of a Christian; wherein lies the beauty of a diamond, but in this that it is a true diamond? If it be counterfeit, it is worth nothing: so wherein lies the beauty of a Christian, but in this, that he hath truth in the inward parts.

13. Afflictions are for our benefit. We pray that God would take such a course with us as may do our soul's good; when God is afflicting us, He is hearing our prayers; He doth it for our profit, not that afflictions in themselves do profit us, but as God's spirit works with them. For as the waters of Bethesda could not give health of themselves, unless the angel descended and stirred the waters, so the waters of affliction are not in themselves healing, till God's Spirit co-operates and sanctifies them to us.

From 'The Godly Man's Picture; drawn with a Scripture Pensil.' By THOMAS WATSON. 1666.

SERVING OUR GENERATION.

BY THE REV. J. J. BONAR, GREENOCK.

'or David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption.'—ACTS xiii. 36.

THIS is Paul's tribute to David's worth; and if it be short, it is true, simple, full, and warm-hearted. There is beauty in every line, and ıning in every letter, calmly showing, as it s, what David did for God through life, and ıt God did for David when he came to die. Let us, then, visit the tomb of the Great ıg for a moment, and read off what the eat Apostle has chiselled on the marble:—*lavid, after he had served his own generation by will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his hers, and saw corruption.*' If the Holy Ghost with us, the meditation cannot be devoid of ›fit.

I. It is *David's life* which comes first; and that the text affirms, '*He served his own gene-ion by the will of God.*'

They gave him a sumptuous burial, and a yal sepulchre: and who deserved the honour, not David? But they shrouded the warrior his own banner—they embalmed the monarch th spices: and now, as we stand before the mb, how sweet are the odours which flow out; w blessed a record meets the eye! '*He ved his own generation, by the will of God, and l on sleep.*'

> 'The saint, who seemed to die in earth's rude strife,
> Has won a double life.
> He only left these weary ways
> To live in memory *here*,
> In *heaven* by love and praise.'

Even in David's youth, the stony heart was oken within him, and '*he was born again.*' race transferred him early from the bondage Satan to the liberty of Christ. By Him who, the fulness of time, was to suffer for man, ıd in the room of man, he was set free alike om the curse of wrath, and the yoke of sin. e was ransomed—he was adopted: and from ıat hour, as a loving child, a conscious heir, › claimed God as his Father: he honoured im as his Sovereign: and, with a loyalty hich never vacillated, '*he served Him according His will.*'

1. Observe here the nature of the life de-ıribed by these words; and notice how it con-sists in service: that it relates to us as servants: for we read,—'*He served.*'

Now, at the least, this implies *activity*, and indicates David's life to have been one of strenuous zeal, and devoted effort. It involves *consent* too; for the word '*serve*,' does not suggest the extorted drudgery of a slave, but the harmonious co-operation of many rowers plying the same oar, and speeding the same vessel. Such 'service' however, includes *perseverance* also; not only a cordial and vigorous impulse, which soon wears out, but a uniform and unremitted exertion, till the haven is reached. And shall we not add to these properties of 'service' that of *condescension*? for David was a king, yet he stooped to '*serve.*' Though called to rule, no more was he, in his own eye, than '*a servant*' all his days. This rower might not walk on deck, even when the sun shone, and the evening breeze was fresh, but still cleaves to his bench, and works hard as any of his comrades. Yea: and let us remember, that it was for *others*—not for himself—David sweated: that, in his meekness, he did not refuse to wear even the fetters of a prisoner, and eat the bread of a fugitive, for the sake of those whom he had undertaken '*to serve.*'

Such was David's *life*, as it flowed out of a spirit quickened from on high. *He was a servant.* Taking the servant's name, filling the servant's place, performing the servant's work, 'he served!' It is not related that he conquered, or that he ruled, though he did both. It is not said that he was a prince, or a warrior, though he were both. It is simply told that '*he served;*' that he was '*a servant!*'

Beloved, be it *ours* to imbibe David's spirit; to walk in David's footsteps; to fulfil David's course; and no other epitaph let us covet for our monument than what was cut on his—'*he served!*' There is much scope for well-doing in the Church, and in the world both,—to elevate the spirituality of the one, and to mitigate the evils of the other. Let us then gird up our loins, and do more than live, more than work, more than testify—let us '*serve!*' It is easy to be members of a congregation, but we must be *servants* too. It is easy to call ourselves Christian, but we must be *servants*

moreover. It is easy to profess the Doctrines of the Bible, but, over and above, we must be *servants*. It is easy to mingle in the ranks of the Church, but unless our name is a mere pretext, we must be *servants* also! Yes, we must be *servants*,—servants of Christ, and servants to 'the household of faith,' and servants to the world at large. We must '*serve*;' and our service must be active, sincere, self-denied, co-operative, unslackening. *The service*—as the word imports—of a rower, who will ply the oar, or bale the water, or shift the helm as the stream requires, and who is as careful not to quarrel with his fellows, or challenge his pilot, but who clings to his post until the voyage is done.

The example of David is plentiful guidance for us in what I now inculcate; but David is not our *only* example. For of heaven and earth is it not said (Ps. cxiv. 91), '*All are thy servants?*' Do we not read in Heb. i. 14, of the angels, '*that they are all ministering spirits?*' What are the ransomed doing within the veil, according to Rev. vii. 15? '*They serve him night and day.*' But greater than all these, we know from Phil. ii. 6, that '*he who was in the form of God*'—subsisting in the essence of Deity—'*took upon him the form*' and rank '*of a servant.*' He assumed 'the Servant's' name; He stood upon 'the Servant's' level; and He stooped to more than 'a Servant's' work. '*The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.*' And to proclaim this most emphatically, did He not, on the eve of His cross, '*Gird himself with a towel, and wash his disciples' feet;*' adding, '*I have given you an example.*' '*Verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his Lord: neither is he that is sent greater than he that sent him. These things ye know: Happy are ye if ye do them?*'

See now where *happiness* is to be found, brethren: in what it is that *excellence* consists! In one word: if ye would be joyful and holy too, ye must be '*servants*;' and ye must '*serve*' as David and as the angels '*serve.*' Ye must '*serve*' as Jesus '*served,*' and still is '*serving.*' It is not ruling that will shed peace into your heart; it is '*serving.*' It is not aspiring after great things that will prove and advance your holiness; it is '*serving.*' Ah, yes! it is when ye live for *others*, and not for yourself, that ye will move in David's orbit! It is by meekness, and restraint, and hard labour, and patient humility, that ye will shine as Jesus shone!

2. We have viewed David's life with reference to its chief feature—'*service.*' And now let us consider *the sphere* within which it moved and shone; for we read,—'he served *his own generation.*'

It is a limited *Sphere*, yet vast; definite, yet manifold; brief, yet endless: for a man's '*own generation*' is measured by his whole life, and embraces all his contemporaries. But David occupied this Sphere: '*He served his generation.*' He served not himself; he served '*his generation.*' His was a period of much disturbance, of great excitement, of lawless confusion, and there were few to stand with him. But he remembered his orders, and 'served *his generation.*' He did not wait until things calmed down, and events promised success; but he entered into each juncture as it folded out, and 'served *his generation.*' He did not busy himself with schemes which stretched far into the future; but 'he served *his own* generation' as he met it in daily intercourse, and made Present Duty always his aim. He knew the temperament of his era, the necessities of his kingdom; he marked the direction of the wind; he watched the strata of the clouds, and 'served *his own* generation' in all that was calculated to promote its interests.

Yes, David *did* 'serve his own generation;' and 'he Served it' in every form. He 'Served it' as a warrior, ever ready to fight its battles; he 'Served it' as a king, who governed in righteousness; and he 'Served it' as a psalmist, who gave a new impulse to its devotion. He 'Served it' by his faith, and he 'Served it' by his example. He 'Served it' by his holiness, and he 'Served it' by his trials. He 'Served it' in the household as a father, and he 'Served it' on the throne as a monarch, and he 'Served it' in the tabernacle as a worshipper.

In *every way* did David 'serve his own generation.' And let me add, 'that he served it *all his days.*' 'He served it,' whilst but a stripling, in his struggle with the lion and the bear. He 'served it' in his youth, by his challenge of Goliath. He 'served it' in manhood; when for forty years he ruled over Israel. And 'he served it' in old age, when he made preparation for building the temple, and left his dying injunctions with Solomon. Nay! '*and though dead,*' '*he served*' *the generations which were to follow;* for do we not hear him pleading, wrestling,—thus, in Ps. lxxi. 18, '*Now, also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have shewed thy strength to this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.*'

We are not, then, to overlook the Future in the Present, or act under the idea that we are only to sow what we can immediately reap. On the contrary, let us walk *now* so that all who come after us upon the earth may bless our name, and enhance our joy in the heavens. Oh! we may live in '*our own generation*' so as to be spoken of for ever, as the Noahs, and Abrahams, and Josephs, and Daniels, and Pauls, of our age; planting cedars where there used to grow only thistles or briars and flushing

the very cesspools of society with pure water to stay the plague.

Nevertheless, it is not upon *the Future* that our energies are chiefly to be directed. It rather is for *this* 'generation' that we were called, and sanctified, and endowed; and '*this* generation,' therefore, ought we 'to serve.' It is The Present day which is our allotted sphere, and '*our own generation*' must be our peculiar service. We are not to lay up our substance, and say that it shall be put to use when we are gone: we are to serve '*our own generation*' with it. We are not to say that evil is meanwhile beyond our reach, and that we must wait till the tide falls ere we offer any resistance to popular error. 'We must serve *our generation*' in all circumstances. We are not to spend ourselves on plans for the distant, to the neglect of the near; for those abroad, to the prejudice of those at home; but, as the outset and centre of all enterprize, we must serve '*our own generation*.'

And we must render this 'Service' unceasingly. It must command all our resources of mind, and property, and character. It must be promoted by our domestic converse, or our literary efforts, or our political action. We are to grudge nothing, and to withhold nothing. We must be ever on the alert to espy the fitting moment for interference, and as strenuous to seize the opportunity when it comes. Is '*our generation*' set upon the acquirement of riches?—let us 'serve it' by proclaiming openly that 'they only who refuse to hoard have learned to live!' Is '*our generation*' inclined to make free with the Sabbath?—let us 'serve it' by united and unflinching advocacy of God's blessed Day. Is '*our generation*' threatening to remove the old landmarks of Truth and Error?—let us 'serve it' by contending in earnest for the Faith once delivered to the Saints. Is '*our generation*' more amenable in all things to public opinion than to Divine Authority?—let us 'serve it' by stedfastly maintaining that the will of God must be the law of man.

Brethren—It is needless to plan for a Future over which we have no control, and which will have its own believers, and its own apostles: '*let us serve our own generation*,' and we may be sure that, if faithful to the day that now shines over us, the impulse of our labours shall not expire when we have passed away. Our times may be most perplexing, and men 'unstable as water,' with all their boasting; still, let us so toil, and so testify, that it may be said of us, long after we are gone, '*that we served our generation*'—feebly, perhaps; nevertheless, faithfully withal.

3. We have seen David's Life as to its *Nature* and its *Sphere*, let us now glance at its *Aim*, for we are told 'that he served his generation *by the will of God*.'

And I know not any idea of life grander than what these words present, pointing, as they do, to the purpose of God in our being, and our sympathy therewith. Correctly understood, '*will*,' means counsel, or plan, or decree; and the statement before us conveys the idea that David took the place, and wrought out the plan eternally fixed by God concerning him. His was no wilful adventure, no erratic course, no zigzag orbit, which disturbed all harmony, and baffled all calculation; but, giving himself meekly into the hands of God, as a bit of clay, he asked, and allowed the Great Potter to mould him into what shape He pleased, and to fit him, as He deemed best, into the scheme of His sublunary Providence.

For this, David needed illumination and strength, not his own. But he was willing to be taught and led; and by the Word, the Spirit showed him the mind of God, so that he was enabled, even with feeble light, and feebler vision, to do '*the will of God*.' *That* will might be at variance with his own, yet he acquiesced in its decisions; and, though it involved many sacrifices, yet with all his heart he cleaved to it; and even the obscurity which to some extent surrounded it, never proved a discouragement. At times the cord of David's bow was not drawn tight enough, and the arrow went amiss. On several occasions the Servant failed to catch the Master's eye, and he turned aside. But, in regard to the governing aim of his life, David made '*the will of God*' his standard; and to work out holily the end for which he was created, by abiding in his own sphere, 'serving his own generation,' 'occupying his own talent,' developing his own result, wearing his own likeness, as the Most High had ordained, was his supreme desire!

Beloved, be ye not less sure than David, that concerning you also '*God has a will*,' high, wise, holy, loving, fixed; and let the sole idea of life with you be to understand and effectuate '*that will*.' It is true that whether you consent or not, you must fall in with the plans of God, and be forced to give effect to them. But I wish you to be 'Servants,' not slaves; 'Rowers,' not mutineers; and to do all you do, to be all you are, in conscious and cordial subordination to Jehovah's counsel! It was *thus* that David lived; it was even such a life that Jesus led. And *so* it is, beloved, that we shall be made meet for eternal life, by the life that now is. Let me take my own road, and I remove myself the further from God at every step, till, in the world to come, I am made to see, in blank dismay, that there is an everlasting interval between us. But let me enter into the mind of God regarding me; let me ever be in unison with the purposes of God; let me aim

only at this, to carry out '*the will of God*,' then will each day, each step, assimilate me the more to Him, until 'I am holy even as He is holy.'

II. We now turn our thoughts to *David's death*, for the text says, '*that after he had served, he fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption.*'

1. It is said of David that he was blessed and honoured '*after* he had served;' and this *after* intimates very significantly the relation of work to reward, the bearing of time on eternity, the link between earth and heaven. David did not die so soon as he was renewed, but lived long, and '*served*' out his term in the world; and in this way was he enabled to lay up as treasure for the last day many holy graces, and many righteous deeds. 'He was justified by faith, but through his '*service*' was he made meet for heaven, '*after* he had served.' 'He overcame by the Blood of the Lamb,' but 'his works did follow,' '*after* he had served!' The sheaf was not cut till fully ripe, and when gathered, it was laden with fruit which would enrich the heavenly world, '*after* he had served.' Ah! the arrival of such a man as David—a warrior, a king, a Psalmist—would awaken an interest among the saved, which would not be shown at the approach of the secluded Isaac, or the pensive Nathaniel.

Take heed to this connection, beloved, of works here, and reward yonder. 'All in Christ shall be saved.' But does a man enter heaven with no dust upon his raiment, no scars upon his frame, '*after*' no 'service?' Ah! he is received, but that is all! Is it one, however, who has fought and suffered for Truth—written and toiled for God, who ascends '*after*' manifold 'service?' All within the veil, up to Him who sits on the throne, wonder and are glad, as he passes onwards. God puts the crown upon his head, and lays him to rest on His own bosom!

2. During all his life David had laborious days and waking nights; but at length '*he fell on sleep*,' and he sleeps well. David expires, but how gently! Of Christ it is said that 'He died;' but David '*sleeps*.' He is pale, and cold, and lifeless; yet David is not dead, he only '*sleeps*.' His hot day is over, and David *sleeps* amid the cool shadows of the evening. His labours are finished, and David '*sleeps*,' as the waking man to whom '*sleep* is sweet!' The curtains of darkness are around David, and no one sitteth by; but he '*sleeps*,' and a more quiet *sleep* no infant ever slept upon its mother's breast. Ah! through that compact and energetic frame, how many a pang has shot, how the sweat used to stand upon it; but David '*sleeps*' now, and his weary body is reposing quietly.

Be not, then, cast into hopeless sorrow, beloved, if your friend is dead. Is he not in Christ? Then he is *not* dead, though he *is* dead, he only '*sleeps*,' and after he has gotten rest, he will wake up again, all the better equipped for God's purpose concerning him, because he 'has had a sleep.' The spirit, free as the eagle above the clouds, soars on high; let the flesh then *sleep on*, and 'rest in hope!'

3. But is the flesh of David '*sleeping!*' Mark how of his spirit it is so comfortably declared '*that he was laid unto his fathers*,' and is with them whom he loved. David was placed in a sepulchre of his own, and so could not, in the sense of burial, be said to '*be joined unto his fathers*.' But we know that this phrase of Paul was one usually employed to denote the persuasion, that they who had left their friends on earth, were taken within the circle of friends around the throne. David is, therefore, represented as having exchanged the brilliant audience of soldiers and courtiers, which he addressed, a few days before his death, for the more glorious 'assembly of the spirits of the just made perfect.' He is in the presence of all whom he used to think of with reverence. He is assembled '*with his fathers*,' exalted to their fellowship, and welcomed to their mansions.

Realize this, brethren, when unable to make anything of heaven but an illuminated solitude; and remember that *there* 'shall ye be gathered with all the blest.' Think of *this*, also, when you feel somewhat uneasy at the thought of departed friends wandering among strangers in a land unknown; for be certain they are united to all they cared for here. It is to Christ 'that the gathering of the people shall be;' yet saint shall meet with saint, friend shall recognize friend, within the Veil. And the entire assembly of 'The Church of the First-born' will be our blessed companionship throughout eternity!

A Roman general having achieved a great victory, the senate decreed him a triumph; but he must wait beyond the walls until they who had shared the conflict with him arrive to partake with him the honour. Then, on the appointed day, with tumultuous shouts of joy, along streets strewn with garlands, and amid altars smoking with incense, they pass through the gates of Rome, to lay their trophies at the feet of the gods in the Capitol. And, beloved, *we*, too, must wait outside the city of God, until the Redeemed hosts are gathered under the banner of our Captain. But then, in one long magnificent procession of all saints and angels, we shall go up with the merry sound of harps and trumpets through the gates, to the capitol of heaven, and receive from God the 'Crown of Life!' Oh! this is

the reason why '*we are laid unto our fathers*' for a few short years, and do not at once enter on all our glory. But no sooner is the number of the chosen complete, than we will defile into the kingdom, and be done with change, and sorrow, and waiting, for ever! '*We are laid unto our fathers*,' only that, with all who have preceded us, we may 'stand before the throne, a multitude which no man could number.'

And what shall be inherited by one is free to *all!* O yes, unconverted ones, make haste, and even yet will ye be admitted to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb! The wedding garment is the righteousness of Christ, and it is faith which puts it on; and it is as freely offered to each of you, as it was to them who now are wearing it on high.

Reach up thy hand of faith, then, unsaved man, and put it on! Look with the eye of faith towards Him who offers it, and it is thine as thou art sitting there.

4. *David* '*fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers;*' but in the last place it is added, '*and saw corruption.*' It was humbling to die, and David dies. More humbling still, he is laid in the dust, and becomes dust. '*He saw corruption;*' and it was needful that, by the chemistry of the grave, mortality and weakness should be expelled from his flesh, ere he could reign in life. Hast thou not seen winter drive all life from bud and bough, until at length, the very stem seemed given up to decay and rottenness? But the life which has left the branch has crept down into the root, and there it warmly nestles itself, until the genial breath of spring tempt it forth, when, once more, the leaf is green, and the blossoms twinkle in the wind, and the richest fruit hangs beneath the foliage.

Even *so* is it with them we let down so slowly, so grievingly, into the grave, and '*who see corruption.*' You think, all is over with that believer now, and that we have seen the last of him, as of the flowers we strew upon his bier. Death has trampled him into 'corruption,' and who will take the prey from that inexorable foe? But read again, and pause. It is not said that David was given over to *corruption*, or that he was swallowed up of *corruption*, but that 'he saw *corruption.*' How soft the term! It was not said of David that he was dead, but David '*sleeps!*' And now, it is not said of David that he is the prisoner of '*corruption*,' but gently, that '*he saw* corruption;' as if to tell us, that he gets a glimpse of it, and that *that* is all. Yes; the life has fled from the Trunk to the Root, and the dead saint lives, even though he be dead. We cannot see this as yet; it is all '*corruption*' to our eye, which cannot descry more hidden processes. But wait a little space. Suddenly a voice issues from yon bright cloud; it is the voice of Him who says, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' It passes into the tomb, it agitates the sleeping dust, and 'out of the Eater comes forth meat.' Life is evolved from '*corruption*,' and the living man walks forth into the sunshine! '*They are dead*,' we say; '*they shall not live; they are deceased, they shall not rise!*' But Jehovah's rebuke to our desponding hearts is, '*Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs; and the earth shall cast out the dead.*'

Lay up these things, beloved, in your heart, and do not shrink back in fear from that tomb where your dear friends are shut in till 'the heavens are no more.' They are not forgotten there, but 'the very dust of the saints is precious.' They are not alone there, but oft-times will their spirit visit their dust, and mark how it '*sleeps.*' They are not melting into annihilation there, but only waiting till Jesus come 'to wake them out of sleep,' and 'fashion them like unto his glorious body.'

When Esther was chosen to be queen, 'she must have six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odours,' that she may be thoroughly 'purified' ere led into the palace. And, in like manner, our Bridegroom, to fit his Bride for her marriage, lodges her in the secret place of darkness for a time, to cleanse her from all impurity, and bathe her in sweetest fragrance. But no sooner is the bride thus washed, and robed, and perfumed in the tomb, and rendered 'all glorious' by the efficacy of death, than the king desires her beauty; he calls her into His presence; He gives her the imperial wreath, and sets her down at a banquet that shall never end. 'The king loved Esther above all the rest, and she obtained grace and favour in his sight more than they.' 'He placed the crown upon her head, and made her queen.' 'Then, too, did the king make a great feast unto all his princes and servants, even *Esther's feast.*' And thus will our king rejoice over US, whom He has called into His presence from the chambers of silence; and He will clothe us in robes of gold. He will give us a sceptre, and bid us reign with Him. Behold, too, He has spread for us a table at which angels will sit, and *the feast of the Bride* will be a name for the highest joy among the hosts of God. 'O daughter of the king, thy clothing is of wrought gold: all thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces. Thou shalt be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework. The virgins, thy companions, shall be brought unto thee: with gladness and rejoicing shalt thou be brought. Thou shalt enter into the palace of the king.'

The Brink of the River.

I HAVE been to the brink of the river,
The cold, dark river of Death;
And still in the valley I shiver
Where my child yielded up his breath.
Chill, chill was the touch of the billow
As it closed o'er my darling's head,
Then left him asleep on his pillow—
My beautiful, beautiful dead!

Oh! dark was the day when the token
Was sent from the palace on high,
That the sweet silver cord must be broken,
And the pitcher all shattered must lie.
Oh! that midnight was starless and dreary
When our child had to fight the last foe,
At length, of the conflict aweary,
Love loosed him, and sobbed, 'Let him go.'

'Great Father, receive the sweet spirit
That is bursting its fetters of clay!'
He slept—he was gone to inherit
The crown and the kingdom of Day.
That smile—like an infant's escaping
From danger to mother's own breast,
Told the moment the angels were taking
Our weary one home to his rest.

We press'd to the edge of the river,
And caught but one vanishing gleam,
As he enter'd the portals for ever,
That oped the bright city to him.
And still on the borders we linger,
And gaze up the pathway he trod;
We hear not the voice of the singer,
But we *know* him at home with his God.

And silently still though I wander
'Mid wrecks that are left by the tide.
Repeating the tearful surrender
Of the life that with Christ must abide;
I hear a soft whisper of pardon,
And promise of wiping all tears;
A meeting, beyond this dark Jordan,
To last through unchangeable years.

And oft in my solitude musing,
Sweet breezes my soul seem to stir;
Such balm and such fragrance diffusing,
As come from the Mountains of myrrh;
The Hills, past all sin and all weeping,
Where our lost ones are watching for day.
Soon, soon, in Immanuel's safe keeping,
We shall meet—where ev'n Death's fled away.

Green, green are the pastures, tho' lowly,
Where the mourners are led by their Guide;
And the ground wet with tears should be holy,
Where we, for a while, must abide.
Oh green be the fruits from such sowing
Of patience, of faith, and of love!
Thrice precious this season for growing,
More meet for the kingdom above!

April 4, 1869. J. C. B.

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FALL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

'GERTIE, just run into the kitchen, and ask Charlotte what time it is; I find my watch has stopped,' said Mrs Linton, as she and the children sat round the parlour ire that same evening.

Gertie went, and soon returned with the idings that it was half-past six, and Charlotte anted to know if they would not have tea.

'Yes, most certainly. I did not think it as so late. I wonder where Guy is; but, owever, we shall not wait any longer for him.'

The tea things were taken away, and seven 'clock came, but still no Guy. Mrs Linton rew somewhat uneasy.

'I wonder where that boy can be,' she said, ooking again at her watch, as she had done nany times during the last half hour.

'Do not be troubled, mamma dear,' said Ethel, 'Guy is such a thoughtless fellow, that e would forget all about tea time.'

'But he could not forget that night is coming n. I wish I knew where he was.'

Mrs Linton leaned her head on her hand, nd sighed.

'Oh, he is safe and sound, somewhere, no loubt.'

But even as she spoke Ethel's heart misgave er. She remembered but too well that she ad parted from her brother in anger. What her unpleasant manner should have driven im to execute the threat he had uttered some me before, of going off to sea? She hardly ought it likely, but the idea haunted her evertheless, and made her miserable.

A quarter of an hour more passed in silence, uring which Ethel plied her needle busily. ercy and the two girls prepared their lessons r Monday, and Eddie and Katie were playing me quiet game at the corner of the table. rchie and Lena had been dismissed to bed some me before. At length Mrs Linton spoke again,

'Percy, I wish you would look out and see hat kind of a night it is, I feel very uneasy out this boy.'

Percy rose immediately, and went to the oor.

'It is very dark, indeed, mamma, and the ind whistles like snow, but surely Guy can-ot be far. He may have gone to Mrs Gordon's, ut he would never stay there so late as this ither.'

'Who saw him last? Who knows anything bout him?'

'He was here this afternoon,' said Ethel, esitatingly, 'and I think he went out after-wards, at least I saw him pass the window when I was in the drawing-room practising. That would be about half-past three, I should think.'

Percy looked at her. He too remembered on what terms the brother and sister had been the last day or two; but he said nothing.

Little Katie slid down from her chair, and left Eddie and their game. She came up to Mrs Linton, and putting her little arms round her neck, whispered,

'Are you frightened about Guy, mamma.'

'Yes, darling, a little. It is dark and late, and I do not know where he is, Katie.'

'But mamma,' she said, in a low tone, 'God can take care of Guy. He can see in the dark as well as in the light, you know.'

Mrs Linton clasped her arms about the little comforter, and breathed a wild prayer that God would indeed watch over her boy, and bring him safe home. And then she roused up, and thought how foolish she was to be frightened at all. It was not late yet, certainly, yet she started and trembled at any chance sound that fell on her ear.

The kitchen clock was just striking eight, when Charlotte opened the parlour door.

'Miss Ethel, will you just step into the kitchen a minute, please, I want you.'

Ethel put down her work and went.

The minute lengthened into five or more before she returned, and when she did so, it was with a face so white and scared, that Mrs Linton uttered a sharp cry at the sight of it.

'Ethel, speak! What is the matter?'

But Ethel knelt down beside her, and put her face close to hers before she answered.

'I hardly know what is the matter, mamma, only it is about Guy; something has happened to Guy.'

Mrs Linton did not faint, as Ethel was afraid she would do; only her face grew white and rigid.

'I knew it,' she said.

'Dear mistress,' said Charlotte, who had followed Ethel into the room, the tears streaming down her cheeks, 'they are bringing Master Guy home. He has had an accident, and we must be ready for him.'

'Yes,' was the reply, but it seemed wrung from her. Yet she rose, and summoning Ethel and Martha as well as Charlotte, set about preparing for the sufferer. Percy, with his usual thoughtfulness, ran off to bring Mr Linton from Mr Fletcher's.

They brought poor Guy in, laid on a shutter and covered with a counterpane. At sight of him, all Mrs Linton's forced calmness gave way, and she uttered a sharp cry of agony. Guy opened his eyes, and faintly smiled.

'Mamma, dear, don't,' he murmured. But Mrs Linton did not hear him, for she had fainted.

Ethel busied herself with her, while they carried Guy upstairs to his own room—the room he had left such a little while before in health and spirits. None knew the extent of his injuries, but the two men who brought him home, said that Dr Wilmot had been telegraphed for. Mr Linton met them in the passage, as they came down again.

'This is a sad business, sir,' said the foremost, 'I am afraid the young gentleman is badly hurt.'

'Where did you find him,' was all Mr Linton said in reply.

'Half-way between this and Middlebank.'

'Middlebank!' exclaimed Mr Linton, 'he could not have been there!'

'He had been there sure enough, sir; for Jonas Hebblewhite says he came to him and borrowed a horse about four o'clock, and said he was going to Middlebank for some lotion for Mrs Gordon. The horse came back without him, and some of us set off to seek him. It was a dark night, and very slippery. We found him lying on the road, and brought him home.'

'I am much obliged to you,' replied Mr Linton, as he put some money into the man's hand.

'No, no, sir, we don't want that. Master Guy is a favourite with us, and we are very glad to do anything for him, but we wont be paid for it, thank you all the same, sir. If only we could have stopped him going such a night as this. Jonas ought not to have let him, for he knew the horse was not fit to go.'

Mr Linton thanked the men again, but he could not stay. He was impatient to reach his boy. If they only had stopped him!

Ethel, meanwhile, was attending to her mother. She had not seen Guy since that first frightened glimpse of him that they all had. It was some time before Mrs Linton recovered consciousness, and remembered sufficiently what had occurred; but when she did so, she pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to wait upon her boy, that it required all Mr Linton's persuasions, and even his authority, to induce her to relinquish the idea, and retire quietly to rest. He assured her she could be of no use; all would be done for Guy that possibly could be done, and she was not strong enough to bear the sight of him then; by the morning she would be better; and besides he did not need her so much now, for he had relapsed into unconsciousness again, and did not know who was near him. But it was with great reluctance that Mrs Linton acceded to her husband's wishes.

Ethel did not leave her mother until she had sunk into an uneasy troubled sleep; then she stole away, and went to her brother's room. But softly as she entered, Charlotte heard her, and coming up to her, took both her hands in hers.

'Dear Miss Ethel, this is no place for you. You can do no good, indeed, and Dr Wilmot will be coming soon, we hope.'

'Oh, Charlotte, let me stay,' pleaded Ethel, 'I want to speak to Guy.'

'But Master Guy cannot hear you, dear, he does not know any one. So go to bed, poor darling.'

Ethel shook her head as if that were impossible, and again begged to stay until Dr Wilmot came. Mr Linton heard the discussion, and came forward with a face from which every particle of colour had vanished,

'Ethel, dear child, you must go. You can do no good, and the fewer people poor Guy has about him the better, just now.'

'Only tell me how he is, papa?'

'Quiet at present; but we do not know how far he is injured until Dr Wilmot comes.'

He shut the door, and Ethel went down stairs. A child's light laugh came from the parlour, and Ethel felt as if she could not go there; so she turned into the deserted kitchen, and sat down in front of the fire. What if Guy should die, and she should never hear his voice more—never have his forgiveness for the way she had treated him during the last few days? was the thought that had been gaining strength since Guy had been brought home, and it would not be put off any longer now. The conversation of that afternoon came back vividly to her mind, and she bitterly regretted now that she had refused his offered hand, and it might be too late to remedy it.

Ethel felt utterly wretched as she sat there all alone, and she could not bear it, there seemed such an unnatural stillness in the house; so she rose and went to the parlour, but that looked more desolate than the kitchen. Percy sat by the almost dying fire, with little Katie sleeping in his arms, and May and Gertie and Eddie on the rug beside him, to whom he was talking, with a pale, wan smile on his face. He started at the sight of Ethel.

'Oh, Ethel, I thought no one was ever coming any more. I have been telling little stories to the children to keep them quiet.'

Poor children! no one had thought of them; they had been quite forgotten in the sudden trouble that had fallen upon the house—forgotten by all but Percy, who would so much rather have been where he could hear and know more of what was going on. He asked eagerly for news, but Ethel had little to tell him; they were waiting anxiously for Dr Wilmot.

Ethel took the children away to bed, utterly worn and weary, poor things, and glad to forget all trouble in the sound sleep of childhood.

The doctor came while Ethel was upstairs; and when she returned to the parlour she and Percy eagerly listened for his footstep on the stairs. He came at last, and Ethel sprang forward to meet him; but it was Percy who put the question they were both so anxious to have answered, for Ethel's lips refused to utter it.

'How is Guy, Dr Wilmot? Is he much injured?'

'H'm, well, yes, he is injured a good deal; how far, I cannot tell you at present; we must wait until morning, and see how he is then.'

'Is he in danger?' Ethel managed to ask.

'My dear young lady,' was Dr Wilmot's reply, as his attention was drawn to her white

ought to go to bed *instanter*, or I
rou on my hands, and your brother
or the present. 'Try to have a good
r brother will require a good deal of
d you must have strength to take
in it.'
he went away, without any more
ormation.
k we had better take Dr Wilmot's
el,' said Percy, when he had gone;
uld like to see Guy.'
t upstairs, and Ethel followed him,
if many weary weeks had passed
ad since last night. Percy knocked
ther's door. Charlotte came and
nd he whispered his request.
)-night, Master Percy, please. Dr
s given strict orders that Master
l be kept perfectly quiet, and we
him, you know.'
)oked disappointed, but went away
)ther word. Not so Ethel.
harlotte, let me do something! you
· how I long to do something for
y!'
is very little to do for him, Miss
ied the old servant, sadly.
: sit up with him then: let me hear
)rd he speaks. Oh, Charlotte, you
so cruel as to keep me away from
)u knew how miserable I am!'
te drew her head tenderly on to her

)r darling, I have the master's orders
)one of you to-night; and as to
Miss Ethel, if you saw your poor worn
you would not think yourself fit for
es the master says he is going to stay
rith Master Guy. So go to bed, dar-
e rested and strong for to-morrow.'

Charlotte went back into the room, and Ethel sank down on the top step of the stairs, for going to bed was not to be thought of. So she sat there, listening for every sound; but all was quiet in the sick room—if they spoke at all, it was in whispers that could not be heard outside. At last Ethel stole downstairs again; she was weary and worn, but she could not rest yet. The parlour fire was out, so she once more took refuge in the kitchen.

Poor Ethel! if only she could have seen Guy, and had his forgiveness, she should have been happy, she thought; but that was impossible—perhaps it would be impossible for ever—perhaps she would never be able to tell him how sorry she was! she shuddered at the thought. Then suddenly there came into her mind the remembrance of the bitter feelings she had so long cherished against Mrs Feversham. If her temporary estrangement from Guy troubled her so much, was not this a far greater fault?

Long did Ethel sit there battling with the unforgiving temper which she had now set herself earnestly to conquer; but the battle was not in vain; and when she rose at length, the last lingering feelings of resentment towards Mrs Feversham had died away—she had forgiven her grandmamma. That night the prayer 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,' was not repeated as mere idle words: but Ethel knew and felt its power as she had never done before. And she lay down at last, with a sweet feeling of peace in her heart; for she resolved to make it the purpose of her life—she knew not how or when as yet—but, God helping her, it should be her life work to try to bring about a reconcilation between the two families.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW JEHOSHAPHAT FAILED.

oshaphat had riches and honour in
.' This was because he loved and
the Lord.—2 Chron. xvii.; Psalm

he joined affinity with Ahab.' A
tunate circumstance. God had said
i nations, 'Ye shall make no cove-
them;' and Ahab was no better
then, though he was king of Israel.
himself with him, Jehoshaphat broke
if not the letter, of the command.
aphat was righteous. Ahab was
What advantage shall be gained by
rtnership?
)rld at large would find mutual be-
ng from it in many ways, and say,
.' Jehoshaphat, according to their
would be increased in wealth and
id Ahab would be converted through
iat's influence. That is the view taken of such matters by the Church generally, and the world. But, *mark the sequel well.*

There must necessarily be similarity of views and feelings, and harmony of action. Alas! (and it is always so,) Jehoshaphat makes the first move to be like Ahab. 'I am as thou art,' he says, 'and my people as thy people, and we will be with thee in the war.'

Jehoshaphat now proposes to ask counsel of the Lord. A great pity it was that he did not ask counsel sooner: then he never would have formed that alliance with Ahab. The alliance is formed, but Jehoshaphat has no idea of giving up religion, neither will he be daubed with the untempered mortar of false prophets, who cry, four-hundred strong, 'Go on, brother, and prosper.' He must see the hated prophet Micaiah, and hear the word at his mouth.

'Did I not tell thee,' said Ahab, when he

had heard the counsel of the Lord, 'that he would not prophesy good unto me, but evil?'

Now see how the unsanctified nature works out its stubborn course. After Ahab had adjured the prophet to speak nothing to him but the truth, in the name of the Lord, he is so displeased with it, that he commands that the prophet be put in prison, and fed with the bread of affliction, and water of affliction, till he returns in peace from having his own way. Ahab goes to the war in direct opposition to the counsels of God. Alas, that it is always so! *Jehoshaphat goes with him*—he follows Ahab's advice in going to the battle robed as a king. Ahab shrewdly goes in disguise. Poor Jehoshaphat found himself in a trap that time, and would have lost his life but for the interposition of God. Hear the word of the Lord, thou Jehoshaphat, who hast entered into partnership with those who neither love God nor keep His commandments: 'Shouldst thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord.'

This was a good lesson for Jehoshaphat, and it would have been well for him if he had never forgotten it. But after pursuing a straightforward course for a number of years, he was taken in the same snare again. He went into partnership with Ahaziah, Ahab's son, who did very wickedly, and joined himself with him to make ships go to Tarshish. (Let me see! That was the place to which Jonah set out when he wished to flee from the presence of the Lord). They made the ships in Ezion-geber, in Edom. But the ships never went to Tarshish, for the Lord broke them: '*because*,'—said the prophet, in the name of the Lord,—'Because thou hast joined thyself with Ahaziah, the Lord hath broken thy works.'

Take good heed, Christian, as thou puttest thy neck into the yoke, to know whether one of thy same nature and kind is to walk by thy side, and help thee in ploughing. Else if thou shouldst be 'unequally yoked,' thou wilt find to thy sorrow that thou hast not only to draw the plough, but that thou art greatly *held back*, by the stubborn beast beside thee.

There is a type for you in what God said to His ancient people: 'Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together.'—Deut. xxxii. 10.

'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath *light with darkness?*'—2 Cor. vi. 14.

—*True Methodist.*

A WORD TO OUR LITTLE READERS ABOUT THE LORD'S DAY.

'Sweet Sabbath hours! time's golden flowers,
With balm and incense freighted;
Throughout the week of heaven they speak,
And things to heaven related.'

LITTLE folks, do you lay aside your play-things on the Lord's day? Your little carts, hobby-horses, doll-babies, and other implements of sport and hilarity?

God's day *is* God's day, not only for great folks, but for little folks, for all, both great and small. The Lord's day is a day of holy rest. Everything, save things of necessity and mercy, must be laid aside—every thought, every word, every act.

We have no right to think about sports and pastimes, worldly or secular things, on the Lord's day; of these think not, much less talk about them.

The distinguished and holy judge Hale testified publicly, that whenever he gave way in the least, on the Sabbath, to worldly thought, he suffered. God rebuked him, if not on the spot, during the following week.

'As a man thinketh . . . . so is he.' Thoughts are words, words are actions. Bring every thought into the obedience of Christ. Make every possible preparation for the holy time, lay aside every weight, every care, every unholy thought. Begin the Lord's day before it comes. 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Anticipate it, keep it in memory. Retire the night previous, expecting, believing that God will make the Sabbath a day of special interest, a day of rest to your soul, a day of conquest and great grace.

Begin the Lord's day with the Lord; continue it with Him to the end. Let the words of your mouth, the meditations of your hearts, be acceptable in His sight.

'In union sweet, fond circles meet,
And home becomes still dearer;
As early ties catch hope's bright eyes,
And heaven itself seem nearer.'

Boys and girls should be trained to keep the Lord's day holy. Nothing like sport, pastime, hilarity, secularity, or things pertaining merely to this life should be allowed for a moment. The whole day should be rest—rest of body, mind, and soul. Sabbath-breaking begins in the nursery, in the very cradle of existence, and goes on, step by step, strengthening little by little, till there is a general *smash* down of holy time, and all manner of high-handed, outbreaking, God-defying iniquity rushes in like a flood.

'Day ever bless'd! type of the rest,
That for the saints remaineth;
Happy is he who joys in thee,
And ne'er the joys profaneth.'

Author of 'Home Thrusts.'

Miscellaneous.

For Ever with the Lord.—'A few more trials, a w more tears, a few more days of darkness, and e shall be for ever with the Lord.' Thus wrote ıe about two weeks before he entered into rest. is life was such, that there can be no doubt but at he desired to be for ever with the Lord, and at his desire is being gratified. Reader, do you ıire to be for ever with the Lord? Could you joy His society? could you bear to have His eye sting upon you? Why, then, are you so far away om Him now? You do not needlessly keep away om the friend whose society you desire. If you e content to live so far from God here, will you light to be for ever with Him hereafter?—*Sunday-chool Times.*

Christ's Enemies.—Those who crucified the Lord sus were representatives of their race, and quite ıdesignedly but really furnished incontestible proof the necessity of such a Saviour as they endeavoured mpletely and for ever to put out of the way. The alignant onslaught now made upon Christ, and is Book, and His Church, is rendering a similar rvice to theology, showing that 'the carnal mind enmity against God,' and renewing and deepening ıe public conviction that the Bible account of human ature is true, and that human nature needs just ıat evangelical system which it bitterly vilifies.

Christian Growth.—'God intended that the hristian should be a slow traveller, just as He ıtended the tree to be of slow growth. If I plant n acorn in my garden to-day, I shall not live to see ıe full-grown, stalwart oak; but it will lift its ıajestic head and spread its kindly arms in time. will grow, but by slow and imperceptible throb-ings. Jonah's gourd was the last of its kind in the atural world, but the moral lives for ever. Gourd Jonah's) Christians are of short continuance, for ıe wind passeth over them and melteth them away.

Wonders of Creation.—'The incredible multi-ıdes of the lowest grades of vegetable life, the ıpidity of their growth, the shortness of their exist-nce, and their enormous fruitfulness, make them owerful agents in preparing soil for the higher lasses, which are nourished by their decay. But no ooner do even the monarchs of the forest fall than ıe work of destruction begins, the light and heat, hich in their chemical form brought them to matu-ty, now in their physical character accelerate their ecay; the moss and the lichen resume their empire, nd live at the expense of the dying and the dead—ycle which perpetuates the green mantle of the arth. Notwithstanding the important part these ıferior beings perform in the economy of nature, ıey were imperfectly known till they become a test r the powers of the microscope. Then, indeed, not nly were the most wonderful organisms discovered ı the ostensible tribes of the Cryptogamia, but a new nd unseen creation was brought under mortal eye.) varied, astonishing and inexhaustible that no limit ın be assigned to it. This invisible creation teems ı the earth, in the air and in the waters, innumer-ble as the sands on the sea-shore These beings ave a beauty of their own, and are adorned and nished with as much care as the creatures of a igher order. The deeper the research, the more does ıe inexpressible perfection of God's works appear, hether in the majesty of the heavens or in the in-nitesimal beings on the earth.'—*Mrs Silverlom.*

THE transactions of Providence are not seen clearly at first; the painter at the first makes but a rough draught of his picture—first a hand, then an eye; but when he hath filled up every part and laid on his colours, it is beautiful to behold: we who live in this age of the Church see but a rough draught of God's providence, but when we reach heaven, and see all the lineaments of God's Providence drawn out and completed, all will be perfection and wisdom and mercy,—kindness and love will seal the whole.

REV. iii. 12: 'Him that overcometh will I make a Pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God.'—Here are many excellent things couched in this promise. The hypocrite is a reed shaken with the wind; but the conquering saint shall be a glorious pillar—a pillar for strength and a pillar for sanctity —'He shall go no more out.' I understand this of a glorified state; namely, that the believer, after that he hath overcome, shall go out no more to the wars; shall have no more conflict with sin or temptation; no more combats with Satan or with the world; he shall have also the name of God written on him—shall bear his Father's name, and be acknowledged by Him as His son—he shall be enrolled as a citizen of the New Jerusalem, and become the friend and associate of angels.

MINISTERS by sending out a sweet perfume in their doctrine and life, make the church a garden of spices.

THE vessels of mercy are seasoned with affliction, and then the wine of glory is poured in.

THE more the diamond is cut, the more it sparkles, the heavier the cross is, the heavier is the saint's crown.

FAITH knows there are no impossibilities with God, and will trust him when it cannot trace Him.

GOD'S Providence is greatly to be observed; but we are not to make it the rule of our actions: 'Whoso is wise will observe these things.' It is good to observe Providence, but we must not make it our rule to walk by: Providence should be to the Christian as his diary, but not his Bible.

LET me penetrate into thy heart, O God, said an afflicted Christian, and read the love that is there. Let me penetrate into thy mind, and read the wisdom that is there, then shall I be satisfied, the storm shall be turned into calm.

But.—Though *but* is a short word it is nevertheless often very expressive and forcible—has a very important connection with what precedes and follows it. As for example in these passages:

'Ye thought evil against me, *but* God meant it for good.'

'The rulers take counsel against the Lord, *but* He shall have them in derision.'

'Weeping may endure for a night, *but* joy cometh in the morning.'

'They laid hands on the apostles and put them in the common prison, *but* the Lord opened the prison doors and brought them forth.'

'If this counsel or this work be of man it will come to naught, *but* if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it.'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ROM. i. 16, 17.

MANY 'apologists' for the gospel have, in their defence of it, assumed somewhat different ground from that of the Apostle here. They defend it because it is noble, philosophical, reasonable, benevolent. It is all this, and more. Yet such are not Paul's reasons for glorying in it. He has fathomed man's infinite need and misery; he has, with divinely opened eyes, looked into man's present condition and his prospects. He sees in that gospel that which meets man's great necessity as a lost being; and it is this glorious suitableness that makes him prize it so much. He is not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, because it is the power of God unto salvation. Had it been less than this, however intellectual and philosophical, he would have been ashamed of it. No other excellence, however great, however appreciated by the human intellect, could compensate for the want of this. To be the wisdom of man, the wisdom of the world, the wisdom of words was nothing to him. In thus listening to Paul's reasons for not being ashamed of the gospel, let us learn what he thinks of that gospel, and what he understands it to be. (1.) It is the embodiment of God's power for the salvation of the sinner; (2.) It is the revelation of God's righteousness to the sinner. This is the sum of his reasons for glorying in the gospel of Christ.

I. *It is God's power unto salvation.* Men were lost. Nothing but a great salvation could deliver; *a salvation which embodied omnipotence.* We may say it is a gospel preceded by omnipotence, succeeded by omnipotence, accompanied by omnipotence, containing omnipotence. God's power was needed. Where has God placed it? In the gospel: out of that gospel it goes forth to save the sinner. In that gospel omnipotence is wrapped up. Out of that gospel omnipotence goes forth to save. The power that is needed for the salvation of a sinner is that which is contained in the gospel. The gospel alone contains this saving power, and as such the Apostle is not ashamed of it. But every one is not saved even by this mighty gospel. Who then are saved by it? Only they who believe. *Into* all who believe, this mighty gospel comes with saving power; working in them and for them the reversal of all that made them lost, the whole of that which God calls salvation. It is in believing this gospel that we are saved; saved at once, freely, completely, for ever. This gospel is wide as the world. It embraces all kindreds, and nations, and tongues. It goes first to the Jew; it begins at Jerusalem, but it does not end there. It goes round the earth; it takes in all men, the Greek as well as the Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free. To every man this mighty gospel comes and says, 'believe and be saved.' There is salvation for thee; not by working, or waiting, or praying or reforming, but simply by *believing.* He who *believes* is saved, whoever or whatever he may

II. *It is the revelation of God's righteousn* This mighty gospel saves in a righteous w Its power unto salvation consists in its be a revelation of the righteousness of God. T righteousness is not that which we call attribute of God; nor does it merely me 'God's method of justification,' though it indeed such. It is that righteousness wh was displayed in Him who is the Righteous O whose name is 'Jehovah, our righteousness,' is a righteousness planned by God, provid and prepared by God, exhibited and unfold by God to the sinner.

(1.) *It is a righteousness revealed.* No long concealed or but darkly revealed, but fully a brightly displayed by God in Christ.

(2.) *It is a divine righteousness.* Not mere human, yet still human; human, yet divine; t righteousness of Him who was both God and ma

(3.) *It is a righteousness by faith.* This is t meaning of the words. Therein is that righ eousness of God which comes to us by believin revealed to be believed. We get the whole this glorious righteousness in accepting God testimony to it, and to Him who wrought it ou

(4.) *It is righteousness presented to us to be b lieved.* God holds it out to us. He says, tak this from My hand; and if you ask, How am I t take it? the answer is, Believe what God says t you concerning it, and straightway it is yours

(5.) *It is the same righteousness which was po sessed by the Old Testament saints.* The 'ju shall live by faith,' or 'the just by faith sha live,' are the words of the ancient prophet, n merely predicting what shall be, but what ha been, and what is. It was Paul's favourit text. It was also Luther's. We become, are constituted just, *by* or *in* believing, and w live by and in believing; for both these propo sitions are contained in the passage. One ju tification from the beginning, one faith, on life. The patriarchs 'lived' by believing i Him who was to come. We 'live' by believ ing in Him who has come; but it is o Saviour, one salvation, one cross.

God's testimony to this righteousness very full and explicit. He tells us what kin of righteousness it is, where it is, and how get it. It is divine, perfect, glorious, suitabl begun, carried out, completed by Christ duri His life and death below; 'for as by one man disobedience many were made sinners, so the obedience of one many were made righteou He who believes the divine testimony gets t righteousness. It becomes at once the proper of him that believeth, not of him that worket 'He that believeth is justified from all thing All the evil that is in us passes over to Chri our surety; all the excellence that is in Hi passes over to us as soon as we accept t testimony. 'He was made sin for us, that might be made the righteousness of God in Him

THE JUDGMENT OF THE GREAT DAY.*

ST PAUL, standing on Mars Hill, spoke as follows to his Athenian hearers:—'God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in ıe which he will judge the world in righteous-ess by that man whom he hath ordained; hereof he hath given assurance unto all men, ı that he hath raised him from the dead.' Whatever interpretation we give to the word day'—and there are certainly some strong easons for not confining it to a period of wenty-four hours,—nothing is more plain in cripture than the generally preached and idely received doctrine that there is a period et to come, distinctly marked in the foreknow-edge of God, though not revealed at present ven to the angels in heaven, in which the dead, mall and great, shall stand before the Lord to e judged according to their works. This period ill embrace two great events: the resurrection nd reward of the just, and the resurrection and unishment of the unjust. In many prophetic tterances these events are thrown together, ithout the attention of the reader being called o the fact that the one might possibly precede he other; but there are a few passages of God's Vord which imply, if they do not directly teach, hat a considerable interval will elapse between he glorification of the saints of God and the nal judgment of the sinner. Of the first class f passages, a noticeable instance is Daniel xii., here we are told that 'many of them that sleep ı the dust of the earth shall awake, some to verlasting life, and some to shame and ever-asting contempt.' So also St Paul writes as ollows to the Thessalonians:—'It is a righteous hing with God to recompense tribulation to iem that trouble you; and to you who are roubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall e revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, ı flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that now not God, and that obey not the Gospel of ur Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished ith everlasting destruction from the presence f the Lord, and from the glory of his power; hen he shall come to be glorified in his saints, nd to be admired in all them that believe' (2 hess. i. 6–10). On the other hand, there is he twentieth chapter of the Revelation, putting an interval of a thousand years between the first resurrection and the infliction of the second death. We must therefore content ourselves with the conclusion that these events are grouped together within the limits of the one period which we call 'the day of judgment.'

It is curious to notice how simply and unostentatiously our Lord introduced the subject of 'that day' to His Jewish hearers, in the sermon on the mount:—'Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me ye that work iniquity' (Matt. vii. 22, 23). The Lord is evidently taking for granted here, that the Jews were already thoroughly grounded in the truth that there should be a day of judgment, although they were not thoroughly acquainted with the principles on which the judgment would be carried on. The Jews regarded all the passages relating to the future glorification of the Messiah, as calling for a continuous or synchronous fulfilment; and whilst they expected that the heathen nations would be judged, they imagined, though without scriptural foundation, that they themselves would enter into the triumphant kingdom of Christ by virtue of their fleshly relationship to Abraham. Our Lord's object in teaching them was not only to reassert the doctrine of the judgment to come, but also to put it in such a form that they might be warned to turn from their evil ways.

The day of judgment is sometimes called the day of God, sometimes the day of the Lord Jesus Christ. Our Saviour describes it as 'the last day,' in a passage which refers to the resurrection of the believer:—'This is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day' (John vi. 39. Compare also verses 40 and 54). Martha also says of Lazarus:—'I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day' (John xi. 24). The same term is employed by our Lord to describe the day of the judgment of the ungodly (John xii. 48). St Paul calls it 'the day of redemption' (Eph. iv. 30); meaning, no doubt, the day of 'the redemption of our body,' to which every saint is looking forward with intense earnestness (Rom. viii. 23). The same

*From Mr GIRDLESTONE's 'Dies Iræ.' London. lunt & Co. 1869.

apostle speaks of his confidence that God will keep that which he had committed to Him 'against that day' (2 Tim. i. 12), and he is expecting a crown of glory which the Lord will give him at that day, and not to him only, but to all that love His appearing (2 Tim. iv. 8). St John speaks of 'the day of judgment' as a day on which the Christian may have confidence (1 John iv. 17), and apparently identifies it with the day of the Lord's appearing (1 John ii. 28). So St Paul expresses a wish that His converts may be preserved blameless unto the day of Christ (1 Cor. i. 8), and recommends that the erring Christian be punished in the flesh, 'that his spirit may be saved in the day of Christ' (1 Cor. v. 5).

In other passages the day is regarded as 'the day of wrath' (Rom. ii. 5), while St Peter appears once to allude to the same period as 'the day of visitation' (1 Peter ii. 12).

Here it may be well to go back for a moment to the Old Testament, which abounds with inspired utterances with regard to 'the day.' We read that the Redeemer will stand 'at the latter day upon the earth' (Job xix. 25). It will be a day of praise and thanksgiving (Is. xxvi.), but it will be 'a day of destruction' for the wicked (Job xxi. 30). Many of the passages in which the expression 'that day,' or 'the day of the Lord' occurs, seem to be fulfilled in some measure in the temporal destruction of ungodly cities and nations; but a careful consideration of the prophetic writings as a whole, leads to the conclusion that the events of time are used by the Almighty, in order that He may set forth by their means those principles which rule the proceedings of eternity; and after every allowance has been made for temporal fulfilment, there will always be found a depth and a residuum of meaning which nothing earthly or temporal will satisfy. This applies equally to the prophecies which are fulfilled in Christ, to those which point to the glory of the future kingdom, and to those which refer to the day of God's judgment on the wicked. No prophecy is of private interpretation. Each prophetic utterance contains something over and above the event to which it apparently refers. The Spirit of God 'filled' the writers, and the 'fulness' of their utterances only finds its solution in those great events on which the destiny of the whole world depends. It is remarkable how often the New Testament stamps a fulness and richness of interpretation on passages in the Old, which otherwise we should not have realized. So it is in the subject before us. Over and over again do the prophets Isaiah, Ezekiel, Zephaniah, and Zechariah tell us of the judgments and terrors of 'that day,' and also of the joys and triumphs of that same day. And when we reach the New Testament, these phrases of the older Scriptures are found to be reproduced with an intensity of meaning which adds greatly to their interest and importance.

The day of judgment, then, will be the period in which all mankind, having completed their course on the earth that now is, shall be presented before the throne of God to receive His award of their future destiny. But who will be the judge? St Paul told the Athenians that God had not only appointed a day but had also ordained 'a Man' to be Judge of quick and dead; this Man being the risen Saviour. So in Rom. ii. 16, he speaks of 'the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ.' But we have higher testimony than that of Paul. Our Saviour himself declares that 'the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son' (John v. 22); and he adds that the reason why God hath given him authority to execute judgment is 'because he is the Son of Man' (verse 27). He that is without sin among men, He it is that is to utter the decision as to each man's character and destiny. This we feel to be right. The principles of the divine code, whereby men will be acquitted or condemned, will be administered by Him who is at once the Author of humanity, the Leader of humanity, and the Restorer of humanity. Judgment belongs to Him by right. No other being in existence could be deputed to sit upon the Father's throne and to discriminate between the evil and the good in that mighty multitude who will then be gathered together. 'The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear HIS VOICE, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation' (John v. 28, 29).

A thought, however, may cross the mind at this stage whether we are not carrying the idea of a judgment day too far. We talk of a law and of acquittal, of condemnation, and of a throne, forgetting that these things are only earthly images. Is not God always judging, always acquitting, always condemning? Are we to expect a 'great assize,' a trial conducted on a large scale, with all the world brought before the bar, and arraigned in the presence of the Judge of all the earth in one vast body? The difficulty of the conception adds to the force of such questions. But what is the true answer? Man's dealings are taken in Scripture to represent God's dealings, for a very simple reason, namely,—because man was made in the image of God. Human fatherhood is a reflection of the divine fatherhood (Eph. iii. 15). Human codes and systems of law, grand and noble as they are in their conception, are dictated by

instincts and faculties which though found in man, have their spring in God. Earthly governments are shadowings forth of the nature of Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. Human efforts, more or less successful, to convict the culprit of his breach of law, or to acquit the innocent,—what are they but faint and feeble traces of that determination which prompts the Lord himself to summon all the world before Him, and to deal with men according to the law which He has given them? And if it be asked why He does not judge each individual separately when his life upon earth is brought to a conclusion, instead of reserving all for one great day, is it not a sufficient answer to say that it is His will and pleasure so to do; and that the very nature of the judgment, as affecting the bodies of men, and their final physical position, renders it becoming, if not needful, that the whole human race should receive the divine verdict at one and the same time?

This leads to the last point which need be noticed in this chapter, namely,—the consideration of the time and accompaniments of the judgment. 'Of that day and that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven; neither the Son, but the Father' (Mark xiii. 32). Words such as these are nowhere else to be met with. They veil the time of the end in impenetrable mystery. The destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans is evidently taken by our Lord, after the manner of all prophecy, as foreshadowing the end of the world; and the primary and final scenes are so blended together that interpreters find it difficult to disentangle them. It is evident, however, that our Lord connects His 'appearing' with the final catastrophe, as we may see by the connection between the twenty-fourth and the twenty-fifth chapters of St Matthew. He tells us that His coming will be universal, like the instantaneous gleaming of the lightning from one part of the horizon to another; and like a snare which shall catch all the inhabitants of the earth. It shall also be unexpected by the world at large: the Lord will come as a thief (compare Matt. xxiv. 43 with 1 Thess. v. 2–6 and 2 Peter iii. 10): but His own servants are always to be expecting Him, whether He come 'at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning' (Mark xiii. 35); words which may imply that there will be, from time to time, critical moments in the history of the Church or the world, at any one of which the Lord may be expected. Such a moment, no doubt, was the taking of Jerusalem. Perhaps we are now nearing another such crisis. At any rate, the rule for the Lord's servants is the same for all time: 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.'

The destiny of creation itself, that is to say, of things physical, is closely bound up in Scripture with the day of judgment. It will be sufficient for the present to refer to four passages in the New Testament which set forth this truth. Peter, in his first speech on the day of Pentecost, quoting the prophet Joel, reminded his hearers that God would 'shew wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapour of smoke: the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come' (Acts ii. 19, 20). However much these words may have been fulfilled emblematically in the past, they will have a far more exact fulfilment in the future. The same apostle tells us (2 Peter iii. 10, 12, 13), that 'the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up..... The heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' Here two events are brought together in connection with the day of the Lord, one the dissolution of the present *cosmos*, and the other the production of such spheres and habitations for renewed men as shall be suitable for their righteous and glorious nature. Not less interesting or remarkable is St Paul's declaration that 'the creature (or creation) itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God' (Rom. viii. 21). The book of the Revelation enters far more fully into these solemn subjects, and breaks up the future into various scenes and aspects. There is the first resurrection and the general resurrection (Rev. xx.); there is the holy city, the heavenly Jerusalem, that is to say, the whole body of the godly, who are built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, coming down from heaven to dwell upon the renewed earth; previous, however, to their descent, the earth is subjected to various catastrophes, its inhabitants go through various courses of evil and of rebellion, and lastly the wrath of the Lamb comes upon them. 'The sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men,

and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?' (Rev. vi. 12–17). 'And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hades delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works' (Rev. xx. 11–13).

Such are the solemn terms in which the judgment of the great day is described by the inspired servant of the Lord, and it is not needful for the present purpose that we should be over curious to discern between that which is literal and that which is symbolical. The Scriptures present the facts in language which reaches the heart of every thoughtful reader, whether he be learned or unlearned, and they are exactly adapted for the practical purposes which God has in view in revealing to man the events which are hereafter to take place. The prophetic parts of the Bible are truly practical. It is possible indeed to read them in a spirit of curious speculation which is anything but profitable. But the sober contemplation of the future, the realization that the present order of things is to pass away at the *fiat* of the Almighty, the conviction that the 'natural' must give way to the 'spiritual,' and that a day of scrutiny is coming for all the world,—these and similar thoughts tend to solemnize our life, and to give a weight and importance to our daily work and conversation, which otherwise they could never possess.

The Ayrshire Embroiderer.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THREE OPPORTUNITIES,' 'JESSIE WILSON,' ETC.

CHAPTER V.

KATHERINE'S exertions on behalf of the widow and her daughter did not, as will readily be supposed, stop with the sacrifice recorded in our last chapter. Having determined to try what she could do in assisting them to clear off their stock, she lost no time in setting out to call for some of her friends in hopes of awakening their interest in an object so desirable. Before doing so, however, she waited on Mrs Maxwell's medical attendant (in whom, on hearing his name, she had discovered an intimate acquaintance), to ascertain his opinion of the invalid's state of health. His answer confirmed her own fears of the hopelessness of recovery, though he repeated the conviction he had expressed to the patient, that a change to her native air might prolong her life, and mitigate the unfavourable symptoms of the disease. He seemed much pleased with the interest Katherine showed in the mother and daughter, for he was a good and benevolent man;—a favourable specimen of that profession which, we rejoice to think, numbers many among its ranks, whose unwearied and often disinterested labours in behalf of the sick and suffering, afford a view of humanity very pleasant to contemplate. He had formed a high opinion *of Katherine's protegées*, both from his own observation, and from what he had learned of them from parties in their native place with whom he was acquainted; and he warmly encouraged his young friend to persevere in her benevolent efforts for their benefit.

But one short week previous, it would, as my readers are aware, have been extremely trying to Katherine to pay visits to her fashionable friends, in the bright sunshine of a fine spring day, still in her winter dress, and the bonnet she had so greatly desired to replace with a new one. But recent experience, and the deep impression made on her mind by the searching sermon she heard so lately, had greatly subdued—almost conquered—such unworthy feelings. And, animated by a strong desire to assist the unfortunate, the thought of her own attire had happily become a very secondary consideration.

The first call she made, she was shown into an elegant drawing-room, from which issued the sound of music, where she found the two young ladies she had come to visit, seated, the one at a harp, the other at a piano.

They rose at her entrance, and expressed pleasure at seeing her. But she found it impossible, for some time, to introduce her errand, so completely were they engrossed with the prospect of a musical party to be given that evening, and for which they were now practising. When at length she succeeded in doing

so, they would hardly listen while she narrated the particulars, so impatient were they to return to the subject of their music. As soon as she had finished, instead of asking the address of the shop, and promising to call, as she had fully expected they would, they resumed their playing, after some slight expression of pity for the 'poor girl,' requesting Katherine to give her opinion as to the fitness of various pieces for introduction at the evening's entertainment. At last, thoroughly tired, and seeing no prospect of doing anything with them, she took leave, and proceeded to the house of another acquaintance, hoping to be more successful.

But, sadly to her disappointment, the result of various other applications proved much the same. In one house, the young ladies were going to a ball that evening, and their minds were so taken up with the anticipation of its pleasures, and with their new dresses and jewels ordered for the occasion, which they insisted on Katherine's going upstairs to see, that they had no attention to bestow on her story. In the next, preparations were being made for the approaching marriage of one of the daughters of the family, and the time Katherine spent there was so entirely occupied in displaying for her admiration costly wedding gifts and elegant bridal attire, that to attempt to enlist their sympathies in the objects of her kindly intentions she found was utterly impossible. In a third, the ladies were about to set out on a visit to London, and their whole thoughts were devoted to the anticipated pleasures of the trip. In a fourth, the only daughter was absorbed in the perusal of a new novel, which, as it was much 'run upon,' could only be spared from the circulating library for a very limited time. And, after a discussion of the light literature of the day, to which her occupation naturally led, she could not suppress a gentle hint for her visitor's departure, by saying that, if she did not make good use of the allotted period, she must lose her chance of reading 'this charming book.' So that, in none of her visits could Katherine find interested auditors for what she wished to say. In some instances there was a slight show of interest in Katherine's narrative, accompanied by still slighter promises of 'doing something' to assist those for whom she was pleading, but which sounded as if there was little intention of fulfilment. In others, there was an amount of indifference that chilled her to the heart. Several of her friends expressed great astonishment at 'Miss Douglas troubling herself about such matters;' and questions were playfully put as to when she had begun to take upon herself the thankless office of a 'Lady Bountiful?'

Much discouraged, Katherine turned from the last of those doors, half resolving to give up all further attempts at obtaining assistance in her praiseworthy efforts from a community apparently so selfish and unfeeling.

'And yet why should I judge them so harshly?' she said, with somewhat of self-reproach; 'none of them have ever known anything but prosperity, and they cannot realize what it is to be helpless, afflicted, destitute. And surely *I*, of all others, have no right to be thus severe on them, considering that, even after the great reverses I have experienced, I was but lately as hardhearted as they,—in my spirit of discontent and sinful repining at a very trifling disappointment, never once thinking of the real causes of sorrow so many of my fellow-creatures have! And, but that God has since been pleased to touch my heart, I should still have been no better than those I am too ready to condemn.'

Then a sudden thought occurred to her,—'How would it do for me to call upon Edith Hamilton? Having so recently lost her sister, as I have not been to see her since, she might perhaps look on my visit as an intrusion. And yet, she is so amiable and kind-hearted, I should be likely to have a better chance with her than with any one else.'

This young lady had been a school-companion of Katherine's, and they were still intimate friends. But they had recently seen little of each other, Edith having been entirely occupied in attending the sick-bed of an only sister, who, being many years older than herself, had supplied the place of a mother to her since she had been left an orphan at an early age.

Her death was a severe trial to Edith, and a heavy charge had devolved on her in consequence; for, on her deathbed, Mrs Oswald had asked her to undertake the same duty to her children as she herself had done for Edith. And her sister, having promised compliance with her wishes, was to remain and superintend the household of her brother-in-law.

Knowing Mr Oswald to be as benevolent as he was wealthy, and that Edith would willingly undertake to lay the case of her *protegées* before him, Katherine, resolving to obey the impulse of the moment, turned her steps towards his abode. The house presented a marked contrast to those she had just quitted; for, although equally handsome in appearance, traces of the recent sad event that had darkened the dwelling were visible in its perfect stillness, in the deep mourning of the servant who showed Katherine in, and in the sorrow, tempered by quiet resignation, expressed in the countenance of her friend.

She shed a few natural tears as she listened to Katherine's expressions of sympathy in her sad bereavement; but her composure was soon restored, as she told of the faith and hope that had supported her beloved sister under severe and protracted sufferings, of her tranquil death, and of the blessed certainty she felt of her perfect happiness *now*.

When Katherine, apologizing for thus intruding on her sorrow, at length introduced the object of her visit, her interest was at once awakened; for, softened as her own heart was by her late affliction, it was the more open to the claims of others.

'I am so glad you thought of applying to me,' she said, 'for I feel almost certain that I can be of use to this poor family. A faithful nurse, who brought up all my sister's children,

having been left a widow lately, with a family quite unprovided for, my brother-in-law was trying to hear of some employment for her, when our own affliction prevented him from fulfilling his intentions. I am sure a furnishing-shop is the very thing, and I will speak to Mr Oswald about it immediately.'

Much gratified at this proposal, Katherine agreed to return the next day to learn the result. And as she took leave of her friend, she could not help being struck with this verification of the saying of the Wise Man,—'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting;' for in that day's experience she had learnt that 'by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better,' and that one blessed fruit of sanctified affliction is a disposition to sympathize in the sorrows of others.

On returning the following day, Katherine found, to her inexpressible pleasure, that Mr Oswald had determined not only to purchase the stock of the shop, but to offer the Maxwells any reasonable sum, on behalf of the widow he wished to befriend, for the 'goodwill' of the business. And, as Edith was authorized to negotiate the matter for him, she immediately accompanied her on a visit to her humble friends.

We shall not attempt to describe the overflowing joy and gratitude of Ellen Maxwell, nor the more chastened thankfulness of her poor invalid mother, on learning what had been accomplished on their behalf through the kind exertions of their new friend.

It is enough to say, that, all arrangements being completed to the satisfaction of both parties, Mrs Maxwell and her daughter departed in the course of a few days for Ayrshire, the latter, at least, with a heart lighter and more hopeful than it had been for months past. She took a grateful leave of Katherine, with a promise of writing her regarding the health of the invalid. And not less thankful was the poor nurse, when, installed in her new business, she found her children in a way of being provided for.

Thus were two deserving families made happy by the timely benevolence of a good and generous man. And no less happy was Katherine at the thought, that she had been permitted to be the instrument of helping, by a little persevering exertion, to alleviate the condition of those through whose misfortunes a salutary lesson of contentment had been brought home to her own heart.

She had the gratification, too, of receiving frequent letters afterwards from Ellen, telling of a marked improvement on her mother's health since their return to their native place, and attributing that blessing, and all their present comforts, to her kind exertions in their behalf.

And the consciousness of having been the means of lightening their burthen, naturally proved an incentive to perseverance in the same good cause; encouraged by the gracious promise of God's word, that in 'due season' it would be given her to 'reap if she fainted not.'

CHAPTER VI.

MANY years have passed since the time of the events just recorded. Two or three years subsequent to that period, Katherine had, with the entire approval of her parents, married a very deserving young man, a cousin of Edith Hamilton's, whom she met in her frequent visits to her friend; for the mutual desire of doing good had united those early companions more closely than ever. Mr Hamilton was junior partner in a mercantile house of the city; and his income, though limited, was amply sufficient for Katherine's *now* very moderate wants and wishes. And, as he was a man of high principle and most amiable disposition, she found in him an entirely congenial companion; so that this, along with the circumstance of being near her beloved parents, made her marriage a very happy one.

But, as we know, there is no lot in life completely so. Accordingly, in the course of time, Katherine's happiness was interrupted by finding that the health of her husband, never very robust, was beginning to suffer materially from too close confinement to the desk. His physician recommended relaxation from business and change of air. And, after this had been tried, finding that neither inclination nor pecuniary considerations would admit of idleness, his interested friends soon obtained for him a situation as traveller to a great commercial house.

Katherine frequently accompanied him on the journeys connected with his new business; both because it afforded her much pleasure to see the different parts of the country into which it led him, and because she felt that the comforts his health required would be better attended to by herself.

It happened, one fine April afternoon, as they were travelling through a lonely moorland tract of country in the south of Scotland, that their horse having been startled by some obstacle in his path, the gig in which they drove was upset, and both were thrown out. Katherine escaped unhurt, but her husband was thrown violently to the ground before he could extricate himself; and when Katherine ran to his assistance, either the shock of the fall, or some injury, had rendered him quite insensible, and unable to reply to her anxious inquiries.

After vainly trying to raise him, and finding her strength quite inadequate to the effort, she gazed anxiously around in search of help. But no human being, nor trace of human habitation was within sight; nothing but a seemingly interminable tract of wild moorland. She threw herself on her knees, and earnestly besought Him, whom she had ever found to be 'the hearer and answerer of prayer,' to assist her in this dire extremity.

The prayer was hardly uttered when succour came; for a few minutes afterwards the sound of wheels was heard, and to her inexpressible relief she saw a market cart approaching, in which were seated three persons—two men and a woman. She scarcely needed to ask their

assistance when they came up, as the moment they saw what had happened, all three, descending from the cart, hastened to do what they could for the sufferer. The two men, one of whom from his dress and appearance seemed a respectable young farmer, and the other his servant, instantly proceeded to raise Mr Hamilton, while the former desired his wife to bring some water from a brook which he knew to be near. His kindly assistants bathed his temples and used other means to recover him, and, to Katherine's inexpressible relief, her husband's consciousness was soon restored; though in lifting him from the ground, it was discovered that his right arm was broken. Tears of thankfulness sprang to Katherine's eyes at hearing the sound of his voice; and as she bent over him in anxious sympathy, she met the pitying gaze of the young woman, fixed upon her with an expression of more than ordinary interest, which was immediately succeeded by a look of joyful recognition as she exclaimed, 'Miss Douglas! can it be possible?'

In great surprise, Katherine examined her features more minutely than the agitated state of her feelings had yet permitted her to do, and the recognition was immediate; for there was no mistaking the soft blue eyes, the rosy complexion, and the innocent, gentle expression, which at once recalled the face to her memory as that of Ellen Maxwell. A warm pressure of the hand was followed by expressions of pleasure at meeting; the more so as, since Ellen had written to announce her mother's death the winter after they left Glasgow, Katherine had heard nothing of her young friend; and, though the happiness of Katherine at seeing her again was much marred by the sad circumstances under which they now met, still Ellen could not but feel glad to repay in some measure the debt of gratitude to her benefactress, when she learned that it was the husband of the latter to whom the accident had just occurred. A silent thanksgiving arose from Katherine's heart to Him who had so mercifully answered her prayer, by sending help from such a quarter in her extremity.

When the first mutual questions had been asked and answered, Ellen went up to her husband, and proposed in a low voice that they should offer Mr Hamilton accommodation in their own house, as she had discovered in his wife the best and kindest friend she had ever known. But her recommendation was not required to stimulate the hospitable feelings of the kind-hearted young farmer; for, while Katherine and she were occupied with each other, he had already ordered his servant to take Mr Hamilton's gig as the speediest conveyance, drive to the house, which was at no great distance, and bring additional assistance. This was speedily accomplished; Mr Hamilton was placed on a litter and carried forward by two stout countrymen, followed by Katherine and Ellen in the cart. The whole party soon reached the farm, which was situated at about a mile's distance.

It was a plain substantial house, with extensive farm offices, and a well stocked yard, altogether presenting an appearance of comfort and plenty. A few large oak, and chestnut trees, sheltered it towards the east; while a pretty extensive garden, enclosed by a high hedge, and through which flowed a clear mountain stream, sloped pleasantly to the south on the other side. To Katherine, under present circumstances, the place appeared little short of a paradise, as Ellen, cordially welcoming her to her home, ushered her upstairs to a neat and airy apartment, where a comfortable bed, with sheets pure and fresh as snow, soon received her husband.

When the doctor arrived, he discovered that in addition to a compound fracture of the right arm, Mr Hamilton had sustained several bruises. But, with perfect quiet, which he strictly enjoined, he expressed his opinion that none of those injuries would prove of a serious nature. We need hardly say that these injunctions were strictly attended to. For Ellen, feeling that she never could sufficiently show her gratitude to Katherine, did everything in her power to promote the comfort and hasten the recovery of her husband.

When the invalid began to show signs of recovery, both husband and wife vied in their attention and kindness to him. For, besides pressing upon him all that their farm could produce in the way of milk, butter, eggs, and poultry, any delicacy they could think of was procured from the neighbouring town to tempt his returning appetite.

Many pleasant conversations Katherine and Ellen had during this time; the latter telling of the faith and peace of her dear mother's last days, and of her having passed away with apparently little suffering; for, though the change to her native air had mitigated the painful symptoms, her malady was past cure. She also told of her uncle's kindness in having kept her and treated her like one of his own family, till an attachment had been formed between herself and a neighbour's son, who had known her from childhood. She added, that she never had reason to repent her union with him, his disposition being as amiable as his character was good, and his circumstances, through persevering industry, now independent.

When Mr Hamilton was able to walk out and breathe the fresh air in the garden, he soon regained strength; and, to the regret of their hospitable friends, shortly afterwards his wife and he returned home, taking leave of them with many expressions of regard, and promises of soon meeting again. These promises were kept on Katherine's part; for, as the cares of a family prevented Ellen from often leaving home, his wife, whenever Mr Hamilton's business took him in that direction, seldom failed to pay a visit to the Hill Farm, bringing some token of remembrance for her kindly hostess or the children.

Thus years have passed away, and Katherine Hamilton still continues to hold on the even tenor of her way, happy in herself, and—through the kindly exercise of every domestic virtue,

and the expansive benevolence of her heart—a blessing to all around her. True, 'riches' have not 'increased' with her; but as she has long ceased to 'set her heart upon them,' she is perfectly contented with the moderate competency she enjoys; for, besides that she feels it a privilege to work for God without looking for her reward on earth, her faith in the Divine promises enables her to 'go on unto perfection,' knowing that there is a more enduring inheritance laid up for her in a better world.

And this confidence is strengthened by a recollection of the service received in her time of extremity from one she had formerly benefited; as, in her opportune meeting with Ellen Maxwell, one promise of God's word had been strikingly fulfilled in her experience: having 'cast her bread upon the waters,' she had indeed 'found it after many days.'

The Summons.

MY eye is full of summer sounds,
Of summer sights my languid eye;
Beyond the dusty village bounds
I loiter in my daily rounds,
And in the noontime shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,
The birds swings on the ripened wheat,
The long green lances of the corn,
Are tilting in the winds of morn,
The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears—
A deeper sound, that drowns them all—
A voice of pleading choked with tears,
The call of human hopes and fears
The Macedonian cry to Paul!

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows:
I know the word and countersign:
Wherever freedom's vanguard goes,
Where stand or fall her friends or foes,
I know the place that should be mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold,
And lips that woo the reed's accord,
When laggard time the hour has tolled
For true with false and new with old
To fight the battles of the Lord!

O, brother! blest by partial fate
With power to match the will and deed,
To him your summons comes too late
Who sinks beneath his armour's weight,
And has no answer but God speed!

Whittier.

A Christian Exposition upon the Lord's Prayer.

O LORDE GOD, Father of mercie, God of all consolation, who art high and mightie above all lordes, and art alone King of kinges, make us we beseech Thee wisely to know that Thou art Our Father, and wee bee Thy children, that we may rejoyce in this Thine unspeakeable love, who hast had respecte unto us poore creatures and fraile men full of all infirmities, to take us from this bondage of our nature, and give us the libertie of Thy saints: in which we shoulde bouldlie call upon Thy name, both rejoycing in the greatnes of Thy glorie, who art alone high, mightie, and incomprehensible, above the highest heavens; and knowing truly how to call upon Thee, to lift up our thoughtes and cogitations unto Thee, to imagine no carnall thing of Thee, or to measure Thy greatnes according to our capacitie, but to feare and reverence Thy glorious majestie which art in heaven, and to put our trust and confidence in Thee, who rulest and governest all creatures. And as wee doe acknowledge all this goodnesse of Thine, O our Father which art in heaven, so wee beseech Thee enlarge our harts, plentifullie to love Thee who hast had mercie upon us; especiallie to set out Thy honour and glorie. And because Thy praises are great in all the worlde, make us, wee beseech Thee, to shew them foorth among the Children of men: yea let them bee knowen among all nations, and Halowed bee Thy name in all the earth; that as all things are done by Thee, so the praise of al may be unto Thee. And because, O Lord, the enemies are so many which seeke to darken Thy praise, that Thy children have no strength to bring to passe this worke; Let Thy kingdome come, to strengthen Thy children with Thy spirite, and make Thyne enemies fal before Thee. Multiplie, we beseech Thee, the number of Thine electe, and increase Thy manifolde graces in them; let Thy word have a free course and passage in many Nations, that Thy power to salvation may be known, Thy Church maye prosper, Thy justice and mercies may be knowne, and shortly Thy glorie maye bee seene, when Thy Sonne shall appeare to judge the quick and the dead. And in the meane time, whyle yet the dayes of this pilgrimage endure, for asmuch as wee confesse Thee to bee the God of glorie; graunt, O Father, that all creatures may yeeld their obedience unto Thee, doing all things after Thy good pleasure, That Thy will may be done in earth as it is in heaven. Teach us to renounce our owne wills, and overcome our owne desires, which we acknowledg, O Lord, to be only evill, even from our Mothers wombe: Create in vs newe spirites and new harts, that Thy good pleasure may bee our will, our owne concupiscences may bee vtterly quenched, and wee may offer up unto Thee both our bodies and soules, to be living, holy, and acceptable sacrifices to doe Thy will, that for euer we may cease from our own workes, and doe the workes which Thou hast commaunded; that we may see at the last Thine obedience to prevaile in the world, even as Thy blessed Angels are redie alwaies to execute Thy will. And because, O Lord, wee bee compassed about with manie infirmities, and stande in neede of many things, in want of which there is great affliction unto our fleshe: Keepe from us, wee beseech Thee, all calamities and troubles of our life whiche are too grievouse for us to beare, and arme vs with patience, so farre to beare the crosse of Thy Sonne Christ, as Thou wilt have it a good triall of our fayth. Keep us also, we beseech Thee, from al vain entisements of worldly thinges, that we bee not overcome by them; but make us knowe that the world passeth, and the concupiscence of it, so that on every syde we may be armed, that no prosperitie eyther make us proude, or to forget Thee, nor yet any adversitie so cast us downe, that we murmure against Thee; but whatsoever, O Lorde, Thou hast given us in these days to bee our portion, teach us to use it as becometh us; that we may know how to abound and how to want, how to be full and how to be hungrie, so to use the world as though we used it not, knowing this, that Godlines is great riches, with a mind contented with that whiche it hath. In this hope of Thy grace, O Lord, we call upon Thee, To give us this day our daily bread: Blesse it unto us which is our portion, and make our desires measurable, satisfied with that which is enough. And, O Lorde our God and Father, seeing we bee by nature impure, sanctifie only by Thy Spirit, and make us Thy children by the free adoption of grace; graunt, we most humblie beseech Thee, that we may see the worke of this Thy mercie in vs: We confesse it, O Lord, and we will not denie it, that our sinnes are manie, and they be before us as Debts for which we cannot satisfie, but they hold us bound in condemnation and eternal death, which Thou in justice mayst execute against vs: But Thou hast made with us a new testament in Thine only begotten Sonne Jesus Christ; through whom Thou hast sworne that Thou wilt not impute unto us our transgressions, nor remember our sinnes any more. To this newe covenaunt, O Lord, we cleave fast, beleving Thy promises, and renouncing our owne works, denying ourselves, and imbracing Thy Son our Saviour Christ, for His sake beseeching Thee, as He hath taught us, Forgive us our trespasses. And because, O Lord, Thou hast set out unto us this condition, under which we should crave pardon of our sins, As we forgive them that trespass against us: Graunt, we beseech Thee, that our hartes may be so enlarged to all our brethren, that we may plentifullie abound in all love toward them to cover, if need should be, a great

number of offences, whatsoever they shoulde commit against us; make us strong, O Lord, to bear with the weak, the wise with the unwise, that by mutual help we may grow vp together into a good measure of faith, and hold fast the band of peace and loue, in which Thou, O Lord, doest knit Thy Saints together. And for the whole course of our life which is yet behind, keep it, O Lorde, in Thy trueth and righteousness according to Thy promise; let Thy Spirit guide us, that in all dangers we may escape, never to stumble at the deadlie rocks of sinne, nor to be deluded with our own concupiscences, nor overcom with any afaults of Satan: but Thou, O Lord, with Thy right hand which is onely mighty, keep us upright and in an unblamable course; that in good experience of Thy long loving kindnes, we may have a stedfast faith to cal upon Thee for Thy defence, and Thou maiest heare us, O Lord, when we crye, Leaed us not into tentation, but deliver us from evill. And when Thou shalt accomplish all Thy good will toward us, according to that that we crave, then wee shall confes with gladnes Thy great and unspeakable majesty, who hast mightely overthrown all our enemies, and set vs at libertie from sinne and death; we shall acknowledge Thy marvelous love which could not be turned away with any multitude of our sinnes, confessing Thee only to be worthy upon whom we should call in all our troubles; and finally, wee shall give all praise unto Thee, rejoycing in Thee, and alwayes rejoycing that in Thee wee have found strong salvation, who onely art able to give us life and immortalitie: For Thine is the kingdome, the power, and glorie for ever and ever. And to Thee, O Father, with Thy Sonne our Saviour, and Thy Spirit our comforter, be prayse world without end. Amen.

—*Old Scotch Catechism.*

BREAD—A TRUE STORY.

THERE is a sort of sacredness about bread which does not belong to any other form of food. It is as though we, like children, took the prayer of our Lord, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' in a particular and limited sense. It is as though we remembered always that He blessed and break bread—that He was himself called the 'Bread of Life.' No wastefulness shocks us like the waste of 'the staff of life.' In Germany, Sweden, and Denmark this sentiment has grown to a popular superstition. Hans Christian Andersen has a story of a proud girl who trod upon bread, and thereby came to grief; and the German peasants always prophesy terrible misfortunes to the man, woman, or child, who mocks at, or flings away this good gift of heaven, even in form of the stalest and coarsest of their 'black loaves,' which indeed, are of too heavy and substantial a character to be made light of. The great Thirty Years' War, with its famines and dire distresses, probably gave rise to this superstition. It has the strongest hold on the minds of the peasantry, the people who suffered most bitterly in that dreadful period, but all classes entertain it to a degree—few are so reckless or profane as to see without fear or displeasure, a slight put upon bread; and that brings me to my little story.

When Napoleon's great army was on the march toward Russia, in the summer of the year 1812, a portion of it passed through Saxony—a proud, exultant, insolent set of fighters and spoilers, making free with everything that came in their way, and often insulting the unoffending people. Among other quiet towns, that of Oschatz was visited with this mighty swarm of imperial locusts, and the inhabitants were called upon to pay tribute in the way of food and comfortable quarters. It happened that a company of infantry halted before the house of a Protestant minister, and there demanded food, and the minister's son, a handsome little lad, with great dark eyes, deep, and grave, and thoughtful, ran in to his mother for some bread. The good woman gave him a large brown loaf, such as they themselves had just been eating. It was indeed their 'daily bread.' This the lad took out and courteously offered, with a knife, to a gallant looking young officer, who, to his astonishment and horror, flung it contemptuously on the ground, saying, 'How dare you offer us miserable black bread, fit only for swinish German peasants! Bring us white bread, you young rascal!"

The soldiers, hungry as they were, in the spirit of their officer, kicked the offending brown loaf about, like a foot-ball, until they quite demolished it, and then shouted for white bread. But little Constantine, who was rightly named, replied bravely: 'We have no white bread,—we gave you the best we had, and you are very wicked to treat that good brown loaf so. My mother made it, and God punishes people who fling bread on the ground.'

The rude French soldiers might have made him suffer for his plain speaking, had not the officer, looking a little ashamed, marched them on to the other houses, in search of white bread, better suited to their dainty appetites.

The incident had been witnessed by a crowd of people, who, shocked and indignant, all prophesied humiliation and misfortune to the discourteous strangers. After a few hours, the French troops marched off, and the old town whose inhabitants they had bullied and robbed, returned to its quiet, steady-going ways. They marched on with splendid visions and magnificent plans of conquest, glory, dominion, spoils and revels—to disaster, defeat—to unutterable horrors of tempest, cold and death. The dread elements, the awful forces of nature were arrayed against them—the blind avenging

f Frost and Fire and Flood. In the som of a strange land, unseen graves, pitfalls, awaited them; and in the clouds ien sky were even then being prepared a, slowly and silently, from the soft ex- s of the summer earth, vast winding- f snow. Many a green valley, in which ily bivouacked on the daisied turf, with ous leaves and sweet bird-chirpings over ras but a few months later to receive white silence—to invite them to beds herous softness and fatal repose, over- r leafless branches, sheathed in ice,—a mingly abandoned by nature, forsaken ghostly valley of the Shadow of Death. en the people at Oschatz heard of the reverses of that grand army, they said: ittle wonder, if they flung good bread ground, and kicked it about, after the of these heaven-defying soldiers who l through our town.'

ast, the remnants of that proud invading me straggling back through Germany. rable set of men were they—sickly, maimed, frost-bitten,—humiliated and to find the world slipping from the grasp deity, the great Emperor—that laws of did not come under the 'Code of on'—that in his magnificent plans of it, he had left out the mighty disturbing al forces, had left out chances, accidents, nces, God.

t happened that the town of Oschatz in visited by the French, and strangely it happened that to the very town ne sad remains of that very company d called down upon their heads the urse. Again they halted before the 's house, and again little Constantine is mother for bread. This time there te bread, and he took out a large loaf ered it to that very young officer he ered well, though now he saw him pale aciated, his brave uniform soiled and ted, and one sleeve of his braided coat empty. To the lad's surprise the officer recognized him at once; to his great surprise he burst into tears, and refused to take that tempting white loaf, saying: 'No my good little friend, I cannot take this, though I am very hungry, as are my men. Bring us black bread, such as we trampled under foot in the summer—that is better than we deserve. God has indeed punished us for our arrogance.' Then little Constantine went into the house and got a brown loaf from his mother, and all the charitable neighbours contributed from their stores, far more willingly than they once had done, feeding the poor, crest-fallen fellows, and refreshing them with good beer, without addressing to them one reproachful or taunting word—without as much as saying to them: 'We told you so—you profane frog-eaters and bread-despisers!' This was the way in which the good people of Oschatz obeyed the command of their Lord, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'

One honest farmer who had actually come to town that day to purchase a farm-waggon and horses, to replace those of which these same French soldiers had robbed him, now filled the new vehicle with sick and wounded men, and so conveyed them several miles on their homeward way, walking most of the distance himself, to make room for a poor straggler. That unlettered 'German boer' had probably never heard of a triumphal chariot, yet his rude waggon was one—only that the conqueror walked, while the captives rode. He had all unconsciously achieved a Christian victory.

As for little Constantine H——, he grew up to be a profound scholar and a great physician, and what is better still, a good, brave, true-hearted man, and what is best of all, he is living yet—and though keeping pace with the century, year for year, and day for day, he does not seem old, for his heart is steeped in the dews of immortal youth—beneficent charities and generous humanities, the enthusiasm of the scholar, the serenity of the philosopher, the faith of the Christian.

—Grace Greenwood.

The Difference.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

Richard C. Trench.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ROM. v. 2.

THE two things which the Apostle brings before us in connection with our justified condition, are the grace and the glory. Let us take up these two subjects.

I. *The Grace.* This means, of course, the state of favour with God; as when we read, 'Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.' It is that state in which we are dealt with by God in free love, and in free love alone; that state in which not law, but free love regulates everything, gives everything; so that, keeping this in mind, we may live and act and pray as those who are entitled to feel themselves absolutely sure of everything that free love can bestow. The Apostle refers to two things in our connection with this state,—our introduction or access into it, and our abiding in it.

(1.) *Access or Introduction.* It is Christ that introduces us into it, places us in it—Christ himself; for 'through him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father.' Christ is the revealer of the Father, the embodiment of the Father's free love. Christ takes us by the hand and leads us into the Father's presence; and thus led in by Him, we find there nothing but grace, favour, love. There is no other Introducer but He; there is no other introduction or recommendation but His blood. He leads us in, saying,—Father, here is one who is willing to be indebted to Me for everything, to My blood for cleansing, to My righteousness for covering, to My merit for acceptance; receive him graciously, love him freely. Thus by Christ we are introduced into the favour of God.

(2.) *Abiding in it.* It is a state of permanence; unchanging permanence. It is not free love to-day and law to-morrow, but free love perpetually henceforth. We are not under the law, but under grace: where sin abounded, grace has much more abounded. We are not in favour one hour, and out of favour the next, according to our frames; but always in favour, through Him who has introduced us into a state, out of which we can never be cast. There may be much inconsistency, much conscious evil, much to separate us from God, or draw His frown upon us; but we are now in a state of favour, and God deals with us now only in free love. This free love faith realises, and keeps us ever under a sense of it, 'rooted and grounded in love.' But of the happy consciousness of this nothing but unbelief can drive us or keep us. Let us then know our privilege as believing men, and stand in this free love: let us 'be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.' It is often hard so to abide; to realise God's free love in the midst of much conscious evil; but that is the condition of every one who has believed in Jesus; and on this free love he ever falls back, when Satan would prompt him to despond, or self lead him to self-righteousness. The remembrance of this free love will alone keep him in perfect peace. Nothing else will avail.

II. *The Glory.* It is 'the glory of God;' not the essential glory of the Divine character, but the glory conferred on us by God; the glory of His kingdom, the glory of His glorious heaven, the glory of resurrection, when that which is sown in dishonour shall be raised in glory; the glory of the inheritance of the saints.

Connected with this glory there is first joy and then hope.

(1.) *Joy.* The word is more properly triumph, or boast, or exult. It is the expression of the soul's exuberant fulness at the tidings of such a glory. It is joy more than sufficient to counterbalance all earthly sorrows, as well as to eclipse all earthly joys. We *glory* in the *glory!* We triumph every time we think of what God has promised to us, and will ere long bring to pass.

(2.) *Hope.* This glory is expressly given us as a hope; as something for hope to feed upon; an object large enough and bright enough to gladden the hoping eye, and fill the hoping soul. It is pre-eminently the thing hoped for; the 'blessed hope.' We are men of hope; we are saved by hope; we live by hope; we are comforted by hope; we are sustained and sanctified by hope. It is a hope that maketh not ashamed. It will not fail nor disappoint. It will, when realised, prove itself to be worthy of the joy which it gave us here; worthy of that God who prepared it for us, of that Christ who bought it for us.

The root of all this is *faith;* faith beginning at the cross, and stretching forward to the throne; faith which brings us into the possession of the divine favour, and keeps us in perfect peace, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God.

Let us live the lives of believing men; at peace with God; rooted and grounded in love; free, happy, earnest, self-denied; never losing hold of the free love of God, and never losing sight of the glory to be revealed.

THE ONE CHURCH OF GOD.

1 Cor. x. 1–6.

BY THE EDITOR.

DEFECTION in the Church was no new thing, even after the most solemn profession. Israel had avouched the Lord to be their God and Moses to be the servant of Jehovah, yet they fell back, and many died in the wilderness because of their unbelief. So says the Apostle was it in his days also. As all were not Israel who were of Israel, so all were not the Church who were of the Church. It is this terrible warning from Israel's history that the Apostle holds up for all ages. No mount of privilege or profession will save us from such apostacy. Pentecost was scarcely over when the falling away began.

Such is the Apostle's argument, and the bearing of this reference to Israel's history upon it. Taking the passage in this sense and drift, we may suppose the Apostle thus handling it. 'Moreover, brethren, let me remind you of some well known incidents in the history of our fathers ('ours,' whether we are Jew or Gentile); let me remind you of the cloud and of the sea; how our fathers marched under that cloud and through that sea; how by that cloud and sea they were pledged to Moses as their leader (as we by the baptismal water are to Christ); how they did all eat the same spiritual meat and drink the same spiritual drink as we do (in their symbolic manna and water); how all of them were put in possession of the same divine privileges in Christ as we, yet they incurred Jehovah's displeasure and perished in the wilderness. See what happened to them! Be warned. "Let us fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."' (*See* Heb. iii. 19; iv. 1–2.).

The passage has many aspects. It brings Christ before us, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. It exhibits the Church of all ages; its dangers, temptations, apostacies, unbelief, unfaithfulness. It illustrates the divine purpose and plan in the history of God's chosen and called ones here. The basis of the Apostle's statement in it is a fragment of Israel's history,—a history so full of meaning, a history meant for us in these last days, a history which, whether in parts or in whole, is a divine picture for the study of the Gentile Church, and of every saint in every age. Let us take the passage in its exhibition of the Church.

I. *The oneness of the Church.* Israel was but a fragment of one great whole, one single vein of God's infinite mine.* Even in Israel's days Gentiles were woven into this whole and became part of the Church; but 'before Abraham was' the Church of God existed. As Messiah in Isaiah calls the Church His 'body' (Isa. xxvi.), so in the Psalms he calls it 'the Church of the saints' (Ps. cxlix.). One Church from the first believing soul down to the last; 'redeemed from among men;' the Church of whose members the eleventh of the Hebrews gives us some names. *One*, because (1) bought with *one* price; (2) washed with one blood; (3) clothed with one righteousness; (4) filled with one Spirit; (5) animated with one life; (6) loved with one love. These things belonged to the saints of all ages and nations; all one in Christ.

II. *The oneness of the bread.* It is on 'bread' that this body, the Church, is fed and nourished; but this is no earthly bread; no mere manna, nor even corn of Israel's fields. It is 'the true bread;' the 'bread of God;' the 'bread which came down from heaven;' the 'living bread;' the bread which Israel's manna only figured or symbolized. It is the same bread for all ages and nations; for all Churches and all saints. 'They did all eat the same spiritual meat.' The 'fathers' from the beginning had but one table, one feast, one bread. Thus they were nourished up unto life eternal. That which a redeemed sinner is to feed upon must be the same in every age; for that which is to be nourished is the same, the appetite is the same, and the strength and stature into which they are to grow is the same. Sometimes it was typified by the flesh of the sacrifice; sometimes by the shew-bread; sometimes by the manna;

* The New Testament word 'Church' is taken from the Old. 'Church of the Lord,' 'Church of the saints,' etc., are Old Testament expressions which the Holy Spirit has employed in the New to denote sometimes the 'Church visible,' sometimes the 'Church invisible.' It is a mistake of great ignorance to affirm that 'Church' is a New Testament word or thing.

sometimes by the fruits of the garden (Rev. ii. 7). But all these pointed to the *one* heavenly bread,—Jesus, the Christ of God; to His broken body; to His flesh, which is meat indeed; to His whole person as the very and true bread of God, on which the Church has been feeding from the beginning, and will feed to the end. This is the one bread which has satisfied the Church's hunger all along; which sharpens even while it appeases the appetite; which suits itself to the thousand varied cases and constitutions; which creates as well as nourishes spiritual life; which invigorates the Church's strength, and knits together the various members of the Christian body; producing a unity and sympathy and identity between them all, which nothing else could do. The bread on which Paul fed is the same on which Abel fed. What a link, what a fellowship is this! The bread on which we feed in these last days is that on which Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and David fed. What a fellowship is this! One body and one bread! Christ the one true bread for the sustenance of the one Church; even of all who have been purchased by His one precious blood, and made alive by His one mighty Spirit, the one Spirit of life, the one Spirit of adoption, the one Spirit of grace and of glory. There are not two bodies but one, so there are not two kinds of bread, but one, and that one suffices for every age. It is everlasting bread. It is the eternal loaf, of which the whole family have eaten, and which yet remains undiminished and unchanged; still capable of feeding millions and millions more.

III. *The oneness of the water.* 'They did all drink the same spiritual drink.' The whole Church; all saints; not only Israel, but the saints before Israel, and the saints since these days. They were 'all baptized into one Spirit' and all drank the one living water, out of the one eternal well. It was not one water for the Old Testament saints and another for the New, but one for all. There was but one drink that could quench the thirst; and it was supplied abundantly from the beginning. The living water is the Holy Spirit, as we read in John (vii. 37, 38), where, after recording his proclamation of living water in the temple, the evangelist adds, 'this spake he of the Spirit.' It is of this living water that Isaiah speaks (lv. 1); of it also that Jesus speaks to the woman of Sychar; of it also that John speaks in the Revelation (xxi. 6; xxii. 17). In the passage before us it is specially connected with 'the rock.' It is not a well, or a river, or a fountain—but a rock; the rock of the desert, and 'that rock was Christ.' For it is Christ that contains the fulness of the Spirit for us. He is the rock which holds the water; the rock which, when touched by the rod of faith, pours forth its riches. One rock and one water from the beginning, for the one body, the one Church; the rock of the desert, the rock which stands hard by the mountain of the law, yet which *is* not of it; the rock beside which faith stands, which faith touches, and which to such a touch yields its gushing fulness. Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters! Drink yea drink abundantly, O beloved! All is free, all is accessible; all is near; all is for the thirsty. Drink, as sinners in past ages have done and been refreshed; stand not afar off. God beckons you nigh. Your thirst is your only qualification; go as a thirsty soul to the rock, this stream, and you will know its power to quench that thirst whatever it may be.

IV. *The oneness of the way.* It is through the desert. Israel's desert was but a type of the Church's. Israel's forty years' marches and encampments were but specimens and illustrations of ours. Differences there have been and will be; yet substantially the way is the same, the perils the same, the difficulties the same, the sorrows the same. One way! Yes one way from the first; sure and safe, yet rough, and hard, and dark. That way is not of chance, nor by the laws of nature or society but directly of divine appointment. Each turn is arranged. Its beginning, duration, course, ending, are all arranged. God, in His pillar cloud, is our guide, protector, shade, security, so that we fear no evil. God in Christ is our companion, and friend, and comforter, all through. It is *His* way, not *ours;* and it is *good.* We are pilgrims and strangers, as were all the fathers, Abraham (Heb. xi. 13), David all the saints of old (1 Chron. xxix. 15). *One* way! Only *one* way, only *one* city, for the millions of the saved. While in one sense we say that the wilderness is the way, in other we say that Christ is the way,—'I am the way.' What a truth for our day, when more than ever men are walking in ways of their own, and imagining that these ways are all as numerous and as diverse as the feet that tread them, or the vain hearts that devise them.

V. *The oneness of the discipline.* The way that of discipline and education throughout. The road may be longer or shorter, darker or lighter; still it is on that way that God deals with His own in discipline. As there is a oneness in *discipline*, so is there a oneness in *sin* and *backsliding*, and *unbelief*, in the tendency to depart from the living God. The discipline is various, yet one; it is suited to the case

each, yet is, up to a certain point, the same in all. The Church has always needed this; and the interval between her being called and her reaching the inheritance, is the time during which it is exercised. God does it himself. He appoints it, provides it, carries it out. Each day's trials, each day's work, each day's business, each day's crosses, each day's cares and burdens: all these are one alike. They are, whether lighter or heavier, the rebukings and chastenings of Him into whose family we have been brought. He proves us, tries us, sifts us, empties us from vessel to vessel, tosses us up and down, that the chaff may be blown away. He does not allow us to sit down and say, this is my rest. He makes us feel that this is not our rest. Satan is here; sin is here; the flesh is here; pain is here; human passions are here; death is here: these cannot be lost. Thus God has dealt in past ages with His own family,—His sons and daughters,—His Church,—and thus He deals with them still. Israel's discipline in the desert is the Church's discipline till she enters Canaan. Through much tribulation she must enter the kingdom of heaven. One rod, one hand, one wisdom, one love, for the one family from the first. 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.'

VI. *The oneness of the inheritance.* The inheritance is not mentioned in our passage, but it is assumed; for the wilderness does not last for ever, and the issue of the Church's pilgrimage is glory. Israel's journey was toward Canaan; her hope was the land flowing with milk and honey; and her eye was on the goodly mountain, even Lebanon. All her tribes and families had *one* hope, and with that one hope in view they pressed forward. So for us there is *one* hope; the hope of the saints from the beginning, the Church's heritage and kingdom, the glory to be revealed in the day of her Lord's appearing. One hope, one recompense, one glory, one kingdom, one inheritance, one eternal throne for herself and for her Lord. An inheritance it is, incorruptible and undefiled, made up of many parts, as we see in the epistles to the seven Churches, yet but *one*, the inheritance of the saints in light, the centre of which is the new Jerusalem, the circumference, the illimitable universe of God's wide and glorious creation.

1. *Learn our fellowship with all saints.* Oneness with the Church from the first day of salvation is our privilege. We stand side by side with them, see the same sights, hear the same sounds, use the same words, stand before the same altar, eat the same bread, drink the same water. We are made 'able to comprehend, *with all saints*, what is the breadth and length, what is the depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.'

2. *Learn the common standing of all redeemed men.* Their feet are on the one Rock of Ages. They are washed in the same blood. They are gathered round the one Cross of Christ. Not one higher or lower; not the New Testament saints higher than the Old; but all alike occupying the same ground provided for sinners by the one Redeemer of the Church.

3. *Learn the strength for a holy walk.* There is food provided; there is spiritual drink; there is companionship on the way; all the saints are there; there is Christ himself, our guide, keeper, light, life, strength. How inexcusable if we be inconsistent! And what a warning in the case of Israel! 'With some of them God was not well pleased.' They turned aside, they disbelieved His word, they followed idols. Let us take heed. God expects us to be holy, and He has provided for our being so. Onward, then, right onward, through rough and smooth, through sorrow and joy, till we rest in Jerusalem.

Exposition of the Scriptures.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CURVES OF LIFE.'

(*Continued from page* 356.)

AMONG the nominal Christianity of the day, an error of an important character, and widely diffused, is to be met with, to the effect that if one knows the general principles taught in the word of God, it is as efficient for practical purposes in the service of God, as it can be rendered by frequent reviews and enlargements upon it in the public exposition of the word. Having once for all acquired this knowledge, they feel attendance on the public exposition of the word, either not to be essential to a consistent practice, or else of very little consequence. This is an error in relation to God's own appointment, as much as it is in relation to principles which teach the adaptation of means to their appropriate end. It is an error, because it substitutes abstract knowledge for living power, 'Our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power.' It is an error, as respects the consistent use of means to an end. It is not the

acquisition of a certain amount of scripture knowledge, however extensive that may be, which constitutes the true application of the word of God, as a means to an end of infinite importance. It is the habitual review of the outer and inner life in the light of God's word; the character of the principles both of the heart and the understanding, the divine attributes, the work of Christ, and the preparation for the application of that work in the salvation of the sinner. These and kindred subjects, reviewed on occasions the most solemn, when the people meet for the worship of God, form an exercise altogether differing in its character as a means, from the mere accumulation of scripture knowledge. The one is a something laid up, with which the life may or may not be practically brought into contact; the other is assumed to be from beginning to end a practical review both of principles and conduct.

One of the great advantages of the public exposition of the word, is its practical application to the wants and necessities of a living individual people. Age, locality, and other circumstances, combine in imparting to a people peculiarities which render them individually distinct from all others. This is so in relation to their moral and religious character, not less than in other respects. The faithful expositor, without being personally offensive, or savouring in the least of the inquisitorial, will yet, on the one hand, so arrange his subjects in view of his people's wants; and on the other, from the inexhaustible resources of the word of inspiration, so that those who are in fault may be reproved, the weak encouraged, the ignorant instructed, and those who are making progress may be stimulated. The word will thus, through God's blessing, become 'quick and powerful,' reaching the conscience, enlightening the understanding, and purifying the heart. Those who are thus ministered to will feel a living interest in the services of the sanctuary. By believers the Divine presence will be realized, imparting to the word a power to comfort, to counsel, to reprove, to warn. The word will be felt as a message of life, full of Divine love, wisdom, and goodness; whilst the unbelieving and the unfruitful will hear from it counsels of love and mercy, and may also apprehend it as a word of judgment, and be led to repentance.

If the exposition of the Word be an ordinance of Divine appointment, it may readily be supposed that rules or principles for its control and direction will be found in the Word itself, and this is so. One of the most important of these is that which indicates the design or end for which the Word has been given. It is suggested, more or less comprehensively, by a great variety of texts, as may be seen from the following: John xx. 31, 'But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, ye might have life through His name.' Rom. xv. 4, 'For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope.' 1 Tim. iv. 16, 'Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee.'

It may be seen from these and other similar passages, that the end or design of inspired teaching is the salvation of sinners, through faith in the Saviour. The keeping of this principle in view is of the greatest importance to the exposition of the Scriptures. It is a line which the pulpit expositor should never lose sight of in the preparation of his public discourses. He will feel its influence to be of a most salutary character. It will reprove that tendency, more or less common to every thinking mind, of running out into extremes that cannot profit, and of spending time in the discussion of questions, the tendency of which is not to advance, but to retard the great end which Scripture teaching has in view.

An earnest and an enlightened view of this principle will not only tend to exclude what is unbecoming and unprofitable, but it will exercise a happy and powerful influence on the expositor, in the production and arrangement of the materials which he may present to his audience. In the light of it, he will feel convinced that no thought presented to his people can be called great, beautiful, or sublime, or even true, which is not in harmony with the one great design of God's revelation to fallen man. He will feel, as he prepares his discourse, that it should have no other aim than that of leading his people to Christ, and when there, that they be strengthened and established in the possession of the truth, through the power of the Spirit of God.

Whatever influence may come to society from the Word, of a reflex character, it will be found to come, if not wholly, at least chiefly, through the witness-bearing of those who are saved by it. These, by being saved themselves, become 'the salt of the earth, and the light of the world.' When the Word has saved those to whom it is addressed, and rendered them as useful in the Master's service as it was intended it should be, it has, in that particular instance, accomplished its mission.

A second principle of exposition is suggested by the inspired injunction, 'Preach the Word,' 2 Tim. iv. 2. Let it be with the expositor a universal rule, never to teach from the text anything except that which it clearly and plainly inculcates. The inspired injunction is. 'Preach the Word;' not something which the expositor may engraft as it were upon it, some fancy or conceit of his own. This is preaching, not the word, but his own thoughts, his own precepts; and such are strongly condemned in the passage which says, Isa. xxix., 'And their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men.' Matt. xv. 9, 'But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' An expositor may be moved by the apparent beauty of his own fancies, and the entertaining freshness of his ingenious inventions; and his hearers may admiringly sympathize with him; but let him and them consider

hat what is false is both weak and deformed, nd therefore can neither be beautiful nor in-enious. In the application of all right means or the accomplishment of a right end, it is only s that application is calculated to promote the id for which those means were provided that ything great or beautiful can be seen in the fort. When the application of right means wards the attainment of a right end is such, s is calculated not to accomplish, but to frus-ate that end; in that case, there is a discord etween the means and their application.

But in a jarring discord there is neither eauty nor greatness. The Word of God has een given as a means to an end; that end, as ready proved, is the salvation of sinners, rough faith in the Saviour, Jesus Christ. It the Word of God that the Spirit has promised bless in the working out of this great end, ot the word of man. 'Of his own will begat e us with the word of truth. Sanctify them rough thy truth, thy word is truth.' If the nlargements of the expositor be not calculated promote this great end, in harmony with the cred text, no word can be spoken of them in rms of commendation. His remarks may be xpressed in fine language, and may exhibit uch that is apparently beautiful and ingenious thought; but when viewed in the light of ruth, they must appear as the efforts of one ho would open an embellished by-path, to llure travellers from their right way, that they ay admire for a few brief moments the crea-ions of his own vanity.

Another violation of this principle is to be ound in the case of those who use a text to stablish, not that which it inculcates, but the rinciple or doctrine which is taught in some ther portion of the Word. To some this may ppear a mistake of very trifling consequence, ecause the truth is proclaimed, though not stablished by the text. But a careful review f the question cannot fail to produce an im-ression of a very different kind. It is an error hich owes its existence either to ignorance of he Word of God, weakness of judgment, or else o the blindness of prejudice. Its effect is in-urious to the success of Divine truth, because t introduces uncertainty, disorder, and reckless rifling with the Word of God. In all ages rror has made use of it as one of its most con-enient resources. For if one who is professedly ngaged in the advocacy of the truth may feel imself thus at liberty to trifle with the Word f God, how much more convenient it is for hose who wish to establish error?

A third principle for the control and direction of exposition is suggested by the following and other passages of like import. Deut. xxix. 29, 'The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this law.' Isa. lv. 8, 9, 'For my thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.' 2 Tim. ii. 23, 'But foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes.' The expositor is taught by these and similar passages of the Word of God, to be satisfied with what is clearly revealed, nor seek to fill up, with his own vain and erring conjectures, that which in his blindness appears wanting to complete the revelation of God to man. If the first principle were kept in view with regard to the object or end for which the Word of God has been given, there could be little temptation on the part of expositors to transgress the one which is here discussed.

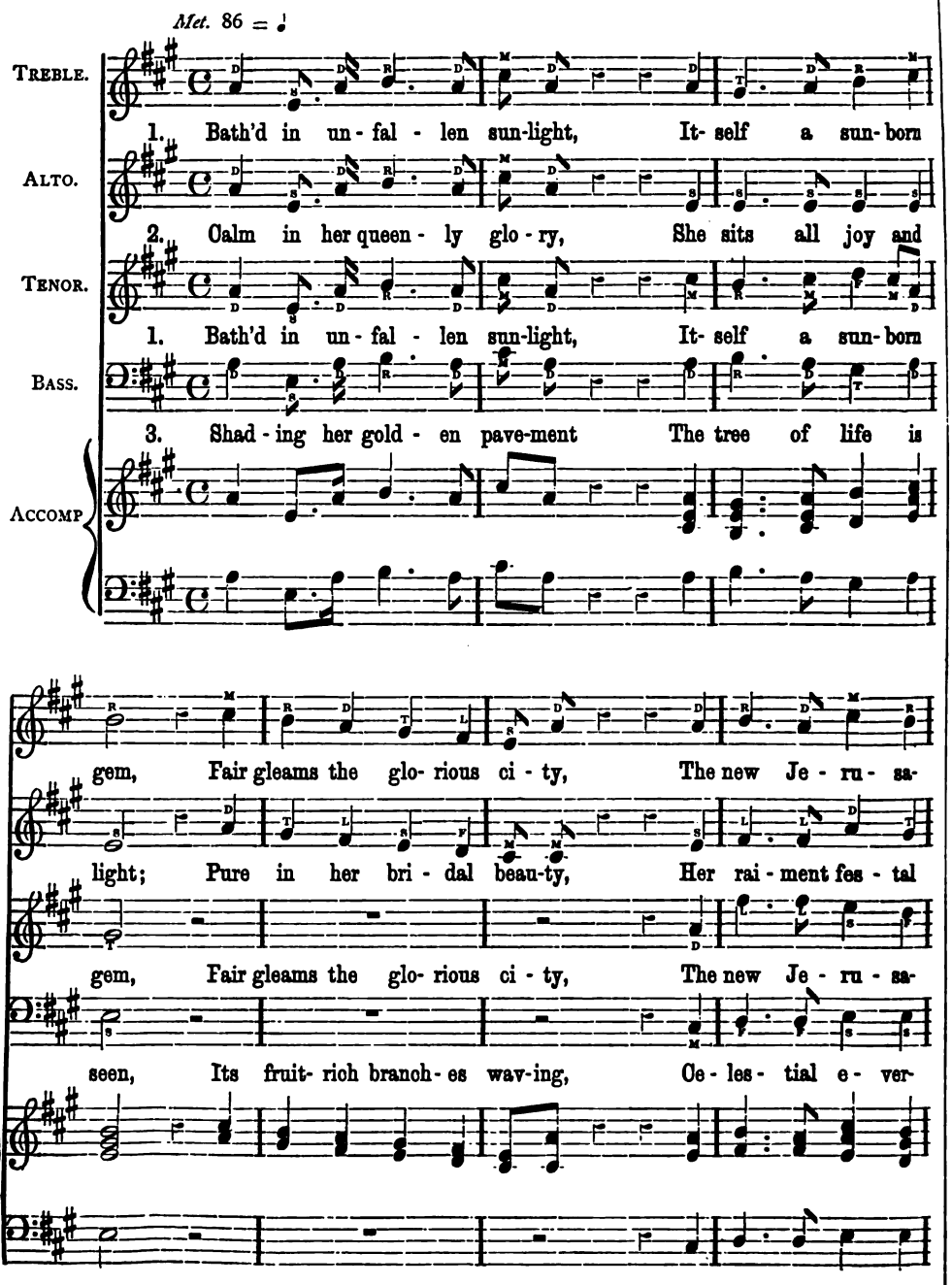
Losing sight of the great object for which the Word of God has been given, many have treated the Word as though it had been given to solve every curious question that might be proposed to it by the imaginative reasonings of the human mind regarding divine things. Such persons not only mistake the end for which the Scriptures have been given, but they fall into another error of equal importance, that of reasoning from what is revealed in Scripture, to the establishment of what is unrevealed; as one might do in mathematics, when from given principles he reasons to the discovery of others which had been unknown. Such persons conceive of themselves as seeing that which is revealed, much in the same way as it is seen by the Divine mind, but less perfectly. This is an error, and is reproved by one of the passages quoted, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts.'

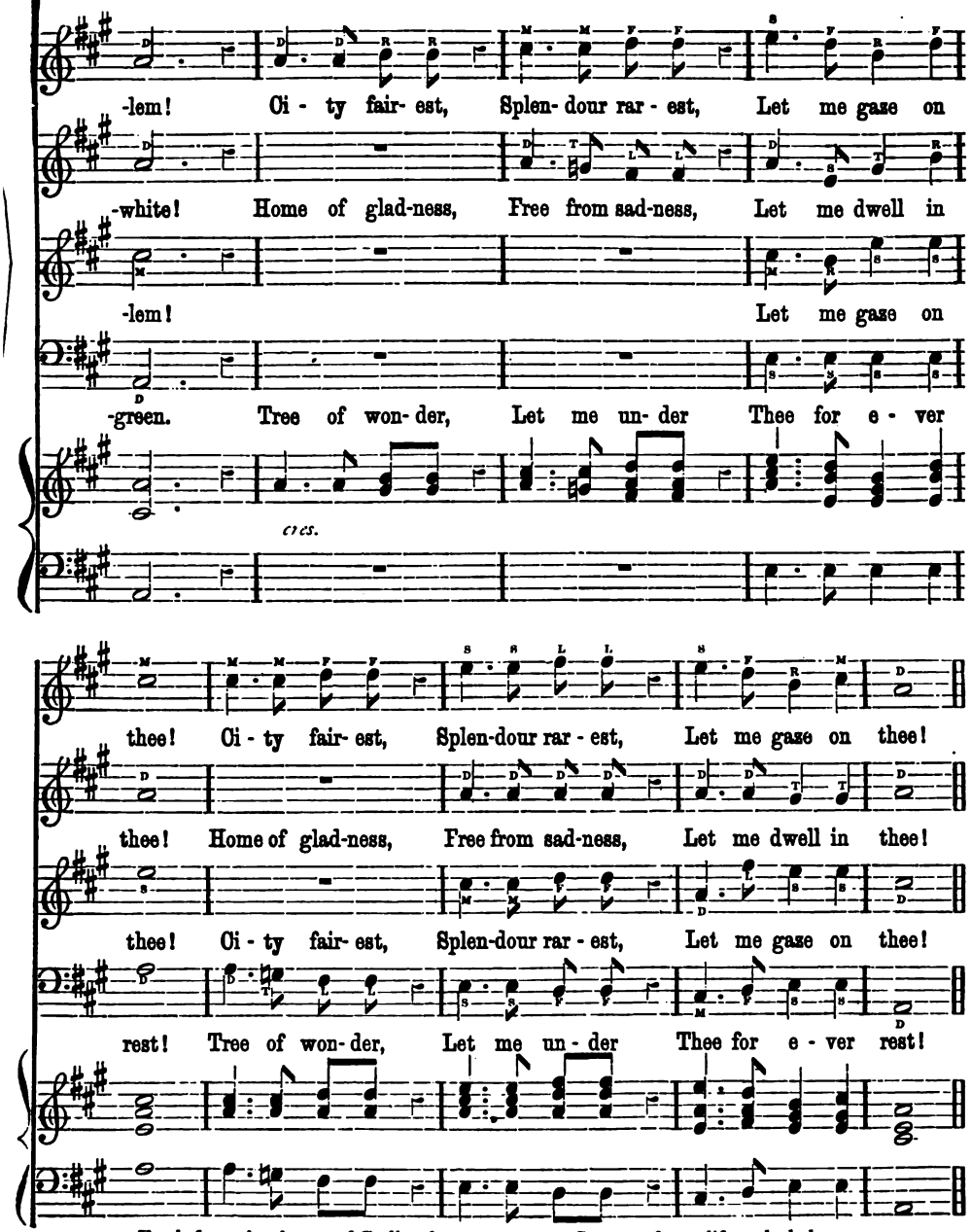
It is chiefly the influence of this subtle error that has emboldened men to reason from the revealed to the unrevealed. It is worthy of remark, that every conjectural principle which men would add to divine revelation, contradicts some doctrine therein revealed; and that instead of being useful in a sinner's conversion or sanctification, its tendency is to some result of a pernicious character. Everything that the sinner can need for conversion and sanctification, and that in all possible circumstances, is clearly revealed in the Word of God, beyond all conjecture or reasonable disputation.

(To be continued.)

The Treasury Hymnal.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Words by Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Music adapted from* Nevin.

Met. 86 = ♩
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp.
1. Bath'd in un - fal - len sun-light, It- self a sun- born
2. Calm in her queen - ly glo - ry, She sits all joy and
1. Bath'd in un - fal - len sun-light, It- self a sun- born
3. Shad - ing her gold - en pave-ment The tree of life is
gem, Fair gleams the glo- rious ci - ty, The new Je - ru - sa-
light; Pure in her bri - dal beau-ty, Her rai - ment fes - tal
gem, Fair gleams the glo- rious ci - ty, The new Je - ru - sa-
seen, Its fruit- rich branch - es wav-ing, Ce - les - tial e - ver-

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

-lem! Ci - ty fair- est, Splen- dour rar - est, Let me gaze on
-white! Home of glad-ness, Free from sad-ness, Let me dwell in
-lem! Let me gaze on
-green. Tree of won- der, Let me un- der Thee for e - ver
ces.
thee! Ci - ty fair- est, Splen-dour rar - est, Let me gaze on thee!
thee! Home of glad-ness, Free from sad-ness, Let me dwell in thee!
thee! Ci - ty fair- est, Splen-dour rar - est, Let me gaze on thee!
rest! Tree of won- der, Let me un - der Thee for e - ver rest!

Fresh from the throne of Godhead,
Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream.
Blessed river,
Let me ever
Feast my eye on thee!

Stream of true life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace;
No harps by thee hang silent,
Nor happy voices cease.
Tranquil river,
Let me ever
Sit and sing by thee!

River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near;
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here.
Holy river,
Let me ever
Drink of only thee.

Bible Class Notes.

BY THE LATE A. ANDERSON.

No. II.

CHRISTIAN LIFE COMPARED TO A JOURNEY, AND WHAT WILL MAKE IT PLEASANT.

'We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.'—NUMBERS x. 29.

WHAT road are all men travelling on by nature? The broad road. This is the easiest road, because it is most natural, it has most company, many to help. Where does the journey of life begin? At birth; ends at the tomb.

When does the Christian commence his heavenward journey? At conversion. What city does he start from? Destruction. What gate does he enter at? The strait gate. What way does he walk in? The narrow way. Where does he intend to travel? 1. To a place of honour; for he is made a king. A crown is put on his head, a palm is placed in his hand, a robe of white, washed in the blood of Christ, is put on him. 2. To a place of pleasure. To sing the new song; to enjoy pleasures, which are for evermore. 3. To a place of plenty. 'Mong pastures green he'll lead His flock.' Living streams. 4. To a healthy place. The inhabitants never say they are sick. 5. To a wealthy place. 'Riches and honour are with me.' Take a look of the city and see its grandeur. 'Through fire and water to a wealthy place.' 6. To a safe place. Beyond the reach of woe, of pain, of death, and all enemies. 'Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.'

Describe the traveller. 1. He is a liberated captive set free. Christ set him free; He came to proclaim liberty to the captives. If He make us free, we are free indeed. 2. He is a stranger and pilgrim on earth. This is not his home: he seeks a better country. 3. He walks not by sight, but by faith. 4. He is cheered and animated by hope. 5. He is careful to keep the way. 6. He fights as he goes. 'I have fought a good fight.'

Look at the ground of the Christian's faith and hope, and the principles he avows. 'The Lord said, I will give it you.' How does God speak to us? By His word and Spirit. A word of promise. Full of promises. Threatenings also. But God's people have come out of the darkness of these into the light of the promises: the light of His mercy and love. Which of the promises is most cheering? The promise of a heavenly home. 'I will give it you.' All the others cluster round this one. Is it his by conquest? No; but by gift. 'I go to prepare a place for you.' No home for his heart here; no portion for his soul here. Where is his inheritance? In the skies. He is entitled to it by the merits of Jesus. Rest there from all the toils, cares, and temptations of life. No aching bosom; no troubled breast there. Hunger no more. Here we are exiles far from home. There we shall be in the Father's house; the home of the heart and our friends: we shall dwell in the love of the Father and of one another. Why is it a heaven of peace and joy? Because a heaven of purity.

What evidence have we that we are in the way, and actuated by these principles? 1. Our faith is the grand evidence (Heb. xi. 1). Faith apprehends the promises; appreciates them; sees their attraction; appropriates them; becomes a power; changes a man's life. What does faith say to God's testimony? It is mine; it gives to see the promises adapted to man's character, whatever it is. 2. Genuine faith repeats itself. It is not a step; but a walk, a journey. What wins the reward—the promise—the crown? The journey. There must be faith in dark times as well as in light. Who is he that will receive the crown of life? He who is faithful unto death. Repeating the faith is the great trial of the Christian life. This only secures the blessing (Heb. iii. 6, 14). 3. Faith is a social principle. '*We* are journeying.' Moses rejoiced in being bound up in the bundle of life. Faith that unites to Christ, unites to Christ's people: a family union. Part are in heaven; part crossing now; part in the wilderness; part only coming out of Egypt. Although religion is a personal thing, and although we must personally pass through the pangs of the new birth, yet there is a family likeness. One way, one walk, one home. 4. We have a supernatural faith. God works. We are led by Him. We have not the pillar of cloud by day, and fire by night; yet, what is better, we have the Holy Spirit abiding in us.

What feelings have Christians to those who are strangers to God? 'Come thou with us.' We are to commend Christ to others. Begin at home. Moses began with his father-in-law. Persevere like him. Success will be the result. It may be godly parents to their children; Sabbath-school teachers in their classes. Why do they say 'come?' 1. Because they know our state and danger. 2. They know God wills our salvation and happiness. 3. Because Christianity is benevolent. 'We will do thee good.'

How will they do so? 1. By their example and experience. 2. By their prayers.

What does the Christian pass through on his way to the kingdom? Much tribulation; many battles to fight. (See *Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress*). 1. With Satan; 2. with the world; 3. with self. What could Paul say at the end of the journey? 'I have fought a good fight,' etc.

What is the secret of the Christian's success? 1. He walks in Christ. That is to be united to His person, clothed with His righteousness, animated by His Spirit; to be daily advancing in holiness and nearness to heaven. 2. He walks in the Spirit. That is to have the Spirit dwelling in us; having a new nature, to be directed, animated, encouraged, drawn by the Holy Ghost. 3. He walks in love—in truth—humility—holiness—uprightness—obedience.

The Christian requires some things that make the journey pleasant.

1. To have strength and ability. A weak person cannot enjoy a journey. 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.' 'Though flesh and heart faint and fail, God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' 'In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.'

2. To have light. The believer has the Sun of Righteousness. He is 'light in the Lord;' he has light within him; walks in the light of God's countenance. Sometimes he walks under a cloud. Unbelief a cloud. Ignorance, worldliness cloud the mind. Unbelief clouded the mind of Thomas; ignorance the minds of the disciples going to Emmaus; worldliness the minds of Lot, Solomon, etc. But what is said of the just man's path? 'It is as the shining light.' The word a 'light to his feet, and a lamp to his path.' God shall be his everlasting light.

3. To have a guard or protector. 'Behold, I have given him for a leader' (Isa. lv. 4). He leads in a plain path; in the ways of righteousness; in the way everlasting; among green pastures; by the still waters. 'I will teach and guide thee with mine eye.' He guides with His counsel; 'the Lord shall guide thee continually:' 'He guides our feet into the way of peace;' 'He will be our guide even unto death.'

4. To know that the way has been trod before. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, all the prophets. 'Be not slothful, but followers.'

5. To have good company. The disciples and Christ (Luke xxiv. 15). 'Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.'

6. To have plenty of provision. 'In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.' The green pastures: the tree of life.

7. To find needful accommodation, or places of retreat or rest. The throne of grace, the house of God, the prayer meeting, etc. Songs in the way (Isa. xxxv. 10). What are some of these songs? (Isa. xl.) 'He took me from a fearful pit.' Songs of deliverance or salvation. David speaks of a new song. He also speaks of songs in the night.

8. To have a good prospect of 'an inheritance incorruptible.' To see Christ: 'Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty.' To be like Christ (1 John iii. 2). To be with Christ: Paul had 'a desire to depart and be with Christ.' Job had such a prospect.

9. To have the prospect of going home. Here we are exiles, wanderers, pilgrims, and strangers. *Home, sweet home!* No more sin, pain, sickness, grief, or sorrow: no more death, no more partings.

Home to inherit the promises.
Home to wear the crown of glory.
Home to wave the palm of victory.
Home to walk the golden streets.
Home to go no more out.

How sweet will eternity roll on when all the pilgrims will be gathered home:

'TO BE FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.'

Ane Prayer to bee said of the Childe before hee studie his Lesson.

'Wherein shall the Childe addresse his way? in guiding himselfe according to thy word. Open myne eyes, and I shall knowe the mervelles of thy Law. Give me understanding, and I shall kepe thy Law, yea I shall keepe it with my whole heart.'—PSALME CXIX. 9, 18, 34.

LORD, quhilk art the fountaine of all wisdome and knowledge, seeing it hath pleased Thee to give me the meane to be taught in my youth, for to learne to guide me godlyly and honestly all the course of my life; may it also please Thee to lighten myne understanding (the quhilk of it self is blind), that it may comprehend and receave that doctrine and learning quhilk shall be taught me: may it please Thee to strengthen my memory to keep it well; may it please Thee also to dispose myne heart willingly to receave it with such desire as apperteyneth, so that by myne ingratitude, the occasion quhilk Thou givest me be not lost. That I may thus do, may it please Thee to powre upon me Thine holy Spirit: the Spirit, I saye, of all understanding, trueth, judgement, wisedome, and learning; the quhilk may make me able so to profite, that the paines that shall be taken in teaching me be not in vayne. And to what studie soeuer I apply myself, make me, O Lorde, to addresse it unto the right end: That is, to knowe Thee in our Lorde Jesus Christ, that I may have full trust of salvation in Thy grace, and to serve Thee

uprightly according to Thy pleasure; so that whatsoever I learne, it may be unto me as an instrument to help me thereunto.

And seeing Thou doest promise to give wisdome to the little and humble ones, and to confound the proud in the vanitie of their wittes, and likewise to make Thy selfe knowen to them that be of an upright heart, and also to blinde the ungodly and wicked; I beseeche Thee to fashion me unto trew humilitie, so that I may be taught first to be obedient unto Thee, and next unto my Superiours that Thou hast appointed over me: further that it may please Thee to dispose myne heart unfeanedly to seke Thee, and to forsake all evil and filthie lustes of the flesh: And that in this sort I may prepare my selfe to serve Thee onely in that estate quhilk it shall please Thee to appoint for me, when I shall come to age.

'The Lorde revealeth his secretes unto them that feare him, and maketh them to know his aliance.'—PSALME XXV.

—*Old Scotch Catechism.*

ANECDOTES ON THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.

'I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.'—EXODUS XX. 2.

'The Lord knoweth the days of the upright, and their inheritance shall be for ever.'—Ps. xxxvii. 18.

THE pious Lutheran minister at Berlin, Paul Gerhard, was deposed from his office and banished the country in 1666 by the Elector Frederic William the Great, on account of the faithful discharge of his ministerial duties. Not knowing whither to go, he and his wife passed out of the city, and finally stopped at a tavern, oppressed with care and grief. Gerhard endeavoured to comfort his partner by that text, Ps. xxxvii. 5: 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.' He then went into the garden adjoining the tavern, in order to commune with God concerning the cares that weighed him down. Seating himself in an arbour, and taking out his pocket-book, he composed that beautiful hymn, while his soul was filled with the peace of God and a holy confidence:—

'Commit thou every grievance
Into His faithful hands,
To His sure care and guidance
Who heaven and earth commands.
For He, the cloud's director,
Whom winds and seas obey,
Will be thy kind protector,
And will prepare thy way,' etc.

Having finished the hymn, he presented it to his still deeply disconsolate wife. She had not yet finished its perusal, when two gentlemen entered the guest-room, who forthwith commenced a conversation with Gerhard, informing him that Duke Christian of Merseburg had deputed them to invite a certain deposed minister of Berlin, named Gerhard, to call on him. Light and joy now beamed from the countenances of Gerhard and his wife, who were to be graciously rewarded for their trust in God. Gerhard travelled to Merseburg, received a pension from the Duke, and in 1699 was appointed Archdeacon at Luebben, in the province of Niederlausitz. The aforesaid hymn in after years fell into the hands of the Elector of Prussia, and made such a deep impression on his mind, that he asked his prime minister who was the author thereof. 'The same Paul Gerhard,' replied the minister, 'whom your Excellency banished the country.' The Elector felt alarmed and deeply bowed at the injustice he had done to Gerhard.

'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.'—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

ONE day while Flattich, a pious minister of Wirtemberg, was sitting and meditating in his arm-chair, one of his foster-children fell out of a second story window, right before him, down upon the pavement below. He calmly ordered his daughter to go down and pick up the child. On doing so, she found the child not only alive, but without having sustained the least injury. The noise occasioned thereby had called out a neighbour's wife, who reproached Flattich for his want of attention to his foster-children, for she had seen him quietly reposing in his arm-chair when the boy fell out of the window. While she was thus scolding, her own child, which she had brought along, fell from a bench in the room and broke one of its arms. 'Do you see, good woman,' said Flattich, if you imagine yourself to be the sole guardian of your child, then you must constantly carry it on your arm. I commend my children to God, and if they then fall, they fall into the arms of an angel.'

'The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.'—HEB. xiii. 6.

FRESENIUS, a pious minister at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, one day found his mother, who was a widow, concerned about a dollar which she much needed at the time, but did not know whence to procure it. Not being himself able at that instant to furnish her with one, he said, 'I likewise believe you must have the dollar; I accordingly turn this hour-glass, and assure you that if the dollar is really needed, it will positively lie here on the table before the hour-glass is run down. If it does not lie here, God will convince us, after this hour, that it was not as indispensable as we imagine.' The hour-glass was scarcely run out one-half when a

iger arrived, who had traversed an eight walk, bringing a dollar which some one wing to Fresenius. This dollar rejoiced r and son more than if they had received) capital, they considering it a great me- coin of the divine help received.

thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee ı of life.'—Rev. ii. 10.

aughter of a distinguished officer of the or of Morocco had a pious Christian slave. Her deep piety made such an sion on her heart that she requested her ruct her in the Christian religion. She ound joy and peace in believing in Christ, she openly confessed, though aware of a cruel death awaited every apostate slamism. Her father and relatives la- l in vain to undermine her faith. Neither words nor bad, nor the representations of rrible sufferings she would have to en- could diminish her love to Christ, with all these trials tended to unite her still

The emperor, hearing of these facts, r her and asked her whether she was a an? She answered in the affirmative, adding that by the help of God she intended to remain a Christian all her life-time. Struck by this decided answer, the Sultan tried to frighten her by threatening her with death. 'I do not dread death,' she replied, 'and will most cheerfully suffer it for my Lord Jesus' sake. The whole world could not devise a torture so dreadful as to be able to separate me from Him?' Thereupon she was delivered over to the judge, who pronounced her worthy of death. The Sultan now made her great promises if she would recant, offering her as a husband the highest man in the realm next to himself. But in vain; she replied with firm assurance, 'The whole world is much too poor to make me sell Christ, my only comfort and joy. I greatly prefer a happy death to an unhappy marriage. I am but too well aware that the Mohammedan faith is all false, and with my whole heart am I willing to lose my life out of love to Him who died for me?' Sentence of death was then pronounced upon her, and immediately carried out. Calmly she submitted her head to the axe of the executioner.

—*The Moravian.*

He Makes his Mother Sad.

HE makes his mother sad,
The proud, unruly child,
Who will not brook
Her warning look,
Nor hear her counsels mild.

He makes his mother sad,
Who, in his thoughtless mirth,
Can e'er forget
His mighty debt
To her who gave him birth.

He makes his mother sad,
Who turns from wisdom's way;
Whose stubborn will,
Rebelling still,
Refuses to obey.

He makes his mother sad,
And sad his lot must prove:
A mother's fears,
A mother's tears,
Are mark'd by God above.

O! who so sad as he
Who, o'er a parent's grave,
Too late repents,
Too late laments,
The bitter pain he gave?

May we ne'er know such grief,
Nor cause one feeling sad:
Let our delight
Be to requite
And make our parents glad.

—*Anon.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ROM. ii. 11.

THIS cannot mean that God makes no difference between man and man. He does make a difference, and not one, but many. Our world is a world of differences; nor would it be the fair, orderly, and goodly world it is were it not for these. Heights, depths, colours, mountain, valley, rock, sea, forest, stream, sun, moon, and stars, 'one star differing from another star in glory,'—these are some of the material or physical differences that make our world what it is. Then in man there is race, nation, colour, gifts of body and mind, riches and poverty, fame and obscurity, ranks, degrees, circumstances, sorrows, joys, health, sickness,—these in themselves constitute a vast variety, and then they subdivide themselves into minor varieties, which increase, *ad infinitum*, the differences between man. God has given to every man something of His own, in respect of mind, body, parentage, possessions, gifts, feelings, country, age, health, constitution, which belongs to no other. Thus in many respects He does make a difference between man and man.

Nor can this mean that He treats men at random, without reason or plan, irrespective of character, or doings, or believings, as if His dealings were all chance dealings, blind and arbitrary. No. His treatment of His creatures is *sovereign*, for He is God, but they are not unreasonable; nay, they are most just, wise, and reasonable, infinitely so.

Nor does it mean that He has no fixed plan, but takes every man as he comes; allowing each to do as he pleases, and accepting every one because of sincerity, or earnestness, or amiableness, irrespective of error or unbelief.

These are the things which men have often assumed; on which they have acted, on which they presume that God acts. These are the things on which the unbelief of the present day lays great stress; resolving every difficulty as to truth, and righteousness, and judgment to come, by the reiteration of the text, 'God is love.' Whether such men really believe in a God at all may be questioned; at all events, the God on whom they believe is not the God of the Bible, the 'Jehovah' of the Old Testament and the 'Lord' of the New, the God of the deluge, the God of Sinai, the God of the great white throne, the God of the second death; but a god who plays fast and loose with law and morality, and truth and holiness; whose pardons are the result of mere indifference to sin, if there be such things as pardon at all; whose coming assize of judgment will be a mere form or mockery, perhaps the proclamation of universal amnesty to men and devils, with the abolition of hell itself, as the summing up of the whole.

But let us consider what the Apostle means by saying that God is no respecter of persons. It means two things:

1. *That God has no respect to the outward appearance or circumstances of a man in dealing with him.* God takes him for what *he is*, not for what he *seems*. The word translated 'person' means mask, or face-covering; that which disguises a man, and makes him look different from what he is. God regardeth not the *person* or *appearance* of a man. To God the man is *just what he is*, exactly, and neither more or less. False pretences or disguises are vain. The crown of the king is nothing to Him; the gems of the wealthy add nothing to the man's acceptance; the power of the statesman does not overawe the Judge of all; the Briton is not favoured because he is such, nor the Chinese disfavoured because he is such. In regard to all these externalisms or shows or masks, there is no respect of persons with God.

2. *That in regard to justice and grace, God does not follow man's estimates at all, either outward or inward.* God has His own standard, His own estimate, His own way of procedure in treating the sinner, whether for condemnation or acceptance. The usual elements which decide man's judgment have no place in God's.

(1.) God's estimate or rule in regard to *justice* is, that the *doers* of the law, the whole law, the unmodified law, shall live by it. So that if any man, whoever he be, Jew or Gentile, Briton or African, can come to God and show that he has kept the *whole law*, he shall be accepted, without any abatement made in consideration of outward circumstances, whether national or personal.

(2.) God's estimate or rule in regard to *grace* is, that any man, whoever he be, who will consent to be indebted to the Son of God and His work for acceptance, shall be accepted. This is the way in which grace shows itself to be no respecter of persons. He that has a personal claim shall have that claim fairly considered and weighed; he that has none, but is willing to take instead the claim of another, even of Christ, shall be received according to *that divine claim*, whatever he may be, or may have been in respect of sin or demerit, or nation, or intellect, or circumstances.

The Apostle's object is to declare these three things:

1. *God's purpose of dealing with the sons of men.* He is not going to let them alone, nor to allow them to have their own way.

2. *God's plan of dealing with them.* He does so as God, sovereign and righteous, yet gracious. He will be fair and reasonable in all His dealings. He will not respect men's persons, whether high or low.

3. *His willingness to receive any.* He has provided a method of reception, and He invites them. He is willing, infinitely willing, to receive any one of Adam's sons and daughters, whoever or whatever he may be.

THE REFINER AND THE CRUCIBLE.*

MAL. III. 1–3.

LOOKING into the text, that we may more completely discover its meaning, we find that it sets before us:—

1. The *severity* of the trials through which Christians may be called to pass. It is a trial by fire. To slight sorrow, to count it a common thing, to affect a lofty independence of it, to speak of it as if you thought it nothing, is no victory of heroism, no sign of high religious life. It rather suggests the suspicion that you know no real sorrow, or that you feel no real resignation, or that the sorrows you speak of are not your own, but only those of other men. Another man's burden *may* be light to you, but it is not light to him who bears it. If in time it should seem light to him through the action of certain countervailing thoughts, and small when weighed in the balance with eternal things, it is neither light nor small in itself; and those who are upon the whole most wondrously sustained, have moments of crushing distress, when they are conscious of only just enough help from heaven to keep them from utterly, and for ever, giving way beneath the weight of the cross they carry. I fear that we sometimes sing of 'sweet affliction' without weighing what we mean. The metaphors employed by divine penmen to picture trial, show that, in the estimation of Him who knows our frame, no true trial is easy to endure. One of the most frequent of these metaphors is now before us. Sentimentalists may call trial by some gentle name. God calls it fire. Fire is pain; fire is power; fire is that in which nothing without a miracle can live. Before its raging strength we cower in terrified weakness; and when stung but by a spark of fire, we start in agony. It is the symbol of all that our nature most shrinks from, yet it is the symbol of what our nature must pass through. Be sure of this,—every affliction that really serves the purposes of trial feels to the soul like fire. Perhaps a mere trifle may have set it alight; perhaps, whatever may be inwardly working, nothing is outwardly seen. The cause of trouble may be only some common-place question about money, but it is wearing out your soul like a fire; or it may be only the chronic ill-temper of some member of your family, but it has set smouldering round your heart a still, slow fire; or it may be only a random word from a child, but that random word has struck you through with fire; or it may be only a line traced with a pen, as, for instance, when a person hands you in silence a telegraphic message; you glance at it, and in a moment your soul is filled with fire, keen, sharp, alive, devouring; or it may be only a whispered secret affecting your friend that touches your ear, and suddenly a fire flames up. Sometimes words of slander set the soul in a blaze; sometimes the darts of the wicked one, and sometimes all the calamities of life seem to rush and strike in one burning storm, tearing up your heart and melting it, as fierce fires break up the silver, and melt it into a scintillating stream.

2. The *agency* by which the trial is wrought. It is the Lord; therefore let no man's heart fail him. '*He*' shall do all this.

He alone *appoints* it. The will of no other being can make you suffer trial at a time when He has ordained that you shall not suffer it. Vain was it for the king of Babylon to command a furnace to be heated to sevenfold fury, and then to see the three confessors flung bound and helpless in the midst of it, for it was not the will of their Lord that they should suffer thus, or suffer then. The flames played harmlessly over them. They trod the floor of white fire as if their feet but dipped in dewy grass. As if the burning air had been tempered into golden sunlight, they rejoiced in it; and no place where honeysuckles wave and cool breezes blow, could be so refreshing to us as was the furnace itself to them, for God was there,—there by His Spirit, there by His wonder-working power, there to say to the death-forces that stormed around them, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' Just the same as ever, He reigns the only Lord of His people's trials, and no adverse power can send them without His permissive will.

He alone *effects* it. Affliction may be the fire, but Christ is the Refiner. Whatever in-

* From 'Affliction; or, the Refiner watching the Crucible.' By the Rev. C. STANFORD. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

strument may cause the nerves to agonise and the heart to grieve, the Lord himself holds it. The tool may be malignity, but the worker is love. We may be in the hand of our enemy, but the enemy himself is in the hand of God. That which aims to destroy, is used as the unconscious medium of serving the purpose of that which designs to bless.

He is *present* all through the operation of the trial. As much as the act of refining silver implies the presence of the refiner, the affliction of a Christian implies the presence of Christ. The process could not be carried on without Him. When I enter the chamber of such a patient, besides the mortal companion, my faith sees 'One like unto the Son of man.' Shadowy conceptions of Him who is invisible condense around the recollected facts of our Saviour's human life; and I feel that sure as in the days of His flesh He was present with Peter, James, or John, He is now with my brother. I dwell upon the thought, until the thought awes, yet delights me, and I can speak to Christ almost as if I saw Him. He is almost visible, almost audible; and the doctrine of the Incarnation helps me, as it was intended to help me, to think, feel, and pray my way into the presence of God. God is in Christ, and Christ is in this room. There He is. There, by the side of His afflicted disciple, He sits as a refiner and purifier of silver. There He is, 'a very present help in time of trouble.' *Very* present; closer than close, nearer than near; making him who is sorely tried a wonder to himself and a wonder to me. When he comes into the light of the living again, he will look back upon this day's experience with surprise, and say, 'I never could have lived through it if Christ had not been with me.' There He is, to comfort with assurances of Divine sympathy. No visible friend, however loving, who sits by that poor man, holding his hot hand, or fanning his fevered brow, can even faintly understand the gentle tenderness of the unseen Saviour's heart, for it is infinite. The querulousness, the doubt, the infirmity of that poor child of mortality 'might wear out his mother,' but it will not tire Jesus. Jesus has already suffered life for him, suffered death for him, suffered for him beyond our power of conception, and He will not leave him now. There He is, ready to take him into His confidence, to tell him secrets, and to make hidden meanings sparkle out from lines in his Bible that before seemed blank and unappealing. Like a refiner by the crucible,—overseeing that the fire be not too fierce or too slack, the trial not too long or too short; marking every change, ruling every particular, that nothing shall be left to chance, nothing to forgetfulness; ready to stop the works in a moment, when the right moment comes; only waiting to see the scum float away, the flickering wave of vapour go out, and his own face mirrored in the clear, translucent, liquid silver: so into the troubled heart does Jesus look, and by it wait with the patience of infinite love, until His own reflected image in it shows that the process is complete, and that the trouble for a time may cease.*

3. The *utility* of the trial.

It is *a sign of preciousness.* You never try that which is unquestionably worthless. Do you cast a stone into the crucible? Do you winnow chaff? Do you prune a bramble? Do you plough a rock? Do you put a cinder to the friction of a lapidary's wheel? It would only be a waste of thought to show that the trial of a soul is a sign of something within that soul that is 'precious in the sight of the Lord.' Satan is never tried; sin is never tried. The Refiner never expends His skill and love in trying what 'is evil, and only evil, and that continually.' While He is subjecting dross to the high heat of adversity, it is only because, mixed with it, He detects a divine particle which cost the sacrifice of Calvary, which transcends the worth of worlds, and which is destined to shine for ever. When, therefore, a resistless hand draws my life through a medium that seems almost like death to me; when trouble wrings from my heart the sharp cry of consternation; when I am tempted to doubt my safety, and even to doubt my Saviour; when I ask the question, 'If I am His, why am I thus?'—I know that the reply of the soul to itself will be, 'I am thus because I am His. Patience, patience! He tries me because He loves me, and is leading me "through fire and through water" only that I may be most surely led at last into a "wealthy place."'

It is a test of genuineness. Trial is the grand revealer of character, the certain analyst of

* 'When the alloy is melted upon a cupel, and the air blown upon it, the surface of the melted metals has a deep orange-red colour, with a kind of flickering wave constantly passing over the surface. As the process goes on the heat is increased, and in a little the colour of the fused metal becomes lighter. At this stage the refiner watches the operation, either standing or sitting, with the greatest earnestness, until all the orange colour and shading disappears, and the metal has the appearance of a highly-polished mirror, reflecting every object around it. Even the refiner, as he looks upon the mass of metal, may see himself as in a looking-glass, and thus he can form a very correct judgment respecting the purity of the metal. If he is satisfied, the fire is withdrawn and the metal removed from the furnace; but if not considered pure, more lead is added, and the process repeated.'—'*Napier on the Metaphors of the Bible*,' p. 21.

life. God knows you, my poor man, but you will not know yourself until you are tried. Not until he was tried did Abraham know that he could for a moment be false. Not until he was tried did Moses know what storms slept beneath his peace, what passion beneath his gentleness. Not until he was tried did Peter suspect in himself the secret possibilities of cowardice in the wars of the Lord. Many a weakling has thought himself strong; many a novice has thought himself wise; many a tiresome child has thought himself a valiant man; many a sufferer from his own folly has thought himself a martyr for his faith, until trial came, and then he has found himself out. Startled at what the fire revealed, his soul has exclaimed, 'Is *that* paltry temper the thing that I have been mistaking for an inspired and divine sentiment!' There are depths of undiscovered character in us all. Before some searching test begins to work, ignorant of what may be latent in those depths, we impose upon ourselves by shows and surfaces. Chaff looks like wheat, gilding looks like gold, nature looks like grace. I am not speaking of conscious and intentional hypocrisy, but of that self-deception and self-ignorance which trial alone is likely to bring into the clear daylight. I do not say that you are an insincere man, yet, before you are aware, you may have gradually woven into the tissue of your life many 'small insincerities.' To borrow the idea of Johnson, 'I do not designate a character from its casual defects or foreign admixtures, but from what it is upon the whole. Though a block of tin has in it a streak of silver, we call it only tin; though a block of silver has in it an alloy of tin, it is a block of silver still.' You may be true silver; all I say is, that you may hold much alloy, and yet not know it. You know much about religion; how much of that knowledge is a mere memory of terms, how much of it is life? You feel much; how much of that feeling springs from mere natural sensibility, how much from earnest principle? You profess much; how much of that profession is merely dramatic, how much true? You understand 'the language of Canaan;' but how does your scholarship differ from that of Milton's daughters, who understood Greek and Hebrew so as to pronounce the syllables, but without understanding the sense? You are a generous man; how much has that generosity cost you? You are a man of stainless integrity; how far has that integrity been tried? You hate falsehood; yes, when stung by slander you hate false blame; but how do you bear false praise? It is the function of trial to discover and bring into light the true man, and the experience of all the world, though all its history is condensed into the proverb, 'No man knows what he is until he is tried.'

It is a medium of purification. The dust, the stones, the grains of sand which fire finds in the silver, it will not leave there. More than a mere detective agent, it is also a purifier, working mightily, until at length it works out from the true metal the base, corrosive elements. Like this does pain act upon a soul. Not, however, by its own inherent force. The glorified Mediator, infinitely stored with the Holy Spirit for the purposes of His mediatorial work, does, by that Spirit alone, give Divine efficiency to the trials of His people, making them His instrument, first to detect the foreign quality, next to expel it. He will *detect* it; that self-discovery, leading to self-despair, may compel you to look out of yourselves for the only righteousness that can inspire courage for facing the 'great white throne.' He will *expel* it. No man may carry a particle of it into heaven with him. All whom Jesus justifies, He sanctifies; and I think the sanctifying agency is chiefly operative through trial. Sorrow is certain to come after sin, that heavenly joy may come after sorrow. You are allowing some levity to frivolise your life; expect some sorrow to make you live in earnest. You are allowing some idol to take Christ's place in your heart; expect some bewildering flash to shiver it and leave your heart in ruins. You are allowing the world to master you; the material is shutting out the spiritual, and man hides God; expect some dread visitation to darken your day, and to turn your garden of social delight into a wilderness; that, each intervening object being thrown down, the soul may see Him who is invisible, and become sensitive to the music of His still small voice. You are wandering from Christ. Back! back to Him at once; for if you wander on, and fall into some alarming sin, sure as He loves you, He will fetch you home by the violence of some dread angel, whose scathing hand will leave a brand upon you till your dying day. Saved you will be, yet as by fire; and we may almost say, though you reach the world of the blest at last, you will reach it as Dante, in his imaginary travels, reached heaven—through hell.

The blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin, is chiefly applied by the Spirit of God through the ministry of sorrow. Already sorrow has blessed us more than we are commonly aware. Proud as we now are, what should we have been if pride had never been mortified? Worldly as we now are, what should we have been if nothing had interposed to wean us from the world?

It is a preparative for service. The young

Christian, in the beautiful enthusiasms of his early love, and little suspecting the subtle presence of meaner motives, often longs and prays for power to do something great in the world in the service of his Master. He would like to be a great evangelist, or a great teacher, or a great worker, or, in some other beneficent way, a great ruler over other men's minds. Most likely he has not counted the cost. So it was with the two sons of Zebedee. They went one day to Jesus, and prayed that they might sit the one on His right hand, and the other on His left, in His kingdom. But they knew not what they asked. In praying for a share in the glories of His throne, they were unconsciously praying for a share in the agonies of His cross. When the ore in the fable was asking Jupiter that it might be fashioned into a sword, it was asking to be made acquainted with the furnace and the forge, the sifting stream, and the shattering hammer-stroke. It was needful for the file to bite and the brazier to burn; it would have to be melted and remelted before it could be tempered into delicate splendour and strength, and made meet for service in battle. The same thing is true of the ore that we would speak of now.

'Heated hot with burning fears,
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,
And battered by the strokes of doom,
To shape and use:—'

This is the ordeal through which must pass that which is destined to be 'a polished shaft' in the hands of our King. Powers of great usefulness can be educated in no other way. Powers of endurance are unknown where there has been nothing to endure. Powers of rule belong alone to those who have learned to rule by learning to obey. The power of teaching is the special faculty of men who have themselves undergone stern discipline. The power of sympathy is educated in the school of sorrow. Leaders whose souls have never been crucified, and whose plans have never had a failure, are apt to be at best pitiless exactors of righteousness, mere engines for doing duty; iron men, who never melt into compassion; rough men, who knock down weakness, and to whom the fine offices of consolation are all mysteries. No words can express how much the world owes to sorrow. Most of the Psalms were born in a wilderness. Most of the Epistles were written from a prison. The greatest thoughts of the greatest thinkers have all passed through fire. The greatest poets have 'learnt in suffering what they taught in song.' In bonds Bunyan lived the allegory that he afterwards indited, and we may thank Bedford Jail for the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' All the foremost worthies of our world, all the spiritual heroes of our race, have been men of sorrow and acquainted with grief. Take comfort, afflicted Christian! you have often prayed to be made of some service in the world before you die, and now the answer to that prayer has come. God tries you, because in some way He is about to use you; for your history will furnish no exception to the rule, that when God is about to make preeminent use of a man, He puts him in the fire.

It is the precursor of glory. Pity the mourner, who, while professing to take the cross for the symbol of his faith, and the Church for the fountain of his spiritual knowledge, still clings to the doctrine taught by Plato, and sung by Virgil, that when the trials of earthly sorrow are over, the trials of purgatorial fire begin; and that not until these have burnt out can the spirit enter into rest. Cling to the joyful creed so radiantly distinct in our gospel revelation, that trial alone belongs to earth, glory alone to heaven; that between earth and heaven there is no interval; but that, 'absent from the body,' the soul is at once 'present with the Lord.' This faith nerves us with new strength for ourselves; it fills us with new comfort in the prospect of parting with our companions in trial. When that final day draws nigh, our own grief is lost in the thought of their coming rapture. Life may have been one long pain, but ah! it will soon be over. As the days dwindle into hours, the hours into moments, and the last sand is about to fall, we say—

'Now the crucible is breaking,
Faith its perfect seal is taking,
Like the gold in furnace tried;
Through the test of sharp distresses,
Those whom Heaven most richly blesses,
For its joys are purified.

Sighs and tears at last are over;
Breaking through its fleshly cover,
Soars the soul to light away.
Who, while here below, can measure
That deep sea of heavenly pleasure,
Spreading there so bright for aye?'

The Beautiful Lady.

THERE is a gentle lady, very fair;
Her looks are saintly, and her voice is rare;
She walks through all the town,
Nor fears to soil her gown.

They say this lovely lady's not afraid
Of any being that the Lord has made;
She sees her Father's look
Within the meanest nook.

And so she walks serene through every lane
Where hunger struggles fierce with sin and pain,
And angry curses leap
In passion wild and deep.

She does not even tremble at the sight;
She stands and gazes like a lily white,
Till, awed to peace, they see
Her spotless purity.

She stays beside the couch when all have fled,
And lays upon her breast the dying head,
And sings away all fear
With voice serene and clear.

She takes the little children in her arms,
And gives them bread to eat, and mildly calms
Their throbbing hearts that beat,
And wipes their bleeding feet.

Dear children, tell me, will you go with her—
This lovely lady, each her messenger—
And bid the orphans come
And have with her their home?

Her name, I think, is Charity, below,
But when her bright, immortal wings do grow,
The angels there above
In heaven will call her Love.

—*Anon.*

Ane Prayer to be sayd before a Man begin his Warke.

O LORD GOD, most mercifull Father and Saviour, seeing it hath pleased Thee to command us to travell, that wee may releeve our neede; wee beseech Thee of Thy grace so to blesse our labour, that Thy blessing may extend unto us, without the which we are not able to continewe: and that this great favour may be a witnesse unto us of Thy bountifullnesse and assistance, so that thereby wee maye knowe the fatherly care that Thou hast over us.

Moreover, O Lord, wee beseech Thee that Thou wouldest strengthen us with Thine holy Spirite, that we may faithfully travell in our state and vocation without fraude or deceit: and that we may indevour our selves to follow Thy holy ordinance, rather then to seeke to satisfie our greedy affections or desire to gaine. And if it please Thee, O Lord, to prosper our labour, give us a minde also to helpe them that have need, according to that hability that Thou of Thy mercy shalt give us: and knowing that all good thinges come of Thee graunt that we may humble our selves to our Neighbours; and not by anie meanes lift our selves up above them which have not receaved so liberal a portion, as of Thy mercie Thou hast given unto us. And if it please Thee to trie and exercise us by greater poverty and neede then our flesh woulde desire, that Thou wouldest yet, O Lord, graunt us grace to know that Thou wilt nourishe us continuallie through Thy bountifull liberalitie, that wee bee not so tempted that wee fall into distrust: But that we may patiently waite till Thou fill us, not onlie with corporall graces and benefits, but chiefly with Thine heavenly and spirituall treasures; to the intente that we may alwayes have more ample occasion to give Thee thankes, and so wholly to rest upon Thy mercies. Hear us, O Lord of mercy, through Jesus Christ Thy Sonne our Lord, Amen.

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BURDEN OF SORROW.

MRS LINTON did not see Guy the next morning, nor for several mornings; for the excitement and the sudden shock had brought on an attack of nervous fever; in no wise dangerous, but likely to confine her to bed for some days.

Dr Wilmot made an early visit, to the relief of everybody. Guy was conscious now, and tossing about uneasily, though every movement gave him pain.

'It is my back that is so horribly bad,' he said, in answer to some question Dr Wilmot put to him.

'Ah, I suspected it was there the mischief lay—indeed I was sure of it last night.'

'How long shall I have to lie here, Dr Wilmot?' Guy asked.

'Oh some weeks perhaps,' replied the doctor, cheerily.

Guy groaned. Weeks! that seemed a long time.

'Weeks!' muttered Dr Wilmot to himself, as he left the room, 'Ay, months! it may be years!'

Mr Linton followed him out.

'Is there danger doctor?' he asked.

'Not at present: but that poor boy has a long time of suffering before him, and will require great care.'

And Dr Wilmot drove away, leaving a load of sorrow and care behind him.

Mr Linton turned into his small study before going upstairs again. Illness always brings expenses with it: if there was difficulty before, how was he to meet the added difficulty now? this was the burden that was pressing on Mr Linton at the present moment.

Ethel eagerly availed herself of the permission given at last, and hastened to her brother's room.

'Guy, darling Guy,' she said tenderly, kneeling down beside him, and taking his hand in hers, 'please forgive me for my bad, wicked behaviour yesterday. I have been miserable about it.'

Guy looked at her inquiringly.

'I think I remember something about it; you and I quarrelled, didn't we, Ethel?'

'Yes: I refused your hand. You were right, Guy, I was unforgiving; I did bear malice, but I hope I shall never do so again, Guy, will you forgive me?'

Forgive you! Oh, dear, yes, to be sure, Ethel.'

'Then kiss me, Guy.'

Ethel bent over him, and he gave her as hearty a kiss as he had strength for.

'Now I am happy again,' said Ethel, as she sat down beside him. Presently Guy spoke again.

'What a bore it is that all this has happened, Ethel; Dr Wilmot says I shall be here for weeks; what a weary time it will be! and I shall be such a burden to papa, I know I shall.'

'We will do all we can to cheer and amuse you, Guy; and as for the other, you must not think of it.'

'No, indeed you must not, my boy,' said Mr Linton, who had entered the room unperceived,' get well as fast as you can, and don't trouble about anything.'

Guy smiled faintly, and inquired where mamma was.

'She is not well enough to get up this morning; but she sends her tender love to her boy, and hopes to see him soon. And now, Guy, if you are strong enough, I should like to know how this most unfortunate accident came about.'

Guy related in a few words the particulars with which our readers are already acquainted, adding—

'I fear Mrs Gordon did not get her lotion after all, for of course the bottle would be broken in the fall.'

'No, it was not,' replied Ethel; 'Charlotte says the man told her you had held it fast; and your first words was for them to take it to Mrs Gordon, so she has got it, you see.'

'I am glad of it; but I remember nothing about it. I remember nothing after the fall, until I found myself here;' and he shut his eyes, and a shudder ran through him.

'But, my dear boy,' said Mr Linton, 'if you wanted to go to Middlebank, why did you not go by train? instead of borrowing a horse—you, so unaccustomed to riding; and such a night too. You might have gone and returned safely by train.'

'I never thought of the train, papa; I do not think it once entered my head, nor of sending home word where I had gone. It was very bad going, but worse coming back; and the horse slipped and fell upon me. Oh, it was fearful!'

'Don't think of it any more now, Guy,' said Ethel, soothingly; try to go to sleep, and I will sit beside you: while papa goes to get some rest; I am sure he must need it, for he has been up all night.'

'I must see dear old Percy first,' said Guy.

So Percy came; and he and Ethel kept Guy company, until after awhile he fell asleep.

It was a strange kind of Sabbath; only the younger children went to church under the

charge of Percy, Ethel stayed with her mother, and Mr Linton and Charlotte remained to take care of Guy; and little Lena required all the attention Martha could spare for her.

Mrs Linton was restless, and more inclined to talk than to sleep; so Ethel sat beside her. They spoke of Guy and of his sad accident, but neither of them thought it so very serious as they had done last night. No bones were broken, and Dr Wilmot had said it would be weeks before he was able to rise; so that, perhaps in a month at farthest, he might be amongst them again. Then they passed on to Feversham, which was always a favourite subject with Ethel and her mother.

'Mamma, dear, I wish you would tell me something about grandmamma. I want to learn to love her.'

Mrs Linton started, for Ethel never willingly mentioned her grandmamma.

'Oh, Ethel, I am glad to hear you say that. It has been one of my greatest self-reproaches that I have made my child despise my mother. I have bitterly regretted having told you anything of my early days, for my mother's treatment is no more than I deserved.'

'Dear mother, I have judged her too harshly, but I have forgiven her now, so you need not regret any more. Who knows, mamma, darling, if you may not see her again sometime; I almost feel as if you would.'

'If I could think that, Ethel, I should be happy; but it is a hope so little likely to be realised, that I dare not cherish it. No, darling, you may see grandmamma in after years, and if you ever do, be sure to tell her I loved her the more tenderly the longer I am separated from her.'

'Mamma,' said Ethel, after a pause, during which she had been thinking, 'do you not think we might ask God to make grandmamma think of you and love you again? We may bring all our troubles and cares to Him, you know.'

'I am afraid to ask it, Ethel. I wish it so very much, that I fear it would not be good for me.'

'But, mamma, if it were not good, God would not grant it. He knows best of course, but I don't think there could be any harm in asking. Suppose you and I both ask Him, mamma, darling, for the sake of His dear Son, to teach grandmamma to forgive.'

'Oh, Ethel, if that were indeed granted, how grateful I should be!'

'I think it will be, indeed I do, dear mamma.'

Nothing more was said then, and Mrs Linton, soothed by the happy thought Ethel had suggested to her, by and bye fell asleep. Then Ethel went away to Guy.

There was no sleep for him. Poor boy! he was suffering intensely just then, and was leaning against Mr Linton's arm for a little change of position. Ethel came forward, and begged to be allowed to take his place, but Mr Linton would not give it up.

'No, no, Ethel, this is the only day I have in which to nurse our poor Guy. To-morrow I must go to work again, then you may attend to him, but I will do it myself to-day.'

'But, papa, you will not have any strength left for to-morrow, if you use it all to-day. You have scarcely rested at all.'

'I could not rest, so I came back again.'

'Papa,' said Guy, looking up into his father's face, 'I don't know how I could grieve you as I have done. I think it was the thought of the sea that kept running in my head, and made me forget everything else. But I shall give all that up now—perhaps it would not have been the life for me—at any rate I'll try not to think of it any more, since you don't wish it, papa.'

'My dear boy, I would gladly have furthered your wishes if it had been possible, but indeed it was not.'

Alas! Guy did not know yet that for him all chance of a seafaring life was cut off for ever.

The dusk of the brief November day was fast deepening into night, when Ethel came downstairs to seek for her father. She had hoped to find him resting by the fire in Mrs Linton's room, but he was not there; neither was he in the parlour, so she rapped at the door of the little study, and received permission to enter. Mr Linton was sitting by the table, with his head buried in his arms. Ethel came forward and knelt beside him.

'Dear papa, how cold and dismal you feel here! do come into the parlour. Charlotte has just made up a bright fire, and there is no one there. The children are all in the nursery, and Percy is with Guy; so come papa, it is so much more cheerful.'

Mr Linton rose without a word, and went. Ethel made him as comfortable as she could, drawing an armchair in front of the fire for him; and then she placed herself on a stool at his side, and leaning her head against him, drew his arm around her. But Mr Linton was burdened with many cares just then, and his daughter's attentions had no power to draw him out of them, but he felt them nevertheless. They sat thus for several minutes in silence. Mr Linton was staring into the fire, but Ethel was studying his face. At length, she spoke,

'Papa, will you not tell me what troubles you?'

Mr Linton started, and his eyes for a moment met the earnest gaze of his child, then they went back again to the fire.

'I don't suppose you would understand, Ethel.'

'I think I should, papa, at least I would try. Mamma is not well enough to comfort you, so you must let me do it instead, please, and I will give my best attention to whatever you will tell me.'

Mr Linton could not resist this loving appeal.

'It is about this illness of Guy's. I see plainly it is likely to be a long one, and where all he needs is to come from, and how Dr Wilmot's bill is to be paid, I cannot tell, Ethel. We have hard work to live as it is!'

'I know we are very poor, papa. I wish, oh so much, that I could do something to help. I have thought of it a great deal lately. Is there anything we can do without, papa? anything that you think us extravagant in, I mean?'

'No, Ethel, no, I am sure you and Charlotte manage things very well. I did not mean that. No, I must try to get some work to do in an evening.'

'There is one thing you could do, papa; but I am afraid you will not consent—let me write to aunt Ethel.'

'No, certainly not. I will live on dry bread rather than be dependant on the charity of others! if you mention any of our circumstances to her, Ethel, I shall be seriously displeased.'

'Of course I shall not, dear papa, if you don't wish it.'

Mr Linton did not reply; but sat moodily looking into the fire. By and bye Ethel spoke again.

'Papa, you have not told me all, I am sure; there is something else.'

'I have told you enough, my child.'

But Ethel would not be put off so: she looked up lovingly into his face, and said,

'Will you not tell me, papa?'

'Yes, I will tell you,' he said almost fiercely, 'for I cannot keep it to myself any longer. Why is it that this trouble has come upon us, when we had more than enough to bear before? it is that I want to know; and I have been wearing myself all day to find out.'

Ethel looked puzzled; and she too sought the fire, as if amid the blazes that were leaping and flickering, an answer might be found.

'Papa,' she said at last, 'do you remember the hymn we sung last Sunday afternoon at church? it has been running in my head all day.'

'No, I do not remember any particular hymn; what is it you mean?'

Softly and slowly Ethel repeated that beautiful hymn—

'Abide with me; fast falls the even-tide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

'Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

'I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me?

'I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

'Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.'

'We have more cloud than sunshine in our lives, papa,' she said, softly, after a pause, 'but God sends it; and He can make the sun shine out of the clouds.'

Mr Linton did not answer; and there was a long, long silence. At last the noise of cups heralded the approach of tea, and Mr Linton roused up. Taking Ethel's hands in his he said, 'You have comforted me, my child. God bless you!'

That was all; but those were precious words to Ethel, for it was the first time in her remembrance that her father had spoken thus to her.

Early the next morning, before Ethel was dressed, May came running into her room.

'Ethel, Ethel, I have made up my mind.'

'Made up your mind May; what to do?'

'To tell papa my secret, I have not quite earned the sovereign yet, but I can't work any more; I am *so* tired of sewing. And, besides, I think papa and mamma will be glad of my money; will they not, Ethel?'

'Yes dear, I am sure they will: and you have worked very hard to make so much.'

So before breakfast May carried the little box containing her treasure downstairs. Mr Linton was not there, and the little girl was very impatient for his coming; he came at last, and she sprang forward to meet him; and with a good deal of importance took out the shillings and sixpences and counted them into his hand.

'There papa! that is what little May has earned!'

'Earned, May? I do not understand.'

Ethel explained what the child had been about. Mr Linton looked very much pleased.

'Thank you, little May: you must have worked very hard; no one need call you indolent now, eh? This will buy some comforts for mamma and Guy; that was what you meant it for, was it not?'

'Yes, papa, please.'

Ethel thought if Mr Linton had known who had provided the money, he would not have appropriated it so easily: but she had promised Charlotte not to divulge her share of the secret.

Mr Linton and Percy went off to the grammar school; May and Gertie to Mrs Morson's; and when Ethel had helped Charlotte with a few household matters, and visited Mrs Linton to see that she was comfortable and needed nothing, she took her desk and established herself by Guy's bedside, to write to her aunt Ethel. She wanted her to know of the trouble and sorrow that had befallen them, for she was very sure they would have her warmest loving sympathy.

The letter took her a long time to write; for Guy was constantly wanting something—either his pillow shaking up, or his hair pushing off from his forehead; for it was Dr Wilmot's injunction that he was to lie as still and quiet as possible—an order Guy found it very difficult to obey: and if there was nothing else, Ethel would give a comforting word or look. But the letter was finished at last; and if there was much in it to sadden Mrs Latimer's kind heart, there was one portion which Ethel knew would give her pleasure, and it was this:—

'Do you remember, auntie, darling, what bitterness I felt against grandmamma? how I

said I could never forgive her? I could not see how wrong it was then, but I see it now; and I have forgiven her, yes, aunt Ethel, I do believe I have fully forgiven her: and I mean to do what you once said I ought to do—try my best to bring about a reconciliation, though I do not see yet what I can possibly do. But I may take it for part of the life-work God has given me, may I not, aunt Ethel?'

'Yes, indeed, my child,' was Mrs Latimer's mental comment when she read that letter; 'and God grant that you may be a true peace-maker!'

(*To be continued.*)

Exposition of the Scriptures.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CURVES OF LIFE.'

(*Continued from page* 389.)

A FOURTH principle of much importance in the exposition of Scripture is suggested by the following passages of the Word of God;—2 Tim. ii. 15, 'Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.' Acts xx. 20, 27, 'And how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you;—For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.' Mal. ii. 9, 'Therefore have I also made you contemptible and base before all the people, according as ye have not kept my ways, but have been partial in the law.' These and other passages of like import teach, in clear and unmistakable terms, the solemn duty devolving on those whose office it is to expound the Word, that they teach it to the people in all its largeness and fulness.

Among those who violate this principle, two classes may be selected as examples, the one the opposite of the other, but both alike in fault. One of these classes is noted in the public as abstract, the other as very practical, but superficial. Those who belong to the former pass over the more practical portions of the Word, and spend their time chiefly in the discussion and inculcation of the doctrinal parts of Scripture. It is remarked, that those who are trained for a number of years under this partial exposition of the Word, become dry and speculative, having the intellect more exercised than the heart, and are wanting in their exhibition of the practical graces of the Gospel. To speak in figure, such a people may not be deficient in the bones of a Christian profession, but they are wanting in flesh and skin. And as the word blessed by the Spirit of God is the means of life and health; but as the word is deficiently supplied, the health may be expected to suffer in proportion, and in a protracted state of ill health, not only the flesh and skin, but ultimately the bones, waste and fail to discharge the functions assigned them. To speak in plain language, those who attend exclusively, or mainly, to the doctrinal principles of the word, soon give up their hold of these and sink into error. Person sof little zeal, speculatively disposed, given o book study, shut out from practical life, and having but little sympathy with the sufferings and enjoyments of the mass of mankind around them, almost universally run into this dangerous extreme.

The effect of the opposite extreme on those who, for a lengthened period, are exposed to its influence, is perhaps not less injurious. They are in danger of having their attachment to the Gospel reduced to a mere uninstructed impression. As a consequence, they are exposed to the unsettling effect of every adverse influence they are called upon to encounter. Being uninstructed in the great principles of the divine character, their faith loses sight of it, and to an equal extent they suffer through their ignorance of the work of Christ, and the application of it by the Spirit of God in the sinner's conversion. Their attachment to the truth is more remarkable for its fitfulness than for its persevering consistency, because it rests more on feeling associated with special facts, than on the love of the truth resulting from the reception of it, by an enlightened faith.

Such persons owe their deficiency to a defective supply of the means divinely appointed for their growth in the service of Christ. Their fault may be seen in the light of the two following portions of the Word:—'As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' 'For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat.' These portions prove that a course of growing improvement in the knowledge of God's word, should characterize all who profess to be followers of Christ.

When pulpit exposition fails to further this end, it comes short in the discharge of its duty. When the Word of God is partially proclaimed in the pulpit, the unconverted have withheld from them that which might have proved the means of their conversion; and believers are deprived of that which otherwise might have rendered their sanctification more complete, and consequently, their life more useful in the service of the Gospel. A partial exposition of the Word of God in the pulpit,

has a strong tendency to induce the people to neglect the reading of it in private; but where the Word of God is neglected there will be ignorance of it; and ignorance of God's Word means religious darkness, and in a state of darkness people wander from the right path. Hence a partial exposition of the word of God is a source of error and religious indifference. Persons of weak judgment, of slender attainments in the knowledge of God's Word, and earnestly sympathising with the moral and religous state of things around them, are very apt to run into this unhealthy extreme.

The last named trait of character, however, is one of great importance; and in the absence of it pulpit exposition will fail to be interesting and profitable, whatever its other qualities may be. There is, perhaps, no single passage in the Word of God which so fully presents the scope of inspired teaching as that which occurs in 2d Tim. iii. 16,—'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.' The pulpit expositor should never lose sight of this divine sentence; and if he did not, his discourses would be a happy blending of doctrine, of the reproof of prevailing sins, of instruction in the duties and principles of life, and attention to the means of grace, which, when real, are but the practical expression of those principles of the new life implanted by the Spirit of God. These divine doctrines, reproofs of sin, instruction in righteousness, as converging rays of light, all point the unsaved to Him who was wounded for their transgressions, and bruised for their iniquities; and when there, these converging rays of light shine on the path, in which they follow the Saviour to a land of cloudless light and untainted joy.

'Let all things be done unto edifying,' suggests a principle in relation to pulpit exposition, which has not on all occasions received the attention which its importance would seem to demand. It is not enough that what is spoken in the pulpit be in accordance with divine truth, it should also be presented to the people in a way the most likely to accomplish the end for which it is intended. This is forcibly inculcated in the chapter from which the brief sentence here quoted is selected—1st Cor. xiv.

It is now, as it has been at other times, a question whether pulpit exposition is better calculated to edify, when delivered orally, or carefully written. It may be remarked that, in regard to practice, the best expositors are almost equally divided. Some read, and much prefer to do so, because they think they can prepare the subject more thoroughly, and are enabled to address it to the people in a thoughtful, serious, and impressive style of delivery; whilst they are themselves enabled, in a way more quiet and equable, to enjoy the service, and have less draw made upon their nervous action. And still farther, they think the advantages of an oral delivery balanced by the production of a subject more carefully arranged, and more thoroughly thought out, and exempt, in its *delivery*, from rash and unguarded expressions.

On the other side, it is asserted by those who are advocates of oral address, that whilst a few congregations, composed chiefly of persons highly educated and refined, may prefer to hear the exposition from the pulpit read, yet the great mass of the people would rather hear it spoken. A written discourse may be more accurate, regular, and logical, but it must ever be wanting in spirit and power, as compared with an oral address, both being equal in other respects. And as it is not so much the design of pulpit exposition to supply knowledge to the people, as it is to lead them to acquire it for themselves, the inspired Word itself may, through the blessing of God's Spirit, become the power of God to salvation to all who hear it. For this purpose the spirit-stirring appeals of the living voice, speaking from heart to heart, and from faith to faith, is better adapted as a means, than the more cool and unimpassioned utterance of a read discourse. The worthiest expositor is in no sense guided by the inspiration of the Spirit, yet, as a servant of Christ, in His Master's service, he is warranted to expect the gracious and sanctifying aid of the Holy Spirit in the exercise of his sacred office. And while he is face to face with his living charge, with all their undying and immeasurable interests flashing on his mind; and as his spirit kindles under the combined influences of the occasion, may it not reasonably be expected, nay, has it not been realized in instances innumerable, that the brightest and most telling utterances of pulpit exposition have had both their origin and expression on such occasions? And with an effect equally happy, has not the keenly awakened sense of the moment forbidden the utterance of much that, in the cool retirement of private study, appeared suitable and appropriate?

Much may be said for and against both sides of the question; yet it will be admitted by all who take an interest in the advancement of the Gospel, that it is a subject of considerable importance, and demands, on the part of those who have charge of the training of young men for the ministry, and of young men themselves, a more careful inquiry than it has hitherto received. It is certain that, in Scripture times, the exposition of the Word was delivered orally, as in the cases already alluded to, and others of a similar kind. This in itself is worthy of much consideration; for Scripture example has seldom been departed from with advantage to the interests of the Gospel.

Another argument in favour of oral delivery, of much importance, is its preference by almost the whole Christian community, all things else being considered equal. This in itself is an evidence that oral delivery is better adapted to sustain a living and cheerful interest in the services of the sanctuary than the method of reading; the language is less formal, less studied, and the line of thought not so regular, not so systematic, as in a written address, and therefore more easily followed by the hearers. The expositor, in pursuit of the subject, in the presence of an attentive and judging people, glances

at much that would have occupied time in a written discourse; the language adapts itself to the circumstances of the occasion, and is more cheerful, and less laborious to the hearer. The expositor, speaking to his audience words of infinite importance, with which his own convictions are in complete accord, must, as a consequence, have those feelings which correspond called into exercise. And as he urges his appeals face to face, the *animus* of his own spirit will fix the attention of his sympathizing people more efficiently than can be done by one who reads his address, and he will carry along with him, without fatigue, their earnest attention.

As before remarked, the subject is one which addresses itself more to the attention of young men preparing for the ministry, and to the consideration of those who have in hand their training, than to others; for when habits are formed they are difficult to change, and more especially those which are associated with what is done under the eye of the public. With the expositor the question should be, not that which may be most convenient for himself, but rather that which is best calculated to promote the edification of those among whom he labours. And after he has done all he can in the use of means, it becomes him not to lose sight of the true source of his success, as taught in the Word itself,—'I have planted, and Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.' 'For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong holds.'

LUTHER'S BEREAVEMENT.

LUTHER was called to part with Magdalen at the age of fourteen. She was a most endearing child, and united the firmness and perseverance of the father, with the gentleness and delicacy of the mother. When she grew very ill, Luther said, 'Dearly do I love her! but O my God, if it be Thy will to take her hence, I resign her to Thee without a murmur.'

He then approached the bed, saying to her, 'My dear little daughter, my beloved Magdalen, you would willingly remain with your earthly father; but if God calls you, you will also willingly go to your heavenly Father.'

She replied, 'Yes, dear father; it is as God pleases.'

'Dear little girl,' he exclaimed, 'O how I love her! The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.'

He then took the Bible, and read to her the passage in Isaiah: 'Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for the earth shall cast out the dead.'

He then said, 'My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace.'

She turned her dying eyes toward him, and said, with touching simplicity, 'Yes, father.'

The night preceding her death, Catherine, worn out with watching, reclined her head on the sick-bed, and slept. When she awoke, she appeared much agitated; and as soon as Philip Melancthon arrived, she hastened to him and told him her dream.

'I saw two young men, who seemed to be clad in robes of light, enter the room. I pointed to Magdalen, who lay quietly sleeping, and made a sign to them not to disturb her; but they said they came to conduct her to the bridal ceremony.'

Melancthon was much moved, and afterwards said to his wife, 'These were holy angels that Catherine saw in her dream; and they will conduct the virgin to her bridal in the celestial kingdom.'

When her last moments were near, she raised her eyes tenderly to her parents, and begged them not to weep for her. 'I go,' said she, 'to my Father in heaven;' and a sweet smile irradiated her dying countenance. Luther threw himself upon his knees, weeping bitterly, and fervently prayed God to spare her to them. In a few moments she expired in the arms of her father. Catherine, unequal to repressing the agony of her sorrow, was at a little distance perhaps unable to witness the last long-drawn breath. When the scene was closed, Luther repeated fervently, 'The will of God be done! yes, she has gone to her Father in heaven.' Philip Melancthon, who, with his wife, was present, said, 'Parental love is an image of the Divine love, impressed on the hearts of men; God does not love the beings He has created less than parents love their children.'

When they were about putting the child into the coffin, the father said, 'Dear little Magdalen, I see thee now lifeless, but thou wilt shine in the heavens as a star! I am joyous in spirit, but in the flesh most sorrowful. It is wonderful to realise that she is happy—better taken care of—and yet to be so sad.'

Then turning to her mother, who was bitterly weeping, he said, 'Dear Catherine, remember where she has gone—ah! she has made a blessed exchange. The heart bleeds without doubt—it is natural that it should; but the spirit, the immortal spirit, rejoices. Happy are those who die young; children do not doubt—they believe; with them all is trust; they fall asleep.'

When the funeral took place, and the people were assembled to convey the body to its last home, some friends said they sympathized with him in his affliction. 'Be not sorrowful for me,' he replied, 'I have sent a saint to heaven. O, may we all die such a death! Gladly would I accept it now!' —*Words of Hope.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

2 Cor. v. 10.

PAUL felt that he had much to do with the *future*. Hence he kept it before him, and before the eyes of the Church. The future concerns *us* much, for it is the *future* that gives such importance to the present; it is in that eternal *future* that our present is to issue. In that future the great settlement is to be made of our lot, our character, our state, our dwelling-place. Let us learn what Paul teaches us of that future.

I. *There is a Judgment-Day.* The thing itself, along with its hour and moment, is fixed. There is no uncertainty either as to the thing or the time. It has been long delayed, but it will come at last. There are many hinderances, but in spite of them it will come. Men don't wish it; devils dread it; but it will come. O sinner, there is a judgment-day! O lover of pleasure, O follower of the world, O indulger of the flesh, O worshipper of gold, O reveller in sin, there is a judgment-day! It will come in spite of you. Nay, just for you, and such as you, it is coming! Its thunder is for *you;* its fire is for *you;* its fiery shafts, winged with everlasting death, are for *you!*

II. *There is a Judgment-seat.* The judgment is no vague sentence passed by ourselves upon ourselves, as some say, resolving all such judgment into acquittal or condemnation by our own conscience. The judgment is from without, not from within. It would be folly to make the criminal his own judge, or to set a man to adjudge to himself the penalties of a law which he has all his life been violating. No: there is a throne of judgment. God is yet to set it up. O sinner, it is for *you!* Are you ready?

III. *It is the Judgment-seat of Christ.* 'The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son.' The seat or throne is that of the Son of Man, as Daniel so fully announces (vii.). The man Christ Jesus, the Word made flesh, the seed of the woman—He is our Judge. Our Saviour is our Judge. He who sits upon the throne of grace is to sit upon the throne of judgment. He who was nailed to the cross is to sit upon the throne. He who receives sinners is to condemn sinners. How impartial will His sentence be! How wise and perfect! Yet how impossible to escape the sentence, or to get the condemnation reversed! There is no appeal. If Christ be against us, who can be for us? If He condemns, there can be no hope. There is none to turn to. There is no other Saviour, and no other cross.

IV. *We must all appear before it.* The Apostle is speaking in the name of his fellow saints,—'we must all appear,' or 'be manifested.' There shall be no hiding nor holding back. The summons shall be issued to all, and all must obey. The saints indeed shall not stand there as criminals to be *tried*, but to be manifested. Yet still they shall all be there. O solemn day for us! How precious does Saviour and an Advocate seem in the prospect of it. To be 'found in him,' then, will be our security and blessedness.

V. *We must there receive our Recompense.* It is that each of us may receive the recompense for the deeds done *in* and *by* the body, whether good or evil. In that day we shall reap as we have sown. The judgment shall sit upon the *actions* of believers, not on their *persons*. It shall determine not the *salvation*, but the *reward*. See 1 Cor. iii. 12–15. The deeds shall be weighed not as bearing upon personal *acceptance*, but upon *recompense*. So that this judgment is a thing which a Christian ought solemnly to consider and keep in mind. He himself does not stand there to be *tried*, as if it were then a question whether he were to be pardoned or condemned. He goes to be 'manifested' or 'brought to light.' It is *actions* that are to be weighed, that according to them he may receive less or greater reward.

But the unbelieving pass also to the judgment-seat of Christ, to be tried both as to their persons and their deeds. The judgment on them will be righteous and impartial. To all it will be terrible; to most it will be wofully disappointing. They expected to 'get off,' to be leniently dealt with. They find it otherwise. All is *law* in that day; *grace* is past. They find themselves condemned. They thought they would surely get to heaven; they find themselves dismissed to the outer darkness.

Think of that judgment, O man, and prepare! Break with the world, quarrel with sin; seek the Lord; betake yourself to the cross. This is the acceptable year, but that is the day of vengeance.

THREE DIVINE CAUTIONS:

'FEAR NOT,' 'FRET NOT,' 'FAINT NOT.'

BY THE REV. JOHN COX.

THE word '*not*,' though small, is a word of great power. It is astonishing what a difference the leaving of it out, or putting it in, will make in the sense of a passage. A mistake in either of these respects turns things upside down.

The word '*not*' may be connected with the very worst utterances of human depravity, as when the sinner says, 'I will not,' to God. It may form part of the most terrible reproach God can utter; '*ye would not*.' It is also found in the most tender and triumphant testimonies of mercy, 'O Israel thou shalt *not* be forgotten of me.' 'I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall *not* depart from me.'

But we purpose now to look at this word in connection with the three little words, *fear*, *fret*, and *faint*. God's negatives are very gracious, His positives are very glorious. If we would share what He proposes to give, we must shun whatever He forbids. Fearing, fretting, fainting, will hinder the enjoyment of God's mercies, and impede our souls in His service. Let us, therefore, if we would be happy and fruitful, give good heed to these three necessary cautions. The first has respect to trials, the second to withholdings, and the third to circumstances. When we meet with a 'fear not,' we should think on God's gracious promises; 'fret not' should remind of His glorious purposes; and 'faint not' of His grand performances.

I. '*Fear not*.' There are a great many 'fear nots' in the Bible. We find God speaking thus encouragingly to His people, from Genesis to Revelation. Time would fail to gather them all out. The frequency of the occurrence of these words prove how ready God's people are to fear; that there is no real excuse for their fears, and that God would have them be without fear. He would have His people courageous and confident; happy, and hopeful. Satan tries to make them cowardly and foreboding, miserable, and despairing; and they are but too prone to fall in with him. We should think on the antecedents and accompaniments of these 'fear nots.' We shall find that they imply trial and temptation, difficulty and perplexity, and it may be that in some cases, failure and mistakes have preceded them. If the histories of Abraham, Jacob, David, Paul, and others, are examined, and if we note what went before the utterances of these cheering words, we shall see the truth of all this.

And yet what gracious words accompany these two kind syllables; what sufficient reasons are assigned for this prohibition? 'Fear not, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.' 'Fear not, for I will go with thee.' 'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' 'Fear not, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom,' etc., etc. And those who have welcomed these good words, and rested their souls upon them, have been of good courage, have conquered their enemies, encouraged others, and been able to sing, 'Whom shall I fear, of whom shall I be afraid.' 'Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid.'

The best way to get rid of the wrong fear is to possess the right. Fear God with holy filial fear, and you will not fear any enemies with cowardly fear. Communion with God is the best friend to courage. The holy angels are always full of reverential fear, but know not what any other fear is. They never need a 'fear not,' nor an exhortation to 'fear God.'

The second needful caution is—'*Fret not*.' We find this word in Ps. xxxvii. 1, 7. It is an ugly word, but a very expressive one. It is applied in the old translation to the action of moths in garments, Ps. xxxix. 11. Fretting injures and wears the texture of the soul, as a moth frets a garment. It may also refer to the effect produced on fine machinery by sand or gravel, or by small pieces of metal on mill stones, or even to the effect of mill stones upon each other, if they are kept going swiftly round without anything to grind. The word fret is also used in Scripture to describe the progress and effects of leprosy in garments and houses, Lev. xiii. 52, xix. 44. There is another evil association of the word, which should help to warn us against indulging in the state of mind set forth by it. There are few more awful descriptions of wickedness than that in Is. viii. 21, 22; and the climax of all is, 'They shall

fret themselves, and curse their King and their God.' A striking testimony is borne on this subject, and the evil thing is traced to its root in Prov. xix. 3, 'The foolishness of man perverteth his way, and his heart *fretteth* against the Lord.' How striking the contrast in Job xxxiii. 27, 28, 'He looketh upon men and if any say I have sinned, and *perverted* that which is right, and it profiteth me not, he will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light.' How much better is confession than murmuring, praying than fretting. When Hannah (great as her provocation was) left off fretting and took to praying, her arms soon embraced her Samuel, her heart rejoiced in God's salvation; and her song, so full of praise and prophecy, has come rolling grandly down the ages to this day.

Fretting when it refers to the actings of the mind, in many cases supposes *envy*. 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious because of the workers of iniquity,' Ps. xxxvii. 1; Prov. xxiv. 19. Asaph did this, and he forcibly describes the painful and injurious process in the seventy-third Psalm. He surveyed the wicked and their prosperity, the godly and their trials, he looked at both from a wrong point of view, his heart was grieved, and he was pricked in his reins. It became too painful for him. He questioned the rectitude of Providence, and the wisdom of God. Just then he was stopped; he fell on his face confessing, 'I am foolish,' '*I was envious*,' and then the scene changed from darkness to light, from complaining to communion.

While this sad mood lasts, while we fret because God withholds certain things from us which He gives abundantly to others, *expectation* from God is excluded. The fretting one cannot say, 'My soul wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him.' 'I will look to the Lord, I will wait for the God of my salvation.' 'Though the fig-tree blossom not, I will rejoice in the Lord.' Hope pines when the heart frets, and peace flutters outside that soul which care corrodes, and which complainings fill with discord.

Yet many *excuses* are often made for this line of conduct; and the more it is indulged in, the more it is justified. But it cannot really be excused or justified. 'Wherefore should a living man complain?' 'If a sinner, he has no right to do so; if a saint, no reason;' for a sinner deserves hell at any moment, and a saint is on his way to a glorious heaven (though he also has merited hell), and his very trials and deprivations are a means of preparing and training him for that better world. Therefore '*fret not*.' Fretting is very much like murmuring; nothing is more condemned in God's word than this, and few things have been mor severely punished.

III. '*Faint not*.' If you fear and fret, mo likely you *will* faint. The first two are tl parents, and the third the offspring. Therefo if you would not faint, cherish the opposite the two forbidden things, even courage a contentment; and from these will spring wl one calls 'a jewel in God's estimation,' ev *endurance;* or 'patient continuance in w doing.' 'For my name's sake (says Chri thou hast borne and hast not fainted.' N fainting is opposed to desponding amidst s rows, or while under correction. 'Faint n when thou art rebuked of him.' Also to wea ness in service, 'In due season we shall rea we faint not,' Gal. vi. 8. There is much n to watch against both these, especially wl sorrows are heavy, or success is seemingly wi held. Even Job, so celebrated for his patien fainted under his heavy load, and thought case without parallel and beyond relief. Elij that apparently almost superhuman being, ' quested for himself that he might die,' wl no result seemed to come from his ministry a miracles. Jonah fainted when he was v angry; and he fainted again when he fret over his withered gourd. Surely we had n entertain the kind caution, 'faint not,' as consider these remarkable instances of faintii

The way not to faint is simply and sincer to inquire what is present duty, and havi ascertained that, to set ourselves honestly a heartily to do it. Whatever the circumstanc of our case may be, however desolate or da gerous, there must be a way to serve and hc our God in connection with them. God ne leaves His people without something to do Him, He never shuts them out from glorifyi Him. It may be humbling work, small wo out of sight work, undoing, unlearning, pulling down work; but there it is somewhe so search it out and do it.

While seeking to glorify God in the fi cultivate a spirit of *dependence* on God for gu ance and strength, wait on Him and He v give them. Faith will fetch a cordial from t promises, and hope will cause a breath heavenly air to fan the soul, and so revive again. 'I had fainted (says David) unless had believed to see the goodness of the Lo in the land of the living.' Then he speak hopeful word to others: 'Wait on the Lord, of good courage, and he shall strengthen t heart, wait I say on the Lord.'

'Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His word thy stedfast eye
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain,
By self-consuming care,
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.'

To these three gracious words of caution, *fear not*, *fret not*, *faint not*, let us add one most positive and precious word from the lips of Him who 'knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust.' 'I WILL NOT FAIL THEE, NOR FORSAKE THEE.' Friends may fail, circumstances may change, enemies may conspire and irritate; yea, old age may come with its depressing feelings, flesh and heart may also fail, but God says, and He means it: 'I WILL NOT FAIL THEE.' One to whom we have already referred, whose 'feet were almost gone, whose steps had well nigh slipped,' sweetly realized this, and sung a song of victory over fearing, fretting, and fainting, in the triumphant words: 'GOD IS THE STRENGTH OF MY HEART AND MY PORTION FOR EVER.'

The apostle renders the above words first addressed to Joshua thus, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' In this passage is found (what Dr Nevins calls) '*five negatives*,' which he says, are 'faithfully as well as beautifully brought out in the well known verse—

'The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
I *will not*, I *will not* desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll *never*, no *never*, no *never*, forsake!'

Therefore the apostle infers '*we* may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man shall do unto me.'

Think not then that it can be reasonable for you who trust in Jesus to give way to fears, to waste your soul's strength in fretting, or to lay down in despondency. Often call to mind the words, '*I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee;*' and if you need another weapon wherewith to fight the threefold foe, let it be Isa. xli. 10, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee,' here is an antidote for all fears. When tempted to *fret* because of withholdings or inflictions, or apparent inequalities of Providence, let the words 'Be not dismayed, for I am thy God,' calm and satisfy the soul. And if faintness in sore trial or difficult service steals over the soul, remember who hath said, 'I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'

Bear in mind also that the Lord Jesus 'spake a parable to this end that men ought always to pray and not to faint.' In connection then with 'the sword of the spirit,' take what Bunyan calls 'the weapon of all prayer.'

Meditate much on the words of truth, and wait on God continually; so shall fears be scattered, fretting cease, and instead of fainting you shall sing, 'He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.' 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.' 'I will hope continually, and will praise thee more and more.'

A Song of the Night.

MY soul looks up to Thee,
O Father, thro' the night;
Her dauntless eye shall greet from far
The coming of the morning star,
The herald of the light!

My soul would faint and fall
But for that sacred hill
And that dear cross on Calvary,
Whence flowing streams of life from thee
Her ebbing life shall fill.

Father, I lean on Thee,
Earth's sunlight fades away;
Thy grace sufficient is and strong,
And that shall lead my soul along
This strange and hidden way.

My soul looks up to Thee,
O Father, through the night;
What though the sun-clad cherub stay,
He yet shall ope the gates of day,
And I shall see Thy light.

Mrs J. M'Wright.

Christ or the World.*

THE next morning rose brightly upon the inmates of Mertonsville Park. Herbert Seymour was early astir; and as he looked from his window upon the variegated landscape, and beheld the glorious sunlight shining upon the sparkling river, and heard the soft, low sigh of the fresh morning breeze amongst the luxuriant foliage of the trees, he fancied his home had never yet appeared half so lovely; for now he could view each blooming flower which shed its fragrance around, point to the glittering sunshine making the dewdrops twinkle like so many diamonds, gaze upon the shadowy mountains, and say, 'I *see my Father's* hand in all,—each object proclaims His love!'

The extreme loveliness of the morning tempted him to take a short ramble through the grounds before breakfast.

He had not proceeded far, when, coming in sight of the conservatories, it suddenly occurred to him to examine a favourite exotic plant, in the culture of which he had formerly taken an interest; but finding all the doors locked, he rapidly walked towards the gardener's cottage in order to procure the keys. Just as he approached the pretty flower-covered porch, and was about to knock, he heard the gardener's voice, as if engaged in reading aloud.

Not wishing to disturb him, he softly drew nearer, when through the open window the words fell with perfect clearness on his ear, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.'

A glad smile shone on Herbert's face as he drank in these beautiful words of holy writ; he almost felt as if a special messenger had been despatched from the bright realms of glory to cheer and refresh his soul just when he needed encouragement.

After the conclusion of the psalm there was a pause, and then the same voice was raised in prayer. Few and simple were the words uttered, for George Lisburn was a plain, untutored man, who by untiring industry and perseverance qualified himself for the situation he had now held for upwards of thirty years as a confidential and valued servant in Mr Seymour's family. No studied language or thrilling eloquence was his; yet as he poured forth his fervent petitions with childlike confidence and faith, as if from the depths of a heart over-flowing with love to God, Herbert could not refrain from softly exclaiming, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.'

When the prayer was ended, he tapped lightly at the door, which was immediately opened by Lisburn himself, who gazed at him with mingled surprise and pleasure; and on learning the purpose for which he had come, he at once accompanied him to the conservatories.

Silently they pursued their way for a few minutes; but at last Herbert remarked to his humble companion, 'Well, Lisburn, you have begun the day in a profitable manner.'

'In a profitable manner!' echoed the gardener, quite puzzled. 'What can you mean, sir?'

'I did not like disturbing you,' explained Herbert; 'so I waited outside your door until your devotions were concluded; and I was reminded of the words of the Psalmist,—"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord."'

Lisburn glanced furtively at him while he was speaking, vainly endeavouring to comprehend the humour of his gay young master by observing the expression of his face: then he said deprecatingly, 'Excuse me, sir; I have no wish to appear presuming, but indeed it is not right to jest on so serious a subject.'

'Very true, Lisburn. You are, however mistaken in supposing that I am not in earnest. Does it appear so strange to you,' he added, as he saw that Lisburn stood transfixed with astonishment, 'that I, too, should have been brought to love the Lord, and to count it one of my chief delights to read His word and pray to Him?'

'And is this really the case?' asked Lisburn, still looking somewhat bewildered.

'Yes. Thank God, I can say, "The Lord is my light and my salvation,"' was the gladsome answer.

'Bless His holy name!' fervently ejaculated the pious old man, as soon as his pleasurable emotion enabled him to speak. 'I could scarcely believe it at first; it seemed too good to be true. Will you just tell me how it came about, sir?'

'Wonderful! most wonderful!' he exclaimed, in a tone of heartfelt delight, when Herbert had briefly mentioned what he was desirous of knowing: 'Who could have supposed that you would be thus brought to the knowledge of the truth at such an apparently unlikely time?'

'You know, Lisburn,' rejoined Herbert, 'God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor His ways our ways; and frequently, when we least expect it, He sends the blessing we require.'

'And your father?' asked the other presently, with a little anxiety.

'He knows nothing yet; but I intend to embrace the first opportunity of telling him.'

'I think you are right, sir,' said Lisburn, 'in——'

* From a striking and well-written tale, entitled 'Mertonsville Park; or, Herbert Seymour's Choice.' By the Author of Ellen Clinton. London: J. Clarke *and Co. 1869.*

He stopped abruptly, and passed his hand twice across his forehead, as if some painful thought had suddenly revisited his memory; but, quickly recovering himself, he continued earnestly,—'Take an old man's advice, my dear young sir, and don't suffer yourself to become disheartened, even though my master should seem annoyed when he first hears of this change. Just cast your every burden on the Lord, and patiently wait His time; and if He sends you trials, He will also impart grace and strength to enable you to endure them.'

'Thank you, my good friend,' said Herbert, seizing the old man's hand—to his no little surprise—and shaking it heartily. 'I am glad I have seen you, for last night I felt greatly depressed in spirit as I reflected on the future; I almost feared I was alone—the only one at Mertonsville who cared for these things; but I know better now, and shall go away strengthened and refreshed.'

'Ah,' mused Lisburn, as he watched the young man's retreating figure, 'how prone we all are to feel thus at times! we forget that while Jesus lives His people can never really be alone, for He has promised to be with them even unto the end of the world. But,' he added, turning briskly round, and walking in the direction of his own cottage, 'I must carry the good news to my wife; it will make her very heart glad.'

Herbert, meanwhile, had re-entered the house, and joined his parents, who were taking their seats at the breakfast table.

After making several abortive attempts to introduce the subject which occupied his thoughts, he was obliged to put it off until the meal was over. Then he was preparing to plunge into the matter without any useless circumlocution, but Mrs Seymour suddenly prevented him by saying, 'Do you know, Herbert, that Lady Clifford's ball takes place to-morrow night?'

'I was not aware of it,' he answered absently.

'How unfortunate it would have been,' she continued, 'had you arrived too late for it!'

'Now is my time,' thought Herbert. Yet even as he thus decided there came a rush of mingled feeling into his heart; for though on the one hand he was conscious that it would be inconsistent for a professing Christian to mingle with the pleasure-seeking throng, and join in the fascinating engagements of Lady Clifford's brilliant assembly, yet on the other he was assailed by the artful deceiver, who endeavoured, with his usual subtlety, to persuade him that it was his duty to obey the wishes of his parents.

'You need not,' suggested the wily tempter, 'make a practice of yielding to these things. But surely *for once* it can do you no harm, and will give them gratification. Say, therefore, nothing at present. After the ball you can explain how matters stand with you.'

Shall the tempter succeed in drawing Herbert a step out of the narrow path? Will he, with his specious arguments, prevail, and induce the young Christian soldier to lay down his arms for a moment, and go over to the enemy? No! Another thought flashed like a ray of heaven-born light into his mind,—'No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.'

It was enough! Christ must be followed at any cost.

'Mother,' said the young man, 'I should be grieved to cause you or my father any disappointment; but if you will listen to me for a few moments, I think you will see that I could not well accompany you to-morrow night.'

'Not go to Lady Clifford's ball!' cried Mrs Seymour, in amazement. 'Why——'

'Wait an instant, my dear,' quietly interposed her husband 'and let us first hear what he has to say.'

Then Herbert commenced his task by plainly explaining his meaning, and mentioning the motives which actuated him in renouncing many things which he had been accustomed to regard as essential to happiness; and, while firmly intimating his desire of devoting himself henceforth to the service of his Lord and Saviour, he also assured them that on every other point—save where his conscience forbade—it would be his aim to render prompt obedience to their slightest wish.

As he thus spoke, a variety of changes chased themselves in quick succession over Mr Seymour's countenance. First, he simply looked amused; then surprised: but as his son went on, these gave place to an expression of grave sternness; and when Herbert had ended, he said to him in a tone of extreme displeasure, 'How you could have made up your mind to act in this ridiculous manner, I cannot conceive; but, as you really appear to be infected with these fanciful notions, all I can do is to advise you to get rid of them at the outset.'

'God forbid!' exclaimed Herbert, gently.

Almost involuntarily Mr Seymour started, and frowning ominously, he continued,—'Everything like cant and fanaticism I detest, and will not excuse it—no, not even in you; and if this is *my* sentiment, what will others say, should you persist in acting up to these extraordinary ideas? Why, the consequence will be, that even amongst your best friends you will be an object of ridicule and contempt.'

'I must risk it,' answered Herbert. 'Even my Master, who was holy and harmless, did not escape; and it is not for me, His follower, to shrink from anything He may have ordained for me.'

Mr Seymour was perplexed and astonished; for he knew that in days gone by the most distant allusion of this kind would have raised his son's spirit and pride together. Now, as he glanced at him, he could not help perceiving the calm look of peace which reposed upon his unruffled brow; and for a moment he was touched.

The next time he spoke it was in a somewhat kinder tone.

'Nonsense, my boy; you are placing difficulties in your own way: the things you object to are really in themselves quite harmless. Thousands of good Christians are constantly

seen at balls and other like places of amusement, and why should you affect to be better than others? Come now,' he added in a more persuasive manner, 'be reasonable, and give up these absurd fancies before you go farther.'

Herbert shook his head sadly. 'It cannot be. O my father!' he pleaded in an earnestly touching voice, 'do not, I beseech you, oppose me in this thing; suffer me to go on in the way I feel I ought, and be assured you will never repent of your kindness.

'I *cannot* let you alone,' retorted Mr Seymour, the red flush of anger mounting to his forehead, 'and see you disgrace yourself and your family.'

'Oh! surely not disgrace.'

'Yes, I repeat it, disgrace!' And there was a bitter emphasis upon the word, which made it grate more harshly on Herbert's ear.

He did not reply, for he felt how useless it would be to say anything further, especially as Mr Seymour was already much exasperated.

Presently the latter rose, and saying loftily, 'We will not continue this unpleasant subject longer at present; you shall have time to think over my advice, and I doubt not, ere many weeks have gone by, you will be yourself again,' he hastily left the room.

Herbert was the first to speak after his departure. 'My dear mother,' he said, gazing wistfully into her face; 'I fear I have displeased you as well as my father.'

'Displeased me!' she answered quickly. 'Oh, no! surprise, not anger, has kept me silent.'

Herbert thanked her by a look of gratitude; and she continued regretfully, 'I am sorry that you did not think of speaking to me alone on the subject first. However, it is useless to talk of that now. Are you quite sure,' she added, hesitatingly, 'that it is your duty to deprive yourself of so much enjoyment?'

'Worldly amusements afford me no pleasure now,' he replied, with a frank smile; 'having obtained the substance, I no longer desire the shadow.'

'I understand you a little, Herbert,' said Mrs Seymour, hurriedly; 'for once I, too, thought—but no matter——.' And she suddenly checked herself. Then, forcing a laugh which sounded strangely unnatural, she exclaimed, starting abruptly from her seat, and going towards the door, 'I promised to drive with Mrs Hastings this morning, so I am obliged to leave you, as I do not wish to keep her waiting. Will you ring the bell, my dear, and order the carriage?'

Herbert turned to fulfil this request; but before he could do more than lay his hand upon the bell, he felt his mother's arms wind lovingly around him, and heard her say, in a low, agitated voice, 'I cannot go without telling you that I feel you are right; but, oh! my darling Herbert, I tremble for you.'

'You feel that I am right,' cried Herbert, joyfully; 'then will not you also, my own dear mother, seek——'

'No, no,' she said, interrupting him, while a quick look of pain passed over her features, 'I could not act as you have done; to kno what is right, and to practise it, are two ver different things.'

'Different indeed,' began Herbert, gravely but ere he could conclude his sentence, M Seymour had left him.

Noiselessly she crossed the wide hall, a cended the stairs, and with an uneasy expre sion upon her countenance, entered her dres ing-room, where—after carefully fastening t door—she sat down among the cushions of luxurious couch, and allowed herself a fe moments for serious reflection.

A chord had been touched in her hea the vibrations of which thrilled through h every nerve. Memory, starting up at the u wonted sound, brought many past events long since buried in forgetfulness—most vivid before her.

She saw as in a dream herself once more young and blooming girl, just standing on t threshold of womanhood, and also the form her Christian mother; and as she again listen to the gentle words which fell from th mother's lips—words of warning and entrea —she remembered how fondly she had lov her; how frequently she had mused on t holy consistency of her character; how ardent she had longed to resemble her; and how, tim after time, in answer to her earnest pleading she had promised to yield herself unto Christ

Then the scene was changed, and she fou herself suddenly placed in one of the mo perilous positions it is perhaps possible for young girl to occupy. The undisputed po session of wealth, beauty, and accomplishmen brought out into the full glare of worldly pom and show, without the corrective influence of mother's watchful care, she was courted an caressed by those who surrounded her, praise by friends, flattered by dependents, and admire by all for her grace and loveliness; until on by one her early impressions faded, every seriou thought was banished from her mind; an when at length the time came for her to mak a firm stand, either for Christ or the world she unhesitatingly chose the latter for her por tion, and hushed the voice of conscience, whic bade her beware, lest gaining the world, sh should loose her soul.

These reminiscences were not pleasant; an after struggling with them awhile, Mrs Seymou succeeded in locking, with a determined hand the chamber of memory; and, smothering deep sigh, which told of the evanescent an unsatisfactory nature of the joys she had s eagerly sought, she prepared herself for he drive.

After his mother's departure, Herbert passe some hours alone, thinking over the events o the morning, and seeking guidance and strengt for what yet lay before him.

The manner in which his communicatio had been received by Mr Seymour chilled an disappointed him, but he encouraged himsel in the hope that, by invariably yielding ready compliance to his wishes whenever they wer

conformable to the sacred duty he owed to God —who, as his Creator and Redeemer, claimed his supreme affection and filial obedience—he might be enabled eventually to disarm opposition and conquer prejudice.

At length his meditations were brought to an abrupt termination by the unceremonious entrance, and somewhat noisy greeting, of a young man named Charles Hastings, who, on account of his having been from his earliest boyhood Herbert's chosen friend and playmate, was considered quite a privileged person at Mertonsville, and allowed to come and go just when and how he pleased.

'Welcome home, my dear fellow,' he exclaimed, rushing impetuously forward, and seizing Herbert's hand in both his own. 'How are you after your wanderings?'

'Very well, and glad to see you once more,' replied Herbert, warmly.

Then followed an animated conversation, in the course of which Mr Hastings detailed some of the most interesting occurrences that had taken place in the neighbourhood during his friend's absence.

Herbert could scarcely restrain a smile, while listening to his witty remarks and humorous anecdotes; but ere long he was saddened at the tone of reckless levity with which he spoke on every subject, however serious, and a pang of remorse came across him as he remembered how much of his own life had been thus wasted in vain, foolish, and unprofitable conversation.

All unconscious of this feeling, his companion rattled on for a considerable time, until, having at last exhausted his experience of the past, he turned to the future. 'By the bye, Herbert, you will, of course, join our party, as usual, at the D—— races? I only hope we may find as much enjoyment as we have hitherto done. Do you recollect the last time we attended them together?'

'Yes.'

'And the very active part we ourselves took on the occasion?'

'I have not forgotten that either,' was the grave reply.

Charles Hastings laughed, and observed significantly, 'It would be strange if you had; for some of our adventures were——But what is the matter?' he interrupted himself to ask, as for the first time he took note of the expression of Herbert's face. 'Does not the retrospect please you?'

'Far from it, my dear Charles.'

'And wherefore? if I may ask the question.'

'Because the end of these things is death.'

'Herbert!' exclaimed Mr Hastings, starting up and looking anxiously at him, 'did you not tell me that you were quite well?'

'Yes; and I said truly; nevertheless, I shall not be at the races this year.'

'And wherefore?' again inquired his companion, in a lighter tone, as he resumed his seat.

'A few words will suffice to explain my reason.' Herbert rose as he spoke, and opening his Bible, which lay on the table, read, slowly and distinctly, '"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, *do all* to the glory of God.'

Surprise, perplexity, and inquiry, were visible on Mr Hastings' countenance, but other response he made none; and after regarding him reflectively for a minute, Herbert continued,—'Now, from henceforth I intend to take this Book as my guide and counsellor. You will, therefore, readily perceive that, this being so, I cannot consistently join in those worldly amusements which bring no glory to God, and on which I dare not ask His blessing.'

'I perceive nothing of the kind,' muttered Charles Hastings, in an under-tone, while a half-contemptuous smile curled his lips. 'But,' he added,—a sudden doubt crossing his mind,—'are you not trying to play off some joke upon me, just for the pleasure of laughing at my credulity?'

'Do I look as if I were joking?'

'No, verily, you look serious enough,' he replied, after eyeing him with a glance of keen penetration; '*that* I must admit.'

'You are right, my friend,—I am serious. Since I last saw you I have been made a partaker of joys far superior to any I had ever known or experienced before; and, having myself discovered the secret of true and abiding happiness, I am naturally——'

'And what is this wonderful secret? You have not told me yet,' said Mr Hastings, incredulously.

With gravity, simplicity, and deep emphasis, the answer was given, '*Christ in you, the hope of glory.*'

A transient expression of mingled curiosity and uneasiness passed over Charles Hastings' countenance; he, however, merely made a gesture of impatience, shrugged his shoulders slightly, and exclaimed, almost involuntarily, 'It's incredible!' Then, resuming his wonted vivacious manner, he turned, with an amused smile, to Herbert, and said, carelessly, 'I suppose I ought to congratulate you, my dear fellow; but really you must excuse me, for I do not understand it in the least,'—adding mentally, 'or you either.'

'Have you any wish to understand it?' asked Herbert, quickly; 'you can scarcely imagine how much happiness it would give me if I could induce you to——'

'Oh, spare me!' cried the young man, lifting up both his hands, and assuming an expression of consternation and alarm; 'I assure you the sermon is quite sufficient without the application! The fact is,' he went on more seriously, 'my present position satisfies me well, and I see no reason why I should wish to change it. I am not worse than others, neither do I pretend to be better.'

'Will you tell me,' said Herbert, laying his hand lightly upon his friend's shoulder, and speaking very gently, 'what advantage you expect to derive on account of this?'

'What advantage!' he repeated, looking puzzled. 'Why, is it not an advantage?'

'I read in this Book, "Thou shalt not

follow a multitude to do evil," and "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."'

'Well, you certainly do not flatter me,' returned Mr Hastings, half offended. 'Do you mean to intimate that that is my condition?'

'Forgive me, dear Charles, if I speak too plainly; but as there are only two classes, the righteous and the wicked, you must of course belong to one of them. You are either walking in the broad road that leads to destruction, or the narrow path of life.'

'But surely a man can be a Christian without making a parade of his religion by acting differently to any one else.'

'There must be a difference,' remarked Herbert, thoughtfully, 'between those who follow Christ and those who reject Him. The latter live unto themselves, and serve sin, and love the world; the former are the servants of God: the language of their hearts and lives is, "We are not our own, we are bought with a price—even the precious blood of Christ; therefore we cheerfully yield ourselves, body and soul, to Him, and in all things seek to glorify Him."'

Charles Hastings shook his head doubtfully, and said, 'If this is what you mean by being a Christian, I do not wonder at your hesitating to call me one.'

'But this very moment you may be made one,' exclaimed his companion, eagerly, 'if you are only willing.'

For a few seconds he remained silent, looking at Herbert with a wistful expression on his face; but presently his emotion passed away, and he remarked, in his own frank, good-humoured manner, 'You will not, I trust, allow anything to interfere with the friendship we have hitherto enjoyed. Let us each follow our own way, and in this one particular agree to differ. What do you say?—is it a bargain?'

Herbert smiled as he answered, 'I see nothing to prevent our still continuing friends—not, perhaps, such close ones as we once were; for in our future intercourse something will, I fear, be lacking which we have hitherto possessed.'

'And what may that be?' inquired the young man, curiously.

'Unison of thought and feeling. The things which I esteem as all-important, you will make light of, and——'

'Herbert! I thought you knew me better,' said his visitor, reproachfully. 'Do you suppose that because I do not consider it necessary to make such a literal renouncement of the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world," I must needs interfere with those who do? It is just possible,' he added lightly, with the air of one dismissing an unpleasant subject, 'that at some future period I, too, may be induced to alter my opinion, and if ever such a contingency occur, I shall not fail to apply to you for sympathy and advice.'

'And welcome you will be,' returned Herbert, gently. 'But let me remind you that *the present*, and it only, is yours. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!"'

Mr Hastings had no wish to linger after that. He rose quickly, took up his hat, and was in the act of bidding Herbert a hasty adieu, when his purpose met with an interruption by the entrance of Mr Seymour, who, after casting an almost imperceptible glance round the room, advanced towards him, and, shaking him cordially by the hand, proposed that he should remain with them until the evening.

'You will meet several of your friends at dinner,' he said, seeing that the young man was about to decline his invitation. 'Among the rest Mrs Granville and her daughters.'

The effect which this information had upon him seemed to be just what Mr Seymour expected. Only for a moment did he hesitate before signifying his willingness to accede to the other's wishes, in spite of his having, as he laughingly declared, engaged to dine elsewhere.

'I thought you could not refuse me,' said Mr Seymour, smiling complacently; 'and I am sure your society will be most acceptable to Herbert, who, as you may probably have discovered, is in rather a melancholy frame of mind to-day.'

Mr Hastings was slightly embarassed, scarcely knowing what reply to make, when, to his relief, Mrs Seymour appeared at the door, and asking Herbert to accompany her to the drawing-room, where some friends were waiting to see him, she took his arm and led him away. Mr Seymour and Charles Hastings slowly followed them; and the former, again adverting to the subject which occupied his thoughts, said in a low, confidential tone, 'Charles, I want your help and co-operation.'

'If I could assist you, I would willingly offer my services,' he replied, somewhat reluctantly. 'But I really do not see that I can be of any use.'

'More perhaps than you imagine. You possess great influence with Herbert, and may be successful in dissuading him from the false, rash step he contemplates taking.'

'I fear not, sir.'

'Does he then appear so very determined?' asked Mr Seymour, in a voice which expressed both displeasure and chagrin.

'He certainly seems to have made up his mind how to act; for he has just told me not to expect him at the D—— races.'

'What confounded obstinacy!' muttered Mr Seymour, looking excessively aggrieved. 'I had no idea he intended to go so far as that:—where will he stop?'

Charles Hastings laughed, and in his carelessly frank, yet unconcerned fashion, he replied, 'I would advise you, my dear sir, to let him alone. He is the only sufferer, and——'

'Indeed you are greatly mistaken, Charles; Herbert is *not* the only sufferer, and you little know what might be the result of my tamely submitting to these most unusual proceedings.'

Just then they reached the drawing-room, and Mr Seymour entered it with a cloud still resting on his brow.

He gazed at his son coldly and scrutinisingly; listened anxiously to his conversation, and observed his every movement; but with all his investigation could find nothing to complain of. No gloomy shadow was visibly on his manly, ingenuous countenance; he conversed with the same animation and cheerfulness as ever; his manner, calm, dignified, and agreeable, showed that he still possessed the same kindly disposition, the same frank, fearless, and gentle spirit, which had hitherto characterised him; and at last Mr Seymour turned away, feeling relieved, doubtful, unsatisfied.

PLAIN IT A LITTLE MORE.

A MINISTER had long preached to the same congregation without much apparent good result. It was a source of deep grief of soul to the good pastor, who longed to see sinners converted. When studying on the matter one Saturday morning, after he had finished writing his sermon, the thought occurred to him, 'Perhaps I shoot too high; I will go down, and see if Betty can understand it.' Betty was a pious servant-girl.

He went to the kitchen, and called Betty to come and hear his sermon. She hesitated. He insisted. She came. He read a few sentences, and asked her, 'Do you understand that?' 'No.' He repeated the idea in simpler language, and asked her if she saw it. 'I see it a little, minister.' He again simplified. She saw it more clearly and showed deep interest, but said to him, 'Plain it a little more.' And once more he simplified. Then she exclaimed with ecstacy, 'Now I see it; now I understand it.' He returned to his study and re-wrote his sermon in the simple style that Betty could understand.

On Sabbath morning he went to church fearing and trembling, lest his people should be disgusted with his sermon, but fully resolved to try the experiment. He preached it. All was attention as never before. Many eyes were filled with tears, and sinners began to cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?' He changed his style of language thenceforth, and the Lord blessed his labours abundantly.

We sometimes see a manuscript so beautiful that it is illegible. The lines are smooth, the curves graceful, the ornaments elaborate, but the writing we are puzzled to make out. 'I can't read the flourishes,' said a little boy, when he had vainly endeavoured to pick out the meaning of a 'beautiful letter' he had received. Half the time and labour, if spent in writing *plainly* would have made everything perfectly readable and intelligible.

And are there not many sermons where the crucified Christ is hidden behind the vain and worthless flourishes of human eloquence?—Eloquence, did I say? Oh, no, not *eloquence*, for eloquence is the speech of earnestness, and honesty, and knowing zeal, and red-hot logic; breaking, and melting, and moulding the hearts of those that hear; eloquence is sunshine, and music, and grandeur, and thunder and lightning; eloquence inspires, and warms and uplifts the soul on high; but this miserable substitute is only brass, and beads, and gilt, and trash, and tinsel;—a trick of Satan to cheat God's hungry children of their very bread, giving them trinkets instead of treasure, and empty words instead of everlasting truths.

'But thou, O man of God, flee these things.' Preach the word; and seeing we have such hope, 'use great plainness of speech.' You need not fear to tell the truth in love,—the plain truth too; for that is about all the truth there is that benefits mankind. Talk market language, like Whitfield; pull the velvet out of your mouth, like Spurgeon, and pour out the great, grand, everlasting word of God, to the perishing around you.

'Plain it a little more.' People are rushing on to perdition; time is hastening, judgment is approaching, and it is no time to trim our sentences to please the ear, or to hold back the mighty words that save men, or to deal tenderly with the iniquities that destroy them. 'Plain it a little more,'—plain it till the servants understand it, till sinners feel it, till the common people hear it gladly, and till little children gather around you as they once nestled on the Saviour's breast.

'Plain it a little more;' lay aside the manuscripts, study the word, come down where the people *live* and talk *with* them as Jesus did, of sheep, and lambs, and hens, and chickens, and sparrows, and lilies, and all the homely scenery of common life.

Draw your bow *on your knees*, and may God speed the arrow in its flight to some poor sinful heart.

II.

NOT A CHRISTIAN.

'I AM not prepared to unite with the Church; I am not a Christian.' And why are you not? Has God prevented you? Can you cast the blame on Him? And if it rests on yourself, will you make your sin your excuse? Not a Christian! And yet the seal of God's covenant may be upon you! Thus He challenges a right to you. He claims you as His; and will you resist His claims and refuse to give Him your heart? Not a Christian! Then you are yet in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity—yet in your sins, yet under the curse of the law—condemned—exposed to eternal death! How long will you thus continue? Is it not time for you to seek the Lord?

W. J. M.

TRUE MOURNING OVER THE SINS OF THE AGE.

'Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?'
'And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord!'

THE Church is a tree bearing fruit in its season; each period of her history has its appropriate graces. If I mistake not, that which God comes seeking for in our day is mourning and indignation: the opposite forms of one grace of the Holy Ghost; for what is the rage of a bear robbed of her whelps, but mourning in full action?

The sins of our day should goad on God's saints to godly sorrow for Christ's dishonour, with high and burning anger against the dishonour. The only legitimate objects of our wrath are sin and Satan: these are the appointed reservoirs for its reception. If not united, and brought to a head there, the bitter waters flowing from our vexed hearts will vent themselves on our poor deceived brethren, whom our common enemy is employing to wound us: and thus our anger not restrained within its proper channels, will swamp and corrode our best affections, generating all manner of grudgings, and emulations, and evil speakings. When these unclean spirits now in this dead midnight hour, are squatting like frogs at the ears of the dreamers, and uttering their slanderous croaking against our erri brethren, stirring up every man against h fellows. Oh how the heart of the Lord Sabaoth will thrill with triumph to see one His saints stirred with passion, arise and d clare by the living God that this shall longer be. Alas, how long shall the enem triumph! Can our great Captain get no o to exclaim, 'Here am I; Lord send me!' W are these that they should defy the Lor armies? that they should dare to separate t chiefest brethren? the Lord's beautiful flo that these 'boars out of the wood should waste it:' these 'wild beasts, that they sho so devour it:' Let them embattle themselv 'In the name of the Lord will I destroy the

Children of your Father? let all ill humo be drained off from settling on your brethr and neighbours, and collected into one stre of loyal hatred against the 'accuser:' a then shall there remain no place for feelin towards our mother's sons, but that chari which mourneth alway, because it 'beareth things,' a joy unfathomable, because it i love all comprehending.

WITHOUT CHRIST.

DEAR READER, did you ever consider the import of that apostolic expression? Only two words, a preposition and a noun—the idea contained has magnitude and importance not easily measured. The words are descriptive of what every Christian on earth and every redeemed soul in heaven once were, and also of what every unbeliever on earth and every lost soul in the world of woe now are—'without Christ.' Those best understand the meaning of the phrase who have passed through the trials of life 'without Christ;' who have died 'without Christ;' who have appeared before a holy God 'without Christ;' who are passing their eternity 'without Christ.' But none of them are here to give the explanation. What are the facts as we know them?

To be 'without Christ' is certainly to be without spiritual life, 'dead in sins.' 'He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son hath not life.' These are indisputable facts.

It is to be without acceptable righteousness. Apart from a personal interest in the meri of an atoning Saviour, imputed through faith, no one stands justified before God. 'Accepted in the Beloved.'

It is to be without valid hope. The divi promise of eternal life is to such only as belie on the Lord Jesus Christ. 'Having no hop is descriptive of the condition of every one w is without Christ.'

It is to be without an all-sufficient Hel in the trials and perplexities of life. Christ a Friend needed by all, and the occasions a many when to be without Him is to be wretch indeed.

It is to be without support and solace death. None but Jesus can make easy the b of the dying. Apart from Him the passage another world is dark and fearful.

It is to be without an Intercessor at t final judgment. How dreadful in that hou to be on trial for eternity, and have no Chri as an Advocate with the Father!

It is to be without a place in heaven. Th mansions prepared by Jesus are for such love Him.

'None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.'

B. S.

Miscellaneous.

Ye shall be as Gods.—Thus writes modern scepticism,—speaking through one of her poets.

A stalwart man,
Limbed like the *old heroic creeds*,
Who stands self-poised on nature's solid earth;
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Back to old Paganism is that which the fool is now saying in his heart; and old Paganism is with such but the highway to atheism and man deification. The old heroic creeds of Greece and Rome are more congenial than the creed of apostles, or the older creed of prophets. What is Paul when compared with Plato; what is David when compared with Homer. The *Bible-era* is a dark parenthesis in human history; we must get back to Pagan days, and creeds, and heroes.

The Story of a wasted Life.—On the body of a young man taken out of the Seine the other day, was found a paper with the following words:—'Nobody is to be accused of my death; the accompanying papers will establish my identity. I am an orphan, and have no parent on earth. Young, and in command of a moderate fortune, I had the weakness to dissipate it in the pleasures of debauchery. To-day, without resources, but habituated to a life of luxury and idleness, I am capable of nothing but to kill myself, and I do so.' Alas, he knew not Him who said, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.'

Passing Years.—'We let our years slip through our fingers like water; and nothing is to be seen but like a shower of tears upon a spot of ground; there is a grave digged, and a solemn mourning, and a great talk in the neighbourhood, and when the days are finished they shall be remembered no more; and that is like water, too, when it is spilt, *it cannot be gathered up again.*'

A Sinner for doing Nothing.—'He made me out a sinner for doing nothing,' was the remark of one who had been awakened under a sermon from the words, 'Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!' It was a new thought to the poor man, who had been comforting himself with the plea that he had done nothing very bad. But now he saw that his greatest sin was the very thing in which he had been comforting himself; namely, that of always and for ever 'doing nothing.'

Laziness in Bible Reading.—The following confession and prayer, by Rev. Dr Thomas Fuller, it is to be feared covers the case of many others besides himself: 'Lord, I discover an arrant laziness in my soul. For when I am to read a chapter in the Bible, before I begin it, I look where it endeth; and if it endeth not on the same side I cannot keep my hand from turning over the leaf, to measure the length thereof on the other side; if it swell to many verses I begin to grudge. Surely my heart is not rightly affected. Were I truly hungry after heavenly food, I would not complain of meat. Scourge, Lord, this laziness of soul. Make the reading of Thy word not a penance, but a pleasure upon me. Teach me, that as among heaps of gold, all equally pure, that is best which is the biggest, so I may esteem that chapter in Thy word the best which is the longest.'

Is it not as easy to raise the dead, as to make heaven, and earth, and all—of nothing? Look not on the dead bones, and dust, and difficulty, but at the promise. Contentedly commit these carcasses to a prison, that shall not long contain them. Let us lie down in peace, and take our rest; it will not be an everlasting night, nor endless sleep. If unclothing be the thing thou fearest; it is that thou mayest have better clothing. If to be turned out of doors be the thing thou fearest, remember, that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, thou hast a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—*Baxter.*

John Wesley and the Mobs.—Mobs began to assail the travelling evangelists, but they often 'melted away like water, and were as men that had no strength,' before Wesley's appeals. The rabble met him in throngs as he descended from the coach at the door of the Foundery, preventing his entrance; but on taking his stand in the street and preaching to them of 'righteousness and judgment to come,' they became a quiet and attentive congregation, and dismissed him with many blessings. Many more, he says, who came into the Foundery as lions, in a short time became as lambs, the tears trickling apace down the cheeks of those who at first most loudly contradicted and blasphemed. A few days later a riotous multitude entered the building, and attempted to drown his voice by their outcries. But soon 'the hammer of the word brake the rocks in pieces; all quietly heard the glad tidings of salvation.' On the following Sunday, when he came home, he found an innumerable mob around the door, who raised a simultaneous shout the moment they saw him. He sent his friends into the house, and then walking into the midst of the crowd, proclaimed 'the name of the Lord, gracious and merciful, and repenting him of the evil.' They stood staring one at another. 'I told them,' he says, 'they could not flee from the face of this great God, and therefore besought them that we might all join together in crying to Him for mercy.' To this they readily agreed. His peculiar power was irresistible; he prayed amid the awe-struck multitude, and then went undisturbed to the little company within.

Modern Instabilities of Opinion.—'He felt that though every one is entitled to change his mind, such a step is serious in a public man who aspires to guide opinion. And he was right. It seems the dictate of common propriety, that when a man in a public position has thus passed a vote of no-confidence in his own judgment, he ought to let the public do the same, and at least retire into silence, if not into private life. The public may well be allowed to take such men at their own estimate of their career, and be no further asked to confide in those who have no confidence in themselves, or in any principle they previously advocated. This seems the obvious dictate of common ethics.'—PROFESSOR SMEATON'S *Life of Alexander Thomson.*

Female Training.—When I see thousands of households in which young girls are reared for a life of pleasure, without reference to duty, I cannot wonder at these results, nor at the misery in which they involve families and communities. Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind!

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 Cor. vi. 2.

THESE words describe a Christian's past, his present, and his future. In the past he was sin, unrighteousness, etc. In the present he is washed, sanctified, justified. In the future, he possesses the kingdom.

I. *His past.* It is one sin; utter sin. It may or it may not be marked by those horrid sins which the 9th verse describes; but it is all *unrighteousness*; from beginning to end unrighteousness. The past of these Corinthians had been fearful. In outward sin, among the worst of heathendom; the chief of sinners; scarlet and crimson sins; overflowing with abominable crimes. We may not have reached the same pitch of daring wickedness. But we have been 'unrighteous,' and that is enough: transgressors of the law. The rest is simply a question of degrees; a little more or a little less. One might say I was not an idolator, or a fornicator, or a drunkard. Be it so. You were an 'unrighteous' man; and that is enough. You may have done good deeds, spoken good words, borne a good character, lived a good life—yet you were an 'unrighteous' man; and if you do not know this, you are no Christian. You know nothing of yourself.

II. *His present.* It is the complete reversal of the past. Not reformation merely, but transformation; such a transformation as God only could accomplish; so complete, that he who has undergone could hardly know himself again. It is God's work; it is through the name of Jesus; it is by the Spirit of God. And he who describes the change was one who knew it by experience; one who had been a blasphemer, a persecutor, a murderer; but who can now tell of his washing, his sanctifying, his justifying; and who can say '*our* God.' The transformation is threefold.

(1.) *Ye are washed.* Or it may be 'ye washed off these.' The figure here is *not* that of baptism, but of the ritual washings, the Levitical purgations, which David referred to when he said, 'purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean, yea, wash me,' etc.; to which Ezekiel referred, when he said, 'then will I sprinkle clean water upon you;' to which Zechariah referred, when he spoke of the 'fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.' The man is turned from an *unclean* into a *clean* thing. His filthy garments are taken off. 'Now ye are *clean*, through the word that I have spoken unto you.' This is the 'cleansing through the washing of water and the word.' And how much is this, even were there nothing more!

(2.) *Ye are sanctified.* This is more than th washing. It is something to which the wash ing is preliminary. It refers specially to cons cration or setting apart for the service of Go As the vessels of the sanctuary were first washe and then set apart with blood, the blood of co secration, so is it with us. We are first washe and then the blood is sprinkled on us for co secration or sanctifying. With this settin apart for God begins the inward work sanctification, for the two things are ina parable. Formerly we were vessels dedicat to the world's service, or Satan's service; no to the service of the Living and Holy Lo God.

(3.) *Ye are justified.* This is yet anoth step. It is the stamping of these consecrat vessels with a far higher value than they po sessed. We are not only consecrated to God service, but made righteous with the righteou ness of God—justified—raised up to a high level, because of our oneness with the Righteo One. First of all we are clean as He is clea then we are set apart as He is set apart, th we are righteous as He is righteous. Cleanse sanctified, justified—these are the three cond tions or privileges into which a believing m is brought, from the moment that, by faith, h identifies himself with Christ!

All this in the name of the Lord Jesus, an by the Spirit of our God. The name washes sanctifies, justifies. It is a name of power, con taining everything in it that a sinner need He who consents to use it gets all that it con tains! The Spirit washes, sanctifies, justifies He has His part to do in all these, and He doe it as the Spirit of Omnipotence! O the trans formation which that name and that Spirit ca accomplish!

III. *His future.* It is the possession of kingdom. The unrighteous shall not inheri the kingdom of God; but they who are washed sanctified, and justified, shall! They are king and priests, and shall sit upon the throne o Christ, and inherit the kingdom that canno be moved. It is

(1.) *The kingdom of God.* His in every sense and aspect; God's kingdom; Christ kingdom; the kingdom of heaven.

(2.) *An eternal kingdom.* It cannot be moved but shall stand for ever—unchangeable, uncor ruptible.

(3.) *A holy kingdom.* Into it nothing tha defileth shall enter. No sin, no imperfection no death.

(4.) *A glorious kingdom.* There the glor dwells, illuminating it in all its circuit. N night there, no darkness, no shadow. All glori ous; the King, His fellow-princes, His subject His palace, His dominions everywhere. Glor dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

THE CUP OF WRATH.

BY THE REV. A. A. BONAR, GLASGOW.

PSALM LXXV. 8.

IT will help greatly to the right apprehension of this solemn subject, to notice that Christ is the speaker of these awful truths. They cannot, then, have been spoken harshly; they must have been uttered in all tenderness. As Head of His Church, Christ says (verse 1), 'Unto thee, O God, do *we* give thanks;' and then (verse 2), looking on a world lying in wickedness, He anticipates a different state of things ere long: 'I purpose when I shall receive the congregation that I shall judge uprightly.' This shall be in the day when He returns to judge the earth. It is He, meanwhile, who upholds all by the word of His power; He keeps the world from falling into ruin; He it is that sustains that blue firmament, as well as earth's foundations, 'I bear up the pillars thereof'—and were I to withhold my hand, all would tumble into ruin. Oh, then, that an unthinking world would consider! Oh that fools would learn wisdom, and the proud fall down before their Lord. For the Judge shall surely come, with the cup of red wine in His hand—a cup of wrath, of which every rebellious one must drink to the dregs. The horns of the wicked shall soon be laid low, and the righteous alone exalted (verses 9, 10).

It is of this cup that we this day wish to speak to you. It is an alarming, awakening view of our God and Saviour. It is not 'God in Christ reconciling the world to himself,' but God the judge, Christ the judge. It is not the King with the golden sceptre, inviting all to draw near; it is the King risen up in wrath, in the evening of the day of grace, to 'judge all the wicked of the earth.'

Oh there is a hell, an endless hell, awaiting the ungodly! The Judge warns us of it, in order that none of us may be cast into that tremendous woe. Say not in your hearts, 'God is too loving and merciful ever to condemn a soul to such woe.' If you continue in sin you shall know too late that the Judge does condemn; not because He is not infinitely loving, but because your sin compels Him so to do. Listen to what is written, and you will see that as sure as ever an unworthy communicant drank the wine out of the silver cup, so surely, if unpardoned, he shall drink of this wine of God's indignation.

I. *The cup of wrath.*

The general idea of the verse is, that there is *wrath against sin* to be manifested by God, terrible beyond conception. As it is written in Ezek. xviii. 3, 'the soul that sinneth *shall die;*' and Psalm vii. 11, 12: 'God is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow, and made it ready. He hath prepared for him the instruments of death.' In Psalm xi. 6: 'Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this is the portion of their cup. For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness.' In Psalm xxi. 9: 'Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger.' In Job xxxvi. 18: 'Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.' In Rom. ii. 5 we read, 'Thou treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God;' and in Rev. xiv. 10, 11: 'If any man worship the beast, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of his holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb.' Can words be found more emphatic to express God's indignation at man's sin?

'A *cup*' is spoken of. A measured out portion; as already quoted in Psalm xi. 6, and Psalm xviii. 6: 'The Lord is the portion of my cup.' It is a frequently used mode of expressing a full amount; as in Psalm xxiii. 5: 'My cup runneth over;' and so a fulfilment of curse in the cup of 'trembling,' Isaiah li. 22; and in Ezek. xxiii. 31, the cup of Samaria. His wrath shall be given forth in a measured portion, deliberately and fairly considered and given. There shall be nothing of caprice, nothing arbitrary in God's judgment on sin; all shall be fairly adjusted. Here are the sins; there is the cup, of a size proportioned to the

sin, and full. God's perfections direct and dictate the filling of it.

It is 'a *cup of red wine.*' He elsewhere calls it 'The wine of my fury;' and in Rev. xvi. 19, it is, 'Wine of the fierceness of His wrath.' In the East, red wine was usually the strongest; but besides, the fiery nature of the contents is indicated by the colour. This 'red wine' is pressed out of the grapes by the divine attributes. It must be the concentrated essence of wrath; no weak potion, but one like that in Jer. xxv. 16, 'where they drink, and are moved, and are mad;' or that in Ezek. xxiii. 33: 'A cup deep and large; it containeth much; a cup of astonishment and desolation, filled with drunkenness and sorrow.'

It is '*full of mixture.*'—This signifies that the wine's natural quality has been strengthened; its force intensified by various ingredients cast into it. Such is the sense of 'mingled wine' in Isa. v. 22, and in Prov. ix. 5, 'Come drink of the wine which I have mingled.' This is quite different from '*without mixture*,' in Rev. xiv. 10, where the speaker means to say, that there is no infusion of water to weaken the strength of the wine. Here, then, there is every thing that may enhance the bitterness of the cup; and we may ask, What may be these various ingredients? From every point of the lost sinner's nature forms of misery shall arise. The body, as well as soul, shall be steeped in never ending anguish; there shall be the unceasing wretchedness of eternal exile and lonely imprisonment. Then each attribute of Godhead casts something into the cup. *Righteousness* is there, so that the rich man in hell (Luke xvi.) dare not hint that his torment was too great. *Mercy and love* standing, and cast on it their ray, testifying that the sinner was dealt with in long-suffering, and might have been saved. O the aggravation which this will lend to misery. *Omnipotence* contributes to it, and the man in the hands of the Almighty is utterly helpless, weak as a worm. *Eternity* is an ingredient, telling that His wrath endures as long as God lives. And *truth* is there, declaring that this is what God spake, and so cannot be altered without overturning His throne. His shame and contempt, his consciousness of being disowned by every holy being, fiercely sting the soul. Yet more: there are ingredients cast in by the sinner himself; for his *conscience* asserts and attests that it is all deserved, and the man loathes himself. *Memory* recalls past offers and times of hope despised. Sin goes on increasing, and passions rage; cravings gnaw the unsatisfied soul with eternal hunger. Yet further, every particular sin contributes to the mixture. There is a woe for broken Sabbaths; a woe for lusts gratified; a woe for every scoff, and every blasphemy and oath; a woe for every drunkenness, and every falsehood and dishonesty; a woe for every rejected invitation, and every threatening disregarded. Who can tell what more may be meant by the words: '*Full of mixture?*'

It has '*Dregs*' in it. The dregs lie at the bottom, out of sight, but are the bitterest. Do these mean hidden woes, not yet conceived of by any? Such as may be hinted at in the words, 'Better he had never been born?' Such as Christ's tears seem to speak of? These shall be the reverse of the saved man's joys, 'which never have entered the heart' to imagine. Backsliders seem sometimes to have tasted something of these dregs. Apostates, like Spira, have surely shown a little of what they may be. But oh, the reality in the ages to come! For it shall the wrath of Him whose breath make the mountains smoke, and rocks earth to its centre. O the staggering madness of despair!

'*He poured out of the same.*' '*The wicked shall wring them out and drink them.*' They are not men to be merely slain; this is not a cup whose contents shall yet be exhibited and then withdrawn; O no, the wicked must '*drink them*,' and cannot refuse. When Socrates, the Athenian sage, was adjudged to drink the cup of poison, he was able to protest his innocence, and thus to abate the bitterness of the draught, though he took it, as awarded by the laws of his country. Here, however, there shall be nothing like protest, nothing of any such alleviation of the awful draught, while the sinner *must* drink it. 'God poureth out,' and the guilty soul '*shall wring out and drink*' the very dregs. Job xx. 22, says, 'they would fain flee out of his hand,' but cannot, for (it is written), 'God shall cast upon him and not spare.' In Jer. xxv. 15, we have the Lord most peremptorily commanding, 'Take the wine cup of this fury at my hand, and cause all the nations, to whom I send thee, to drink it. And they shall drink, and be moved, and be mad.' And further, he insists, ver. 28, 'If they refuse to take the cup at thine hand to drink, then shalt thou say unto them, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Ye shall certainly drink.' 'They *shall* drink of the wrath of the Almighty' (Job xxi. 20); and what mean those words already quoted in Rev. xiv. 10, 11? It shall not, on God's part, be a mere silent feeling of indignation at sin; there must be infliction of curse. It is no thunder while the electricity sleeps in the cloud. The seven seals showed no deliverance while unbroken; the seven trumpets summoned no avengers, till sounded; the seven vials brought down no judgment, while only held in the angel's hands. Ah yes, the penalty must

be exacted, and it will require eternity to exact it all!

O fellow sinner, we have tried to say somewhat of this doom; but what are words of man? You have seen a porous vessel, in which was fine-flavoured liquor; outside you tasted the moisture, and it gave a slight idea of what was within, but slight indeed. So our words to-day. And O remember each new sin of yours will throw in more mixture. It is the merciful One himself who speaks in Ezek. xxii. 13, 14: 'Behold, I have smitten mine hand at thy dishonest gain which thou hast made, and at thy blood which hath been in the midst of thee. Can thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong, in the days that I shall deal with thee? *I the Lord have spoken it and will do it.*' It is dreadful to read and hear all this proclamation of wrath; but it is all given in order to compel us to flee from it. As one of our poets (Montgomery)—

'Mercy hath sent the lines of judgment there;
None who from earth can read them need despair.'

II. *The story of one who drank the cup to the dregs.*

We would not, however, leave you merely contemplating the terrors of that wrath. We go on in connection with it, to speak of one whose history has a strange bearing on our case.

There has been only One who has ever drunk this cup *to its dregs*. Cain has been drinking it for 5000 years, but has not come to the dregs. Judas has been drinking it for nearly 2000, often crying out with a groan that shakes hell, 'Oh that I had never been born.' 'Oh, that I had never seen or heard of the Lord Jesus Christ!' But he has not reached the dregs. The fallen angels have not come near the dregs; for even they have not come to the judgment of the Great Day. The only One who has taken, tasted, drunk, and wrung out the bitterest of the bitter dregs, has been *the Judge himself*, the Lord Jesus!

You know how often, when on earth, He spoke of it. 'Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of?' Matt xx. 22. 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' (John xvii. 11). In Ps. lxxxviii. 15, 'I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up: I suffer thy terrors: I am distracted.' The universe saw Him with it at His lips. It was our cup of trembling; the cup in which the wrath due to the 'multitude no man can number' was mingled. What wrath, what woe! A few drops made Him cry, 'How is my soul troubled!' etc. In the garden, the sight of it wrung out strange, mysterious words, sorrowful unto death.' He staggered, though God man, at what He saw, and went in trembling. And next day, on Calvary, he drank it all. I suppose the three hours darkness may have been the time when He 'was wringing out the dregs;' for then arose from His broken heart the wail that so appealed to the heart of the Father, 'My God, my God,' etc. I think that as He ended the last drop, and cried out 'Finished,' we may believe angels felt an inconceivable relief, and even the Father himself! So tremendous was the wrath and curse!—the wrath and curse due to our sin.

In all this, there was nothing too much. No, Love would protest against one drop too much; and never do you find our God exceeding. Did He not hasten to stay Abraham's hand when enough had been done on Moriah? and at that same spot again in David's day, when Justice had sufficiently declared the sharpness of its two-edged sword, did He not again hasten to deliver, crying, 'It is enough?' How much more then when it was His beloved Son. He sought from Him all that was needed by justice; but would exact not one drop beyond what justice craved. And so we find in this transaction what may well be good news to us. For Jesus drank that cup as substitute of 'the great multitude,' His innumerable people, given Him of the Father; and thereby freed them for ever tasting even one drop of that fierce wrath, that 'cup of red wine, full of mixture,' with its dregs, its unknown terrors. Now, this One, this very One, who so drank the whole, presents to the sinners of our world the *emptied Cup*—His own Cup emptied. He sends it round the world, calling on mankind sinners to take it and offer it to the Father as satisfaction for their sins. Come, O fellow-sinner, grasp it and hold it up to God! Plead it, and thou art acquitted.

Yes, if you are anxious at all to be saved and blessed, take up this emptied cup. However cold thy heart, however dull thy feelings, however slight thy sorrow for sin, take this emptied cup. Your appeal to this emptied cup arrests judgment at once. Do not think you need to take some sips of the red wine, far less to taste its dregs, ere you can be accepted. What thoughtless presumption! Imitating Christ in His atoning work! If Uzziah, the king, presenting incense when he ought to have let the priest do it for him, was smitten for his presumption, take care lest you be thrust away, if you presume to bring the fancied incense of your sorrow and bitter tears. It is the emptied cup that is offered us, no tears of ours dropt into it; no prayers of ours, no feelings of ours, no graces of ours along with it.

Man of God, who hast used this cup, keep pleading it always. Make it ever the ground of your assurance of acceptance. Examine it

often and well—see how God was glorified here, and how plentifully it illustrates and magnifies God's righteousness. Full payment of every claim advanced by Justice is here; and so you, in using it, give good measure, pressed down and running over. What then remains but that you render thanks and take this salvation, after singing,—

> Once it was mine, that cup of wrath,
> But Jesus drank it dry.

What should ever hinder thy triumphant joy? Be full of gratitude; and let this appear among other ways, in thy letting others know what it has done for you, and may do for them.

For again we say to you, fellow-sinner, if you accept it not, soon you shall have no opportunity of choice. May I never see one of my people drinking this awful cup! May I never see it put into their hands! The groaning of a soul, dying in sin, is at times heard on this side of the veil, and it is the saddest and most haunting of all solemn and awful scenes; but what is that to the actual drinking of the cup, and wringing out the very dregs, that God poureth out of the same.' Never may satan have it in his power to upbraid you with having once had the offer, an offer never made to him! It seems to me that every Sabbath, specially, the Lord takes Gospel hearers aside into a quiet secluded nook, and there sets down before them the 'cup of red wine, full of mixture,' and the the emptied cup of Jesus, earnestly, most earnestly, most seriously, most compassionately, pressing them to decide and be blessed. O Brethren, never rest till the Holy Ghost in you has so glorified Christ, who drank the cup, that you see there, by Him, all your salvation and all God's glory secured beyond controversy, beyond even satan's power to dispute.

If We Knew.

IF we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbour's way,
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous, day by day.
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our life a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held but gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our manhood dare to doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks' tear, stained and whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms,
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that, when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, 'Dear Father, judge us,
As we judge our fellow-men.'

—*Anon.*

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

'ETHEL,' said little Katie, in a serious whisper, one morning about a week after Guy's accident, 'I do believe mamma is crying! I went into her room just now, and I am almost sure there were tears in her eyes.'

'Hush!' said Ethel, as she put her finger on her mouth, and glanced towards the bed where Guy had dropt into a doze.

Ethel was busy illuminating a text which she had begun the day before, and in the progress of which Guy was much interested. She laid down her brush now, however, and bidding Katie remain there and be very quiet, she hastened to her mother's room. Opening the door very softly, she entered before Mrs Linton was aware, and found her in the easy chair by the fire, her face buried in her hands. Ethel stepped forward quickly, and knelt beside her. Mrs Linton started, and as she raised her head, Ethel saw that Katie had not been mistaken.

'Mamma, dear, what is the matter? Are you suffering pain, or what?'

For all answer, Mrs Linton put an arm round her, and burst into tears. Ethel soothed her as she would have done one of the children, for, in her delicate health, a little thing upset her.

'Oh, Ethel,' she said at last, 'poor, poor Guy.'

Ethel turned pale.

'Mamma, what do you mean? surely Guy is not any worse, is he? Oh, do tell me?'

'No, no worse, I suppose. But oh, Ethel, he will never be any better!'

'Oh, mamma!' was all Ethel could say.

'I got papa to ask Dr Wilmot his real opinion of the case this morning, and he says that our darling boy's spine is injured—so greatly injured that he fears he will never walk again. It does seem so dreadful. Poor, poor Guy! how little we either of us thought when he was talking to me so cheerfully yesterday evening, that we should never hear his light step about the house again.'

'Does he know?'

'Not yet, no; papa had not time to tell him. He says I must do it, but I cannot do it; it is impossible, when he is pleasing himself with the idea of being well in a few weeks.'

There was a long silence. Ethel had not shed a tear, and Mrs Linton's sobs were checked, now that she had spoken of her grief. At last Ethel spoke, and there was energy and resolution in her tones.

'Guy ought to know, mamma; I will tell him.'

'Oh, Ethel, dear, I wish you would. I cannot, indeed, it seems so terrible.'

'Mamma, there is love in it somewhere, I am sure, if we only knew where to find it; but it all seems dark now.'

With a loving kiss, and a request to try not to think of the trouble, Ethel left her mother. But she did not go back immediately to Guy; she first sought her own room, and there, where no one could see her, her tears burst forth. Only for a minute or two, though, for Ethel was learning that quiet self-control which can keep under one's own feelings for the sake of others, and she was learning, too, something of far greater importance; grief and sorrow were sending her to the only true source of help and comfort, and as she knelt for a moment to ask for assistance in the task before her, there came a ray of light through the dark cloud, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

'God knows it all,' she thought, 'and He will help us to bear it.'

Guy was awake, and talking to little Katie when she returned.

'Katie,' said Ethel, 'I want you to do a little errand for me. Take the keys, and go to the closet in the parlour, and pour out half a glass of wine, and carry it up to mamma; only half a glass, or she will not take it.'

Katie, pleased with the importance of the commission, ran away to fulfil it. Ethel sat down again to her painting, but her hand trembled so, she felt she was spoiling it. Guy was watching her.

'You have been bothering about something for Charlotte, Ethel, I know; I would leave her to manage for herself, if I were you. I know you want to finish your text, and you will not be able to go on with it for ever so long, by the look of your hand.'

'Then I will come and talk to you, Guy,' was Ethel's reply, as she drew a chair to his side.

But it seemed as if she had nothing to say, for she was silent. Guy regarded her with a curious look.

'I thought you were going to talk to me, Ethel. I wonder how Percy is getting on? For all I dislike the old school so much, I should not object to look in at them all. And yet I am glad it is not Percy who is put on the shelf. It would have interfered with his prospects so much, and as for me, I shall never be good for anything. We shall miss the old fellow when he goes, shall we not, Ethel?'

'Yes. Suppose you were never to go into the school again, Guy, should you be sorry?'

'Why, it would depend very much on the reason,' replied Guy, with a smile, 'if I were to

leave it to go off to sea I should be very glad, of course, but I fear that is not likely.'

'Oh, Guy,' said Ethel, earnestly, 'put that quite away out of your thoughts, for it can never be.'

Never? I don't see that. It may be some time, who knows? but I don't mean to think about it, Ethel.'

'No, please don't.' And then she was silent again.

'Ethel,' said Guy, after a pause, 'what has come to you this morning? you look as grave as a judge.'

'Do I?' replied Ethel, rousing up, and feeling that the effort must be made, 'it is because of something mamma has been telling me, then.'

'Mamma? why she was as merry as a lark last night; I think I never saw her more cheerful. She is not worse, is she?'

'Oh, no. Guy, I must tell you, you must know: papa said so.'

'Papa and mamma; what in the world are you talking about? I cannot make out. I think this fall has knocked all the senses out of me.'

'Oh, Guy, it has done something worse than that.'

'I don't very well see how it could. To take away the sense of a fellow who has not much to begin with, is quite enough mischief, I think.'

'Guy, please don't talk so; you make my task harder than ever.'

'I wish if you have anything to say you would say it, Ethel,' said Guy, a little impatiently, 'and not beat about the bush in that way. What is it that mamma has been telling you?'

'What Dr Wilmot thinks about you.'

'What does he think, pray! that he means to keep me here another week or two, eh? I am sure he need not; I am tired enough of this sort of life.'

'Guy!' and Ethel spoke in such a serious tone, that Guy was fain to stop his idle chatter. 'Dr Wilmot says your back is so much injured by your fall, that he fears you will never be any better than you are—he fears you will never walk again,' she added, more explicitly; for Guy looked so bewildered that she was not sure he had taken in what she was saying.

'Never walk again!' he repeated, as if hardly comprehending the meaning of the words, 'Oh, Ethel, that cannot be true!'

'Darling Guy, we will hope that it is not true; but it is what Dr Wilmot said: it may not be so bad as that, after all.'

And he had been looking forward—with what strong hope he had not known until then—to being all right again in a week or two; and now! Guy said not another word; he turned away his face, and lay quite still. For him all the sunlight of life had suddenly died out, and left nothing but cold black darkness. And yet he could not realize as yet the extent of the blow that had fallen upon him: sense and feelings seemed stunned by the weight of it.

Ethel did not speak; she longed to comfort him, but she did not know how to do it. So she sat there quietly crying: she had kept up until she had told him; but now self-control failed with the occasion that required it. After a long time, how long neither Ethel nor Guy knew, Charlotte opened the door and entered.

'Miss Ethel,' she said softly, thinking Guy was asleep, 'here is Mr Fletcher.'

Ethel started: he was the very person most welcome; for she was sure he could comfort Guy if any one could. Mr Fletcher had made a daily visit since the accident, and Guy always seemed glad to see him. Ethel bent over her brother.

'Guy, darling, you will see Mr Fletcher? he is here.'

'Oh, he cannot do any good,' sighed Guy.

'But you will see him! I will go down and tell him so.'

Guy did not prevent her, and she went.

A few words sufficed to make Mr Fletcher acquainted with the state of the case, and he was soon sitting in the chair Ethel had so lately occupied.

'Well, my boy, how are you to-day?'

Guy turned such a wan miserable face to his visitor, that Mr Fletcher's kind heart was touched. Taking his hand he said gently,

'Guy, my boy, this is a hard trial for you. I know it is. Life seems very dismal to look forward to, does it not?'

Guy closed his eyes to hide the tears; but they oozed out in spite of him; and he said, in a choked voice, 'There is nothing worth living for now.'

'Except this: to do and to suffer the will of God. That is work enough for a life-time, my boy; and it is the work we all have to do, only in different ways. I know it must seem hard just now that this burden should be laid upon you. But Jesus suffered far more for us without a murmur, and He is close to you, Guy, to help you to bear this trial patiently. Will you ask Him to be with you, and to comfort you as no one else can?'

'Oh, Mr Fletcher, what shall I do, if I can never walk again! it is dreadful to think of.'

'Then do not think of it, my boy, at present. Remember that God knows just what is best for each one, and that He does not forget any member of His large family, however small and insignificant. You may be very sure that He has some good purpose in sending this affliction: perhaps we cannot tell yet what it is, but He knows. You know good old Jacob thought 'all these things are against me,' when three of his sons were, as it were, lost to him; but God knew better than that. He knew that Joseph was needed in Egypt to provide food for his father and family, and so He sent him there; and Jacob found out afterwards, that it was all right, though it seemed very hard at the time. And it is just the same now, Guy. God sees the end from the beginning; and He arranges all according to His own wise and loving purposes. And I want you to feel and

e sure that it is all right, Guy: that will go ar towards helping you to bear it.'

'I will try,' replied Guy faintly.

'Yes, my boy, and do not look forward if ou can help it. Ask for strength for each ay, and do not try to bring to-morrow's urden into to-day. There may be a great eal of sunshine in your life yet, Guy—if not rom the outside, let it be from the in. Sorrow nd suffering, bravely and patiently borne, ring their own reward of peace and comfort. God grant that you may find the truth of the romise, 'He that followeth me, shall not walk n darkness; but shall have the light of life!'"

Guy did not answer, and Mr Fletcher, too, as silent; but the gentle grasp in which his and was held, spoke of sympathy. At last Guy looked up.

'Thank you, Mr Fletcher. I will try to think that it is best as it is:' but the sigh that followed seemed to say that it was very hard to feel it so. 'You will come and see me ometimes, and teach me how to bear it.'

'Surely, my boy; every day, if you wish it. God has given you bright, cheerful spirits; perhaps for this very purpose—to lighten this affliction. Oh, Guy, be very sure that Jesus oves you! cling to Him! trust in Him, and hen earthly trials will only draw you closer to Him!'

After a little more conversation meant to cheer him, Mr Fletcher knelt in prayer; that God would help and comfort him, as only He ould. And then he went away, and Guy was eft alone, to think as he had never done before.

For hitherto Guy had been gay and houghtless: regardless of everything but the resent moment. But now life had lost the leasant aspect it had hitherto worn, and be- ome a sober reality, which he must face. Yet ; did not look so utterly desolate as it had one: Mr Fletcher had thrown a sunbeam cross his path, if he could only catch it! overing his face with his hand, as he lay there ll alone, Guy prayed as he had never done efore, that he might have grace to bear his rouble patiently, and serve God by suffering His will.

When Ethel came again with a cup of empting jelly, Guy greeted her with a smile.

'I am going to try to be very patient and rave, Ethel.'

Ethel set down the cup, and throwing her rms round him, burst into tears.

'Don't, darling,' he whispered, 'you must elp me: I want to be cheerful.'

And he was cheerful. He did not even ive way, when in the afternoon Mrs Linton at beside him, and had a long talk.

The first thing Mr Linton asked when he eturned home was, if Guy knew; for that had een as a weight on his mind all day. He went p stairs to him. Guy had got Ethel to bring him one of his despised Latin books, and he was studying that when Mr Linton entered. He looked up with quite a pleasant smile: and exclaimed, in his usual off-hand way—

'See, papa, I am turning over a fresh leaf, am I not! I shall be coming out quite learned some day.'

Mr Linton could not speak. He bent over the boy and kissed him.

'Papa, dear, don't trouble about me, as I am sure you are doing. I am afraid I shall be a useless fellow on your hands; but I will do whatever I can. Perhaps by and bye I shall be able to use my hands, if I cannot my legs: and I can make use of my brains now; they have grown dull for want of proper exercise, and need rubbing up a bit. I don't mean to be idle, papa.'

'Guy, do not talk so; do not think you are a burden to us. You don't know how gladly I would work ten times harder if it would only make you well again!'

'I am sure you would, papa. But I suppose I never shall be well again, so we must not think about that. But I hope Dr Wilmot will not keep me here always: surely I shall get downstairs again, papa?'

'You shall, my boy, if I carry you there; but not yet—not till Dr Wilmot gives leave.'

'Well, I shall get pretty well used to these four walls: but I am going to try to make myself as happy as I can under existing circumstances; that will be best, won't it, papa?'

'If you mean to make the best of it, Guy, we must all do the same, for decidedly you have the most to bear.'

Mr Linton went down stairs to tea.

'Guy astonishes me,' he said, as he entered the parlour; 'I expected to find him quite down-hearted, and he is as cheerful as possible—bent on making the best of it. So we must all help him as far as we can: talk to him and read to him some of you, to keep him from thinking; and help him to do anything he can do; occupation is the best thing for him.'

'Papa,' said Ethel, 'it seems as if a great weight had been taken away. We know the worst now; and we all seem so cheerful under it.'

'Ethel,' said Mrs Linton, 'do you remember what you said this morning! that there was love in it somewhere. I think I can tell you one good it has done; it has drawn us all so much closer together.'

'Made us know the value of our household treasures, eh, Mary?' said Mr Linton with a smile, as he kissed first his wife and then his daughter: and then the little ones clustered round to claim their share of papa's attention.

And so the cloud was already growing lighter; and the sun was shining brightly behind it.

(*To be continued.*)

Bible Class Notes.

BY THE LATE A. ANDERSON.

No. III.

THE DISCIPLES GOING TO EMMAUS.

(LUKE xxiv. 13–34).

VERSE 13. How many disciples went to Emmaus? When did they go? How far was Emmaus from Jerusalem? Seven or eight miles. Could you name either of the two disciples? Cleopas (verse 18). Some have supposed the other to be Luke; no certainty. Were they apostles? The contrary is implied in verse 33; but probably they were intimate disciples of Christ. What feelings had they? They were sad. Mental depression should not hinder us from performing necessary duty. They were going to attend to their duties at Emmaus.

14. How were they employed on the way? Of what did they talk? 'Of all those things which had happened.' A love for religious conversation is one mark of the sincere Christian. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Do we learn anything here regarding Christian sympathy? It is very useful for supporting in trouble. 'Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' (Prov. xxvii. 17.) It is a duty. 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice,' etc. Do we learn what should be the nature of the conversation of God's people? About God's dealings with His Church and people. When these dealings are painful, what will be the effect of religious conversation? It will make trials supportable, and even pleasant. When God's ways seem dark, what effect will it have? It will tend to remove the mystery, and strengthen faith in their wisdom and necessity.

15. Who drew near? Jesus. What were they then doing? What did Jesus do when He came to them? He went with them. Were they rightly employed? What were they anxious to know? The truth; 'they reasoned.' What did Jesus come to do? To solve their doubts, and establish them in the belief that He was the Christ. Devout conversation regarding Christ is a sure way of obtaining His presence and blessing. 'Where two or three,' etc. (Matt. xviii. 20.) Give an Old Testament proof. 'Then they that feared the Lord,' etc. (Malachi iii. 16). If we speak of Christ, and are interested in what we say, what will Christ do? He will draw near. What is the duty of all with regard to the Scriptures? To search. Do we learn here that even more than that is necessary? To compare and contrast, so as to understand them better; *they reasoned.* What may such expect who seriously seek to know the truth? The guidance of Christ. Wh will He do with regard to doubts and p plexities? He will scatter, dispel them.

16. What were holden? What was t consequence? Mention others who did know Him? Mary. (John xx. 14, 15.) H disciples. (John xxi. 5.) Is any cause tioned in Scripture?* He sometimes appe in another form. (Mark xvi. 12.) They belie Him to be dead, and did not expect to see H Learn that often Christ is present with people at the very moment they are mourn His absence. Learn also that ignorance, prejudice, or unbelief, hold men's eyes fr perceiving Him.

17. What did Jesus ask? When did t thus converse? In what state of mind w they? How does it appear that they felt w regard to the death of Jesus? They w deeply affected. Does this become every Ch tian? What is the chief thought in the de of Christ that should make us sad? That sins were the cause. Learn that it is right inquire into cases of trouble or distress if have a desire to relieve them; that strang should not always be judged off uncharitab or hastily repelled. Had they declined t conversation of this stranger they would ha lost much.

18. Who answered Him? Cleopas. Wh did he suppose Jesus to be? What did ask Him? With what feeling apparentl Surprise. Everybody, even strangers, w acquainted with it. Learn that Christians r gret and are astonished at the ignorance others. That those who are ignorant of Chr and His sufferings are strangers to the Gosp

19. What did Jesus ask them? What they answer? What did they say Jesus wa (John iii. 2; Luke vii. 16; Acts ii. 22.) H was He mighty in deed? He showed gr power and wisdom in all that He did; when said, 'Lazarus, come forth.' How was He migh in word? In all that He said. Men wonde

* In connection with this it may be remarked, t the recording of the facts referred to in these passa (to which Matt. xxviii. 17 may be added), seems furnish a strong internal proof of the truthfulnes the narratives. And this not only from the co spondence of all the four gospels in this particu but because, if they had been impostors, any indicat of doubt or slowness on the part of the apostles recognise the risen Jesus, would never have foun a place in their narrative.

at His gracious words. 'He spake as never man spake.' What is meant by the words, 'Before God and all the people?' They were done manifestly; publicly. Jesus asked what was already known; in order to communicate religious truth, it is not only proper but necessary to require of others an explanation of things quite familiar to ourselves. An intimate acquaintance with the extent of the knowledge and particular views of others will assist us to remove their prejudices, and give them correct views of truth. What lies at the bottom of all true faith or belief? A knowledge of Christ, and belief in Him as the Sent of God.

20. Who, did they say, delivered Him up? For what purpose? And what had they done? The errors of ministers and teachers are great stumbling-blocks to the disciples of Christ. The wickedness of men, and the way they support their views, should never shake our confidence in God's word.

21. What had they trusted? (Luke i. 68; Acts i. 6.) We are not to trust in former frames and feelings for Christian comfort. *We trusted;* but not now. What are the common causes of a Christian's uneasiness? Ignorance—unbelief. They had forgotten part of the truths of Scripture, and were ignorant of others. This made them sad.

22–23. Who made them astonished? Where had the women been? When? (Matt. xxviii. 1, 7; John xx. 12.) Why were they astonished? They looked at Christ as a temporal deliverer. Their confidence in their former notions and opinions unfitted their minds to receive the evidence

24. Who went to the sepulchre? Their names? Peter (verse 12). Peter and John (John xx. 2, 9).

25. What did Jesus call them? Did Jesus express contempt by calling them fools? What then? He reproached them for ignorance. They were dull—slow of heart to believe. What does Christ say here that want of faith is? Want of wisdom. And if the weak Christian is a fool, who is more foolish than he? The man who determines to remain in unbelief. Do we learn here what prejudices or notions spring from? Ignorance. What would have shown them the necessity of the death of Christ, and all about it, if they had attended to it? A knowledge of the prophets; an enlightened faith in their predictions. They would have seen a beautiful harmony in all that happened.

26. What question did Jesus ask? Why was it necessary that He should? It was foretold. (1 Peter i. 11.) And why was it predicted? or why did the death of Christ take place? To manifest God's justice, honour His law, and yet pardon the guilty. What else do we learn here from the sufferings of Christ? That they are intended as preparatives to glory hereafter. Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom.

27. Where did He begin to expound? (Ver. 44). What things? Concerning himself. (Gen. iii. 15; xlxi. 10; Deut. xviii. 15; Num. xxi. 8, 9; Isa. liii.; Isa. ix. 6; Ps. cx.; Dan. ix. 25, etc.). Learn here that we should study the Old Testament. And why? Because it contains writings concerning Christ. Learn also that explaining the Scriptures is not restricted to particular persons or places. The strangers; the highway, the house, can all be employed.

28, 29. Does Christ sometimes appear to be about to deprive His people of blessings or ordinances? 'He made as though He would have gone further?' Name a similar instance. (Mark vi. 48). For what purpose does He do this? To try their faith and love; to excite in them more spiritual and ardent desires. What did they do? They constrained Him to abide. Why? Did they yet know Him? No; they were pleased, delighted with His company. What does this tell us about intercourse with Jesus? That it is delightful; we will wish for more of it. What is the chief object of the believer's desire? Communion with Jesus. Where do they find their chief pleasure? In communion with Jesus. Religious conversation with godly men is always desirable to the friends of Christ. His delight is with the excellent of the earth. Religion does not hinder attention to our temporal wants or comforts; but there is a danger of these having more care and anxiety from us than our souls. And what did Jesus do? 'He went in.' If we see others desiring spiritual instruction, we should have a strong desire to bestow it. Learn that if we persevere urgently in application to Christ for His presence and Spirit, it must be successful.

30. Who took bread? When? What did He do when He took bread? What did He break? To whom did He give it? Some have thought that as He gave them the bread, they saw the prints in His hands, and knew Him. Christ here set us an example to acknowledge God in all His gifts, and seek His blessing on all our enjoyments. This common act may, by the Christian, be converted into pious exercises.

31. What were opened? Their eyes. The consequence? What became of Jesus? What is the meaning of their eyes being opened? Their obscurity was removed. Their doubts were gone. Do we learn here what are the best cures for spiritual blindness? Pious conversation; religious exercises. Unbelief in the promises is often visited by the hidings of God's countenance. They were backward to receive the truth, and were now left to mourn the absence of their Lord.

32. What are their words expressive of? The deep pleasure they felt in His conversation. They recalled His instructions. Their hearts glowed with intense love. All the followers of Jesus know how precious His words are; and their hearts glow with love as they hear of His life, and death, and resurrection. Mutual communication with our Christian brethren should be often made regarding our joys and fears; our shortcomings and failings; it will promote our spiritual welfare. It is pleasing and comforting to recall the instances of communion we have enjoyed with Christ. Jacob, on his death-bed, remembered how the Lord met him and blessed him at Bethel. In

what proportion does our belief of the Scripture give us joy and comfort, and excite admiration and gratitude to God? In proportion as we understand them. Their hearts burned as He opened the Scriptures.

33. Those who have found the Saviour delight to tell others. 'They rose up the same hour.' 'Come here all ye that fear God,' etc. (Ps. lxvi. 16.) Meetings of a spiritual nature are times when God delivers messages of mercy, and gives instances of His favour and grace. The eleven were gathered together.

34. To whom did He first appear? To Simon. Learn how ready Christ is to pardon; deep repentance will always be acknowledg and honoured by God; and should comfo those who are penitent, although their sins great.

This narrative shows how blind men may to the plainest truths. That it is proper to ha persons to teach. Jesus himself did it; a now He does it by His Spirit and His servan That men who explain the Bible should und stand it themselves. Here was convinci evidence that Jesus was the Christ. He fi satisfied them from the Old Testament, a then showed them Himself. Thus is the Ch tian religion true, for here we have evide that Christ rose from the dead.

THE MOTHER'S WALK.

A SKETCH.

IT was night. Silence reigned over the land of Israel. Within the palace of Tirzah all, save one lone watcher, were wrapped in slumber. Yet even into that luxurious home, sickness and sorrow had found an entrance.

In one of the lofty apartments, the wife of the king watched, with anxious tenderness, by the sick-bed of her son. Her true mother's heart could not leave her darling to the care of servants, willing though they were to render any service,—for all loved the gentle young prince. His disease had been lingering, and night after night, in alternate hope and fear, his mother had watched beside him. He had fallen at length into a peaceful sleep, which might, she fondly hoped, be the forerunner of returning health. Fearful of disturbing him, she extinguished the lamp (breathing the while a fervent thanksgiving for the quiet rest which he was enjoying), and watched the moonbeams, as they softly fell on the pallid face of the sick boy.

Very strong and tender was the tie which bound that mother and son to each other. Her husband, flushed with success, and uplifted with pride, had turned from serving the God of Israel, and gained for himself an unenviable name, which should cling to him through coming ages, as 'Jeroboam who made Israel to sin.' Through his precept and example, the Ten Tribes, over whom he reigned, had fallen into gross idolatry, thus laying up for themselves wrath from Him who has said, 'I will not give my glory to another.'

Influenced, no doubt, by the gentle teaching of his mother, the youthful Prince Abijah worshipped the true God. To be a king like David, and reign for God in Israel, was the subject of his hopes for the future. They knew not, that mother and son, as they wandered in pleasant converse on the hills of Ephraim, and turned their longing eyes towards Jerusalem, joining in spirit with those who were praising God in the earthly Zion, that soon a brighter crown, than ever ear monarch wore, should sparkle on that fair yo brow, that his raptured eye should gaze only on David, but on David's King, and ear drink in sweeter songs than even thos the royal singer, which he loved to coax mother to sing to him at eventide.

The hours crept slowly on, and still youth slept. His mother, too, fell into a sl slumber. It was day-break when he aw In an instant she was bending over him. eye, quickened by affection, saw a change, a sudden pang shot through her heart. holier beauty on the pallid brow, as if a of the coming glory had fallen there; a th ling sweetness in the peaceful smile, as if waiting ear had already caught the first dist notes of the new song. Some of us have s that look on the faces of our loved ones. the words of a modern poet,—

> Have we not caught that smiling
> On some beloved face,
> As if a heavenly sound were willing
> The soul from our earthly place:
> The distant sound, and sweet,
> Of the Master's coming feet.
>
> We may clasp the loved one faster,
> And plead for a little while,
> But who can resist the Master;
> And we read by that brightening smile
> That the tread we may not hear,
> Is drawing slowly near.

Whilst struggling to control her grief, a fi step was heard without, and the king came to see his son. With all his faults,—and th were many,—doubtless Jeroboam loved hisch and as he noticed the look which rested u the youth's face, a spasm of pain convulsed father's features. Abijah was the heir to kingdom, and sin-stained as Jeroboam m have felt himself to be, perchance he l pictured a brighter, purer future, for his yo son.

To whom will he turn in his hour trouble: to his gods? Ah! no, he kn

them powerless to aid. To the God of Israel? He had forsaken His laws, and despised His commands; he dared not call upon Him now. A sudden thought flashed across his brain. He turned to his wife, and in tones hoarse with emotion, cried, 'And Jeroboam said to his wife, Arise, I pray thee, and disguise thyself, that thou be not known to be the wife of Jeroboam; and get thee to Shiloh: behold, there is Ahijah the prophet, which told me that *I* should be king over this people. And take with thee ten loaves, and cracknels, and a cruse of honey, and go to him: he shall tell thee what shall become of the child.'

A gleam of hope passed through his wife's soul as the king spoke. Perchance the man of God might have a message of hope for her. She would go to Shiloh. But the child; how could she leave him; should death come, and she away? With a low cry of suppressed anguish, she strove to banish the thought, as again and again she kissed his pale brow, ere, urged by her husband, she departed on her lonely walk. 'Thou God of Israel, keep him until I come again;' with this prayer upon her lips, she hurried on towards Shiloh. The eastern sun poured his scorching rays upon her head, her lips were parched, and her limbs weary. She heeded not; but climbed at length the steep ascent to Shiloh, and stood on the threshold of the man of God.

The blind prophet's first words showed her that her disguise was futile. 'Enter,' he cried, 'thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be another? for I am sent unto thee with heavy tidings.' And in stern, awful words, the old man declared to his trembling listener, the terrible doom which awaited idolatrous Israel and her sinful king. Woe after woe was pronounced on Jeroboam and the people whom he had caused to sin; but as yet the mother's heart was not wholly crushed, for he had not named Abijah. It came at length. The blind prophet's voice took a softer tone, when he spoke of the young prince. 'Arise,' he said, 'Get thee to thine own house; and when thy feet enter into the city, the child shall die, and all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him; for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel.'

The decision is given; silently the mother turns to retrace her steps. A dull, heavy pain in her heart, and the prophet's words ringing in her ears, she hurries on along the road to Tirzah. She knows that every step she takes is bringing death more near, not her more near to him, and yet she cannot linger. Could it be that she should never again meet the glance of those loving eyes, never again feel the clasp of those clinging arms. A cry of despair bursts from her lips as the gate of Tirzah became visible. 'Oh God be merciful, I cannot pass the gate.' Poor tried mother, in years to come she will bless God that her darling was taken ere the evil days came upon Israel; but as yet she could only picture her dying boy, turning his longing eyes to watch for her he shall see no more, until they meet in the city of the great King, and in utter desolation of heart she leans against the city gate.

> 'Are thoughts which sometimes come to us
> We scarce know how or why,
> The echoes of the whispered words
> Of angels passing by?'

'He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.' How come those words to her remembrance at this time? She almost fancies she hears her boy's voice repeating them. They turn a flood of light across her darkened soul. She understands it now. She had asked an earthly thing for her boy that day, the Lord had given him a heavenly thing instead, even length of days for ever and ever. Breathing a prayer for aid, she arises and totters through the gate of Tirzah, and though her tears fall fast on her boy's face, beautiful in death, from the depths of a chastened spirit she is enabled to say, 'It is well with the child. I shall go to him; he will not return to me. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, oh, Jerusalem!'

THE LAMP WITHOUT OIL.

WHILST spending a week lately in the society of a great number of faithful pastors from the Canton of Vaud, one of them, at a public meeting related to us the recent conversion of a lady in his parish. She was one of those who lived only for this world; the thought of her sins had never caused her uneasiness; she was careful and troubled about many things, but neglected the one thing needful. One night whilst alone in the room, she saw the lamp which lighted it, suddenly go out. Although she was alone, she said aloud (thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark), 'There is no oil in my lamp.' The words thus spoken echoed in the room and sounded in her ears, but with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the five foolish virgins who had no oil, and whose lamps have gone out at the coming of the Bridegroom; and from that moment, day and night, that word of God remained in her soul, as an arrow remains in the side of a stag who flies far away from the hunters. It recurred to her constantly: No, I have no oil in my lamp! My God, what will become of me? I have not Thy grace in my heart! She was filled with fear; then she began to pray, and continued in prayer until God answered her favourably, and gave her His peace through the Holy Spirit, and now she is happy and full of zeal. Like Enoch, she walks with God; and we trust that like him, she will continue to do so to the end. —*From the French of L. Gaussen.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 Cor. xv. 49.

IN a dying world like ours, it soothes and cheers to think of *resurrection*. Yes; resurrection! How bright the thought and dear the word! But what is that to be to us? For there are two resurrections. Is ours to be the resurrection of the just, the resurrection unto life? The Apostle here is speaking of the latter; for he is speaking of those who belong to the Risen Head. They are the *we* to whom he refers; they whom the Son of man came to save, died to quicken, lives to glorify.

He speaks also of two sections in the life of such, one dark, the other bright. He speaks of two heads, two Adams, two images; the first head, Adam, image belonging to us as born the first time; the second head, Adam, image belonging to us as born the second time.

I. *We have borne the image of the earthly.* This image or likeness is something which we 'bear' or carry about with us. It is not a casual or occasional thing; but something cleaving to us; inherent in us; evil, carnal, low, unholy. What then is this image of the earthly? It is something pertaining to spirit, soul, and body; it is of the earth earthy.

(1.) *It is human.* We are flesh and blood as He was; born of the flesh; as thoroughly human as was our first father; for that which is born of the flesh is flesh.

(2.) *It is sinful.* The image is not that of His uprightness and perfection, but of his sinfulness. Sin pervades us, actuates us, fills us.

(3.) *It is mortal.* Death reigns in us as well as over us. Mortality was Adam's lot; it is ours. Dust we are, and unto dust we return. Corruption, disease, pain, decay, imperfection of every kind make up the sad image.

This was our lot by birth; it is still in part our lot; though we have been born again. Sad lot! Sad image! Do we not shudder at it? Do we not shrink from ourselves? We are earthly, not heavenly! We are like him who is earthly; nay, we are his sons! We bear his image on us, all over!

II. *We shall bear the image of the heavenly.* The *as* declares (1) the certainty, (2) the completeness of the resemblance: as certainly and as completely as we have borne the one image, we shall bear the other. The 'heavenly' is, of course, the last Adam, the Lord from heaven, who was made a quickening Spirit for us. 'We shall be like him' *hereafter;* we begin to be like Him *now*, as soon as we are begotten again. The *outline* of His image is traced upon us at conversion; our life is to be the filling u this; the consummation is when He c again, to raise and glorify us.

Two processes go on; the erasing all lines of the first Adam's portrait in us; effacing of our former selves; the beco more and more unlike the earthly; more more like the heavenly. Line by line, fe by feature, the former fades away; line by feature by feature, the latter takes its p Intermixed they often are; the one contes for mastery with the other; like dissol views; but in the end the heavenly prev ates and prevails; the carnal and grossr ments are struck out or chiselled away, nothing remains save what is spiritual and e tial. This image after which we are modell

(1.) *Divine.* We were created 'in the i of God,' and the new creation restores thi image, nay, adds to it, intensifies it, stereo it for ever. We are made partakers o divine nature, and thus we take on the i of the heavenly; we are 'born of the s 'born from above;' made sons of God; of God; conformed to the image of His we in Christ, and He in us. All that he municated of the divine and the celestial be to our regenerated nature. We are raise higher level; and while not less truly h we are yet more identified with the *divine.*

(2.) *Holy.* We take on unholiness at first conception: 'Behold we were shape iniquity.' We begin to part with this, an take on the holiness, at our being bego again; for 'of his own will begat he us;' are 'born again not of corruptible seed, bu incorruptible.' Sin, like the troops of a c quered city, begins to evacuate our conqu being; and holiness, like the troops of the torious army, enters in to fill up all the ro Sin, all sin, of every form and name, is cast o holiness, all holiness, of every name and fo in word and deed, takes its place in us. I after the image of the Holy One that we modelled.

(3.) *Immortal.* The heavenly Adam is mortal. He died once, but He dieth no mo and His immortality is for us. By it we made immortal. Not, indeed, now or here; in the ages to come, when death is swallow up in victory. He shall change our vile bo that it may be fashioned like His glorious bo When we awake, we shall be satisfied with likeness. Resurrection will complete the c formity to the image of the heavenly. Perfect of body as well as soul! No suffering and sinning!

Is not this hope glorious? Does it not stimulate, (2) sanctify, (3) comfort? Should not quicken prayer and watchfulness? Sur prospect should not be idle or vain.

THOU AND THY HOUSE:

A WORD TO WIVES AND MOTHERS.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

PROVERBS XXXI. 27, 28.

THIS passage, from the 10th verse to the end, is an exquisite picture. It should, I think, be your mirror or looking-glass from day to day. It is too large, however, to examine now in detail, and therefore we select one single feature. Look at verses 27, 28. Here we see woman in her proper sphere; the right person in the right place. Man has manifold departments of labour; he has his place in all the various ministries of outward life—the field, the workshop, the counting-house, the ship, the pulpit, the platform, the legislative assembly. But woman has only one small sphere appropriated to her: it is the household; and yet, if she but knew and used aright her power and opportunities there, she would sway the whole world for good. Archimedes of old used to say, 'Give me a place whereon to rest my lever, and I will move the whole world.' Woman needs not to make this request; she has such a place, let her make our homes holy, happy, well-ordered, and the world will soon become a paradise of God. Let us for the sake of distinctness notice three points. Woman's place in the household. The sacrifices she must expect to make if she would fulfil her duty. And her reward.

I. *Her place in the household.* 'She looketh well to the ways of her household.' This brings her before us in the aspects of wife, mother, mistress. The wife. Such was the relation in which woman first appeared on earth. God, who was never solitary, never without fellowship Himself: for there was always blessed intercommunion among the persons of the Godhead, God saw it not good for His creature man, formed in His image, to be alone. And therefore God made woman to be his friend and companion. She was the same in nature, and yet different. She was taken from man, as the Hebrew name Adama, implies, as also our Saxon—woman; and hence Adam says, 'Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife.' And yet, while thus one in nature and most closely allied, there was still an essential difference between them. But this difference, instead of separating, only drew them the more together; for they were the completion of one another. What was wanting in man was found in woman, and what was wanting in woman was found in man. Hence God speaks of her as a helpmeet for him; and if man, in his state of perfection and blessedness, needed such a help, oh! how much more now, when, sinful and sorrowful, with fightings without and fears within, he earns a stinted livelihood by the sweat of his brow. You see then what God expects of you as wives. You are to cheer, support, and lead your husbands, and prove your helpfulness to them, both in things of time and of eternity. It is true that your position is subordinate, both by nature and revelation; as the weaker vessel you are to obey your husbands in the Lord. But if you look at the text, you cannot but see that the Lord expects that you should exercise a kind of oversight in reference even to those who are properly the heads of the household. You are to look well to the ways of your husbands. Oh! what a mighty, though unconscious and insensible influence you may and ought to exercise over us. You start with advantage. You have a hold upon us through our affections, and if you do not trifle with it, that hold will grow and increase, year by year. I am sure that married love is a far more stable, settled, unchanging thing than that of courtship. There may be less of passion, but there is more of principle. There may not be the flame and smoke of the newly kindled fire, but there is the steady warm heat of the burning fire. And yet your influence must not be based upon mere love; it must rest upon a firm and enlightened friendship. Make your husband feel that you are one with him; his interests yours; his concerns yours; his joys and sorrows yours. Make him feel that his heart can safely trust in you, so that he can come and with perfect confidence unbosom himself to you, and make you the sharer of all his trials, and of all his triumphs. Oh! what a doubling of joy, what a halving of sorrow, there is here. Make your husband feel a kind of uneasiness until he has told you everything that interests or tries him. But in order to this, you must have no secrets from him. You also

must be frank and open. Confidence begets confidence. Make him feel that your heart, while it takes in his concerns and thus relieves him, yet is a sealed receptacle. Make him feel that what he imparts to you, is for yourself and not for another, that it will never go further. Ah! how surely any slip or imprudence in this respect will stop for long, if not for ever, that mutual outflow of confidence which forms one of the sweetest blessings of the conjugal relation. Oh, how many of the calamities and shipwrecks that are occurring from day to day, would be prevented if this confidence in one another existed. A man is getting embarrassed in his affairs. He feels that he ought to contract his expenses; but he is ashamed to tell his wife his difficulties, and so, wretched, sleepless, self-condemned, he struggles on, till poverty comes on them like one that travelleth, and want like an armed man. Oh! make your husbands so trust in you that they shall open up even their difficulties, their errors, their mistakes, and not be afraid that they will be slighted or upbraided, but rather, that as the ivy clings to the thriving tree, and is upheld, so, when that tree feels decay, the ivy in turn clasps and upholds it. Make your husband feel that under God, you are wholly his, that you will do him good and not evil, all the days of your life. His domestic comfort is placed almost wholly in your hands. Make his home attractive, the brightest spot on earth. When he returns from the noise, care, contention of the world, let him find as he crosses his threshold, peace, order, welcome, love, soothing sympathy. Let him feel and rejoice in the contrast, and he will thank God. His worldly prosperity depends on you. What man ever prospered in the world, without his wife's co-operation. There is an old Irish saying, 'A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich.'

His eternal interests very greatly depend on you. If he is careless, you may win him over: 'What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?' As Peter says, the disobedient husband may be gained, even without the word, by the wife. If your husband is a man of God, you must either be a great help or a great hindrance to him. Oh! friends, see what a power God has given you in your households; as wives, and then as mothers, what a new source of power is here. That unborn babe, your heart is clinging to it ere it comes into the world, and you are by prayer laying up riches for it in the treasury of God ere it sees the light. And then, when after nature's conflict, a young immortal is given you, is there any joy like yours when its first cry *enters* your ears? And then, the little thing is so destitute, so helpless, so needing al things, that your fond womanly heart clings t it with a growing intensity. Is there an earthly love like your love? Yes, methinks child's love to his wise, gracious, loving mothe That goes with us wherever we go; that is th last earthly feeling that leaves us. Look Jesus on the cross; He is thinking of H mother's comfort. I have stood by the deat bed of young adventurers, cut off in a far di tant land; their last worldly thoughts were home, their last words 'My mother, tell mother.' I have met with the ruined and probate that seemed inaccessible to coun and warning, but the word 'mother,' affectio ately spoken, never failed to smite the roc and the waters gushed out.

Oh! friends, what a power you have her What a wonderful arrangement, that the whol world has to pass through your hands, to g their first impressions and education from yo Education begins not with the alphabet; begins with a mother's look, a mother's smil What you are, your children will in all likel hood be. Your temper, conduct, character, w be the mould and fashion of theirs. The boy father of the man, and what you make him will be, when he goes forth to mingle with h fellows. Your little girl is learning from yo what she will be, when in her turn she becom a wife and a mother. Why the Disposer of a thus commits His world of immortal creatur to your management and training, when the are in that sensitive and susceptible state, whic makes them take any impression that you com municate, why He does this I cannot tell. am sure He has wise and good reasons for i But oh! friends, the dignity, power, and re sponsibility with which this arrangement in vests you! Arise, ye mothers, and meet th claims of your high calling. Hear God, th Lord of all, saying, 'Take this child and nurs it for me, and I will give you wages.' I order to this, cherish a heartfelt convictio that they are not yours, but His; that the are only a trust, and may at any moment b recalled. Make a full surrender of them t Him, to be His for ever. 'I have given him said Hannah, 'I have lent or returned him t the Lord, as long as he liveth.' Do all tha you do for them from a regard to God's glory If you act merely from parental affection, wha do ye more than the birds of the air, or th beasts of the field? Educate them for th service of God, tell them of Him, His claims His calls, His grace, His rewards. Pray dail with and for them. Read the Scriptures wit them daily, and urge immediate repentanc and unreserved surrender of themselves to th Lord. Be not satisfied that they respect you

are obedient to you; see that they fear and honour God, and that they submit themselves to you, for the Lord's sake.

In order to educate them for God, you must be more concerned about the soul than the body; their principles and habits, than their accomplishments; their eternal, than their temporal interests. You must seek for them *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness. If you have been preserved from making Lot's choice for yourself, you must not make it for your children. The Hindoo mothers at Saugur cast their infants into the waters, believing it would be well for them; but how many professedly Christian mothers cast their children into the burning hands of the Moloch of this world. Saugur's sacrifices have been abolished, but our wholesale world sacrifices go on. Alas! how many godly parents have I seen wither and decay, taking back the ambition, pride, and worldly conformity for their children, which they had long forsworn for themselves. Oh! ye of little faith, will ye not believe that if ye seek first for them the kingdom of God, all other good things will be given to them?

As confidence is needful in dealing with your husband, it is equally so in dealing with your children. You must make them feel that they can safely trust you. You must become the depository, under God, of all their desires, feelings, and secrets. Make them feel that your life is bound up with theirs, and soon theirs will be bound up with yours. Oh! how many evils would be nipped in the bud if this hearty unreserved communion existed between every mother and her children.

But then you are to be mistresses. This is a new source of influence and power, but also a new ground of responsibility in the sight of God. Some mistresses seem to think if they give shelter, food, and wages, to their servants and do not oppress them with unreasonable work, they have done all that can be expected of them. But so thinks not God. 'I know Abraham that he will command his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment.' So thinks not the godly mistress: 'She looketh well to the ways of her household.' She sees to their characters, their principles, their conduct. The welfare of her family depends much on them, but she feels herself chargeable also, in a measure, with their temporal and eternal interests. And therefore you must try to gain their confidence, make them feel that you are their friend, that their hearts may safely trust you. In all your intercourse with them, let there be the law of kindness. Give them time to seek the Lord, both on the week day, and on the Sabbath; and more than this, you must restrain them from scenes of folly and evil company, and you must furnish them with indulgences. You are invested by God with a certain authority, and you must use it in His name and by His grace.

Such is a sketch of what you should be as wives, mothers, and mistresses.

II. *Her sacrifices.* You will say, 'all this entails sacrifices.' True, it must be so. We are sinful creatures in a sinful world. The Lord had His daily cross, and so must you. To act your part aright, it must be a life of self-denial, self-forgetting, diligence, prayer and faith. You must live for others, for the Lord's sake. You have a little world committed to your charge, and you must live for it, that you may rule and benefit it.

Wife, mother, mistress, you cannot eat the bread of idleness. There will often be weariness by day, and watching by night. It is yours to make the bed of suffering, to tread with light and silent step, to interpret every look, to bear patiently with the irritability of pain, to minister relief both to body and spirit, with a tact and unweariedness of which only your loving natures are capable, and to wipe the dying brow and point the departing soul to Him whose blood alone can cleanse. Yes, you cannot eat the bread of idleness. But do all in the Lord, for the Lord, as in His sight, depending on His daily strength, and you will finish your course with joy, and accomplish the ministry which the Lord has given you.

Her reward. It is her husband's praise, 'Her children arise up and call her blesssed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.' Sir James Mackintosh testified of his wife, 'By tender management of my weaknesses, she gradually corrected the most pernicious of them, gently reclaimed me from dissipation, propped my weak and irresolute nature, urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness. To her I owe whatever I am, whatever I shall be.' Jay of Bath says of his wife: 'She possessed every quality that could render her a helpmate. Her special qualities were admirably suited to my defects. Her domestic virtues rendered my house a complete home, the abode of neatness, order, punctuality, peace, cheerfulness, comfort, and attraction. She calmed my brow when ruffled by disappointment or vexation. She kept off a thousand cares, and left me to attend to the work of my calling. She reminded me of my engagements when I was forgetful, and stimulated me when I was remiss, and always gently enforced the present obligation as the duty

of every day required.' How affecting too was this epitaph upon a simple tombstone, 'We have been married sixty years, and she always made my home happy.'

Her children's happiness, thanks and reverence, is also her reward. How sweet to see their love in the beaming eye, in the buoyant step that runs to meet you, in the frank unbosoming of every thought and care. And what music like hearing them tell that they have found the Lord, have put their hand into His hand, and that to your labours, prayers, and holy example, they are indebted, under God, for all their blessedness. How easy and free from anxiety is separation after this. Your servants' comfort and respect is also a reward, and their unwillingness to leave you. So is also your influence on all around you. And then above all at last, when you say 'Behold me and the children which the Lord hath given me,' and you receive the Master's commenda 'She hath done what she could.'

Why are not all wives, mothers, mistre such as we have been describing? The nothing beyond the reach of every belie head of a family. We do not call you to as Florence Nightingale in the camp, or as Baillie in ragged homes, or as Mrs Shephe the workhouse, or Mrs Wightman in the pr house. I don't ask you to leave your firesides. *There*, give yourselves to the and to His work, and seeking the blessi Him in whom all families are blessed, e in the work of domestic government.

. . . . . .

Maternal associations are very blesse little arrangement will prevent inconve in attending. Come yourselves and bring o Impart your difficulties, and give the ben your experience.

The Love of God.

From the German of Ph. Fr. Hiller.

THOU Abyss of love essential,
God, the highest good who art!
Whom a hidden impulse moveth,
Ever blessing to impart.
O Thou sea of love unfathom'd,
Sun of friendship ever true,
O Thou mighty soul-physician,
Fount of comfort ever new!
All my soul entreateth Thee,
O Thou Love! now love Thou me!

Gracious Being! let me praise Thee,
With full heart Thy praises swell,
Rich Thy grace, it hath no limit,
None its riches e'er can tell.
Oh! 'tis wondrous great to sinners,
'Tis too great for such as we;
Oh! unbounded is its greatness,
To Thine own 'tis fatherly;
All my soul entreath Thee,
Mighty Love! oh love Thou me!

Thou dost hear my prayer and sighing,
In my need dost care for me,
Thou my tears dost count and gather,
All my yearnings dost Thou see.
Know'st and sendest all my sorrow.
Send'st and soothest every smart,
And my faith and love Thou triest,
Know'st and probest all my heart.
All my soul entreateth Thee,
Sweetest Love! oh love Thou me!

Freely Thou my sin forgivest,
Help, grace, comfort, light, O Lord!
E'en the gift of life eternal
Dost Thou promise in Thy word.
Thy beloved Son Thou gavest
Surety for my debts to be,
In free grace He took my nature,
Died through ardent love for me.
All my soul entreath Thee,
Wondrous Love! oh love Thou me!

Now His love shall ever teach me
I'm His blood-bought property,
And His ever glorious Gospel,
Of His love shall speak to me.
While a pilgrim His example,
For my guide I'll ever take,
E'en in times of bitter anguish,
Shall I Him my model make.
All my soul entreateth Thee,
Holy Love! oh love Thou me!

This eternal Love by dying,
Death for me hath brought to nought,
And He hath through resurrection,
Life for me from ruin brought.
By Love's glorious exaltation,
Open stands heav'n's door to me,
The inheritance unfading,
Faith may surely hope to see!
All my soul entreateth Thee,
Son of Love! oh love Thou me!

Thou hast given me Thy Spirit,
That He may reveal Thy will,
He our life doth ever hallow,
Doth our hearts with comfort fill.
Teach the fool, the weary strengthen,
And the captive soul release,
And He sealeth to Thy children,
Their inheritance by peace.
All my soul entreateth Thee,
Loving Spirit! love Thou me.

Father! Thou not only givest
What men here well-being call,
But Thyself to me Thou givest,
Spirit—Son—Thyself and all.
Who enough can ever thank Thee?
Earth nor heav'n can comprehend,
Of Thy love the light so blessed,
It hath neither bounds nor end.
All my soul entreateth Thee,
God of love! oh love Thou me!

As for earth, the sky above us,
Is so glorious, great and fair,
So for all who truly fear Thee,
Shines Thy favour everywhere.
As from darkness light is distant,
Lord! Thou puttest far from Thee,
Our transgressions when we sorrow
For them in sincerity.
All my soul entreateth Thee,
Highest Love! oh love Thou me!

As the father pity feeleth
When he sees his children weep,
Turn the door of Thy compassion
For the poor does open keep.
Give me such a disposition
As abideth in Thy love:
Sleeping, waking, may I only
In Thy goodness live and move!
All my soul entreateth Thee.
Faithful Love! oh love Thou me!

Living, dying, may I ever
Be encompassed by Thy love!
May I with Thine heirs and children
Rise again to bliss above!
In Thy love is rest eternal,
In Thy love for aye we live.
Nought beyond Thy love can any
Even to everlasting give.
All my soul entreateth Thee.
Blessed Love! oh love Thou me!

John Kelly, Translator of Paul Gerhardt's Spiritual Songs.

THE WRONG SIGNAL.

'WHAT has happened?' said Mr Hamilton to his son, who entered the room in haste, and with the air of one who has some interesting news to communicate.

'A freight train has run off the track and killed a man,' said Joseph.

'How did that happen?' said Mr Hamilton.

'The watchman gave the wrong signal. The engineer said that if he had given the right signal, the accident would not have occurred.'

Making the wrong signal cost a man his life. There is another sense in which wrong signals sometimes occasion the loss of life—of life spiritual. The preacher who fails to declare the way of salvation, as it is laid down in God's Word, who teaches that all men shall be saved, or who teaches that men may secure salvation by their own works, gives the wrong signal. In consequence, men take the wrong track, and go on to perdition.

The private Christian, whose reputa[tion] standing in the church and in society g[ives] influence to his example, pursues a course [of] conduct utterly inconsistent with the injunc[tion] 'Be not conformed to this world.' The you[ng] Christian is led to practise a similar cour[se]; by degrees he loses his spirituality, and becom[es] one of those who have a name to live, but [are] dead. The holding out of the wrong sig[nal] led to the disaster.

A professing Christian exposes himself [to] temptation. He has power to resist the tem[p]tation, and escapes unharmed. One of l[ess] power is led to follow his example, and fa[lls] into sin. To him his predecessor had giv[en] the signal that there was no danger there. [He] gave the wrong signal.

We are constantly giving signals to [our] fellow men—signals, which will direct th[em] journey to eternity. How careful should [we] be at all times to avoid giving the wro[ng] signal. —*Examiner*

A Prayer to be said before Meales.

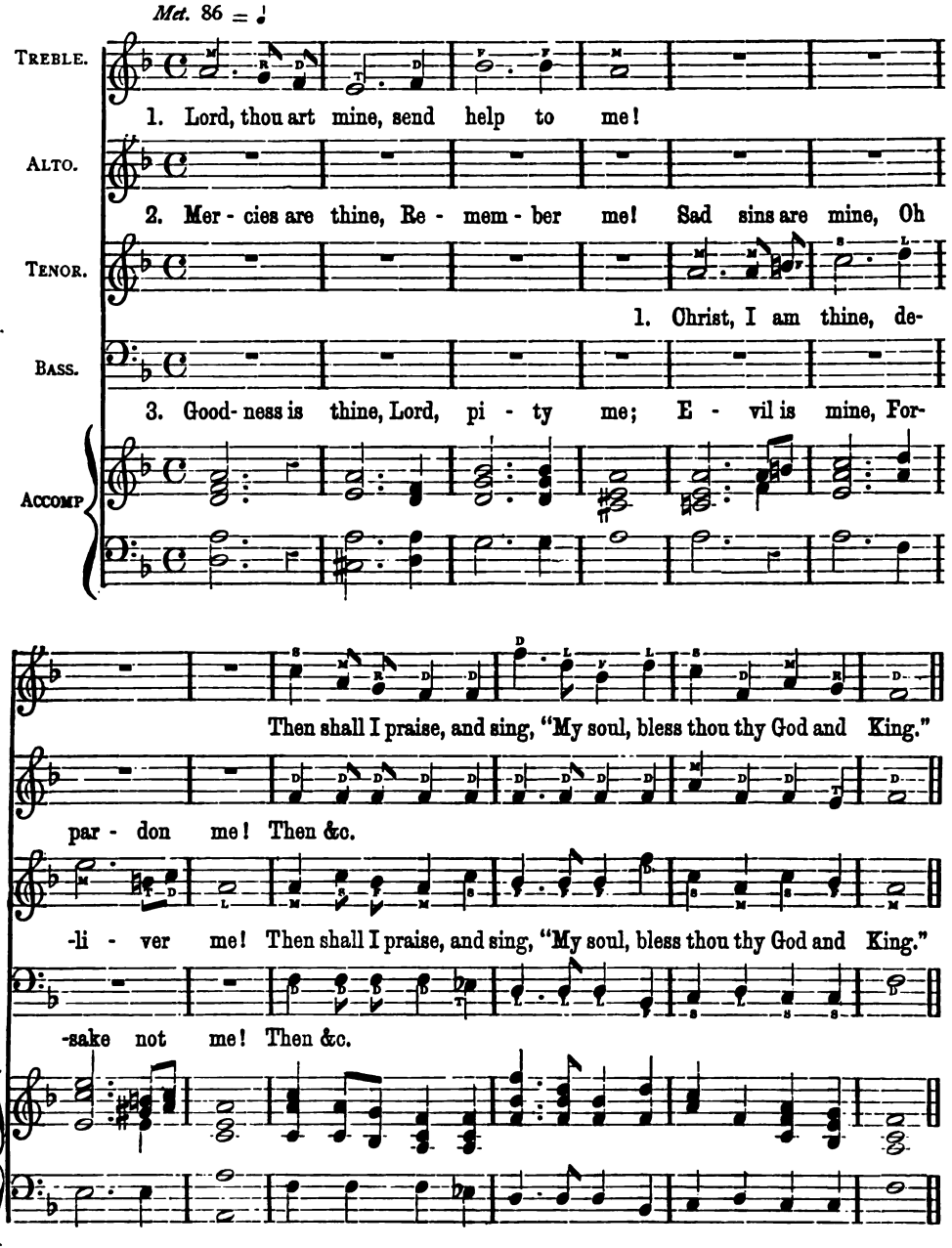
ALL things depende upon Thy providence, O Lorde, to receyve at Thine hands due sustenance in time convenient: Thou givest to them, and they gather it: thou openest Thine hande, and they are satisfied with all good things.

O heavenly Father, which art the fountayne and full treasure of all goodnes, we beseeche Thee to shewe Thy mercies upon us Thy children, and sanctifie these giftes which wee receyve of Thy mercifull liberalitie, graunting us grace to use them soberly and purely according to Thy blessed will: so that heereby we m[ay] acknowledge Thee to be the authour and gi[ver] of all good things: and above all, that we m[ay] remember continually to seeke the spirit[ual] food of Thy word, wherewith our soules may [be] nourished everlastingly thorough our Savi[our] Christ, who is the true bread of life, wh[ich] came down from heaven, of whom whosoe[ver] eateth, shall live for ever, and reigne with I[t] in glorie, world without end. So be it.

—*Old Scotch Catechism*

The Treasury Hymnal.

LORD, THOU ART MINE.

Met. 86 = ♩

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP
1. Lord, thou art mine, send help to me!
2. Mer - cies are thine, Re - mem - ber me! Sad sins are mine, Oh
1. Christ, I am thine, de-
3. Good- ness is thine, Lord, pi - ty me; E - vil is mine, For-
Then shall I praise, and sing, "My soul, bless thou thy God and King."
par - don me! Then &c.
-li - ver me! Then shall I praise, and sing, "My soul, bless thou thy God and King."
-sake not me! Then &c.

All light is thine,
Oh, shine on me!
Darkness is mine,
Enlighten me!

True life is thine,
Breathe it on me!
All death is mine,
Oh quicken me!

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

A CURLY head showed itself at Guy's room door, and a little body appeared after it the next minute.

'May I come in, Guy?'

'Holloa, is that you, Master Ned? Yes, come in with you.'

Eddie entered, and climbed up on to the bed, where Archie was already perched.

'Ethel was afraid Archie would tire you,' said the new comer.

'So she sent you to rest me: was that it? But I am not tired—not a bit of it.'

'Then I may stay, may I! and you will tell me a story, Guy,' replied the little boy eagerly.

'A story? I don't know about that, I am sure. Well, yes: I should not wonder if I know of one to suit you.'

'Oh, that's right!' exclaimed Eddie, clapping his hands, and Archie followed his example.

'Once upon a time there was a very fine king.'

'Where of?' put in Eddie.

'England, of course, you rogue. He was not like Queen Victoria: nevertheless he did a great many useful things: I should not wonder, now, if amongst the rest, he did not make a law that little boys should be seen and not heard: that would be a very good thing, you know; only I am afraid it would be very difficult to put into practice.'

'Guy, I don't believe he did any such thing!'

'Well, no, perhaps he didn't. Well, in those days England was not quite so friendly with the Danes as it is now; and the said Danes thought it would be very nice if they could have a slice of England for themselves. So off they set from Denmark, in their ships, and landed in such numbers, that our poor king was obliged to flee for his life and hide himself. If I had been there, I should have stopped and fought it out; but he didn't: perhaps one reason was, his people went over to the enemy.'

'That was very bad of them,' said Eddie, who was listening with all attention.

'Yes, but they had not rifle corps in those days, you know. Well, this poor king, in order not to be known, dressed himself up as a common soldier, and wandered about alone; and one day he came to a cottage where lived a poor man who took care of the pigs. This was such a very low poor place, that the king thought no one would ever think of looking for him there: so he rapped at the door, and asked very humbly if he might come in. member, he was only a common soldier n "Oh, yes," replied the man: "you want to k out of the way of these rascally Danes, I s pose: you'll be safe enough here; ther nothing to tempt them here." So the k went in, and the man and his wife made as comfortable as they could; and he spent time in taking care of his bow and arrow he thought they would come in useful someti I suppose. But one day, the mistress wa to go out; perhaps to see her neighbour cannot say; and she thought she might as make her visitor useful, so she said, "you these cakes there on the hearth; I shall l them there until I come back; and I hope will watch them, and turn them if they s it: and mind and not let them burn, if please." The good dame departed, and king meant to see after the cakes, of cou but instead of that, he fell to thinking, forgot all about them: he might have s them burning, one would think, but howeve didn't; and when his hostess came back, hold, the cakes were burnt to a cinder! Di she scold him, just! "you great idle fell she said, "whatever are you good for? you willing enough to eat our bread if you ca watch it."'

'If I had been the king,' exclaimed Ed eagerly, 'I would have told her who I w to think of speaking that way to the king!

'Ah, but our king did not tell her. took it all very mildly, and promised to better next time. But when he got back his throne again, which he did after awhile used to tell the story, and make a good jok it. Now then, Ned, can you tell who the k was?'

'I don't know. Perhaps Henry VIII.'

'Whew! you are wrong by a few centu Go to Percy's shelf and bring me the volume of "Mrs Markham's History," and shall read the story for yourself. His gra descendants have given him the name of Al the Great.'

Eddie brought the book and read it.

'It says here, that he was servant to the and woman.'

'Oh, well, its all the same thing. N Ned, learn from my story to mind what are about; and not burn the cakes, as Al did.'

The result of Guy's story was, that undertook to have both Eddie and Katie him for an hour every morning, to help t with their lessons. They did not know m poor children; for their education depe

entirely upon their mother and Ethel; and the one was scarcely ever well enough, and the other frequently too busy to attend to them. But lessons with Guy was quite an enjoyable affair: he amused them so with his odd remarks; but he taught them pretty well too, and it was a regular thing, which was a great deal.

Ethel's painting progressed satisfactorily; and was finished at length, and she held it up for Guy's inspection, with a good deal of pride in her own performance; for it was the first she had done since her return from Feversham.

'My times are in Thy hands,' read Guy: 'it is very pretty, Ethel; that is a first rate capital. And what are you going to do with it? send it to aunt Ethel?'

'Oh, no, certainly not.'

'If you have no better use for it, hang it on that wall opposite. I should like to have it very much. It will remind me of what Mr Fletcher said the other day.'

Ethel looked rather blank, but she only said, 'very well.'

'Ethel, you had meant to do something else with it; what is it?'

'Dear Guy, you shall have it if you wish, indeed. But I certainly had another purpose for it. I intended asking Percy to take it to some shop in Beckworth, and see if they would buy it. I do not know at all that they would, but perhaps they might. But you shall have it, Guy.'

'Indeed I shall not. Sell it by all means, if you can.'

'I will make you another if I do.'

So Percy was commissioned to carry the illumination into Beckworth the next morning; and Ethel waited with a good deal of impatience to know its fate. But she would not go down to meet him when he returned; but waited till he came up to Guy's room to tell her.

'Well, Percy,' she asked, anxiously, 'what is the fate of my text?'

'I am very sorry, Ethel, I am sure you will be disappointed, but I tried my best. I have brought it back with me.'

Yes, Ethel was very much disappointed; for though she had been saying to herself all day, it was sure not to be successful, she had not thought it.

'Well,' she said, smothering a great sigh, 'you will have it after all then, Guy; you took it to Mr Gray's, I suppose, Percy?'

'Yes, I took it there first.'

'And what did he say?'

'You would really like to know, would you, Ethel?'

'Yes, of course I should.'

'Why, then, he said that it was not nearly well enough done for sale; there was such a want of firmness in the lines. He says if you would get some of those outlines that have been published, you would do much better.'

'Indeed, but I should not, though,' exclaimed Ethel indignantly, at the idea. 'Why, Miss Clayton says that is such a poor way of doing! if you cannot draw the outline, don't illuminate at all; and I quite agree with her.'

'Well, I don't understand anything about it: only that was what he said. And Nelson and Raymond had more on hand than they could sell. So I am afraid it is no go, Ethel.'

'No, it seems not. However, Guy shall have it.'

'Yes, I shall value it, if no one else will.'

So Percy went for a nail and a hammer, and put it where Guy's eyes could rest upon it the last thing at night and the first in the morning.

Ethel had still another plan in her head, though the first had failed; but this needed the permission of her parents before she could even try to put it into execution.

Guy's room had become their regular sitting room now, except at meal times. The next afternoon, when Ethel and her mother were settled at their work; Ethel, who could never sit at her sewing for long together, threw down the sleeve of Percy's shirt, which she was making, and kneeling down before the fire, placed her hand on her mother's knee.

'Mamma, I want to talk to you. Am I quite necessary at home?'

'Well done, Ethel!' exclaimed Guy; 'fishing for compliments, I declare! of course she is quite necessary, mamma, is she not? we could not possibly get on without her.'

'Nonsense, Guy; you be quiet, please; I want to hear what mamma says.'

'You must tell me why you ask, Ethel, before I can answer,' replied Mrs Linton, with a smile.

'Well, mamma dear, I have a plan in my head; and I do hope you and papa will let me try it; I am sure it is quite practicable.'

'What is it, Ethel?'

'Well, you know, mamma, last week May brought word that Miss Ellis, the governess at Mrs Morson's, was so ill that she was obliged to go home, and was not likely to be well any more. I have been thinking so much about it; and I think, perhaps, that I could supply her place, if you and papa would allow me, and Mrs Morson was willing to try; and I think she would, at any rate until Christmas. Do let me try it, mamma, please.'

A shade passed over Mrs Linton's face. She knew that Ethel would have to leave home and go out into the world, but she had not thought it would be so soon; and she dreaded for her the harshness and coldness she would be sure to meet with, when not under the sheltering wing of home.

'You are too young, my child,' she murmured; 'too young to begin life yet.'

'Young and brave, mother darling; and not easily daunted by little things. And do you not think I would bear a great deal to lighten an atom of the care that rests upon you and papa. And I think this is a way that I can do it, in some little measure. So you will throw the weight of your influence on my side with papa, will you not?'

'But how shall we possibly spare you, Ethel? as Guy says, we cannot get on without you.'

'Oh, you know, I shall be here mornings and evenings, mamma; and I will try to do as much as I can then. Do let me try it till Christmas: I can give it up then, if it does not answer.'

'You must let me think about it, and talk it over with papa, before I can decide.'

'Ethel, come round here,' said Guy, when Mrs Linton had left the room, and the brother and sister were alone. 'How do you think I am going to get on without you, all the dreary days, if you go and spend them at Mrs Morson's?'

'Dear Guy, there will be mamma, you know: she is ten times better than me, any day.'

'I know there will be mamma; but I cannot keep her trotting up and down stairs for me all day long, as you do.'

'Katie will do that; she will be delighted to do anything for you: I shall put her in as attendant extraordinary.'

'Why do you want to go?'

'Dear Guy, there can be but one reason—to add my mite to the financial department.'

'That same department is pretty low at present, I suspect; I wonder if I shall ever be able to do anything to raise it!'

'Don't turn your thoughts in that direction, I beg: what you have to do now, sir, is to lie still; a hard task enough, but one which must be done.'

'Ethel, don't you think I am a very selfish fellow?'

'Not very,' replied Ethel with a smile; and then her face grew grave again as she remembered the time when Rosalie had called her so; how very long ago it seemed! 'I was once told I was selfish, Guy.'

'Whoever said that,' exclaimed Guy indignantly, and raising himself on his elbow in his eagerness, somewhat to the detriment of his back: 'whoever said that, told a tremendous fib! The idea of you being selfish! why, you are at every body's call, and as ready to give up your own wishes as if you had not any. I'll tell you what, Ethel, you are a dear good sister, and a great comfort to everybody—me, in particular.'

'Oh, Guy, please don't talk so. It is only lately that I have begun to try to be what I ought. And I am selfish, I know; and bad tempered, and all sorts of bad things: so you need not be so indignant because some one chose to tell me so.'

'No one had any business to tell you what was not true, Ethel. If I ever get downstairs again, I shall try if I cannot do something to help. There's Percy now, I know he had far rather be in his workshop in an evening; but he gives all that up to help papa with his copying, like a thorough good fellow as he is: and now you must needs try what you can do; while I—I am forced to be idle: I would not work when I could, so I cannot when I would,' and he sighed bitterly.

'Now, Guy, you are venturing on forbidden ground; did I not tell you to steer clear of that rock? What did Mr Fletcher say only yesterday? that your work just now is to b patient and cheerful: and what does my te say? does it not tell us that it is all right?'

So Guy put away the thought, and tried t be cheerful for the sake of those who loved hi

With a good deal of persuasion, Mr Linto agreed to Ethel's plan, provided Mrs Morso was willing to take her, which he rather doubte That difficulty, however, was surmounted. Ethel's earnest solicitation, Mrs Morson agre to allow her to try, more especially as she w a good deal put about by the sudden departu of Miss Ellis; but she demurred somewhat her youth.

'Oh, Mrs Morson,' exclaimed Ethel, 'I was sixteen last October, and you know I a growing older every day, and I will try to d my very best.'

Mrs Morson smiled, and replied that sh had no doubt she would. So it was settle that she was to begin her duties on the follow ing Monday. Thanks to Miss Clayton's i structions, Ethel was not so unfitted for t post, as, from her desultory education, mig have been supposed; indeed she seemed to ha the tact of imparting knowledge pleasant And she enjoyed the change; for she tried, she had said, to do her very best; and th was always the feeling of being some little h to her parents.

It did not want quite three weeks to t holidays when Ethel began her new duties; b Mrs Morson was quite satisfied with her p formance of them, and agreed, if her paren were willing, that she should continue wi her during the next half-year.

It was a proud day for Ethel when s brought home her first earnings, and count them into her mother's hand.

'There, mamma, dear; that is worth lea ing home for, is it not?'

Mrs Linton clasped her arms round h and kissed her warmly.

That afternoon Ethel spent with her moth by Guy's fire; while Mary and Gertie w racing about the house, in all the delight of t first day of the holidays. They were talki by the light of the fire, for daylight had d parted long since, when a light step ca springing up, two stairs at a time, and Pe rushed into the room, swinging his book-l over his head.

'Goodbye to the Beckworth grammar sche he exclaimed; 'I have done with that. N comes Eton!'

A shade of sorrow passed over Mrs Linto face; but Percy did not perceive it; he thr himself on the floor, and went on.

'What do you think Dr Marshall has b telling papa, mamma?'

'That Percy Linton will come out ser wrangler,' 'if he ever goes to college,' put Guy.

'Nonsense, old fellow. No; but rea mamma, I heard him telling papa that he going to give up the mastership of the gramm school; he has given in his resignation to

trustees. Of course he will not give up until the end of next half; but there is to be a new master chosen at Easter; and Dr Marshall advised papa to apply.

'And what did papa say?' eagerly inquired Mrs Linton.

'Papa said he should do no such thing, as it would be no use, for he was not a clergyman, and they would never think of giving it to one who was not.'

Mrs Linton did not answer; but one of the chief hopes of her life died out in that moment. She had always looked forward to Mr Linton becoming head-master sometime or other; and now the time had come, and there was no chance of it; she had not reckoned on any obstacle. She left her children talking, and stole down to meet her husband.

'Guy, is it true what Percy has been telling us about Dr Marshall?'

'Yes, certainly.'

'And that you do not intend applying for it?'

'No, Mary, I do not intend; and you must know the reason. I have no chance whatever of being chosen, unless the trustees favour me; and I do not wish to ask such a favour at their hands.'

(*To be continued.*)

In Memoriam.

A. G. Aged 17.

GONE in his manhood's op'ning day,
Gone from sorrow and strife,
Gone in the bloom of his beauty,
Gone to eternal life.

Gone to a loving Saviour,
Gone through the pearly door,
Gone to join the angelic host,
Gone where Death's reign is o'er.

Gone to the heav'nly city
Where Christ Himself is King;
Gone, where the adamantine halls
With hallelujahs ring.

Gone, free from sorrow for ever,
Gone to th' eternal shore,
Gone to the blessed realms of love,
Where tears shall be no more.

Gone, but we too shall join him,
When our work on earth is done,—
We bear the Cross a moment,
But for ever wear the Crown.

23*d October* 1868. N.

CHRIST'S QUOTATIONS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

OUR Lord makes quotations from, or direct reference to passages in twenty-two out of the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament, viz:—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, 1 Samuel, 1 and 2 Kings, 1 and 2 Chronicles, Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Jonah, Micah, Zephaniah, Zechariah, Malachi.

In Matthew He quotes nearly one hundred passages, from nineteen books; in Mark, fifteen passages, from thirteen books; in Luke, twenty-five passages, from thirteen books; in John, eleven passages, from six books. If we may make such comparisons, we may say that Deuteronomy and Isaiah were His favourite books. In Matthew alone there are eighteen references to Deuteronomy, and three in the other Gospels. To Isaiah there are twenty in all. To the Psalms there are sixteen, to Daniel fourteen, to Exodus fourteen, to Leviticus thirteen.

In the eighty-nine chapters of the four Gospels are one hundred and forty direct allusions to specific passages of the Jewish Scriptures.

Our Lord never makes a single quotation from the Apocryphal books, nor can we gather that He had ever read them. It is remarkable that His quotations are much more literally from the Septuagint than those of the evangelists, when they quote for themselves, or of the apostles, as found in the Acts and Epistles.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

2 Cor. v. 7.

THE word 'walk' embraces the whole of our Christian life on earth; the daily tenor of our way here. It is sometimes described as a running, sometimes as a fighting, sometimes as a wrestling, but more generally as a walking. 'Enoch walked with God.' 'Noah walked with God.' God said to Abraham, 'Walk before me.' Frequently do Christ and His apostles use the expression, 'Walk while ye have the light;' 'walk in wisdom;' 'walk worthy of the Lord.' The word then is meant to describe our whole Christian course from first to last, and that as a course of activity and progress.

The apostle's expression here is often understood as meaning simply that our *faith*, and not our *sight*, is the spring and regulator of our walk, as if our act of believing were placed in opposition to our act of seeing; and it were affirmed that it is the former, not the latter, that impels and guides the Christian.

But this certainly is not the whole, nor even the main part and chief object of the statement. The apostle means to say that it is the things which we believe, not the things we see, that regulate and influence our Christian course.

I. *It is in and by the things unseen that our Christian course has its origin and commencement.* Our mere natural life is a life of sight and sense, in which everything is influenced by what we see and hear, and touch and taste, for beyond these the natural man does not go, save when he gives his intellect scope to speculate, or dream, or fancy. This part of our course ends, and a new one begins by the opening of unseen things to the eye. These separate us from former objects, deliver us from a present evil world. It is the sight of an unseen law that makes us tremble: the sight of an unseen judgment in the distance that rouses us up to feel this is not our rest. So it is 'the *sight* of an *unseen*' Christ, an unseen cross, that detaches us from the world, and forms the commencement of our new career. Our soul lets go its hold of the seen, and grasps the unseen. Thus the new course begins. It begins with joy and peace in believing.

II. *The things unseen keep us separate from the world.* It is not merely a rending asunder at the outset, but a keeping asunder all the days of our life. A walk of separation from the world every day, even in those things which we have outwardly in common with the world, such as business and recreation; even in su things we walk by faith, and not by sig Our business, our amusements, our conver tions, our reading, our employments, our fam life, our private life, our public life, all a regulated by the things unseen. In all of th we manifest non-conformity with the world.

III. *The things unseen sanctify us and lift affections above.* We need to be drawn upwa and the things unseen are all above, so t their influence is all upward. The unse Christ, the unseen glory, the unseen inheritan are all *above;* in realizing them we are lif upwards. And as we are lifted upward, we *sanctified* by the heavenly vision. Sin made hateful; lusts and carnal feelings are lo loosened from us and fall off. We beco more unlike the men of earth; more like t citizens of heaven. The clearer that th heavenly objects appear, the more influenti the more sanctifying, and the more elevati they are. In beholding them we are made li them, purified, changed into the same ima from glory to glory.

IV. *The things unseen strengthen us.* T feebleness, fadingness, vanity, poverty of thi which *we do see* here, are very enfeebling a disheartening; whereas the greatness, enduri ness, glory, excellence of the things which *do not see* strengthen, nerve, animate, invigor us. These glorious invisibilities quicken c steps, kindle zeal and love, make us willing endure harness, to count labour, privation, su fering, poverty,—nothing. Thus we walk strength, with erect head, zealous, earnest, u tiring, because of what faith shows us of t things within the veil.

V. *The things unseen comfort us.* Our wa here is not all smoothness and sunshine. Trib lation, weariness, pain, sickness, bereaveme throw their thick cloud over us. We take r fuge in the *future* from the present. Our p spects, ever bright, ever glorious, cheer, susta and console us. Life is so brief; its sorro will so soon be done; Christ will so soon here; resurrection, and glory, and gladne will so soon dawn on us! We need not over-burdened or over-sorrowful because of t present. Faith shows us the light beyond t darkness, and that comforts us. The eter kingdom will make up for all!

Whatever may lie before us here, our eter future is that to which we look. We we everything by that; regulate, judge everythi by that. It doth not yet appear what we sh be, but we know that when He shall appear shall be like Him.

ENOCH UNHEEDED.

WHILE Lamech sinned foully in the house of Cain, Enoch shone brightly in the family of Seth. In the worst times some godliness will raise its head. A star oft glitters in the darkest night. In a waste wilderness some solitary flowers bloom. A green spot sparkles amid expanse of sands. When sin rushes in like a flood, a barrier from the Spirit meets it. When the Lord's cause lies very low, some saint confesses God: some faithful hand points up to heaven: some noble champion draws the sword of truth: some preacher of righteousness uplifts the Gospel-banner. While the Head breathes, the members do not wholly die. Satan never reigns undisputedly. There was an Enoch in the midnight of the old world.

His miniature is exceedingly lovely. It shows much beauty in a little space. One touch displays the man:—he 'walked with God.' But in that simple phrase we read the pure consistency of his happy life. His career was the brightness of a tropic clime—the clear blue of a summer sky—the tranquil flow of an unruffled stream. Blessed man! he took no step, but leaning on his God: he did no deed, but as in God's sight: he spake no word, but as to God's listening ear. God was his light within—his life without—the polar star of all his being. He knew no deviating path—no double motive—no divided heart. His way was narrow, but it led straightforward. He saw his guide, and followed fully.

Thus he lived a type of what the Spirit can effect. What man, through heavenly grace, has been; man, through like grace, may still become. The height attained before the flood, is not too high for other days. Away then with the thought, that evenness of godly walk is too sublime for present earth! It is indeed a fearful truth, that the wells of birth-corruption are most deep—that evil cleaves as the very skin—that Satan ever tempts—that the world spreads most fascinating snares—that man unaided surely sinks. But the Spirit lives, and loves, and is omnipotent. He can subdue iniquities, and blunt temptation's shafts, and win the heart to Christ, and fill it with all the fulness, of God. Thus the saint, linked to sinful flesh, can still walk closely with his God. Enochs may still bless the earth.

Child of God, do you lament your distance from this state? Be humbled, for you are not what you might be. Investigate the cause. Too often prayer is lifeless—infrequent—vague pointless; the eye of faith is slumbering, or not intent on Christ: the heart ceases to watch: the shield is dropped: the sword is sheathed: the Spirit is grieved: the Word is not the constant food: ordinances are negligently used: the wings of wandering thoughts are not clipped: indolence puts out the fire of zeal. The walk with God is far from self—from sin—from worldly cares—from formal worship, and from frivolity's enfeebling whirl. It seeks heaven with heavenward face, besieging it with unremitting cries. It works for God—faithful to His truth—strong in His strength—rejoicing in His presence—valiant for His glory. 'Enoch walked with God.'

It may be said, that he was thus a magnet to attract, and not a beacon to deter. His life, indeed, allured to holy paths. The halo around him was the winning beauty of devotedness, but while he meekly lived, he boldly preached. His steps were gentle, but his words were the thunder's roar. Among the sinners of the old world his voice was trumpet-clearness. The Spirit records his key-note. He spake of the judgment-seat. He raised on high the great white throne. He warned of tremendous reckoning. He told of the world ended, and of the endlessness beyond. His spirit bounded to time's final goal. He seems not to have dwelt on Jesus in humiliation, bearing our sins, and making full atonement. He strode over the first advent—the glorious ascension to God's right hand—the session on the mediatorial throne—and all the wonders of Christ's wondrous reign. He pictured the awe of the concluding scene. His beacon was the coming Judge. Thus he proclaimed, 'Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly amongst them, of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him.'

We hence learn, that the old world rushed not unwarned to ruin. God left them not without clear notice. They were told of the sure end. They knew how terrible were the wages

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From 'Beacons of the Bible.' By DEAN LAW. London. Nisbet and Co.

of iniquity. The upraised arm was shown. The crushing blow was fore-announced. They heard that clouds were gathering, and that shelter should be sought. The cry went forth, Behold the Judge standeth before the door.

So it has always been. In every case God will be justified, when He speaketh; and clear, when He judgeth. Men press to hell, surmounting many barriers. They will not turn even for the prize of heaven. Too late, one agonized confession will ring sadly in each lost cell. 'My anguish is my merited desert. Many a sign-post told, that my path was towards this misery. I knew of righteous judgment. This end was blazoned on many a warning scroll. The blame is mine, even as is the suffering. I stopped my ears. I steeled my heart. I trampled on restraints. Therefore I am here. Justice is just, and I am righteously undone.'

Reader, these thoughts lead directly to Enoch's beacon. Mark it, and you shall escape this doom. Holy Spirit! come and give realizing views. All must be darkness, without Thy rays. All must be light, if Thou vouchsafe Thy presence. All will be hardness except Thou melt. The rock will soften, if Thou wilt mercifully touch.

A prelude sounds, 'Behold.' Let every slumberer awake. Ye listless, listen. Let every eye turn hitherward; for soon each eye must meet the sight. A revelation dawns, dimming all that earth ever saw. Let then all minds now contemplate.

Look onward—realise—'behold.' What is the spectacle? Whom do you see? 'The Lord cometh.' The God-man is revealed. Jesus appears unclouded—manifest—in open glory. He, who took flesh, as Bethlehem's babe: He, who grew up at Nazareth: He, who walked a lowly man beside the sea of Galilee: He, who bedewed the garden with His blood of agony: He, who bare the scourge—the buffetings—the mockery—the crown of thorns: He, who died accursed on the accursed tree, and suffered all the penal anguish of our sins: He comes to close the scene of earth, and wrap up the worn-out scroll. 'Behold he cometh.'

Child of God, 'behold.' Gaze steadily. It is your own Jesus. 'This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner, as ye have seen him go into heaven' (Acts i. 11). Recognise your kinsman—your elder brother—your unfailing friend. It is He, who loved you with an everlasting love—who loved you more than His own life—who espoused you to himself, in righteousness and truth, for ever—who welcomed death, that [illegible] might live: who thinks His heavens in[illegible] without you. By faith you often realize His smile—and see your name upon I heart—and hear the whispers of His love—a lean upon His arm: and joy in His fellowsh Now see Him at hand—in very person-glorious nearness. Behold, the Judge is y own Jesus.

Ye Christless ones, 'behold.' He, wh you scorned—reviled—rejected: He, wh blood you counted as a worthless thing: whom you crucified afresh—whose love ridiculed—whose wrath you braved—wh cause you strove to counteract—whose king you would fain have trampled down—wh sceptre you defied—whose humble follo you derided—maligned—oppressed—wh warnings you rejected—whose truth was j jest—whose ministers you shunned—wh word you hated—whose promises and th you sneered at: 'behold:' this Jesus com

But who can describe the actual specta Faith, with her eagle eye intently fixed heaven, strives to conceive what soon will a forth in reality. But weak is the effort. painter's skill can represent the blazing fla the sun in mid-day splendour—the glow of in human countenance—the expression of sparkling eye. Paul's eloquence could relate the words of paradise—they were speakable. No angel's tongue can open out riches of Christ—they are unsearchable. this sight exceeds all skill of utterance. only know, that 'The Son of Man shall co in his glory, and all the holy angels with h (Matt. xxv. 31). 'The Son of Man shall co in the glory of his Father' (Matt. xvi. 27).

But here description must be silent. the sun intensify its rays into one focus, magnify ten thousand times its present lust that brightness would be but an expiring to —a dying spark—compared to Jesus thus pearing. His human form—for human it ever be—will be as dazzling as Deity can ren it; and every eye shall see it.

The encircling retinue, too, will be wor of the King of kings, and worthy of the pur of His advent. 'All the holy angels' spr their wings around. Heaven sends forth total armies. The whole company of angelic host encircle their descending L They attend in all their glittering multitu Thousand thousands minister unto Him, ten thousand times ten thousand swell the t Think of the beauty of one seraph's fac think of the concentrated beauty of the colle throng—think of the God-man Jesus su latively shining above all. And still tho touches not the grand reality.

But the glory of this retinue is n glorious yet. Every angel shall be prese so, too, every saint. All who are Chri

m righteous Abel to the last-born child of
:h, shall add their numbers to the swell of
mph. They shall be very many. Jude
)icts their hosts as myriads. At present
:y may appear a little drop in the vast sea
the ungodly, but when thus gathered into
: mass, they will be more than numbers can
)ress.

Believer, mourn not, that now you often
m to stand alone. Truly you are united to
and more than the stars in multitude—more
in the sands which gird all oceans.

They shall be very bright. 'When Christ,
o is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also
pear with Him in glory:' Col. iii. 4. The
ruptible shall have put on incorruption.
e mortal shall be robed in immortality. The
tural body shall be changed into the light-
ss, purity, and power of spirit. We now
ar the image of the earthly; and it is base,
d low, and liable to pains and sad defilements.
e shall then bear the image of the heavenly:
d it shall be lovely and perfect, as the
)hteousness of God.

But wherefore are the saints thus gloriously
embled? It is their office now to sit as
gh assessors in the Judgment. 'Do ye not
ow, that the saints shall judge the world?'
Cor. vi. 2. Again, 'Until the Ancient of
ys come, and judgment was given to the
ints of the most High: and the time came,
at the Saints possessed the kingdom:' Dan.
. 22.

Beloved, your earthly lot may be neglect—
ntempt—reproach, and poverty. You may
ink the bitter cup of scorn. It was so with
ur heavenly Lord. Shall the poor servant
vet greater favour? But the end is near.
ie scene shall change. Jesus shall re-appear.
ien you shall have 'beauty for ashes.' Then
)u shall be arrayed in glory by His side.
our place shall be upon His very throne.
hey, who crushed you, shall see, and tremble,
d bewail.

The ensuing scene is vivified by terms
miliar to the courts of men. Well-known
ages thus awfully throw light upon the
quel. It is written, 'The Judgment shall be
t, and the books shall be opened:' Dan. vii.
). Again, 'We shall all stand before the
dgment-seat of Christ:' Rom. xiv. 10.
gain, 'We must all appear,' or be made
)parent—conspicuous—manifest, 'before the
dgment-seat of Christ, that every one may
ceive the things done in his body, according
that he hath done, whether it be good or
d:' 2 Cor. v. 10. Once more, 'I saw a
eat White Throne, and him that sat on it,
om whose face the earth and the heaven fled
ay, and there was found no place for them:
and I saw, the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works;' Rev. xx. 11, 12.

Thus graphically is the consummation pictured.

We are thus led in lively thought to intermingle in transactions, which must be. The Spirit takes us by the very hand, and brings us to the dread tribunal. He guides us now to take our station, where we so soon must stand. He almost constrains us to make the future present. Who now can say, that coming judgment is an obscure hint! It is revealed in clearest light. It is proclaimed in strongest terms. It is displayed in gigantic magnitude. Oh! that the world would learn, that it is sure —near—inevitable; that it will be universal; that it will be final. Each child of man must act his part. All, who are Christ's, shall then receive their crowns. All, who are not found in Him, must meet their condemnation.

But Enoch's teaching omits the full acquittal of the just. Each had indeed his countless and most frightful sins. Each in nature, and by act, had merited the depths of hell. But long ago each had endured his fullest punishment, when the redeeming God-man died. Each too had put on by faith the glories of His glorious righteousness. Each had exhibited by holy walk his vital union with the Lord of life. Each displays full evidence. Each holds the title-deeds to pardon—life—glory. Each has in his heart the meetness for this home. God is faithful. Therefore they are welcomed on the strong ground of right. Jesus purchased heaven, and purchased them, and made them fit. They hear, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:' Matt. xxv. 34. They ascend to thrones of light. Glory—glory to the God of grace! Glory—glory to the work of Christ!

But Enoch, dealing with sinners, sings not this song of triumph. He shows not the chariots which bear the saints aloft. That he might check and scare from sin's destructive paths, he opens the terrific side. He drags the ungodly forward. They must confront the great White Throne. The Judge appears 'to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds, which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches, which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him.' To convince. Conscience is now terribly awake. It may have slept amid the warnings and expostulations of time-state. It may have stifled all inward tremors under the

Gospel-note. But now it is all life. Its eyes are widely open to the iniquity of lost days—the flimsiness of vain excuse—the positive reality of contracted guilt—the worthlessness of now vanished hopes—the justice of the now-arrived rejection—the truthfulness of all God's word—the inevitable issue of unpardoned sin.

Earth is now fled away. The guilty have then no terrestrial refuge. Heaven is for the righteous. They have no righteousness. Hell is for the ungodly. They are ungodly. They see it now. They own it. And they must endure. They are convinced, that their whole life was spent in toiling hard to earn the wages of the devil. The time for payment is arrived. His reckoning place is hell. The light of the White Throne makes all things clear. Wilful ignorance and self-deception are no longer blind. Memory is awake in agonised review. It sees in one expanding glance the history of all past days. Each action is apparent in true form. Each word again sounds loudly. Each rapid thought swells to the frightful magnitude of overt acts. But each act—each word—each thought is only sin. Denial—extenuation—palliation—have vanished: or, if they show themselves, they aggravate and mock. Truth now reigns. Confession speaks. Such were our lives. These are our sins. This is our fault. This is our righteous doom. This is our merited misery. The Judge of all the earth doeth right.

The mandate lingers no more. 'Bind him hand and foot and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth:' Matt. xxii. 13. They 'shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power:' 2 Thes. i. 9. 'These shall go away into everlasting punishmen Matt. xxv. 46.

Ye sons of men, who are not safe in Ch —who have not found the shelter of His sav wings—who have not fled for refuge to t Cross—who are not hid in the clefts of t wounded side—who are not washed in the la of His blood—who are not covered beneath t sin-concealing righteousness, listen to Enoc faithful word. You—your works—your speec —your thoughts are all ungodly. 'If righteous scarcely be saved, where shall ungodly and the sinner appear?' 1 Peter iv. These lives of yours will all rise up again in Judgment-day, and prove your guilt, and aloud for wrath.

But the Trumpet sounds not yet. T Throne is not erected yet. The Judge is indeed before the door, but still His ente tarries. Judgment is ready, but not yet c come. The angels spread their wings, but fly not. You have yet opportunity. D affords you space. Oh! then, by all the te of that terrific day—by all the certainties o foretold assize—by the sure unfolding o your most secreted deeds—by the expos all that you have done and been—by the in able sentence—by the outbreaking wrath the down-hurling into hell—by the everla chains—by the unquenchable fire—by the gnawing worm—by the eternity of torn you are now implored to pause—to think turn—to weep—to be repentant—to seek m —to flee to Christ—to hasten to His Cros clasp His arms of love—to take Him as only hope—to cling to Him as your only re —to embrace Him as your full salvation. J Jesus now your friend. He comes to be Judge.

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

KATIE'S GOODBYE.

DR WILMOT did not visit Guy every day now; for though the boy was no better, there was not much to be done for him but what those about him could do: yet the doctor did not cease attendance altogether: he came once or twice a-week, as the case might be. And in answer to Guy's entreaties, he had said, that perhaps, if he were very quiet and patient, he might allow him to get up in a few days, and be on a sofa for an hour or two, if there could be one brought into his room for the pur This news raised Guy's spirits wonderf and he was brighter and merrier than i best days of his health and strength.

When Dr Wilmot came again, which the day after the commencement of the days, Guy begged him to fix that day-wee the important event,—it would be Chris day.

'I cannot promise anything of the sort boy,' was the reply: 'it depends upon much strength you gain; you certainly not enough at present for the change.'

Katie, who was lying asleep before the

suddenly woke up with a violent fit of coughing.

'What is that child doing there?' exclaimed the doctor, turning short round upon Mrs Linton, who had accompanied him up stairs.

'Katie; oh, she was tired, and fell asleep, I suppose.'

Dr Wilmot went up to her, and took her hand.

'Put her to bed instantly, Mrs Linton, and keep her there.

Mrs Linton started.

'Why, Dr Wilmot, is there anything the matter with her? she seems to have a little cold, that is all.'

'All! what more would you have? My dear madam, do you not know that cold brings everything in its train, especially to a child like that, who should not feel a breath of wind. What have you been doing with yourself, little one,' he added, in a different tone, bending over the child.

Katie acknowledged that she had been round the garden that morning after Gertie, without her hat; but that she had felt nothing of the cold until just now.

'Was there no one to take better care of the child than that?' inquired Dr Wilmot.

'Martha, the nursemaid has gone home for a few days,' replied Mrs Linton, 'and Guy's accident has caused so much extra work, that the children are not so well attended to as they ought to be. But Katie knows very well that she ought not to run out in that manner.'

Katie's eyes filled.

'I am very sorry, mamma; I did not think about it just then.'

'Well, put her straight off to bed, and let her have a basin of gruel, piping hot.'

The doctor's directions were attended to, but no one thought much of the matter. Little Katie caught cold always with the least thing, that it was nothing very unusual.

Ethel had not forgotten the resolution she had formed on the night of Guy's accident; but as yet she had found no opportunity of helping it forward in the least. This evening, as she sat by the parlour fire, she and Mr Linton being the only occupants of the room, she was thinking about it a great deal, wondering if they and the Feversham would ever be reconciled.

At last Mr Linton left his writing by the table, and came and stood beside her, leaning his back against the chimney-piece.

'Papa,' she said suddenly, looking up into his face, 'I wish you would let me write to grandmamma.'

Mr Linton started, and said almost sternly, 'What are you talking about, child?'

Ethel repeated her question.

'Why, I thought you were as bitter against Mrs Feversham as any one could be.'

'I was once, papa, but I am not now; and I thought if I wrote to her, and told her all about Guy, and everything, she might, perhaps,—help us,' she was going to add; but the hard bitter expression of her father's face made her hesitate.—'She might perhaps forgive us. It is so long since, now, papa, she must have forgotten the grievance.'

'I do not want her forgiveness, and I beg you will not interfere in the matter, Ethel. You would have me go and confess to her, I suppose, that her bitter words have come true, that I cannot keep my wife and family. But no; if ever there is peace between us, it must be she who takes the first step. I will not bend to ask it; indeed I do not wish it in any way. What made you think of your grandmamma just now?' he asked, after a pause.

'I have thought about her a great deal, lately, papa; and I do so wish I could do something to set things straight. I thought once I should never forgive her; but I have, and I seem to want her to forgive us, and all to be peaceful and pleasant again.'

'Do not trouble your head about it, Ethel,' replied Mr Linton, more kindly; 'the matter is beyond your power to alter. Let things take their course. I am sure if Mrs Feversham wants to keep up her anger against us, I am quite willing she should do so. I shall not seek for a reconciliation, and I beg you will not either.'

And so Ethel's first effort came to nothing; and her father's words had thrown such a damp upon her resolution, that she felt almost ready to give up in despair.

Somewhat to the surprise of everybody, Dr Wilmot made his appearance again in the morning.

'I was coming this way,' he said, by way of explanation, 'and I thought I would just look in, and see how the child was going on.'

Katie apparently had taken a very bad cold, and was suffering a good deal from it; and Dr Wilmot charged Mrs Linton by all means to keep her in bed.

As he was passing out of the house, he met Mr Linton entering. Laying his hand on his arm, he drew him with him out of the gate on to the road.

'Linton,' he began, in a serious tone, 'I do wish you could have taken my advice and sent that child away before winter came—or at least before she had taken that cold.'

Mr Linton started.

'I told you at the time it was utterly impossible, Dr Wilmot, and I say the same now; I *could* not do it.'

'No, I suppose not; but I am sorry for it;' was the reply in a low tone; 'for it may cost the child her life. I do not say that it will; but it may.'

Mr Linton came to a sudden stop in the walk they were leisurely taking together: and turning round, confronted Dr Wilmot with a determined air.

'Do you mean to say there is danger, Dr Wilmot?'

'Yes, I do. There is danger, considerable danger; for there is a threatening of inflammation; and to a frail child like that, the chances are that it will prove fatal. But it might have been averted, if you could have followed my advice.'

'Dr Wilmot,' and there was a hard sound in the tones as though they were wrung from him in sheer desperation; 'I would rather—yes, a thousand times rather, lose my child, than have done as you say! for that could only have been accomplished by incurring debts which I had no possibility of ever paying. If I could have done it honestly, I would most gladly; but I could not.'

Dr Wilmot looked into his face for a moment; then laying his hand on his shoulder, he said gravely. 'Linton, I honour you. What human skill can do to save her, shall be done; you may be sure of that.'

Though Mr Linton had spoken so quietly to the doctor, the suddenness of the blow had struck no less deep for all that. Danger to his darling! it could not be!

He shut himself up in his little study, there to battle alone with his grief; not to any one—not even to his wife, would he breathe a word of the trouble now; time enough yet; and the danger might be averted.

Yes, it might be—but a day or two passed on, and Katie was no better, but rather worse. The inflammation that Dr Wilmot had feared set in; and the child's breathing grew painful and difficult.

One morning Charlotte had been preparing some light dainty for the little one's lunch, and she carried it up to her. The child was alone; for her mother and Ethel were both engaged with Guy just then; so Charlotte raised her up to feed her with it. But it was very little that Katie could take; she could scarcely swallow, she said. So Charlotte laid her down again; and as the little hand held hers, she sat down beside her.

'Charlotte, do you think the Good Shepherd is going to take His little lamb home?' asked Katie.

Charlotte could not answer for a minute; and the little child repeated the question.

'My darling, I hope you will be spared to us a little longer yet.'

'But do you think so?' persisted Katie; and Charlotte was obliged to confess she did not.

'I think not too, Charlotte; but I don't like to say so to mamma and Ethel, because they would be sorry, you know. But I am not sorry, because I am going to Jesus; and it was you who first taught me to love Him, Charlotte.'

'My precious darling!' was all Charlotte could say; for her tears were falling fast.

'Don't cry, Charlotte;' and the little hand was raised to wipe away the tears; 'Jesus will take care of me better than you can. He will not let any harm come to me; I shall be safe and happy with Him.'

'Yes, my pet, I know. But you will leave a sad blank behind you.'

Yes; it was too true. Little Katie was passing away; and none but those who were wilfully blind, could fail to see it: but loving hearts were so bound up in the child that they would not see the danger—it was only a bad cold, and she had often recovered from such before; she must get better.

Dr Wilmot came daily. It was Monday the day but one before Christmas; and t doctor knew there was no hope. He had do all that could be done, without success; a he thought it right to tell Mr Linton the tru He heard in silence; but his inmost heart w rebellious—why was he not blessed with t supply of worldly wealth which would ha enabled him to save his child?

Ethel, meanwhile, was learning the sa sad news from Charlotte. She had trip down into the kitchen for something that wanted in the sick room: and found Charlo sitting down, doing nothing; a most unu circumstance, for she was generally so bu She started up however when Ethel ente and dashed away a tear.

'What is the matter, Charlotte?' as Ethel, in surprise.

'Oh, Miss Ethel; I cannot keep it to self any longer. I am grieving for that pre child upstairs.'

'For Katie? yes, she is suffering a g deal, but I hope she will soon be better.'

'She will never be better in this world, Ethel.'

Ethel gave a startled look.

'Oh, Charlotte, you surely do not think

'I know it, Miss Ethel; I have seen it f the first. And what did Dr Wilmot want speak to the Master this morning for, but tell him that?'

For a moment Ethel looked bewilder then conviction flashed upon her, and wit great cry she leaned her head on the table, burst into a storm of sobs. Charlotte put in a chair, and rested her head against shoulder, and let her cry, for she knew it the best thing for her. At length, her g having spent itself, she looked up with a g sigh.

'I never thought we should lose her,' said.

'It is hardly to be called losing, Miss E dear; for we know quite well who is ta her. And it is just the best thing: you try and think that; will you not, darling? Charlotte pressed her lips to Ethel's forehe

'I cannot think that yet,' replied Et sadly.

'No, not just yet; but you will do s Our Father in heaven knows who is ready, who is not; and if He picks the bud before flower is blown, He wants it; we may be of that. Dear Miss Ethel, I want you to that it is all in love, that you may com others.'

'Papa and mamma!' exclaimed Ethel; will be a sore blow to them. Yes, Charlo I will try to comfort them. Only I must t about it myself first.'

Ethel sent Charlotte upstairs with the water she had come for; and turned into parlour to settle her scattered senses. But parlour was already occupied: Mr Linton there. At the first glance Ethel knew tha too had learnt that hope was passed. Uncer whether to advance or retreat she stood at

door; when he raised his head and saw her. She came forward then, and put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

'Papa,' she whispered, 'then you know. I am afraid it is true; our darling is going to leave us.'

'Yes; leave us when we might have kept her with us; if only—' and he paused.

'If only what, papa?'

'It is our poverty that is killing Katie, Ethel! if we had enough to send her to a warm climate for the winter, she would not have had this illness; but it was not possible, so we lose her.' The words were uttered in a tone of despair, which it pained Ethel to hear.

'Papa, darling; please do not say that. It is God who is taking Katie away, and ought we not to give her up willingly to Him? I am trying to feel that it is all right, as I know it must be. And, papa, God knows how poor we are; and He could have shielded our darling from this illness here, just as well as anywhere else, if it had been His will.'

'I know it, my child: but it is hard to feel it at a time like this.'

'Papa, do you remember the lines you read only the other evening?

'Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His will, they cross no threshold o'er;
Then who would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door.'

And we must not even wish to shut it, must we, papa?'

There was silence for a long time; and then Mr Linton raised the head that was buried on his shoulder, and kissed the pale cheek.

'Ethel,' he whispered, 'you must ask God to teach us all submission. Now go and ask mamma to come here; she must know of this.'

The news spread in the house that Katie's hours were numbered; and the little children hushed their voices to a low murmur, and trod with cautious footsteps as they passed the door of her room.

The short winter afternoon was closing in, and Mr Linton had come to sit beside the child. She was in an uneasy slumber when he entered: but soon woke up, scarcely able to breath, and whispered for papa to take her. Mr Linton took her in his arms, as he had done more than once before when she was restless; and wrapping a shawl around her, paced up and down the room with her.

'You are very good to me, papa,' she said, looking up into his face with a grateful smile; 'you will not forget little Katie? you will think of her sometimes when she is gone.'

'My darling, hush; you grieve papa by talking so.'

'But I must talk so, please; for I shall not have long to talk to you. I am going away, papa. Jesus will send His angel for me very soon now, I think, to carry me straight away to His arms. You love me, papa: but Jesus loves me a great deal more; and so He is taking me home.'

The child paused for breath; but Mr Linton said nothing—he could not: Katie did not seem to expect it, but went on.

'You will come too, papa, after awhile. I shall watch heaven's golden gate for you and mamma and the rest. I wish we could all go together, but that cannot be; but, papa, you will come?'

And this time she looked up into his face for an answer; and she received it, firmly and fervently spoken.

'Yes, God helping me, I will come, darling.'

'Oh, yes, I know you will,' she went on in the unquestioning faith of her loving little heart; 'and you must not be sorry for me, papa; I shall be so happy there.'

A quick light step entered the room, and Mrs Linton was beside them.

'And sweet mamma too,' said the child, stretching out one hand to her; 'we shall be together always there.'

That was a very sad Christmas. There was no decorating, and no merry making; for the gloom of sorrow spread its dark wings over the household. But no one expected the end so quickly as it came. All the pain seemed to pass away, and the child grew more easy, and was able to talk to them; and part of the weight seemed lifted from those loving hearts, and hope almost revived.

But it was only for a season; and as the Christmas morning dawned, there came a change. The children were all in bed; and the end came so suddenly that there was no time to summon them. Only Mr and Mrs Linton and Ethel were there to receive the last good-bye. Charlotte was called hastily, but she came too late.

The child had been sleeping quietly, when she suddenly awoke; and those who were watching, saw the seal of death upon her face.

'Oh, look, papa,' she exclaimed, with a sweet smile, 'Jesus is holding my harp, and He calls me to take it. Good-bye.'

Yes, it was good-bye: good-bye to earth to wake in heaven!

The snow-flakes were falling fast, covering everything with pure white; a fit emblem of the little spirit that had passed away, washed whiter than snow in a Saviour's blood.

(To be continued.)

LIFE'S LAST HOURS.

WHO has not lost friends? Who has not felt, at the dying bed-side, the longing to be able to direct the sufferer's eyes towards the loving Saviour of sinners, the Lord of life and glory, who has so graciously and wonderfully expressed His *willingness*, as well as *ability*, 'to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him' (Heb. vii. 25). Or, when news comes of a loved one at a distance being nigh to death, to be able to write words of comfort and cheer, if writing will reach, and if not, to

be 'present in spirit, in the name and power of the Lord Jesus Christ' (1 Cor. v. 3, 4; Heb. xii. 22–24), and pray the loving Lord to 'remember,' to send succour, to save. And then, after we have sent message after message, saying 'Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick' (John xi. 3–23), word comes that the loved one is dead, and we bow down, and ask, and are enabled to say, 'Thy will be done,' 'Thou doest all things well,' and we presently hear His gentle voice say, 'thy loved one shall rise again.' Then we strive to 'comfort others by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God' (2 Cor. i. 3, 4, 5); or to stir up, to quicken or to revive, the faith and love of mourners towards the Lord and His 'so great salvation,' which He has purchased and wrought out for us so great sinners.

I, too, have lately lost three dear friends, within a year of each other, whom, in the providence of our Lord, I could not be near at 'life's last hours' to learn from them 'how to die,' or to help. The first was 'ordered home' by the doctors; but as so often happens, died soon after leaving India, by the steamer, for his native land, having been landed at the beautiful island of Ceylon, where he bid adieu to all earthly beauty and suffering too, and for an earthly entered a heavenly home. Alas! for his solitary companion there, and for the anxious relatives here, waiting for tidings. The sorrowful telegram, in a few words, told all.

Among other communications to his dear relatives, one was written to his only brother, who, in the busy cares of a professional life, in this country, was thought to have little time to attend to eternal things. It is here given in the hope that it may prove useful to others, as it is believed to have been to him to whom it was addressed (who, in a few brief months after, also died); and as it may suggest subjects for *self-searchings* on the part of some writhing hearts who may read it.

'MY DEAR DR.—In loving memory of your brother, will you let me say a few words, by way of quickening your and my regards towards the great salvation.

'When your brother and I stood over the last of your cousin T., we felt, with inexpressible concern, that the sick or dying bed was not the time to make our peace with God, or rather to accept, to lay hold of, the peace and salvation offered to each of us freely in Christ Jesus our Lord.

'That peace your brother sought and found, I trust, long before his dying hour came. Have you and I found it? It must be sought for, it must be laid hold of, by each for himself. We can but stir one another up. . . . . How often our Lord exhorts us, "*To-day*, if ye will hear his voice." "*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation." "The night cometh, when no man can work." "Agree with thine adversary *quickly*, whiles thou art in the way with him." That *now*! that *to-day*! who shall say when it may pass away! Oh, that I could [illegible] it (the assured hope of salvation), said [illegible] he stretched out his hand, in sober eager earnestness;—and given to him, though I know i

'"Lord, save, or I perish" sinner's attitude. Have you and have we found, with Peter stretched forth His hand and s

'It is written, "Believe on Christ, and thou shalt be saved believe on the Son of God?" Him? That He "loved *me*, and *me*"—that He "died *for me*, perish, but live;" and then, because he *first* loved us." . . . this love, I cannot force mysel the gift of God." Then let us me this faith." Let us ask it of hath God exalted to be Prince to give *repentance* and *forgiveness* is this, and what does it inc "born again," to have faith an able to turn from sin, and obe loved us as to give himself f Lord gave himself *for us*, wil him also freely give us all thing not promised to give them t Holy Spirit.

'But how shall I *know* tha thus love? Aye, that is it. It i tion for you and me, Dr ——; for both of us, to be satisfied u be settled before we come to God's question to each of us? "examine yourselves *whether* prove your own selves (2 Co will He not help us to exami ourselves this all-important seriously and earnestly set a to Him upon it?

'Well, we *do* desire to l ourselves. Do I believe i Christ? do I love Him? H ourselves by His own W to know by, as thus:—

1. "My sheep *hear m* it so with me then, that I that His Word is as the me: that it is sweet to r it, like to read it, and act ings, and to think of all I cherish His words, " not against Him?" An of God unto salvation, that power to be save and so placing myself

2. "If ye love ments." Ye are my I command you" (that it would be *pe* daily duties or hos or hope of pleasir them? Do I rath prevail of my ov searching Spirit? "Lovest thou m "Lord, thou kn that I love thee.

3. "We [illegible]

(1 John iii. 14). Do I not long to be freed from the "bondage of the fear of death?" Do I not love those who love such as I love; and must I not love those especially who love the Lord Jesus Christ, if I love Him? Do I prefer their company and their friendship to that of those who care nothing for Him? Do I like to be where "two or three are gathered together in his name?" And why? because Christ the Lord is there, because they are the *friends* of Christ, nay, His "brethren;" and they have *companionship* with Him; for "truly our *fellowship* is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." And why should you and I not take part, or seek to obtain part, in this glorious friendship, since the Lord himself invites us?

. . . . . .

'What "lost opportunities" for doing good, and gaining good, we have to mourn, and to ask forgiveness for! How swiftly and suddenly death removes objects of loving solicitude! Only three months had passed, when word came that my friend the doctor was dangerously ill. In the devoted pursuit of his calling he was struck with typhus. Almost as soon as it became apparent, he became insensible to outward things; and after some momentary intervals of half consciousness, when murmurring calls on Christ came from his lips, he died in the full bloom of manhood and usefulness.'

. . . . . .

Again, from afar, over the seas, came word that another invalid was on his way 'home,' as dear England is fondly called by her absent sons in distant lands. The long voyage round the Cape was expected to prove beneficial. But it was not to be so; the invalid landed in an extremely low condition, and was met and conveyed home by his kind father. A few lines came to me from the sick one, saying, 'I arrived on the 4th—was *carried* on shore, and my father came and got me carried home to his house—he has been very kind to me—I am dangerously ill—in the Lord's hands—not allowed to write or speak much—glad to hear from you.' It was a labour of love to write to this suffering believer, and to refer to and dwell upon the loving, strengthening, and comforting words of our blessed Redeemer, in John xiv., which has proved my support in dark hours, and that of most believers, doubtless; of which friends wrote that he said, 'its truths are the delight of my soul; and they added, 'his sure and certain trust in our blessed Saviour never wavers, though he has a very great fear of the valley of the shadow of death.' This was followed by a few pencil lines from himself—his last—in his usual clear fine hand:—'I am wearing away... My bodily distress is *very* considerable ... Flesh and heart are in a trembling state of decay and dissolution. Doctors, drugs, etc., are struggling to keep the vital spark in, for a few hours may be, that's all . . . To me, somehow, *just now*, I don't feel very solemn. I don't know why. I suffer, and seem hardly able to bear my distress of body; but my mind has always had a feeling that Christ has (as a past and finished work) completed long ago His washing away of my sins by the one sacrifice of himself once offered. So my sins do not stand in array to upbraid me, though they are fully admitted; but with a natural antipathy to death, and the physical degradations of the grave, as strong as ever, I am afraid. I would be *very glad* to depart into God's sweet rest, were it not from a shrinking from the process of death, and perhaps an undue amount of attachment to things of sight and sense.' . . . .

A tender sympathising answer was sent:—'I feel just as you say, a shrinking from the "process" of dying; but "what time I am afraid I call upon my God"—"O Lord," Thou hast said, "Thou wilt perfect thy strength in my weakness:" fulfil, *now*, O Lord this thy promise to me. Thou hast said, "Thy grace is sufficient for me." Make, Lord, it now sufficient for me. Thou hast said, "Call upon me in time of trouble and I will deliver thee:" Lord, I call *now* in my distress, do thou send help, and show me thy salvation. [Appeal to the Lord in His own words, by His own promises, "put him in remembrance, and he will pour out blessings."] Thou hast said, "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock." (Ps. xvii. and xlvi.)

'Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

'Still, as you lie weak and helpless, like P.'s aged father, "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life," you must continue to ask, to seek, to knock, for that mercy, even as that aged saint did, saying, I echo more deeply than ever the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful *to me a sinner!*" But extreme prostration may disable even from this—then, "my eyes are toward Thee, O God of my salvation;" and He will surely answer, "Fear not, I am thy salvation—I will be with thee when thou passest through the waters," etc. (Isa. xliii.). "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep—my rod and my staff shall comfort thee—my grace is sufficient for thee."

'Yes, having "*received* the atonement," you are justified, you are sanctified, you are redeemed. And you may say, "Lord, if thou askest, Lovest thou me? Surely thy Spirit enables me to answer, Thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." Then the response is, "He that believeth on me shall *never die.*" The "*valley*" you are now passing through,—and you may have soon to pass through the "*shadow*," but *not* through the "*death.*" *That* our Lord went through, "tasted," FOR US, and we are delivered. "O death, where is thy sting? O

grave where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. xv. 55, etc.) Then "fear not, I have overcome," says your Lord; and you may urge, "Lord give me a right estimate of this dying—and give me, O give me, an abundant entrance into thy kingdom: Lord, surely thou hast made me *thine*, enable me to make thee wholly *mine*: whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee—though flesh and heart fail, thou art my portion for ever."'

At his own request, another (last) communication was sent to the sick one, now fast failing:—

'How rejoiced I shall be if our dear Lord and Master enables me to echo some of His own loving words, which shall refresh and strengthen you.

'How often has He bid us "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;" for "the Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him in truth." Is He not "rich to all that call on him," "plenteous in mercy to all that call on him?"

'Then call, cry unto Him in your distressed and low estate, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee O Lord" (Ps. cxxx.). "Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me, for I am poor and needy; preserve my soul, for I am holy (or one whom thou favourest); O thou, my God, save thy servant, that trusteth in thee. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I cry unto thee daily (or all the day). Rejoice the soul of thy servant, for unto thee O Lord, do I lift up my soul; for thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all that call upon thee. Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer, and attend to the voice of my supplications; in the day of my trouble I will call upon thee, for thou wilt answer me." (Ps. lxxxvi.).

'And He will enable you to say, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me and heard my cry; he brought me out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God," etc. (Ps. xl.). "My meditation of thee shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord." (Ps. civ.).

'Dear H——, if my feelings towards you are so full, be assured our gracious Lord's thoughts towards you are all love, and mercy, and peace. He is "our peace;" and you "shall be kept in perfect peace, your mind being stayed on him, because you trust in him." And you may be "confident of this very thing, that he who hath begun a good work in you will perform (or finish) it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i.): "Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end" (John xiii.): and He says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall *never perish*, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand" (John x. 28).

'These words of our Lord have often given me courage; and also those other wonderful words in Hebrews vi.: "Wherein God willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, co firmed it by an oath, that by two immutab things, in which it is impossible for God to li we might have a strong consolation (assuranc who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon t hope set before us." Therefore, dear frie "let not your heart be troubled," you have t *promise* and the *oath* to assure you; then f not to enter, "whither the forerunner is f you entered."

'Think not of, look not on, the pains dying, but on Him "who loosed the pains death:" surely Jesus died, for one reason, teach us *how to die*, how to face death—t who in that His dark hour, prayed, "Fat forgive them." Pray—

'"O Thou blessed Jesus, who lovedst and didst give Thyself for me; O Thou wast dead and art alive for evermore; I myself, my care about dying and all else, t Thee, for Thou carest for me; by Thine ag and bloody sweat, by Thy cross and passion Thy precious death and burial, by Thy glor resurrection and ascension, and by the co of the Holy Ghost, good Lord deliver me this time of my tribulation, in the hou death, and in the day of judgment, good L deliver me." . . . . .

'To cheer the watchers at that sick and to express sympathy with them, espec with one who was enabled by her Lord lovi and devotedly to aid and comfort His ser throughout his trying illness, lines were a few days after, thus written: "It is, as say, a solemn thing to be watching by bedside of a dying one, when all earthly are fading away." At such times I have "This is the *reality* of life;" *i. e.*, it show what dying creatures we are, and "the li will lay it to heart." And I have added am learning how to die"—though this should first learn at the cross, from the acc of the dying of our blessed Lord. He who "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted," on the cross cried, "My God, my God, hast thou *forsaken* me," graciously assure "I will *never leave thee*, nor *forsake thee*." that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my h and I will not fear" (Heb. xiii. 5). And a He says, "I will not leave you comfortle will come to you" (John xiv. 18); "Lo, with you alway, even unto the end of world—Amen." (*See* Matt. xxviii. 20; P 10: xxxvii. 25, 28).

'But, if it be otherwise, and we feel His presence, then we cry, "Thou hast my help, leave me not, neither forsake m God of my salvation" (Ps. xxvii.) "M eyes are unto thee O God the Lord: in th my trust; *leave not* my soul destitute," or late (Ps. cxli.) And He answers, "F small moment have I forsaken thee, but *great mercies* will I *gather* thee; in a little w I hid my face from thee for a moment, with *everlasting kindness* will I have merc thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer" (Isa.

'Let us each pray, "Lord, give the one, and me when it comes to my turn, th

lie, to receive the consolation of these and other of thy gracious words; for though thou wast the Son, yet thou didst learn obedience by the things which thou didst suffer," and wast made "perfect through suffering," and "being made perfect, became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey thee;" enable us, Lord, to "*consider* thee who endured the cross, despising the shame, for the joy set before thee," and so to "*endure* chastening," and thereby know that "God dealeth with *us* as with sons," and so look for the joy set before us also, for Thou hast said, "Blessed is the man that *endureth* temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." Let "patience have her perfect work," and "after we have suffered awhile, make us perfect, Lord, stablish, strengthen, settle us; for thou art able to keep us from falling, and to present us *faultless* before the presence of thy glory with exceeding joy. Amen."

'Yes, He that himself "*suffered* being tempted," He is able to "*succour* them that are tempted" or tried: He is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities, having been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin; let us *therefore* come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain *mercy*, and find *grace*, to help in time of need." May that grace enable dear H—— to say, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."' . . . . .

The next communication I received told of my dear friend having been released from his sufferings. He had been brought back to his father's house after many years of absence, and been privileged to testify, though in weakness and for a short five weeks, of the all-sufficiency of Christ, and to receive the witnessings of others, long separated from, to the same effect. All shrinkings from or fear of death seemed to have been taken away ere the day and hour of death came; in weak but calm accents he echoed the soothing and assuring words, 'When thou passest through the waters,' etc. 'Thy rod and thy staff,' etc.—as he consciously entered the 'shadow,' and we firmly trust found 'light' and 'life' beyond—was 'received to glory,' and 'presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.'

There were some very, very dear ones far away who could not be present in the body at this 'precious' dying, but were represented by those dear ones who stood around and exclaimed, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labours;' 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him:' and 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' Amen.

Perhaps the most solacing as well as edifying thoughts 'for mourners of hope' to entertain are those relating to the resurrection of our Lord, and to His coming again, 'bringing his saints with him,' those now 'present with the Lord.' With this view a few lines were addressed to the bereaved ones:

'Your care and watchings are ended; and now surely you may hear your blessed Lord say, so gently and tenderly, as He said to the weeping Mary, "*Why weepest* thou?" (John xx. 15.) We may notice, too, that the angels also used the same words (verse 13), which shows at once their sympathy with us and their accord with their Lord's mind and spirit.

'The mourners were to be comforted in *His* resurrection and ascension, and ever-presence, though unseen, with them, and to do work for Him on earth, being led by His counsel, and afterwards be received into His glory; and as concerning all who die in the Lord, to hear Him saying, "Thy brother shall rise again."

'I very often rejoice in those words of our Lord, "Blessed are they who have *not seen* and yet have *believed*" (John xx. 29.) . . . . . And my thoughts have been of late much employed upon the resurrection and future state of believers, and upon that central truth, "For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's" (Rom. xiv. 8, 9).

'It is but a step across, but a moment between, those who have gone before and us; for if Paul could say to the distant Corinthian church, "when ye are gathered together, *and my spirit* with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. v. 3, 4), so may we realize that *in Christ*, and *in His Spirit*, we too are present with the *living*-dead, and they with us (Heb. xii. 22, 24). They *wait* for us, "God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect" (Heb. xi. 40). O that our thoughts were enlarged to the full significance of that being "fitly framed together" in Christ. (Eph. ii. 21; iv. 16.)

'If we are enabled to realize, in some measure, the "great salvation," and can feel the thrill of joy and gratitude those words are fitted to convey, viz., "in his love and in his pity he redeemed them," how insignificant, *apart from Christ*, would all this earthly life and its relationships appear. My almanac-motto for to-day is that 9th verse of 63d Isaiah. I do covet and pray to possess such a spirit of devotedness to Him who hath bought me with a precious price—even His own most precious blood. O that we could love Him who first *so* loved us as to give himself for us; that we might devote our bodies, souls, and spirits to His service.'

'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.'

. . . .

And now, yet again, a sound comes across the main, of another dear friend 'ordered home,' dying on his way to his native land.

"'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
O Lord, be Thou my all in all.'

E. E.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

2 Cor. xiii. 3.

THERE are two affirmations here made concerning Christ; the one negative, the other positive; the first as to His non-weakness, the second as to His power.

I. *His non-weakness.* He is not weak in himself, says the apostle; nor is He weak toward you. Yet there are many things which look like weakness in His person and history, and His church's history.

(1.) *He entered our world an infant;* helpless as the most helpless of the sons of men. He was scarce born when He had to flee from danger. His life was feebleness. He was persecuted, and had to hide himself once and again. He was taken prisoner, bound, tried, condemned by a Roman judge. Was all this not weakness?

(2.) *He was crucified.* This is the event which the apostle takes hold of it; conceding it as a proof of weakness. He was crucified through weakness. Every part of that awful event betokens weakness; His submitting to an unjust sentence; His allowing himself to be scourged, bound, buffetted; then nailed to the tree; then crucified. All was weakness; weakness just the same as that of the thieves at His side.

(3.) *His departure from earth.* True, He rose, but after His resurrection. There was no forth-putting of power; and He left this earth without avenging himself on His enemies; as if unable to do aught against them; as if they had prevailed against Him, and succeeded in banishing Him.

(4.) *The Church's history since He left.* He left saying, 'All power is given unto me;' 'Lo, I am with you always.' But the story of the Church since then has been one of weakness, not of power. A bare existence is all that she has had, amid persecution and mockery: divisions, backslidings, inconsistencies within, hatred and hostility without; no progress in the earth; gaining a little in one place, losing it in another; her members, like the conies, a feeble folk, making their nest in the rock; made up of smoking flax and bruised reeds. Does not this look like weakness in her Head?

(5.) *The world's history since He left.* Earthly power and glory have increased; empires of idolatry have risen; Paganism, Popery, Mohammedanism divide the world between them. The name of Christ is not a name of power among the nations; it takes no place in commerce or politics, or war, or art. The world honours not, obeys not the Son of God. It is in rebellion against Him; and this rebellion has lasted centuries, and is not yet put down. Is this weakness or is it not?

(6.) *The progress of error and evil since He left.* Evil has not diminished. The human heart has not improved. Sin has not been dried up. Evil men and scorners wax worse and worse; and the last days are the worst. Errors multiply; infidelity is leavening society, and working its way into the Church of God. The Bible is assailed; the Gospel is denied; the cross is ridiculed; the blood is repudiated; the authority of Christ, prophet, priest, and king, is disowned. Satan, too, still works. Death still triumphs. Pain and disease are still at large, working woe and havoc in God's creation. Does not this look like weakness?

Yet, in spite of all these strange phenomena in Christ's own history and that of His Church, the Apostle declares,—'He is not weak.' He is not weak in himself; He is not weak to us. Whatever may be the cause of these anomalies, it is not weakness, and never has been so. The weakness is only in appearance; and even that appearance is only temporary.

II. *His power.* He is mighty:—mighty not only *toward* you but *in* you; mighty in the midst of you; mighty in your hearts. Apparent weakness, but real and true power:—this is the wonder; and in this wonder there are contained other wonders; wonders of wisdom, love, and long-suffering; wonders which could not have been exhibited in any way but this:—this marvellous adjustment of forces, moral and physical; this holding of His own for ages against the augmenting power of creature evil and creature hostility:—this meeting each fresh development of evil by wondrous appliances of His own, all of them moral and spiritual, not miraculous or forcible; keeping the vast hostile forces of earth and hell in check by invisible influence; saying, yet not audibly, to the tides and billows of the stormy deep, Thus far, but no farther; reserving the great physical demonstration of His power till the day when He comes to take vengeance on His enemies.

Yes, says the Apostle, He is *mighty.* Whatever appearances may say; whatever we might be tempted to infer from the power of the world and the weakness of the Church; from the prevalence of evil and the scantiness of good; from the depression of His friends and the elevation of His enemies, He is *mighty*; mighty in himself and in all things pertaining to Him. His word is mighty; His Gospel is mighty; His purposes are mighty; the arm with which He wield's the world's sceptre and holds Satan's bridle, is mighty. He is mighty over the world and in the world; mighty over the Church and in the Church, and in behalf of the Church; so mighty that no weapon forged against her or against one saint shall prosper; so mighty that she is entirely safe:—secure in the midst of danger, and wiles, and power. All His strength is ours. It belongs to the Church; it belongs also to each member of His body. Be strong in the Lord, He is mighty to save.

THE BREAD AND WINE OF THE TABLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

1 Cor. x. 16–17.

IT is only in passing, and as an illustration of his argument on another subject, that the apostle introduces the Lord's supper here; and yet how full his statement, how bright the aspect in which he presents it to us!

The oneness of the worshipper, even in a heathen temple, with the whole religion or system of worship, and with the false god into whose temple he comes:—this is his theme. It is in illustration of this that he reminds us of the supper. Strange, that in connection with a pagan altar and a temple of devils, he should be led to give us one of the most striking of his statements regarding the supper! He takes the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils, places them side by side, and shows us the one from the other. There is an infinite difference; and yet there is a likeness; for there is a oneness in both, between the worshipper and the god worshipped. On this dark canvas of a heathen temple he draws his picture of the holiest of Christian ordinances. In the Evangelists we are shown the supper from the Jerusalem upper chamber; in the eleventh chapter of this epistle we see it from a Christian sanctuary; here we are shown it from a heathen temple.

He speaks of the 'cup' (not of the wine), as symbolizing the body of our Lord, which contained the blood, or living wine. He puts the cup first; because in speaking of the heathen rites he had already made special mention of the cup first; perhaps also to show that the *order* of the two symbols was of no consequence; and perhaps to prevent the possibility of Romish error, in refusing the cup to worshippers.

Let us now meditate on the cup and the bread, or the cup and the platter, as set before us here.

I. *The Cup.* It may have been of gold, or silver, or brass, or wood: it matters not. It was made of earthly materials, as was the Lord's body, and it was the vessel for containing the wine, as was the Lord's body for containing His blood,—that blood which was drink indeed, which was the new wine of the kingdom.

(1.) *Its name.* 'The cup of blessing which we bless.' All blessing is in Scripture connected with Messiah, His person and His work. Hence that vessel, which so specially points to Him, receives this name. It contains blessing,—*the* blessing,—the long-promised, long-looked for blessing. The wine in that cup is impregnated with blessing. Every drop of it speaks of blessing,—of that which God calls blessing,—of that which is fitted to do us good and make us happy, to remove death and give life. The words, 'which we bless,' are not priestly words, spoken to imply the consecration of the elements by a priest's blessing. The 'we' is all believers; and the word is literally, to 'speak well of;' and the whole expression is, 'the cup of the well-speaking, of which we speak well' (or praise); referring to the united praise and thanksgiving of the worshippers. And of that cup it is meet that we speak well. Though its literal contents are simply wine; yet that wine is the divine symbol of all blessing; so that we may say truly, its contents are blessing,—every drop fraught with blessing,—blessing which faith receives and in which hope rejoices.

(2.) *Its meaning.* 'Is it not the communion of the blood of Christ' (or, 'is it not communion with the blood of Christ).' That wine is then the symbol of the blood; the blood of the new covenant, the everlasting covenant. That blood is the life; and that life is the payment of the sinner's penalty, for 'the soul that sinneth it shall die.' In that cup there is both death and life; the death of the surety, and the life flowing out of that death; our death flowing into Him so that He dies, His life flowing into us so that we live. Thus the cup is the cup of blessing for the sinner, because it contains both the death and the life. Of this blessing, symbolized by that cup and its contents, we become possessors when we believe on the name of the Son of God; for it is faith that opens up the communication between us and His fulness. But in the Lord's Supper there is more visible, more palpable contact, though still of the same kind. Hence the words of our text, 'the communion of the blood of Christ.' The word communion is properly 'partnership,'—'partnership in the blood of Christ;' all that the blood contains

for the soul becoming ours,—the whole blood becoming the property of each believer. All its blessings, the paid ransom, the cancelled penalty, the forgiveness, the cleansing, the life, the joy, all becoming ours; we being partakers of Christ, partakers of His blood, partakers of His death and life.

He then that takes that cup is committed to all that it symbolizes; he is counted as one with it; the possessor of its contents; the partaker of its fulness. He is to reckon himself one with Jesus in His death; and God reckons him such. Nothing less. He has the whole, or he has nothing! It is not a little strength, or healing, or refreshment from the blood which he is made partaker of; but the blood itself, and all that it contains. For the possession, the enjoyment of all the fulness, every communicant is responsible. If he be a worthy communicant (a believing man) the blessing will flow in, and these symbols will help the inflow. If he be an unworthy communicant, he is not the less responsible for participation of all that fulness; and that will be his condemnation. He took into his hands the cup of blessing, he put it to his lips, and yet he did not drink one drop!

II. *The Bread.*—The word more properly signifies, 'the loaf' or 'cake,' intimating its original oneness or completeness. It is necessary to keep this in mind, as the point of the apostle's argument turns on this. Let us consider—

(1.) *What the bread signifies.* It is bread—common passover, unleavened bread—made of the corn of earth, grown in our fields, cut down, gathered in, winnowed, ground, and made into a loaf for the passover table. Such was Christ's body; our nature; our flesh; born, growing up, ripening, cut down, prepared for our food. A thing by itself; one; unleavened, and pure; free from sin; in all respects fit for the soul's food. 'My flesh is meat indeed.' It is Christ's *body* that is thus symbolized, and set before us as the whole food and nourishment of our souls; except we eat His flesh we have no life in us.

(2.) *What the breaking of the bread signifies.* It points us to the cross; it speaks of a crucified Christ. Not a *bone* of Him was broken, and yet His body was broken; head, hands, feet, back, side, pierced, and bruised, and wounded. His body, *unbroken*, is no food for us. It is no nourishment for the soul of the sinner. It would not suit our taste, nor satisfy our appetite, nor feed our souls, nor be wholesome food. We need something in which *death* is,—death as the payment of sin's penalty. *All* without this is tasteless and unnourishing. Hence the unprofitableness of that theology whose centre or foundation is not the cross or the Substitute,—atonement by the death of the Surety. 'The bread which we break,' says the apostle, evidently pointing, with special emphasis, to the breaking, and announcing this as the main feature of the symbol. It is on the *broken* body of our Lord that we feed. Incarnation without crucifixion does not satisfy the soul. Bethlehem without Golgotha would be mockery.

(3.) *What our partaking of it signifies.* For we do not merely gaze upon it or handle it we take it and we eat; we eat not in solitude or in our chambers, but as a company at a feast. This act of eating, then, has a twofold signification or reference,—a reference to Christ and to ourselves.

(*a*) *A reference to Christ.* It is 'communion with the body of Christ'—partnership with that body; so that all that is in it of virtue, or health, or strength, or excellence, becomes ours. It is one with us, and we with it. The whole fulness of blessing contained in it becomes ours. We reckon ourselves one with it, and God reckons us one with it. As he who eats of the idol's bread in a heathen temple is responsible for the whole idolatry of the place, and is so dealt with by God, so he who eats this broken bread in faith, is identified with a crucified Christ, and all His fulness—partnership with the body of Christ—how much that implies!

(*b*) *Reference to ourselves.* It realizes to us the perfect oneness between the members of Christ's body. As the loaf is made up of many parts or crumbs, and yet is but one loaf; many gets its true oneness from the union of the parts, so it is with the members of the body of Christ. Many, yet one; one, yet many; the number not marring the oneness, but perfecting it; the oneness not hindering the number but requiring it for its full development. This is one of the many symbols used to unfold this peculiar truth. There are others no less expressive. One family, many members; one temple, many stones; one body, many limbs one loaf, many parts! We may add other. One city, many citizens; one ocean, many drops; one firmament, many stars; one song many words; one harmony, many notes; one sun, many rays.

Thus, in these symbols we have partnership with Christ, with His blood, with His body so that all He has is ours. Each has the whole fulness, as each inhabitant of earth has the whole sun. Oneness with Christ, and oneness with each, are embodied in these symbols. We are many, yet one; many members, yet one body, and one head. All that He has is ours His life, our life; His light, our light; His f

, our fulness; His strength, our strength; ighteousness, our righteousness; His crown, crown; His glory, our glory; His inherit-, our inheritance; for we are heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus Christ.

f these things be so,—

. What a blessed place should the commu- table be to us. A Peniel, where we prevail . God, and receive the blessing in full. at strength, health, joy, light, should we there. There the whole fulness of Christ esented to us.

. What manner of persons ought we to Holy, powerful, separate from the world; like Him, by whose body and blood we are nourished. Nothing is lacking to those who have this heavenly communion, this divine partnership.

3. What love and unity should prevail amongst us. One with Christ, one with each other. This ordinance represents the oneness, increases it, cherishes it. Sitting side by side, we are drawn closer to the Lord, closer to each other, in and through Him.

4. What longing for the time when we shall see Him face to face. Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.—Amen! Even so come, Lord Jesus.

A Year and a Day.

I LOVED the spring, I drank the dew
Of morning, fresh with light and song;
Life smiled; yet to life's goal, I knew
The way was steep and long.

The March dawns changed to summer air,
My buds of thought and power grew white:
Full rose the pulse of life: yet where
Was spring and her delight?

Ripe autumn touched the fields with gold,
Brought harvest gains to gather in:
My reapers showed me tares, and told
The seed was mixed with sin.

I bowed my head, for winter blew;
I said, the blast shall sift me clean;
But winds that search the forest through,
Leave wreck where they have been.

Ah! Thou in whom the seasons meet,—
To-morrow, yesterday, to-day,
Young strength, ripe age, and childhood sweet,
Be Thou my Life, my Way!

I will not seek for rest in change,
Nor hope to cheat the changing years;
Nor soar, as out of sorrow's range,
Nor spend my soul in fears.

My cup of power, Thou shalt fill,
My share of life give out each day:
And I will work, and wait; but still
Be Thou with me alway!

By Hope, by Memory while I hold,
My ever Present thou shalt be:
In earth's fair shadows, I behold
Hints and half-lights of Thee.

M.

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

GRANDMAMMA.

CHRISTMAS wore a brighter aspect at Feversham. The whole family at the hall were at home, and Rosalie Latimer took her share in the gaieties that were going forward. But the pleasantest affair of the whole time was New Year's eve, when a large party of young and old were gathered together at the Fevershams, to be present at the lighting of a Christmas Tree, laden to repletion with gifts for all; for it added immensely to the young folk's enjoyment, that their elders took part in it likewise.

The next morning, New Year's day, Rosalie rose late, and was just come down stairs, when the letters were putting in an appearance. She took them from the servant's hand, and carried them with her into the breakfast-room; but her face waxed grave as she looked them over.

'Mamma, this is Ethel's writing, I am sure, but the envelope has a deep black border. I wonder who it is for? Not poor Guy, surely.' Mrs Latimer took it and opened it, glanced rapidly over the contents.

'No, not Guy: it is little Katie: you remember, in Ethel's last letter, she said she was ill. She died on Christmas eve.'

Rosalie's eyes filled.

'Poor Ethel, mamma! Does she feel it very much? But she is sure to do that, of course.'

'Yes, dear, indeed she does. But there is the letter: you can read for yourself what she says.'

It was a touching letter—touching in its deep grief, yet quiet submission, and Rosalie's tears fell fast as she read. She held it in her hand a little while, when she had finished it.

'Mamma,' she said, thoughtfully, 'I do not think Ethel would have written thus once: I think she would have been angry, and rebelled. Do not you, mamma? but now she seems to take it so quietly: I don't mean that she does not feel.'

'I know what you mean, Rosa; and I think God is teaching Ethel to feel that her precious little sister is safe and happy in His keeping. I am going up to grandmamma this morning, and I think I shall take this letter with me. I do not know that I shall mention it,' she added, seeing Rosalie's look of surprise; 'but I may.'

Mrs Feversham had not left her dressing-room when Mrs Latimer arrived, and she sought her there. It was a very comfortable apartment, furnished with elegance and taste; and the old lady seemed to be enjoying a pleasant state of repose, as she reclined in her easy chair by a large cheerful fire. A little table, with her books and work, stood at her side; but she was using neither at present.

Time had touched Mrs Feversham with a light hand; there were but few streaks of grey in the brown hair that lay so smooth under the white folds of her widow's cap; and her commanding figure had lost none of the height it possessed in youth. There was the same air of firmness and determination, too, as of old; and yet, as years rolled on, something of softness and gentleness had toned down the excessive pride and hauteur of her character.

The smile with which she welcomed Mrs Latimer was as full of love and affection as a mother's could be; and the hour of conversation was equally enjoyed by both. As Mrs Latimer was leaving, she laid Ethel's letter on the table.

'I received that this morning, mother; perhaps you would like to look at it.' That was all she said.

Mrs Feversham did not take much notice of the letter; and it lay there untouched until she returned to her room to prepare for dinner. Then its broad black border caught her eye, and she took it up.

'What has Ethel left this here for I wonder,' she said to herself; and opening it, she glanced at the name,—'Ethel Feversham Linton.'

She threw it from her with a gesture of impatience. That name! it had scarcely been mentioned in her presence for years: not since she had peremptorily forbidden all reference to those who owned it: what could Ethel mean by bringing it to her? She felt very angry with her for doing such a thing; and perhaps the maid, as she dressed her mistress, felt the effect of the annoyance it had caused.

Mrs Feversham usually joined her son and his family at dinner, and this evening formed no exception to the general rule; but her thoughts were occupied, in spite of herself, with the letter: and she asked herself again and again, what could be Ethel's motive for leaving it there. When left alone for the night, she again took it up.

'I may as well know what it contains, it must be something particular. So they have called the child "Feversham."'

She read it through. The simple manner in which Ethel related little Katie's death, speaking as it did of deep grief, yet of submission as deep, affected her more than she

would have cared to show. But there were other matters which touched her as much, for she then learnt, for the first time, how very delicate Mrs Linton's health had become. She did not so well understand the allusion to Guy, for she had not heard of his accident: but Ethel mentioned that he was much the same; his back was really no better, though he had been moved to the sofa for a little while the day before. Mrs Feversham read the letter through twice: then she put it back into the envelope, feeling almost angry with herself for having opened it, or rather with Mrs Latimer for having brought it.

What had she to do with the Lintons: they had chosen their course, and were nothing now to her. She got up resolutely, determined not to think any more on the subject. But nature would not be silenced. Feelings and affections which had been long held in abeyance, burst forth at last, with all the more force from their long silence.

Her daughter, her Mary, whom she had loved and cherished in childhood, was ill and suffering; and who could so well bring comfort as her mother—the mother who had turned her back upon her? Her grandchildren, too, were they not undergoing hardships which she might have prevented? Might not little Katie's death be laid to her charge? for was it not possible she might have been spared, had her parents been possessed of the worldly comforts of which she had deprived them?

But Mrs Feversham would not encourage such thoughts as these. It was no business of hers: Mary had chosen, and must abide by her choice: and so the matter seemed settled; and she took up her Bible, and opened it at the portion for her evening reading, which happened to be the eleventh chapter of St Mark. She actually started as she came to the words: 'Forgive, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive your trespasses: but if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' The words came with a force and power to her heart, such as they had never done before.

But Mrs Feversham *would* not let them influence her—not yet could she forgive. If a reconciliation was ever to be between her and the daughter who had offended her, it must come from the offending party.

But she was not altogether easy: she felt she must do something: and the result was, that an envelope, addressed to Master Guy Linton, was enclosed to a friend to post for her; for not yet could she bring her mind openly to show an interest in the family.

Mrs Latimer was rather disappointed that her mother never alluded to the letter: she hoped it might have led to something. But when day after day passed, and nothing was said, she was obliged to ask for it back again.

'It lies where you left it, on my table,' was Mrs Feversham's reply.

And she turned away abruptly to something else, without giving Mrs Latimer time to ask if she had read it: and the opportunity once lost, it was difficult to make another, when the subject was so resolutely avoided.

Katie's death had left a sad blank in the family circle. They missed her sweet face, and quiet affectionate ways, at every turn: but they could hardly grieve for her when the first bitter separation was past; for each felt that the little blossom was too fair and fragile for this world, and had been transplanted to the heavenly paradise, there to grow and bloom under the immediate eye of the Saviour himself.

And so they settled down again into their usual ways; and but for the black dresses, it might have seemed that the little child was already forgotten. But it was not so: though cheerfulness was coming back again, Katie still held a place deep down in their hearts; and her little voice seemed calling them to follow the pathway her feet had trod.

Is it not one of God's motives in removing our beloved ones, to draw our hearts away from things of earth, and fix them on heaven?

Guy was the first to recover his spirits; nothing damped them long—not even his own illness—though at times he was very low about that. He was able now to be on the sofa a great part of the day: he was not down stairs yet, but Dr Wilmot hoped that would be the next move. But his back was not really better nor stronger: he could do nothing but lie still; and it was feared he never would.

One morning when Ethel came up to him, a little while after breakfast, as she usually did, to see if he wanted anything, he held up a letter.

'Look, Ethel; see what I have got! Archie brought it to me just now. It is not often that I get letters, so it is quite a novelty. I wonder who it is from.'

'The best way is to open it and see,' said Ethel, with a smile: 'the post is early this morning: I did not know he had come.'

'See! it means me, plain enough—"Master Guy Linton, Oakley, Beckworth."'

'Yes, yes: pray open it.'

Guy leisurely opened it; but when he had done so, they were no nearer knowing who it was from than before; for all that it contained was a ten pound note. Guy opened his eyes very wide.

'I do wonder who can possibly have sent it!'

'Look at the post mark,' Ethel suggested. But that did not help them.

'It is some out-of-the-way place in Wales, full of L's.'

Ethel spelt out the letters.

'Pwllheli! Well, it is impossible to pronounce that!'

'And I don't know any one there, and no one knows me, that is certain.'

'I do wonder who it has come from,' said Ethel, meditatively; 'I cannot in the least make out.'

'No, I am sure you cannot. But I suppose it is mine to do as I please with;—is it not, Ethel?'

'Of course, seeing it is sent to you; provided papa will let you keep it.'

'He cannot do anything else that I see:

where would he return it? to the place of L's, for an unknown friend? That would be taking "care of the pounds" in a new fashion, Ethel.'

Ethel laughed.

'I know what I shall do with it,' continued Guy: 'papa and mamma were here last night talking; they thought I was asleep, but I woke up in the middle, and heard something of what was said. Mamma was saying something about a gravestone for dear little Katie; but papa shook his head, and said it was quite impossible; they must not think of that for a long time to come—if ever: and poor mamma gave such a great sigh, it went to my heart to hear her. Part of this shall go for that, and the rest for Dr Wilmot's bill, which must be a yard and a half long by this time. And I am very much obliged to my unknown friend for giving me the power of relieving papa of part of the burden which I know I must be to him.'

Both Mr and Mrs Linton were astonished when they heard of the contents of Guy's letter; neither of them had the slightest idea who it could have come from; for, to their knowledge, there was no friend who knew enough about them, or were sufficiently interested in their welfare to have sent it, except Mrs Latimer, and both Mrs Linton and Ethel were well assured that she would never have done it in such a round about manner. And so the mystery remained a mystery for the present.

Mr Linton did not object to Guy's plan of spending the money; and before many weeks had passed, a plain white stone was placed at the head of little Katie's grave, bearing this inscription:—

In Memory of

CATHERINE LINTON,

who died December 24th 18— aged 5 years and 8 months.

'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

The holidays went by quietly. Ethel and Charlotte were very busy preparing Percy's things for Eton, for he was to start on the 1st of February. Mrs Linton could not do much, as she was laid by again with one of her attacks of cold.

Ethel had sent a message through her aunt to her cousin Edward, that Percy was going, and she hoped they would be good friends. In reply came a long letter from the boy himself, saying that he would do all in his power to make Percy's position a comfortable one; and being in the sixth form, he flattered himself he had some influence in the school.

It was Percy's last evening before leaving home. He had spent the greater part of it with Guy, including a short visit to his mother: but Guy had retired to rest now, and so had the younger children, and Ethel and Percy had the parlour fireside to themselves.

'I hardly like the idea of leaving home now that it has come so near,' Percy broke the silence by saying; 'it seemed a fine thing at the beginning of the holidays; but it is robbed of its charms now.'

'Dear Percy, we shall miss you dreadfully—all of us—but especially poor Guy. There will be no one to come home from Beckworth with papa now: how strange it will be!'

'Oh, you will get used to that. Mamma has made me promise to write home regularly every week; and I am glad she has; for a promise is a promise, and I must not break it. But I am afraid of myself, Ethel,' he added in a lower tone.

'Afraid of yourself? why?'

'There will be so many boys there; it will be quite different from the grammar school: and I shall not have home to fall back upon; and I am afraid I shall be led away—drawn in to do things which I shall regret afterwards. It is a kind of going out into the world, and I dread it, Ethel—dread lest I should dishonour the name of Christian.'

'Dear Percy,' and Ethel came up to him, and putting her arms round him, kissed his forehead: 'I do think, if aunt Ethel were here, she would say that fear was your best safeguard; for if you distrust yourself, you will be more likely to look somewhere else. And you know better than I do where to look.'

'Yes, Ethel, I hope I shall. And I do not forget my watchword, "ye are not your own."'

And so, trusting in a higher strength than his own, Percy Linton departed, to encounter the untried dangers of a public school.

(To be continued.)

'GOD WILL SHOW ME THE WAY.'

'YES sir,' said the man, running his hand through his shaggy locks, his harsh face showing the marks of unusual intelligence, 'mining in this region be a hard life, but I think we've all been better since little Pinky went away.'

'And who was little Pinky?' asked the gentleman, while the dark eyes of the young lady at his side sparkled in anticipation of a story.

'Well, you see, it be something of a tell; and if ye'd move farther on to the shade of the old oak yonder, it'll mayhap be pleasanter for the young miss, for the sun be hot.'

The lady and gentleman followed the brown and weather-beaten man to the cool shadow of the oak, and finding a seat for the young lady, on a convenient root that came squarely up from the ground, the miner began with his customary preface.

'You see, Pinky were the son of Jesse Pinkam, a young man, and a regular good one, as the saying goes. I reckon Pinkam was the only man of us as ever said the Lord's Prayer, or any other prayer. He were a nice young

fellow, that's the fact! but we're a rude set, sir, we of the mines, and 'specially in this place; we didn't like anything that was what we called "pious." Sundays, sir, used to be a regular—well, I might say hell-day, with us. It was nothing but drinking and dancing, pitching, and cards, and swearing.

'Well, sir, you see, Jesse he got married to a regular lady-like girl, sir, and it turned out a pious one. They didn't none of 'em—that is Pinkam, his wife, and old mother—jine us in our merry-makings on a Sabbath; but sometimes the young man and Bessy—that's his wife, sir—would walk five miles to hear a parson preach. We was all down upon Jesse, sir; you see the real thing was, he made us ashamed of ourselves by his goodness, and I was worse than the rest, trying my best all the time to pick up a quarrel with him. Well, sir, one Saturday night, what did we see but a notice stuck up on this very tree, that there'd be a parson from Frankstown on the morrow to preach to us. We didn't like the news, and we could tell pretty well where the move come from, 'cause you see we knew Jesse was pious. So we determined, the major part of us, that we wouldn't have no psalm-singing, no canting praying, no reading out of the Bible.

'Well, the minister came, and he found a Babel. We all got together, and we raved, and laughed, and pitched quoits, and made such a noise that the parson had to give it up. He tried agin and agin, and came right among us; he was plucky, I tell ye, but we hooted in his ears, and threw mud on his bettermost clothes, and so he was fairly driven off, 'cause you see we had liquor enough in us to set us all crazy.

'Poor Jesse! how we jeered him after that; but he bore it meek, sir, and I was often ashamed of myself, though I'd died afore I'd confessed it. But I was sorry enough for my part of it; for one day there came a rumbling, heavy noise, shaking the earth, and then a crash like rattling thunder beneath our feet, and we knew that somebody was buried alive. It was in the working shaft where Jesse was, and there didn't happen to be a soul in the place except him, poor fellow!—they'd all gone into another shaft, where he didn't like to follow 'em, 'cause they was such a wicked set; and as they was eating their dinners, and he his, the accident happened.

'We dug him out, sir; he was awful crushed, all but his face, that looked smiling and peaceful-like, and we couldn't bear the sight; it made us think how we'd a-treated him. So we carried him home to Bessy. She didn't cry and take on, as most the men's wives do when an accident happens, but it were awful to see how still and white she were! Awful, sir; and I never want to see a sight like it agin.

'We all felt bad; for poor Jesse hadn't never said a harsh word to one of us, and he'd borne many an insult. We couldn't see through it when he were living, but used to call him "weak-headed," and a "tame covey;" but as he lay there in his coffin, there come a different feeling over me, sir, you may depend on it. O! if I'd a heard then to the lesson that was telling of me; if I'd only listened then to the voice of God, speaking as it were from the lips of that crushed, dead body, I'd a saved myself many a day of sufferin', many an hour of torment. But I didn't.

'We all walked to the grave, and I tell ye it touched even hard fellows like us to see that young wider, with her little child in her arms, foller close to the coffin, never crying, only holding her head down, as if it were too heavy bowed with her sorrow to keep it up.

'Well, we had a talk at the grave by the same parson as we'd treated so badly. I don't know what his good words would a-done in after days, if I hadn't been a leader in wickedness, a hater of pious people, and of everything that had to do with religion—a wicked, swearing worthless sinner! I say it to my shame, I don't boast, sir; God forbid! I wish I could shut out of my thought all the years of my life that I ain't spent piously. But God, I hope, 'll be merciful to me.

'Well, sir, his wife, the poor young thing, took the death sadly to heart. They said the shock had been too sudden—dried up all her tears, like. She never cried onc't, only languished and pined, grew thinner and white, and died just three months after poor Jesse. That was how the little boy—Jesse's little boy—came to be an orphan, sir.

'Well, we was all determined to take care of the little one, so we cast lots every month to see which should have the maintainin' of him. It used to come to me pretty often, but I done it willingly, sir, because I considered I'd been hard to the man—very hard to poor, dead Jesse.

'The boy was pretty, sir, but he didn't grow much. You see he hadn't no *mother-love* to thrive on. The women, they thought they did well by him, but they sort o' hustled him, and he wanted something different, coming of a delicate stock. I don't spose nothing, sir, can give a child that feel, that having somebody to love and call mother, does; no, not all the cossettin' in the world by strangers.

'Well, the years passed, and the little fellow began to be handy in the mine. It seemed a pity to see him beginning that hard sort o' life, but then we're not able even to take care of one more helpless hand, and there was plenty young as he down there. But he were so different from all the rest of the children. He looked for all the world before he got the grim in his face, like a gentleman's child, sir. His skin was like the shells you sometimes see with a leetle red tinge on 'em, and he had his mother's large brown eyes, and his father's curly hair, and then he was so slim-like and girlish. But, bless you, he had spirits beyond his strength, and gloried in work.

'Things was going on about as usual, except that I was harder down on religion than ever. The soft feeling wore off my heart, and I think I hated what was pious worse nor before. Our

Sundays was training days,—nothing good, everything evil, just as evil as could be.

'Well, sir, one day that little feller was on my beat, and he done up his work quick and airly, so he stood some time beside me talking. He was queer at talking; I never heard such strange things as he'd say. So says he, as I was fixing my tools,—says he, "Keene,"—that's my name sir,—"where'd all this coal come from?"

'"Come from the earth," I said.

'"Yes, but what made it?"

'I prided myself on my little larnin', so says I, "Why, nater made it, Pinky;" we used to call him Pink and Pinky.

'"Well, what made nater, Keene?" he still kept askin'.

'"Why—why! nater made itself," I said.

'"O, no," he cried; and with a solemn look as ever I see on any face, and his voice somehow seemed strange, and deep, like a voice of warnin'. I don't know why, but I never heered anything like it. Says he, "God made everything; God is down here in the dark!"

'I declare it was as nigh as if a man had struck me as could be. Says I, "Pinky, where'd you get that from?"

'Says he, "The good man told me."

'"What good man?" I asked, and an ugly feeling came over me.

'"What preached at mammy's funeral," said he.

'"And where'd you see him?" I sort o' growled like.

'"Out in the road yesterday. I seed him on a horse, and he took me up and rided me ever so far and back, and he told me all the good things."

'I was silent, I tell ye. I didn't know what to say; but I was mad. Jest then, in moving up quick, my lamp went out. Now, that's a thing that don't happen but a few times in a good many years, and I knew I'd have to wait and holler till somebody come, for the pit was full of holes; and so I said, "Don't be afraid, Pinky, they'll be here soon;" but I was shaky, for we was in a dangerous part of the pit.

'Says he, "I don't feel afraid, Keene, don't you s'pose God's close to us?"

"I declare I felt my blood trickle cold; and every wind that come down the shaft-way I thought was His breath—the breath of God!

'Well, the hours passed, and nobody come. Presently, says little Pinky, "I'll go for you, God will show me the way;" and I heard his little feet patting along them dangerous places. It was awful! The sweat started out on me thick, and it seemed like I couldn't breathe. But when I called him back, he shouted with his little voice, "God'll show me the way."

'It almost makes me tremble when I think on't, sir: that boy went over the worst road in the pit, full of sunk shafts and dangerous places, without no lamp! O! sir, when they came for me with plenty of light, I—I couldn't believe it, sir, I couldn't; and though they kept telling me that Pinky was safe, I tell you, sir, I thought it was a lie till I see him, and he him cry out, "I am safe, Keene, God sho me the way!"

'Well, sir, you mayn't think this looks t but 'tis. O! 'tis as true as wonderful, sir, I tell you I was a different man after that. that I grew good at once; no, I didn't k *the way* then, sir. I didn't feel like little Pink didn't feel sure that God'd *show* me, but He

'One day, after Pinky had been wor hard, he said he was dry, and his head ac Well, we always expected something 'd be ing him; so that night I carried him hom my arms, and laid him on his bed, and never, sir,'—the miner choked for a mom drew one rough hand across his eyes, tu away for a brief second, then said hurried 'he never got up from it of himself agin. E night I came home he was worse and wo and I tell ye, I felt as if all the light *I* ever was going out!

'One morning he asked me in his v voice,—"Wouldn't I send for the good that preached for his mammy?" I didn't no; 'twan't in my heart to do *that* thing, before long the parson was there, talking praying. That seemed to do the child g And as the miners dropped in, with their b faces, and the little lamps in their hands, smile round at 'em so sweet, sir, it wou done your heart good to a seen it.'

The man paused again, overcome by recollection of the scene. The muscles r his firm lips quivered, and over his g bronzed face there swept an expression o almost womanly tenderness.

'Did he die *then?*' the question was s asked, and the dark eyes of the lady were of tears.

'O! my dear miss—yes, yes, he died He grew very bright and lively though, we'd all sot our hearts on his getting well, there was another change, and the colour his face, and his little hands hadn't no stre in 'em. The minister came again, and s stooped down, says he, "My dear child you afraid to go?"

'And what do you think, sir,—what d think, miss, he said? O! how it went thr me!

'"God'll show me the way!"

'And He showed him the way, sir. I s see anything like that dying, sir—never. held my hand: he said, "Keene, *you* love too." He give a gasp, and then a smile then there came a bright glory-light ove white face, that made it shine all over—O! I—I—can't—tell it.'

The man held his head down, and so like a child, and his were not the only The next morning was the Sabbath. A bell was heard; a plain white meeting-h stood in sight. The stranger and his dau met the miner, who, pointing to the he ward spire, exclaimed, as a smile broke his face—

'You see, sir—God shows us *all* the wa

Watchman and Reflector.

THE DARK MOUNTAINS.

WHERE are these? Are they a myth, a mere figure of speech, or is the graphic phrase descriptive of reality? Have they ever been explored, and can any good be said of them?

Some discoveries have been made which establish their real situation, and their peculiar character, in terms sufficiently explicit for pilgrims and sojourners in the earth. Let me tell my fellow travellers, in their passage to the other world, to beware of these formidable mountains of unbelief, irreligion, peril, and despair.

There is an old map, which we cannot too often consult, which well defines the situation of these singular ranges, and very clearly describes them. According to this authority, they lie in the enemy's land, far out in the wilderness, distant from the holy city, remote from the vineyard of the Lord, as well as from the better country—far away from the Sun of Righteousness, so that from base to summit they are all, and always, enveloped in a pall of darkness—never illumined by the light of grace or of glory. The wanderer from God can tell us something about these dreary regions, where in other days he roamed, when living as he listed. If now reclaimed, he regards with shame his former unprofitable life. With many a shudder he recalls the perils and perplexities that continually met him, as he stumbled over those rough and slippery heights, venturing further and further into the thick gloom of those fearful mountains,—cut off from virtue and from God, far from the light of the truth and holiness, and verging on the regions of utter and perpetual darkness. He can never adequately thank the Good Shepherd for His timely arrest and gracious rescue. But where one such prodigal is recovered, how many grow more wild and hardened, and ultimately meet the doom of sons of perdition! So it was with Cain and Esau, with Saul, Ahab, and Judas, and multitudes since their day.

How strong the delusion that leads mortals thus astray! These mountains, as dimly seen from a distance, and by the untrustworthy eye of sense, are invested with illusory charms. Their obscure summits are wonderfully alluring to hearts alienated from the life of God. And for a season the fascination has all the power of reality. On a nearer approach, the testimony of personal experience begins to dispel the enchantment. Ere he is aware, the heedless one becomes entangled in a labyrinth, which he cannot safely traverse, and from which he is not likely to emerge. Darkness is upon him, and grows ever more intense. The dense chilling shadows wrap their lengthening folds around him. The voices of his late gay companions no longer please him. They are all alike erring, helpless, and lost, groping their uncertain way down to the regions of the dead—to the blackness of darkness for ever.

This wonderfully impressive picture of the career and end of the godless, an inspired pen has drawn. You will find it in the writing of an ancient seer; in which the author describes the condition and peril of those who seek to live without God in the world. In his description, he sketches the dark mountains so vividly, that the words are like the touches of a painter, and we seem to see the little candle of the wicked burning very low, and getting dimmer still, until it finally goes out in obscure darkness, and the wretched wanderers plunge on amidst the gross darkness of the shadow of death—bewildered, imperilled, and ready to perish, yet tripping desperately on, stumbling along the dangerous passes of these dark mountains; imagery so suggestive of all that is alarming, calamitous, and retributive, in the case of those who, departing from God, are themselves finally abandoned of Him. Behold the despisers, how they wonder and perish!

Contemplating this solemn delineation by the prophet of the Lord, we think at once of the benighted heathen, dwelling in earth's dark places, sitting debased and hopeless amidst the heavy shadows of error, superstition, and cruel crime, and all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death. It seems, too, a faithful description of the godless worldling, in the terrible night of his sorrows, uncheered by the light of faith, or the promise of mercy, when his props give way, and his heart is crushed beneath that sorrow of the world which worketh death. It is likewise an apt picture of the dying unbeliever, bidding a last reluctant adieu to the light of this world, and descending with trembling steps, uncomforted and hopeless, into the darkness of the grave; which to him is darkness that may be felt, because unrelieved by the light of a blessed immortality. And O! how accurate a mirror it is of the perpetual unrest of the eternally lost. Dark, indeed, are the mountains over which they stumble, in the fruitless quest of a blessing. In that lone land of deep despair, all hope is blotted out.

> 'Silence and solitude and gloom
> In those forgetful realms appear.'

Ah! if we wish our dark days to be cheered by an auspicious and undying brightness, and the grave disarmed of its terrors, to be graciously illuminated, and the unseen world appear to us a shining shore, we must keep near the Sun of Righteousness, and walk in the light of God,—a light which will never pale, but will outshine every eclipse, waxing stronger and still brighter as we near that perfect day, when the shadows will all be gone, and we shall awake in the likeness of Immanuel, amidst the kindling glories of the resurrection.—*Rev. J. E. Nassau.*

I MUST DO RIGHT.

'I MUST do right,' said Annie Blake to her friend Carrie Gifford, who was urging her to ride for pleasure upon the Sabbath.

'The children will be disappointed,' pleaded Carrie. 'They have been talking all the week about it. Uncle so seldom hires a carriage and takes them with him. And then we wished you to see the "Central Park;" and if you do not go to-day you will have no other opportunity.'

Annie looked distressed. 'Please excuse me,' she said. 'I will remain at home and read while you are gone.'

'If you do not go, none of us can,' so uncle says. 'I do not care for myself, but I know that it will be a great disappointment to the children to remain at home.'

'I am very sorry,' said Annie. 'I wish your uncle had asked me before he ordered the carriage. I would gladly do anything that I thought was right to oblige you. I hate to seem ill-natured upon my first visit to you.'

'Oh, then, you will relent; I knew you would. I said I knew you were too good-natured to make any of us uncomfortable.'

'No, Carrie. Do not mistake me. I cannot do what I know to be wrong, however much it may pain me to refuse.' And saying thus, Annie Blake left the room. She could not restrain her tears. 'How unkind and ill-natured I shall seem. The children, whom I love so dearly, will never like me again. But I have done what I felt to be right. This is my only comfort.'

When she saw the family again, every one was as kind and pleasant as usual. In the evening she asked if any one was going to church. Mr Gifford said that he would accompany her. He had not been to church for several years. Carrie looked surprised, but did not make any remarks. The sermon was solemn and impressive. Mr Gifford was silent and thoughtful. Annie attributed his silence to displeasure with her.

As if in answer to these thoughts, he remarked, 'I am deeply indebted to you, Miss Blake. Your example to-day has been a sermon which I shall never forget. Would that I had, had, all through my life, the same courage that you have manifested. Fear of offending others, and the dread of ridicule, have often kept me from doing what I knew to be right. To-night I have resolved to begin anew. My attendance upon church is the first step in the right direction.'

'O sir, I am glad,' said Annie; 'I hope you will go on, not trusting to yourself alone, but remember the promise—"My strength shall be sufficient for thee."'

Is there not a lesson to be drawn from this simple incident? We need not fear ridicule, or dread giving pain, when we are conscientiously performing our duty. If we would win the love and esteem of our friends, and the approbation of our heavenly Father, let the language of our lips and the motto of our hearts ever be, 'I must do right.'—*American Messenger.*

My Darlings' Shoes.

GOD bless the little feet that can never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty in my closet laid away!
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting till I see
It is a little half worn shoe, not large enough for me;
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
As sharp as when two years ago it cut my heart in twain.

O little feet that wearied not, I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide, but they have reached the shore.
And while the blinding tear-drops wet these little shoes so old,
I try to think my darlings' feet are treading streets of gold.
And so I lay them down again, but always turn to say—
God bless the little feet that *now* so *surely* cannot stray.

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see
Two little forms beside me, just as they used to be!
Two little faces lifted with their sweet and tender eyes
Ah me! I might have known that look was born of Paradise.
I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp the empty air!
There is nothing of my darlings but the shoes they used to wear.

O the bitterness of parting cannot be done away
Till I meet my darlings walking where their feet can never stray
When I no more am drifted upon the surging tide,
But with them safely landed upon the river side:—
Be patient, heart! while waiting to see their shining way,
For the little feet in the golden street can never go astray.

—*Anon*

Miscellaneous.

The Place and Power of Solitude.—'How lonesome must your position have been,' said one. But it was not so. The true Christian is never without comforting companionship. As bad a sign, perhaps, is it to dread solitude, as for the soul to substitute untimely seclusions for the activities of social Christianity. Where grace is vigorous, the Christian will do neither. That great genius of the English language, Dr Johnson, is stated to have defined the most miserable men to be those who could not read on a rainy day. We feel more disposed to say, the men whose dependence for comfort lies wholly in their fellow-creatures. But this is indeed very far from the happy position occupied by the Christian. Solitude to him is rather a kaleidoscope than a vacuity, in which innumerable forms and combinations of thought come winging to the soul, rich and fruitful in sweetness and blessing. Solitude to the soul of the Christian is a harvest field, from whence he comes forth laden with a cornucopia of glorious spoils. Fled to from the path of duty, it is a deadly upas shade, but when God treads the way, then man finds solitude a boon and a blessing.—VANDERKISTE'S *Lost, but Not for Ever.*

Reading the Scriptures.—Suppose you have only a few moments every day. One of the holiest men I ever knew, never read more than five or ten verses at once. Every verse had so broad and many-sided a signification, that a few words gave him as much mental food as he could bear at one time. Throughout the day they came upon him in all their various applications and shades of meaning, as circumstances placed him now in one position and now in another.

Old Sermons.—'As dull as an old sermon,' has become a proverb. And yet a really excellent sermon is worth preaching twice. Indeed we had rather hear such a sermon thrice than a poor sermon once. T. L. C., treating on this subject says:—'A poor juiceless sermon ought never to be preached the first time; but a nutritious, savoury discourse may be made all the better on a second delivery. Dr Addison Alexander preached his glorious sermon on the 'Faithful Saying,' until he wore out the manuscripts; and Dr Griffin repeated his elaborate discourse on the Worth of the Soul ninety times! He never wearied of it—nor did his audience either. His congregations changed constantly, and memories are leaky; a first-rate practical sermon ought to be repeated (with extempore improvements) about once in five years. *Fewer sermons and richer* should be a settled pastor's aim. Whitefield attained great finish and power by giving the same discourses over again through all his missionary tours.'

Criticising Preaching.—I never suffer myself to criticise it, but always act upon the uniform principle of endeavouring to obtain from what I hear all the edification it affords. This is a principle that I would warmly commend to my young friends in the present day—for nothing can be more mischievous than for learners to turn teachers, and young hearers critics. I am persuaded it is one of the means of drying up the waters of life in the soul; and sure I am that an exact method of weighing words and balancing doctrines which we hear is a miserable exchange for tenderness of the spirit and the dew of heaven.—*G. J. Gurney.*

Huguenot Persecutions.—The irreligious character of the Revolution which these and their fellow-workmen and the Encyclopedists brought about, followed logically enough from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and a century and a half of Satanic persecution directed against the Huguenots—persecutions in the time of Louis XV., not the work of fanatics, but proceeding from a vicious king and a sceptical Court. The injury permanently done to the nation by such insensate intolerance is incalculable. The most earnest and devotedly religious spirits of France were either driven into exile or extinguished. When the earnest spirit of Protestantism was driven out, the earnest spirit of Catholicism decayed likewise; a mocking hypocritical uniformity took its place; licence and corruption flourished unreproved; and when Deism and Atheism arose, they found no antagonists worthy of respect. It were a melancholy thing to resign ourselves to the conclusion that so shameful a history as that of Louis XV., and the horrors of the French Revolution, were inflicted on a great people without any intelligible causes. One of the chief of these was the inhuman and odious persecution which the devoted adherents of an austere and sublime creed met with from the day of the Revocation of the edict of Nantes.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The Lost Penny.—One of the maids in Gotthold's family had lost a penny. In searching for it she used all diligence, swept the house, lighted a candle, and wept when her search proved fruitless. Said Gotthold to himself, I greatly wish that, for every sin which a man commits, he were to drop from his purse a penny, dollar, or ducat, according to the amount of his fortune. In that case I am convinced far fewer sins would be committed. Is it not dreadful blindness that will weep for the loss of a penny and laugh when, by presumptuous sin, we lose God and His grace? Our money appears from this to be dearer to us than our God. To many, however, God and gold are one and the same. O, thou secure and senseless world, what will become of thee at last? On his deathbed gold cannot, and God, in His righteous judgment, will not help the ungodly man. From what, then, can help come? My God, were I to gain the whole world and keep it in possession and enjoyment, but by daily transgression to forfeit Thy grace, what good would all my gains and fortune do me! Let me lose what I may, or, to speak more correctly, what Thou wilt, but O, take not from me Thy grace!—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

Dr Arnold on Eternal Punishments.—A correspondent sends us the subjoined extract from a published sermon of the late Dr Arnold:—'I have left the great consideration untouched, as not concerning my immediate object, that as reason tells us that none but true Christians can hope to live for ever; so we have cause to believe from God's Word that all but true Christians will be miserable for ever. But I do not think that our natural reason would ever enable us to discover what Christ has revealed, that good left undone will be positively punished for all eternity, as well as evil done. The careless, and what we call harmless livers, cut off by reason from hope of eternal happiness, are condemned by revelation to an eternity of positive misery.'

Gems from Nicholas Byfield.*

BORN 1579. DIED 1622.

1. THE Lord would have His Church exposed to crosses, both for His own sake and for hers, and for His enemies' sake. For His own sake, that He might show His hatred of sin, even in His own people, and the glory also of His power and mercy in their deliverance, as well as His justice in their afflictions. For their sakes, that being in the warfare humbled and tamed for their sins, they might not perish with the world, and may be herein like to Christ. For their enemies' sake, that they may know that they shall never be spared, if God spare not His own children.

2. What profit is it to win all this world, if our souls be shut out of heaven? and what loss can it be, if we lose this world, and find our right unto the world to come? This should make us feelingly know and profess ourselves to be strangers and pilgrims here, and to desire to be no other than such as long to be absent from hence, that we may be present with the Lord in glory.

3. We must nail our sins to the Cross of Christ, force them before the tree on which He suffered, it is such a sight as sin cannot abide. It will begin to die within a man upon the sight of Christ on the Cross, for the Cross of Christ accuseth sin, shames sin, and by a secret virtue, feeds upon the very heart of sin. We must use sin as Christ was used, when He was made sin for us; we must lift it up, and make it naked by confession of it to God; we must pierce the hands, and feet, the heart, of it by godly sorrow, and application of threatenings against it, and by spiritual revenge upon it.

4. In the ceremonial law, there was a year they called the year of Jubilee, and this was accounted an acceptable year, because every man that had lost or sold his lands, upon the blowing of a trumpet, returned and had possession of all again, and so was recovered out of the extremity in which he lived before. In this life we are like the poor men of Israel, that have lost our inheritance, and live in a manner and condition every way straitened. Now death is our Jubilee, and when the trumpet of death blows, we all that die return, and enjoy a better estate than ever we sold or lost. Shall then the Jubilee be called an acceptable time, and shall not our Jubilee be acceptable to us.

5. Death is the day of our coronation, w are heirs appointed to the crown in this life yea, we are kings elect, but cannot be crowne till death. And shall not that make us lov the appearing of Christ? Is a king afraid o the day of his coronation?

6. There are differences in the degrees of th age of Christ in us. Some Christians are bu weak, young ones—lambs—babes—new formed and God knows it, and looks for no more fro such, than what agrees to their age. He is compassionate Father, that doth not requir the same power of gifts in a weak Christia which He looks for in a strong.

7. It should much ease us to remember tha we are not under the law, but under grace; w are delivered from the rigour of the law. Go now doth not expect perfection from us, no account us as transgressors, because we are im perfect, but hath received us to the benefit o the new Covenant, in which perfection is onl required in Christ, and uprightness in us.

8. We may be very weak in strength an power of gifts, and yet very fruitful. We ma do much good while we are in the infancy o grace, which the comparison of the Vine, t which the godly are resembled, shows. Th vine is not the strongest of trees, and yet i more fruitful in pleasant fruit than many othe trees, not of the field only, but of the garde also. Now, the godly are likened to the vine to show, that all their weaknesses notwith standing, they may be abundant in pleasing fruit

9. Consider that God will not only hear ou prayers in general, but our voice, our very de sires, yea, our tears. The very naming of Chris shall not be done without regard. When w are destitute of words to express ourselves, ou groaning, our tears, yea, the very desires of ou heart is an effectual prayer to God. He dot not look at what we do say, but what we shoul say. If we come like little children, and bu name our Father's name, and cry, making moa it shall be heard.

10. For a godly man to die, is but to remov from a rotten old house, ready to fall on hi head, to a sumptuous palace. Doth that land lord do his tenant wrong that will have hi out of his base cottage, and bestow upon hi his own mansion-house? No other thing dot God to us, when, by death, He removes us ou of this earthly tabernacle of our bodies, t settle us in everlasting habitations—the build ing made without hands in heaven.

* From BYFIELD'S 'Marrow of the Oracles of God.'

TIMES OF EVIL.*

BY the last days, we must understand the times preceding the appearing of the Lord Jesus; and for this reason the characteristics of the last days are necessarily signs of the second advent.

Nothing great, either evil or good, moves at once, or by any sudden impulse. What St Paul affirms in 2 Thess. ii., of the mystery of iniquity, is generally true,—that the workings of evil, like the workings of good, always precede their full development; and for that reason we might have expected to find, as we actually do find, that the characteristics of the last times, as here given, are not so absolutely confined to them but that they might be traced in their degree all along. While yet that which was, to a certain extent, been true before, will, in the last days, prove to be more manifestly true, and form a more striking feature of the times.

For this reason the sign of the Lord's coming, which we are now to consider, is not so distinct a sign of it as that which we have already considered. The decay of the Protestant Churches, and surrender of their witness, and their consequent death, is, so far as it has gone, and will be, when it is completed, a more definite sign, than the moral and religious condition of the times, which admits of degrees. But in the fact stated, that in the last days perilous times shall come, we have a decisive proof that the coming of the Lord will not be after the commencement of world-wide holiness and happiness; that we must not look first for that time foretold, when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea, when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid—and then for His advent; but that we must look first for His advent, and then for the Millennial glory, since up to His appearing, and even after it, the battle will be raging; for it is in the last days that perilous times shall come.

Let us read the description of these perilous times,—'Men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away, For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth: men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith.'

We might examine these verses one by one, and word by word; but we are now in search of signs of the Lord's coming, and for that purpose we need look only at certain salient points, which mark the moral and religious features of the last times: selfishness in morals, outwardness in religion, priestcraft enslaving the conscience, false miracles.

Selfishness is the first of these characteristic marks; and all that follows—covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God,'—all this is in fact included in that one phrase—'Lovers of their own selves.'

Man is so selfish naturally, that it might seem at first sight as though this could not form a characteristic of one time more than of another. It might be said with great plausibility, that there never was a time when it might not be asserted truly that men were lovers of their own selves.

But we must, in the first place, remember that the prophecy assumes that in the last days there will be a form of godliness. It is of persons professing godliness—at all events bearing the Christian name—that our text speaks. Of such it might have seemed as though it could hardly be a characteristic mark that they were lovers of their own selves. Unhappily, we know too well that such is the corruption of human nature, that in the full blaze of Gospel light men always have been found to love their own selves, and that nothing is and always has been more uncommon than the reverse. 'All seek their own: not the things which are Jesus Christ's.'

But we must remember further, that there is in the present state of things that which does make this a special characteristic of the day in which we live. I do not know that men are really more selfish, but they more unblushingly

* From the Rev. S. GARRATT's striking little book—'Signs of the Times.' London: Hunt & Co.

avow themselves selfish, than at any other period of earth's history.

Am I wrong in this? Is it not the fact that, in this nineteenth century, it is everywhere proclaimed, that man's self-love is the grand motive power? Is not this the doctrine which has leavened our laws, which is supposed to be the life of our commerce, which has been owned as the supreme law for nations, which is announced as the secret of national prosperity and national wealth?

And has not this principle of selfishness infected everything? The statesman appeals to it, the merchant appeals to it, the workman appeals to it. In other ages men have been selfish enough. The peculiarity of this age is that selfishness is looked upon as right, is made avowedly a principle of action; and so far are men from being ashamed of it, that they treat any higher principle with scorn, as enthusiasm and folly.

This avowed preference of what is considered useful to what is right—this doctrine, that what a man or a nation has to consider is what is most advantageous, not what is most righteous, seems to me a marvellous fulfilment of the prediction. It would not perhaps be difficult to show, that the rest of this catalogue of evils may be found existing in abundance; but it is this principle which runs through them all. And just as the very foundation of God's law, the very final distinction between right and wrong, so far as man's duty is concerned, is found in the love of God, so in the debased morality of the day, the final principle is the love of one's self.

The evil is that of man's fallen nature; but the lifting the evil into a good, the saying of it that it is the regulator of human actions, the shaping of law, and commerce, and national action, in accordance with it,—the undisguised assertion of that as a principle, from the accusation of which men have hitherto shrunk, is a peculiarity of this age; and when men are thinking of creating a Millennium of happiness out of what they call social science, of which this self-love is the foundation, they do in fact fulfil this prediction, and make it true in a sense in which it has never been true before—that men are 'lovers of their own selves.'

I will not stop to speak of the bitter fruits which grow on this root. They are touched on in what follows. Is there one of the catalogue of evils which the Apostle enumerates for which the present age is not remarkable? Some may be more marked than others; but they do all abound. Not that all are to be found everywhere. In some men one is seen, in some another; but an impartial view of our own times would include them all. And in spite of our great material advantages, in spite of our boasted knowledge, in spite of much of refinement unknown to our forefathers, the voice of infallible truth reiterates these words against us, and condemns this nineteenth century for its covetousness, its pride, its disobedience, its unthankfulness, its treachery, its profligacy, its contempt of those that are good, its high-mindedness, its love of pleasure, its utter self-justifying selfishness.

It is difficult, when we stand in a fog, to judge aright of the shapes and sizes of things. This makes it hard to speak correctly of the moral characteristics of the age we live in. But I do not believe the principles of this age or its tendencies, at all events many of them, to be those which God approves. It is deeply stained with the love of money, the love of pleasure, and the love of self, and fulfils the words—'In the last days perilous times shall come.'

The second of these great characteristics—including all the previous details under that one head—'Men shall be lovers of their own selves,' is outwardness in religion,—'having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.'

This sign of the last times does at once disprove the common idea, now so prevalent, of predominant Atheism, and an infidel Antichrist. I know that good and holy men hold this view. But the opinion itself, as originally invented, was merely a blind to hide from men's eyes the true nature of Antichrist, and the real danger of the Church. It was held by Romish Bishops in the fourteenth century, as their only escape from the accusations of prophecy against the Papacy. The words before us cut away this notion by the roots. In the last days, instead of an atheistic world under an infidel Antichrist, men shall have the form of godliness.

The form of godliness is a very good thing. Whether it be the 'form of sound doctrine,' or the 'form of sound words,' it is a very good thing. We must by no means undervalue it. And where there is the reality of godliness we have the right to expect the form of it. The outward language of prayer is a part of it. So is the song of thanksgiving. So is the diligent reading of God's Word. So are the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. They are the form of godliness. Where these are absent there is not even this. There are men in every land who have not even this. They use no prayer, sing no hymns, partake of no sacraments, keep outside and aloof from the worship of God's sanctuary. There have been times when this was habitual, and it has even been known, that men in a frenzy of infidelity have tried to destroy every vestige of the outward form of godliness.

But so it will not be in the last days. Men will come to church, will make many prayers, praises will duly ascend from their lips, they will be partakers of the sacramental signs. If they did not, it could not be said of them, that they had the form of godliness. Has that man even the form of godliness, who rejects these things or neglects them? Though the last days are so perilous, there will be no want of religiousness; no want of the bended knee, the voice of prayer, the song of praise—no want of the due observance of sacramental rites. So far from it, this outwardness in religion will be characteristic of the time.

But while there will be the form, there will not be the power. Men will make many prayers, and either their hearts will be far from God—it will be unacceptable worship—or their hands will be full of blood; there will be the want of moral uprightness, and He will not hear. There are prayers which God hears not, supplications which never reach His throne, because the worship is not that which is from within; and 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' And in the last days, with much of outward prayer there will be the want of inward prayer. Men will have the form without the power.

But the words imply something more than this. When it is said, 'deny the power,' more is meant than not having the power. It seems to teach us, that in the last days there would be the maintenance of some principle which should justify this mere outwardness—that not only in men's practice, but in their principles, the form of godliness should take the place of its power. How can that be? What if a man should say that the Sacraments are everything, that the Christian life begins, consists, is carried on, and terminates, in Sacraments? That has been said; and if that were said generally, it would be the most complete fulfilment possible of the words, 'having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.'

So far as this principle is the principle of the age, so far is there a sign of its being the last time. A man may have the principle in himself. Whatever he calls himself, he may actually rest upon the form, and deny the power. He may be satisfied with the form of prayer, though he never really prays; with the singing with the voice, though his heart never sings; with having been baptized with water, though not baptized with the Holy Ghost; with receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, while destitute of that which it signifies—the feeding upon Christ in his heart with thanksgiving, the daily eating His flesh and blood, and living by faith on the Son of God. Such a man has the form of godliness, but denies the power thereof. And if this is a characteristic of the times, it marks them as the perilous times which should make us weep; but also as the last times, which should make us lift up our heads, because our redemption draweth nigh.

The third characteristic of the last days is priestcraft enslaving the conscience. What else can these words mean? 'For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.' We must not misunderstand the passage, as though women more than men were spoken of. It is a neuter word which is used, and it does not mean that those spoken of are women only. They are called things, and not womanly, but womanish, which is a very different thing; just as childlike is a very different thing from childish. What is meant is this—that whether men or women, they are weak. They are said to be 'laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.' How lovingly would Christ receive such, pardon them, strengthen them, teach them, set them free, if they would go to Him! But we are here taught that it will be characteristic of the last days, that men having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof, should, by some secret system of spiritual inquisition, lead them captive, and bind them under bondage. They would take advantage of their weakness, this sickly condition of mind and heart, to gain dominion over the conscience, and enslave the soul.

. Whether there be anything like this now, I leave you to judge. But if you should find this to be the case, if you should hear of men with a form of godliness, but declaring that Christianity consists in sacraments, leading into bondage 'silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth' (the very men and women whom Christ would set free); then be sure that these are the last days, and that the day of the Lord draweth near.

There is another characteristic of these last days, which we have not yet seen—the working of false miracles. This is plainly intimated by the reference to Jannes and Jambres. The magicians withstood Moses by power from beneath. What he did by the finger of God, they did, to a certain extent, by their enchantments. So Scripture says, and so I believe. St Paul expressly says—'As Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth.' To complete the proof that these

are the perilous times, and the last days, those who have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof, must, like Jannes and Jambres, work miracles. In all the preceding parts of this description there are too great resemblances to what we see around us. Self-interest is the avowed principle on which the affairs of nations, the transactions of commerce, and the whole life of the body politic, is too often avowedly based. Its results are seen in the covetousness, boasting, pride, and other evils of our day. It is not only the fact that numbers have the form of godliness, while destitute of its power, but that there are those who teach that in sacraments themselves the reality of religion consists; and there are some of this sort, who, by means of sacramental confession, keep those who are weak enough to be controlled by them, under a burdened conscience and a troubled mind; but this working of miracles to maintain error we have yet to wai for. But come it will. Not doubting, fo other reasons, that this is the time of the end I expect that, ere long, we shall find me resisting the truth, as Jannes and Jambre withstood Moses. And when that sorest tria of a Christian man's faith comes, then i that we must see a token that the Lord is a hand.

We are in perilous times, we must watch we are in the last times, we must hope. W must look, as each fresh sign unfolds itself with fresh love and longing for that day whe He will set all things right. To be found the in Him is everything. Let us walk by faith and fight by faith, and hold fast His truth, an flee from all participation in these characteristi marks, that when He comes we may see Hi glory, enter into His joy, and be for ever wit the Lord.

The Love of Christ.

ART thou alone on earth, a stranger here?
Without one kindred spirit dwelling near
To soothe thy sorrows, or thy joys to share,
Or breathe thy name to heaven in secret prayer;
Be comforted, for thou hast still a Friend,
Lo! Jesus loves thee,—loves thee to the end.

Art thou in sickness? Lift thy weary eyes
Unto that Cross whereon He bleeds and dies;
Behold the pierced hands, the riven side!
For thee He suffered, and was crucified;
And thou with Him hereafter shalt ascend,
For Jesus loves thee,—loves thee to the end.

Art thou in poverty and sore distress?
The Saviour's touch can make thy burden less;
Life's load is heavy, but He knows its weight,
And thou shalt leave it at the golden gate—
To which thy feeble footsteps surely tend;
For Jesus loves thee,—loves thee to the end.

Art thou in sorrow for some secret sin;
Hating the evil that lies so deep within?
One crimson fount can make thee clean and fair,
Go thou and wash thy soul's stained vesture there;
Draw near, nor fear thy boldness shall offend,
For Jesus loves thee,—loves thee to the end.

His sweet voice speaks to weary ones like thee,
In Love's eternal language, 'Comfort ye;'
And all His ancient promises divine
Were made to those who felt such need as thine;
Goodness and mercy shall thy steps attend,
For Jesus loves thee,—loves thee to the end.

—*Sarah Doudney.*

Jessie M'Kinnon.

BY E. E. C.

CHAPTER I.

'LITTLE JESSIE.'

'OH dear me!' murmured a poor and hungry looking child to herself, as she stood in the avenue leading to a stately mansion but a few miles distant from the great metropolis of Scotland, and in close proximity to the small but clean village of C——

The little girl, who sighed thus audibly, was apparently about twelve years of age, but her little pale face and slender frame gave one at first the idea of a still younger child; it was only when the large dark eyes were raised that the sad, thoughtful expression there, seemed to belong to one old in sorrow and privation.

And this was indeed the case; but a few days had elapsed since her idolized mother had been taken from her by death, and been laid in the quiet churchyard of her native village.

Jessie M'Kinnon, for such was the name of my little heroine, felt that in that loss everything had been wrenched from her young heart, that she was alone in the wide world.

Her father had died a year before, but she had never known the real meaning of that word 'father.' M'Kinnon had been a very worthless character, leaving his wife and child to starve, or live as best they could, while he spent his earnings at a low public house, coming home only to abuse his wife, and taunt her with being what he called 'such a poor creature.'

Mrs M'Kinnon was indeed a fragile being; naturally of a frail constitution, her strength quite gave way under the many miseries she had to endure. Her husband's sudden death was a great shock to her; for though he had treated her so badly for some years, still she could not forget how once they had seemed to be all in all to each other. She grew rapidly worse; and one autumn evening, with her child clasped in her arms and her eyes fixed on the hills lit up by the dying rays of a glorious sunset, she commended her little treasure to the protection of One who had been her own strength and consolation during many dark days of misery.

Mrs Meikle, a mason's wife, who lived next door, and had been a kind friend to the M'Kinnons, came in to sit a little with the dying woman, and found little Jessie locked in her mother's arms, but the spirit had winged its flight to another and a better world.

It was amidst heart-rending sobs and passionate grief that Mrs Meikle succeeded in carrying Jessie from her mother to her own house, and then for more than an hour did the little heart send forth such sobs of sorrow, that Mrs Meikle, in speaking of it to her husband, said, 'It makes my own heart sair to see the wee lambie taking on sae, and it's no like as if she had ony ane to look to her; but her mother's family is a' dead, and as to her faither's, we'll no ask aboot them, for if they're like himsel', they're best awa'; but, John, we'll take care o' her till she's auld enough to do for hersel', it'll no mak' us ony the puirer.'

CHAPTER II.

'ROSELAND HALL.'

IT was on the morning of the day after the funeral that Jessie, refusing all entreaties to try and eat 'just a wee bitie,' had risen from an untasted meal, and wandered out she knew not whither. She did not know much of the neighbourhood, for it was but two months since Mrs M'Kinnon and her child had come to C——, and Jessie's chief delight had been sitting at home with her mother.

As she passed along the road she was attracted by the merry voices of children, and perceiving a large iron gate which stood open, she ventured in, and walked a short way up the avenue, to where she could have a distant view of three happy children, who were enjoying a rather noisy game of hide and seek.

Their game seemed to interest her, for she remained some time standing, and then seated herself on the trunk of a tree, intently watching them.

As she sat absorbed, she did not notice a lady walking towards her, and was startled on hearing a voice at her side, asking her why she was sitting there, and if she was ill that she looked so pale.

It was only for a minute Jessie felt frightened, for the voice that spoke was a kind one; and the lady looked so tenderly on her, that the springs of her little heart were again opened, and she sobbed as if it would break.

The lady stooped down beside her, and put her arm round her, begging she would tell her what was the matter, but the only words she could hear were—'Mother, mother.'

Mrs Lauriston (the name of the lady who spoke to her, and the owner of Roseland Hall, into the avenue of which Jessie had wandered) had to wait for some time before the poor

little girl was quiet enough to tell her sad story, and Mrs Lauriston even then could only half understand, it was mixed up with so many sobs; but she did understand that Jessie had lost her mother, and that was enough for her to know, to open her heart at once to the little orphan.

'Do not cry any more, dear child, you will make yourself quite ill; how sorry it would have made your dear mother to see you crying so bitterly; come with me to my house, and you will warm yourself at a nice bright fire; you are quite blue with cold.'

Jessie put her little hand into the lady's, and the sobs became less frequent as they walked on. Mrs Lauriston told her about her three little children who were on the lawn, in order to divert her mind from her own sorrow.

As they approached the house, one curly-headed little girl of six ran up and caught hold of her mamma, at the same time taking sly glances at Jessie, wondering what it all meant, but saying nothing.

'Run away, Lily, and finish your game, you have only half an hour more, and then you must come in to your lessons, dear.'

The little one ran off in great glee, but not without begging for one kiss, and taking many more.

'That is my only little girl, Jessie, she is getting quite a romp, playing so much with her brothers.'

They entered a small parlour with a bright fire glowing on the hearth; the whole room looked the picture of homely comfort. The table was covered with a snowy table-cloth, on which stood evidently the remains of breakfast.

'Lydia has been late in taking the things away to-day, but it is very fortunate, as you will just sit down, Jessie, in my little Lily's place, and have some hot tea, or some bread and milk, whichever you like best.'

'Please, ma'am, I'm not hungry.'

'But you told me, dear, you were unable to take your breakfast, and it would not be right to wait till dinner time without eating; try and eat just a little to please me, I shall make you some tea, and toast a nice piece of bread for you myself.'

So, without waiting for an answer, good kind Mrs Lauriston put the bright little kettle on the fire, and told Jessie to watch that the water did not boil over while she went up stairs for her keys to get out some jam, which she thought might tempt the child to eat.

'Now, Jessie, the water boils,' said Mrs Lauriston on returning, 'bring me the kettle and then fetch the tea cosey, which you will find in the side-board drawer, we must keep the tea nice and warm while we make the toast.'

The little girl began to feel almost interested in the preparation of the breakfast, and even a little hungry, when Mrs Lauriston cut a nice piece of ham, and then began to toast the bread.

Jessie helped to make the toast, and in a short time she was seated in little Lily's place at the table. Mrs Lauriston poured out her tea, and put everything beside her.

'I must leave you now for a short time, Jessie, I hear those little romps still in the garden, and I am afraid Lily will never think of lessons unless I remind her, so you will take your breakfast like a good girl, and remember, I hope to see everything finished when I return, so don't disappoint me.'

Mrs Lauriston went out by the French window, which opened into the garden, and was soon on the lawn surrounded by the three children, two holding on to her dress, and the youngest, a little fellow of about four, trying to clamber up into her arms.

Master Frankie was soon satisfied, as his mamma immediately took him up, and with Lily and George, a boy of eight, went into the house. She took them to the nursery and left them there with Marjory, the nurse, to be made tidy, and said she would ring for Miss Lily when she was ready for her.

She then went down to the kitchen to old Jean, a trustworthy servant, who had been with her since her marriage, and after ordering the children's dinner and a later one for herself and Mr Lauriston, who had gone into Edinburgh for the day, she returned to the parlour.

Jessie smiled as she entered, and Mrs Lauriston was much pleased to see she had made a pretty good breakfast. The warm tea and food had brought a little colour into her cheeks, and Mrs Lauriston thought she had seldom seen a prettier face.

'Come here, dear,' said Mrs Lauriston, as she drew two chairs near the fire, 'I must not keep you much longer, but before you go you must tell me where you live, so that I may come and see you.'

The kind sympathizing lady had quite won Jessie's heart, so that by degrees the child told all her sorrows, how unhappy she and her mother had been made by her father's bad ways and unkindness, how that gentle mother had been the only being she had ever loved, and how she thought she never could be happy again.

Many were the sobs which interrupted the story, but it seemed to relieve the poor child to pour out her heart to some one. She then told of Mrs Meikle, how kind she had always been to them, and how she had that morning told Jessie that she would never be without a home so long as she and her husband had a house to live in. After many words of sympathy and comfort Jessie felt, her little heart not quite so desolate, and looking forward to a promised visit, from her kind friend, in the afternoon.

CHAPTER III.

'MRS MEIKLE.'

AFTER the children's dinner, Mrs Lauriston put on her bonnet and shawl, and started off to see Mrs Meikle. As she walked, she anxiously thought over what she could do to help the poor little orphan.

'It will never do to leave her with Mrs Meikle, who has, as Jessie tells me, six children of her own. How true indeed it is,' thought

Mrs Lauriston, 'that there is often more real Christian kindness shown by the poor than by the rich; here is an instance of it; that poor woman must have hard work to make the two ends meet, to feed and keep tidy herself, husband, and six children, on the wages of a journeyman mason, and yet with what simple unselfish heartiness does she invite a little stranger to make her home with them.'

Such, and many other similar thoughts occupied Mrs Lauriston's mind as she walked quickly down the avenue and across several green fields to the village. She soon found Mrs Meikle's house, and gave a low tap at the door. It was opened by the good woman herself, who made many apologies for her room not being quite so tidy as she would like, because it was 'washing day.'

'You must not say anything about that, Mrs Meikle, it is I who should apologize for intruding, but I feel much interested in the little girl to whom you have been so kind.'

'Oh ma'am,' and Mrs Meikle dropped another curtsey, you'll be the leddy Jessie came hame and told us aboot, as had been sae kind to her, please take a seat,—puir thing—I was that glad to see a smile on her wee face when she cam back, for sure, ma'am, I never saw a wean greet or tak on sae, in my life, as that bairn has done ever since I took her oot o' her dead mither's arms.'

And Mrs Meikle told all she knew of Jessie; how she had heard that Mrs M'Kinnon had seen better days, but had, in the wilfulness of youth, against her parents' and friends' wishes, insisted on marrying a man who had always excited suspicion in those who loved her, but to whose every fault she seemed perfectly blind, and how that ere long she had been cruelly undeceived.

'And, ma'am, continued Mrs Meikle, 'I'm sure she was no common person, she talked so pretty, and did everthing so quiet-like; even the bairn talks like her. The only thing Mrs M'Kinnon ever told me aboot hersel, was that none o' her family was living now; I'm thinking she must hae seen a lot o' trouble, puir thing, and yet she was aye so content, and spoke so much of God's goodness to her. She used often to tell me that death had only one sorrow for her, and that was leaving her bairn, but she used to add, "that isn't quite a sorrow either, for I am leaving her to One who loves her more than I can ever do, and who will never leave her."'

'She must have been a truly good woman, I only hope her little Jessie will be all that I am sure her mother would have wished.'

'Deed, ma'am, the bairn 's very like her mither; she's that fond o' reading, many's the time I've seen her sitting for half an hour at a time with nothing in her hand but her Bible, but that's no natural for a bairn like her.'

'It certainly is not common,' said Mrs Lauriston, 'and it makes me so glad to hear it. How old are your own little ones, Mrs Meikle?'

'My eldest is nine, and the baby's seven months; I hae six o' them.

'So Jessie told me, and I have been thinking you have no need of another little mouth to feed; that is partly what brought me here to-day, to see if we can arrange anything about her.'

'Oh! she'll no mak' much difference, ma'am; John (that's my husband) and me said, as how she would just be as one of the bairns; I'm sure we'll no miss muckle by being kind to a mitherless lassie.'

'I am sure that is true, Mrs Meikle, but still when there is any one willing and more able, I think it is quite a duty to let them assist.'

'I'll be only too glad, ma'am, if you could do onything for her, for its nothing I can do but let her live here with the other bairns.'

'I was considering as I walked along how I could best help her, and the only plan I could think of, was to take her and bring her up to be a nice useful little servant. She does not look very strong, but she could help Marjory in the nursery, and do many little things which would not tax her strength, and I might let her go to the village school an hour or so every day for a year or two.'

'Sure, ma'am, and that would be a grand thing for the bairn, and there's no doubt as to her being ready to go wi' you; you should hae seen her bit face, how it lighted up when she told me aboot you this morning.'

'Will you call Jessie, and we can ask her?'

Mrs Meikle had not far to go for Jessie; she was out in the little garden trying to amuse one of Mrs Meikle's little ones.

'Well, Jessie,' said Mrs Lauriston, as she came in, 'I have been asking Mrs Meikle to do me a favour, and she has kindly consented, that is to say, if you are willing to agree.'

Jessie looked up slyly, with a questioning glance.

'I want you to come and be a little maid in my house, to help my nurse with the children, and make yourself generally useful; I won't work you very hard,' said Mrs Lauriston, with a smile, 'so don't be frightened.'

The little girl's face was crimson.

'Well, Jessie, do you think you would like to come?'

The eager 'Thank you, ma'am,' and the starting tears, showed, more than many words, the gratitude of the poor child.

'Well then, Jessie, that is all settled; so if you can be ready by to-morrow, I shall expect you.'

Many were the thanks Mrs Meikle gave the lady: 'No that we wouldna hae been glad to have kept the puir wean,' said the kind woman, 'but it's such a gude thing for her.'

After promising to repeat her visit soon, and report how Jessie was getting on, Mrs Lauriston hurried home: it was past five, and she wished to have the children down stairs a little when their papa came home, before the nursery tea at six. As she and Mr Lauriston sat alone in the evening, she told him all about little Jessie, and what she had done; and had the satisfaction of her husband's hearty approval.

CHAPTER IV.

'LYDIA.'

THE next morning Jessie arrived; Mrs Meikle herself brought her up to Roseland Hall, and told Mrs Lauriston that in the evening her husband would bring Jessie's little box with her clothes.

As the good woman was leaving, the child threw her arms round her neck, and said, 'Thank you, ma'am, for being so kind to me.'

'I'm real sorry to lose you,' said Mrs Meikle, with tears in her eyes; 'I dinna ken what the bairns will do without you; good-bye, dearie, you'll come and see us soon, like a good lassie.'

'Indeed I will; good-bye.'

Jessie's box arrived in the evening, and Mrs Lauriston gave her time to arrange her things neatly in a small chest of drawers which had been placed in the room of Lydia, the housemaid.

Marjory helped her after the children were in bed, and could not help showing her surprise at the neatness and fineness of Jessie's underclothing.

'How nice you have got everything,' said Marjory; 'did you make those yourself?' she asked, as she looked at some garments beautifully worked with plain but neat frilling at the neck.

'No, mother did,' answered the child quietly; she made me sets of everything very lately, out of some cloth she had by her, which she told me she bought before she was married.'

Marjory tried to learn some more about Jessie's mother, but she could get nothing more from the poor child, who had been drawn into saying so much from the pride she felt in her dear mother's work.

'I'm thinking you won't care much for Lydia; the mistress likes her, for she's a good worker, but she doesn't know all that goes on behind her back. I'm glad I don't share a room with Lydia, that's all.'

'Is she cross?' asked Jessie, timidly.

'That depends,' answered Marjory; she certainly won't like any one sleeping in her room; everything she does won't bear looking into; and if she thinks you notice her, she won't make your life very comfortable; but I would advise you just to pretend you don't see some things, and you'll get on well.'

'If she does wrong,' said Jessie, 'I will not pretend I don't see; I'll tell her I do.'

'There's a brave one,' thought Marjory; 'but I'm thinking she'll soon change when Lydia gets into one of her rages with her.'

By this time all Jessie's clothes were neatly put away, and she and Marjory went and sat at their work in the day-nursery, leaving open the door of the night-nursery, so that Marjory might hear if Master Frankie wakened up.

Nurse busied herself mending the children's little socks, and Jessie began to make some pretty muslin aprons, the material for which Mrs Lauriston had given her.

At half-past eight Lydia brought up a tray with some supper for nurse, and a plate of porridge and milk for Jessie, after which the little girl went off to bed, and was sound asleep long before Lydia made her appearance. But she did not lie down till she had read a few verses from her dear mother's Bible, and knelt in prayer to thank Jesus for all His goodness to her, and to ask Him to keep her always very near himself, and help her to do everything as for Him.

Several months passed without any particular event happening. Jessie went daily from eleven to one to the village school, and was so conscientious in all her work there and at home, that Mrs Lauriston felt amply repaid for her kindness to the little girl. True, it had not been all sunshine to Jessie, for she had endured much harshness from Lydia, who often told her she was 'a prying, canting brat.'

The first storm which burst on poor Jessie's head broke out in this way.

One night she was wakened out of sleep by a jingling of keys, and on starting up, was most surprised to see Lydia dressed even to her gown, and in the act of pulling her shawl out of a box, the opening of which had wakened Jessie.

'O Lydia, what's the matter, what are you doing?' asked the frightened child, in a low voice.

'Doing? what business is it of yours, I should like to know? Just you go to sleep, and mind your own affairs.'

'No, Lydia, you must be going out if you are putting on your shawl, and Mrs Lauriston would be very angry if she knew.' Whereupon followed such a torrent of abuse from Lydia, as made the child more frightened still. It ended with, 'Can't I dress if I like, and try on a new shawl too if I like, without being hauled up by an impudent little hussy like you?'

'That was not a new shawl, I've seen it often before,' said Jessie; upon which Lydia told her that 'if she did not hold her tongue she would make her.'

After fumbling about a good deal, and pretending to try on a few things, Lydia undressed and went back to bed.

There was little sleep for Jessie that night; she lay awake, trembling from the effects of Lydia's anger, and frightened by the idea of her going out in the middle of the night; for Jessie felt quite sure that was what Lydia meant to do had she not wakened up and surprised her. And then as the child lay thinking, she remembered having once before wakened from sleep, and seen Lydia dressing; but being very drowsy, had turned herself and gone to sleep again, without thinking any more about it.

The next morning Lydia's anger had seemingly gone; she laughed at Jessie, and the adventure of the night before, saying she could not sleep, so had just got up and dressed, intending to amuse herself and mend some things.

With bright daylight Jessie's fright had gone, and she begun to waver as to whether

what Lydia in the morning gave as an explanation might not be true. Never again was she wakened by any kind of noise, but from that time she did indeed begin to lead an uncomfortable life with the woman, who, in her heart, detested the brave child who was not afraid to speak out when she saw anything wrong going on; a state of things by no means unfrequent with Lydia.

(*To be continued.*)

Bible Class Notes.

BY THE LATE A. ANDERSON.

No. IV.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

HOW early in the Bible do we hear of trees? Gen. i. 11, 29. What was their use? Seed. Meat. What tree is first mentioned? The tree of Life. (Gen. ii. 9). Next? The tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil. What spot mentioned in the Bible was famed for trees pleasant to the sight and good for food? Eden. Do we read of any other tree of life than this? Christ. (Rev. ii. 7; xxii. 2, 14). Why is Christ called the Tree of Life; the Giver of Life? Trees produce fruit, so Christ calls himself the Bread of Life. Will there be forbidden trees in heaven?

What is the next use of trees we read of? Aprons to Adam and Eve (Gen. iii. 7). What was the next use we read of? Noah's Ark. What kind of tree or wood? (Gen. vi. 14.) Next use? To offer sacrifice on. Isaac. (Gen. xxii. 7.) Shittim wood was employed in making the Tabernacle (Ex. xxvi. 15), the ark, and the table (Ex. xxv. 10, 23). Any other particular use made of a tree? It made the bitter waters of Marah sweet (Ex. xv. 25). Building of the Temple of Solomon. Cedar trees, olive, fir (1 Kings vi.).

Were trees sometimes the instruments of destruction? Absalom perished on an oak. Haman; how high was the tree on which he was hanged? Fifty cubits; it was made for Mordecai. How did Christ bear our sins? In His own body on the tree, 'Jesus whom ye slew and hanged on a tree.' (Acts v. 30.) Mention any one who got the glad news of salvation to his soul while sitting in a tree? Zaccheus (Luke xix. 4). Where did Jesus see Nathanael? (John i. 48). Remember any other remarkable incident concerning a fig tree? The barren fig tree (Matt. xxi. 19). Where do we first read of the olive? Noah's dove (Gen. viii. 11). What did David say he was like? A green olive tree (Ps. lii. 8). What is man in his natural state called in reference to the olive? A wild olive (Rom. xi. 17).

Do we often hear of people dwelling under trees? Deborah under the palm trees. The prophets of God often under the oak tree. Saul under a pomegranate tree (1 Sam. xiv. 2). Who sat under a juniper tree? Elijah (1 Kings xix. 4).

How many trees is the Christian compared to in the Bible? The palm tree? (Ps. xcii. 12). His leaf green (Jer. xvii. 8). (*See* also Ps. i.) A green fir tree (Hos. xiv. 8). A green olive tree (Ps. lii. 8.) 'The righteous shall grow as the cedar' (Ps. xcii. 12). Grow like an oak (Isa. i. 30). 'They shall spring up as willow' (Isa. xliv. 4). The vine (Song vii. 12). Branches of vine (John xv.). Shittah, myrtle, oil, fir, pine, box (Isa. xli. 19; lx. 13; lv. 13). Compared to the lily (Hos. xiv. 5; Song ii. 16). What tree is the wicked compared to? To a green bay tree (Ps. xxxvii. 35).

To what trees is Christ compared? The vine (John xv.). The apple tree (Song ii.). What flowers? The rose of Sharon, lily of the valley, etc.

Mention some ways in which Christians resemble trees. They are seen from afar; should the Christian be so too? He should be as a city set on an hill. The light of the world. 'Let your light so shine.' (Matt. v.) What appearance do trees give the country? They beautify the landscape. 'The king's daughter is all glorious within' (Ps. xlv. 13). Behold these Christians how they love one another. 'By this shall all men know' (John xiii. 35). 'Beautiful for situation is Mount Zion' (Ps. xlviii. 2). 'Beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah' (Song vi. 4). Branch of the Lord beautiful and glorious (Is. iv. 2). Beautiful garments (Is. lii. 1). 'How beautiful on the mountains' (Is. lii. 7). Exceeding beautiful (Ezek. xvi. 13). What makes the Christian so beautiful. 'He will beautify the meek with salvation' (Ps. cxlix. 4). 'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God' (Ps. lxxxvii. 3).

Christians are like trees for their shadow and shelter. Has every tree a shadow? What is the Christian's shadow? His influence. Has every tree the same shadow? Has every Christian the same influence? What is the reason of that? The nearer we live to Jesus the greater our influence. 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works' (Matt. v. 16). Mention some of the

ways that Christians exert an influence, or let their light shine. By following after and living near to Jesus Christ. He left us an example. Is example or precept most powerful? Example. How far did Paul bid the Corinthians follow him? (1 Cor. ii. 1).

Is Christ's example perfect? He was holy, harmless, undefiled. Can that be said of any mere man? How may we show an example worthy of imitation? If we love and serve God. If we pray to Him. If we attend to our Bible and the means of grace. If we keep holy the Sabbath. How by precept? If we tell others of the love of Christ, in Sabbath school, at our employment, or wherever we find opportunity. How long will the Christian's influence last? As long as the world lasts. Abel being dead yet speaketh (Heb. xi. 4).

Trees afford a shelter. 'He that walketh with wise men shall be wise' (Prov. xiii. 20). Christ an hiding place. 'Thou art my hiding place' (Ps. xxxii. 7). He that converteth a soul 'shall hide a multitude of sins' (Jas. v. 20).

Trees act as purifiers of the air. We find healthful and pleasant air among the trees. So Christians are the salt of the earth. How does salt operate? Silently, yet powerfully. What about the Christian operates silently in the world? Example or pious conduct. How great or in what proportion will the Christian exert an influence? In proportion as he possesses the Spirit of Christ and bears His image. Does the Christian know the extent of his influence? No. When will he know it? 'What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter' (John xiii. 7). What effect will such a revelation have upon a believer's happiness? It will increase it.

Trees resemble Christians in their roots.

1. They are unseen by the world. The world knows there is a difference, but does not know their true character (1 John iii. 1).

2. Was Christ himself seen in His true greatness? No (Isa. liii. 2). What did the people say of Him? 'Is not this the carpenter's son?' (Matt. xiii. 55). What gives nourishment to the tree? Roots. So Christians are to seek to edify and strengthen one another, and turn sinners to God.

3. The roots are parted far at the extremities, yet they all meet in the tree. What unites believers one to the other? Love. What unites all men to Jesus? Love. Does Jesus wish His people to be all one? Does He wish to be one with His people? (John xvii. 21).

4. Are the smallest roots useful to the tree? Are the weakest believers useful, or may they be useful? Christ's disciples were so. The spirit was willing but the flesh weak. Those who can do nothing else, can pray. 'The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much' (James v. 16).

Look to the Christian as compared to the branches of a tree. When the Christian is represented as the branches, who is the tree? Christ. Is the union very close? As the head to the body. Christ the head—His people the body. Members in particular. Where do the branches derive their life and nourishment? From the tree. Where does the believer derive his strength? 'And of His fulness have all we received' (John i. 16). 'My grace is sufficient for thee' (2 Cor. xii. 9).

What part of the tree bears fruit? The branches. Will the branches bear fruit if separated from the tree? (John xv. 4, 5, 6). What part of the tree is most exposed to storms and tempests? Branches. Christians are exposed to trials, temptations, as was Jesus. How is the tree known? By its fruits. What are the fruits the Christian brings forth? Fruit of the spirit in having fruit unto holiness. What is the end? Everlasting life. Do we read of any tree bearing more than one kind of fruit? The tree of Life. Twelve manner of fruits. What becomes of the fruit of the wicked if they have any? It withereth. (Jude 12). Sometimes a rich blossom and little fruit. Many bid fair for the kingdom and turn back. The young rich man. (Matt. xix. 22). Do trees sometimes represent man's natural state? In winter. Barren. No singing or rejoicing.

How many ways does a tree grow? Upward, in heavenly mindedness. Downward, in humility. Spreading outward, in heavenly graces. Grows outwardly and inwardly. What makes it grow? Sap, life, vitality, strength rooted and grounded in love. What influence make the tree grow? Good soil. 'Abide in me' (John xv. 4). The sun—Sun of Righteousness. Rain or dew—Dews of the Spirit.

The Christian is compared to the Palm because constantly green, flourishing, fruitful To the Olive; fruitful, fat, yielding plenty o oil. To the Cedar; because strong in the Lord To the Oak; because His name shall be had i everlasting remembrance. To the Willow. Be cause of its growth—constant and rapid. T the Lily. Because of its fragrance and beauty 'Trees generally enclosed. The angel of th Lord encampeth' (Ps. xxxiv. 7).

Anything about trees that represent death In the place where the tree falleth there shal it lie' (Eccles. ii. 3). Which way does th tree fall? The way it leans.*

* The former of these lessons is very familiar- the irreversibleness of final doom,—the immutabilit of the future state once it is begun. But the latter not nearly so often adverted to. We do not kno whether it was original in the writer of the 'Bib Class Notes,' but we do not remember to have seen before. It is not the unchangeableness of the charact after death, but what will that character be? The is a vague ill-defined idea very prevalent, that dea not only effects a great change in the mode of existenc but, somehow or other, works a change in the *charact* How often do we hear men express themselves thus the newly deceased! To how great a degree is t delusion cherished regarding themselves—a delusi well exposed in these notes! No! The tree does n change its character in the act of falling!

Reader! In what direction are *you* leaning? T wards God, or away from God? Towards holine or away from holiness? If death were to cut *you* dov in the direction you are leaning, so would you fall, a so for ever remain. '*He which is filthy, let him filthy still*; and he that is holy, let him be holy sti (Rev. xxii. 11).

CHANGING COATS.

'I HAVE no faith in such persons as change their coats,' said a blunt and burly Irishman to a home missionary.

'Indeed, sir,' said the missionary, glancing at the man's threadbare vestment, 'you surprise me; are *you* really ashamed to profess your faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ, or, as you express it, to 'change your coat,' by forsaking all sin for the sake of Christ.

'I'll change my coat for no man,' replied the Irishman, sternly.

'But,' said the missionary, 'it appears to me your confidence is unwise; for the Bible says—'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.' You seem to reckon too much upon your own stedfastness. Remember the Almighty once did the same thing that you and I are speaking about, namely, 'changed His coat;' and if neither shame nor fear deterred Him from 'changing His coat,' why should you or I feel ashamed to change the coat we wear.

'Ah! what is that you mean to tell me?' eagerly inquired the Irishman; 'when did ever the Almighty change His coat? I have not heard about His doing anything like that before.'

'Listen, and I will tell you about it. As the great Creator, God, appeared before the universe clothed in spotless robes of righteousness and truth, and no created being ever had, before the foundations of our world were laid, beheld Him in any other guise. Clad in these "garments of vengeance," He came forth to punish the rebellious angels "who kept not their first estate." But mark the wonderful change, when *man* sinned and fell, "bringing death into the world, and all our woe," the Bible tells us that God put off His glorious robe of inflexible justice, and, instead, put on another garment of a totally different colour and pattern, equally glorious, and worthy of its Divine Bearer.'

'What robe was it the Almighty put on instead?' hastily interrupted the puzzled Irishman, who felt unwillingly forced to admit his rashness.

'It was the robe "woven throughout" of *mercy* possessed of infinite strength and beauty. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but *according to his mercy*, he saved us.' Now for the first time clothed in garments of unconditional mercy, God shone forth in matchless splendour, wholly unknown before. The regal robes of retributive justice were for ever hidden from the view of fallen man, when God began to deal with him in the attractive guise of a merciful Almighty Saviour.'

'Ah, I now understand how it is the Almighty has changed His coat,—it was in order to save us,' exclaimed the Irishman.

'Just so,' replied the missionary. 'And I pray you to attend to the obvious lesson taught by the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. Remember what the Bible tells you—"He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins *shall find mercy.*" Do not fear to change a bad coat for a good one. If we "confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

But think, for a moment, what calamities must befall this guilty world, were God pleased to change His royal robes of mercy, and once more come forth to deal with the impenitent despisers of His Son, in the awful apparel of strict and unmitigated justice. Remember such a time is coming—and nobody knows how soon it may come—when the anger of the Lord shall burn forth upon the doomed souls of all unpardoned sinners. 'For God hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness, by that Man whom He hath appointed the impartial Judge of 'quick and dead,' the same who is now the Almighty Saviour.

Fellow-sinner, I ask if you have yet laid aside the 'filthy rags' of your own righteousness, and received the new and all-perfect robe of righteousness, through the precious blood of Jesus? The Lord invites you to make the blessed exchange.—*T. S.*

TWO PICTURES OF DEATH.

In a scantily furnished chamber lies an old Scotch minister, with grey hair and wrinkled skin. But his brow is high and broad; his deep-set eyes are bright and piercing; a smile plays round his lips; and though feeble and dying, he looks calm and happy. Let us speak to him, and say:

'Do you think yourself dying, dear sir?'

He fixes his eyes calmly upon you, and slowly replies:

'Really, friend, I am not anxious whether I am or not; for if I die, I shall be with God; if I live, He will be with me.'

Now let us step into yonder mansion. Entering a richly furnished chamber, we find a dignified personage enfolded in warm robes, and seated in a large easy chair. He, too, is feeble and dying; but the light is unsteady, and he looks like a man ill at ease with himself. Let us also ask him a question:

'Mr Gibbon, how does the world seem to you now?'

The eloquent historian of the Roman Empire, for he it is, closes his eyes for a moment, then opens them again, and with a deep sigh, replies:

'All things are fleeting. When I look back, I see they have been fleeting; when I look forward, *all is dark and doubtful.*'

—*Protestant Churchman.*

Gems from Alexander Pitcarne.*

1664.

1. OUR extremity can never be so great, that it may not be a fit opportunity for God to work; there is no case so desperate in which He cannot help, and, far beyond our expectation, provide means, when the creature can see none, and bless such means as are at hand, though few and weak; and thus, by an ordinary providence, work great and admirable things for the deliverance, comfort, and happiness of His saints: the wound cannot be so deep, but His balm can cure it, nor the disease and malady so great, but He hath a remedy at hand.

2. Do not say, my sins are so many, my deadness and indisposition for duty so great, and my spiritual enemies so strong and fierce, that my hope is cut off; I have no strength to wrestle with such adversaries, and to remove such great mountains of impediments. If thou were helpless, thy condition would be hopeless, but all thine enemies are not able to stop the way, and to intercept thy supply from heaven. What though creature-help did fail, what though those pools were dried up, yet thou mayest run to the full fountain. The Lord himself is the helper, His spirit will strengthen and support thee; no bonds, no prison can hold out, all the power of men and devils cannot drive away the Christian's guard or disarm him. If he can pray, he shall not want help to, and by that work the Spirit will help him to pray, and, in answer to prayer, will give whatever is needed.

3. Christ is our Advocate in heaven, the Spirit our Advocate on earth. Christ is our Advocate with the Father to plead for us, the Spirit is our Advocate against Satan and the world, to vindicate our name and cause from the calumnies and aspersions of Satan and his instruments, and to defend and protect us against the power of the lusts of our hearts within, and our temptations from without. Christ is our Advocate at the Throne of Grace, the Spirit is our Advocate within us, informing, directing, strengthening, persuading, and comforting us. Christ pleads for our acquittance and discharge, because, as our Cautioner, He has paid the debt; the Spirit pleads with us to run to Christ, and to lay hold on Him as our Cautioner. Christ intercedes by His blood, the Holy Spirit intercedes by His work.

4. O, disconsolate saint! Ask whatsoever thou wilt, the King can refuse thee nothing. Thou who hast fled to His Son and asked in His name, what can thou ask that will be withheld, if it is for thy good. Hast thou many infirmities? He is touched and affected therewith, He sympathises with thee. Is thy condition hopeless and desperate? it is thy unbelief that makes thee think so, for He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him. Art thou poor, blind, naked? What is thy malady? Canst thou tell what aileth thee? Hearken to glad tidings and news that may revive thy fainting soul. Thy Redeemer liveth for ever. He is able and willing to save. He will heal all thy diseases.

5. Remember, though there be much dross mixed with thy gold, and much inequality in thy work, yet Christ's gold is pure and without mixture, and thou must trade with His money. Thou hast neither price nor money, penny or pennyworth of thine own; though thou must buy, thou hast nothing of thine own to give. The Christian merchandise is a paradox to the world. There never was such a market proclaimed by men as that, where moneyless men are invited to come and buy freely, and the indigent may have a supply of all his wants; though he hath no money to give, yet he may get what he will. Yea, the poor may there buy gold that they may be enriched.

6. What though thou faint by the way, and when thou comest to the well thou hast nothing, as thou thinkest, to draw with; yet, if thy thirst continue, thou wilt not be sent away empty; though thou hast not a hand to bring in, yet thou hast a mouth ready to receive.

7. Why should we vex ourselves with needless and unwarrantable questions concerning God's decrees, or ask whether He hath decreed to give or withhold such a mercy? Thou art beyond thy sphere, and wilt find no place to rest, so long as thou wanderest in this wilderness. The decrees of God are a depth thou canst not fathom. Secret things belong unto the Lord, but He hath revealed to us our duty. Let us not, then, be anxious concerning events, the Lord knoweth what He will do, and what is best to be done to us and for us; but let us be solicitous concerning our duty, committing the success to Him, who will withhold no good thing, nor suffer one word of promise to want its accomplishment.

* From 'The Spiritual Sacrifice; or a Treatise Wherein Several Weighty Questions and Cases Concerning the Saint's Communion with God in Prayer are Propounded and Practically Improved.' By Mr ALEXANDER PITCARNE, Minister of the Gospel at Dron, in Strathern.

WATER FROM DESERTED WELLS.*

HEAR, AND YOUR SOUL SHALL LIVE.

IT is as easy for faith to apprehend righteousness to come, as it is to apprehend righteousness that is past; wherefore as Christ's birth, obedience, and death were n the Old Testament, as effectual to save sin- ners, as now they are; so all the faithful fore- athers from the beginning did partake of the ame grace with us, by believing in the same esus Christ, and so were justified by His ighteousness, and saved eternally by faith in Him. It was by virtue of the death of Christ hat Enoch was translated, that he should not ee death, and Elias was taken up into heaven, y virtue of Christ's resurrection and as- ension: so that from the world's beginning, o the end thereof, the salvation of sinners is nly by Jesus Christ, as it is written, Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day, and the same or ever.' Heb. xiii. 8.

'I beseech you consider, that God the Father, as He is in the Son, Jesus Christ, moved with nothing but with His free love to mankind lost, hath made a deed of gift and grant unto them all, that whosoever of them ll shall believe in this His Son, shall not perish, but have eternal life, and hence it was, that Jesus Christ himself said unto His disciples, Matt. xvi. 17, Go and preach the Gospel to every creature under heaven, that is, go and tell every man, without exception, that here is good news for him, Christ is dead for him, and if he will take Him and accept of His righteousness, he shall have Him. Therefore, saith a godly writer, for as much as the Holy Scripture speaketh to all in general, none of us ought to distrust himself, but believe that it doth belong particularly to himself. And to the end that this point wherein lieth and consisteth the whole mystery of our holy faith, may be understood the better, let us put the case, that some good and holy king should cause a proclamation to be made through his whole kingdom by the sound of a trumpet, that all rebels and banished men shall safely return home to their houses, because that at the suit and desert of some dear friend of theirs, it hath pleased the king to pardon them; certainly none of these rebels ought to doubt but that he shall obtain true pardon for his rebellion, and so return home, and live under the shadow of that gracious king; even so our good King, the Lord of heaven and earth, hath, for the obedience and desert of our good brother Jesus Christ, pardoned all our sins, and made a proclamation throughout the whole world, that every one of us may safely return to God in Jesus Christ, wherefore, I beseech you make no doubt of it, but draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith.' Heb. x. 22.

'Why do you make a question where there is none to be made? Go, saith Christ, and preach the Gospel to every creature under heaven; that is, go tell every man without exception, whatsoever his sins be, whatsoever his rebellions be, go and tell him these glad tidings, that if he will come in, I will accept of him, his sins shall be forgiven him, and he shall be saved. If he will come in, and take me, and receive me, I will be His loving husband, and he shall be mine own dear spouse. Let me therefore say unto you, in the words of the apostle, Now then, I as an ambassador for Christ, as though God did beseech you by

* From 'Marrow of Modern Divinity,' A.D. 1645. One paragraph from the preface of this work will show the Author's aim:—'Let me confess ingenuously, I was a professor of religion, at least a dozen years, before I knew any other way to eternal life, than to be sorry for my sins, and ask forgiveness, and strive and endeavour to fulfil the law, and keep the commandments, according as Mr Dod, and other godly men had expounded them. And truly I remember I was in hope I should at last attain to the perfect fulfilling of them; and in the meantime, I conceived, that God would accept the will for the deed, or what I could not do, Christ had done for me.

'And though at last by means of conferring with Mr Thomas Hooker in private, the Lord was pleased to convince me that I was yet but a proud Pharisee, and to show me the way of faith and salvation by Christ alone, and to give me (as I hope) a heart in some measure to embrace it; yet alas, through the weakness of my faith, I have been, and am still apt to turn aside to the covenant of works, and therefore have not attained to that joy and peace in believing, nor that measure of love to Christ, and man for Christ's sake, as I am confident many of God's saints do attain unto in the time of this life. The Lord be merciful unto me, and increase my faith.'

me, I pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled unto God, for He hath made Him to be sin for you, who knew no sin, that you might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' 2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

'Sweetly saith Luther, because the nature of God was otherwise higher than that we are able to attain unto it; therefore hath He humbled himself for us, and taken our nature upon Him, and so put himself into Christ, here He looketh for us, here He will receive us, and he that seeketh Him here, shall find Him. This, saith God the Father, is my well-beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, Matt. iii. 17. Whereupon the same Luther says in another place, We must not think and persuade ourselves that this voice came from heaven for Christ's own sake, but for our sakes, even as Christ himself saith (John xii. 30). This voice came not because of me, but for your sakes, the truth is, Christ had no need that it should be said unto Him, This is my well-beloved Son; He knew that from all eternity, and that He should still so remain, though these words had not been spoken from heaven; therefore by these words, God the Father in Christ, His Son, cheereth the hearts of poor sinners, and greatly delighteth them with singular comfort and heavenly sweetness, assuring them, that whosoever is married unto Christ, and so in Him by faith, he is as acceptable to God the Father, as Christ himself; according to that of the apostle, He hath made us acceptable in His beloved, Eph. i. 6. Wherefore if you would be acceptable to God, and be made His dear child, then by faith cleave unto His beloved Son, Christ, and hang about His neck, yea, and creep into His bosom, and so shall the love and favour of God be as deeply insinuated into you, as it is into Christ himself; and so shall God the Father, together with His beloved Son, wholly possess you, and be possessed of you, and so God and Christ, and you shall become one entire thing, according to Christ's prayer, That they may be one in us, as thou and I are one (John xvii. 22), and by this means may you have sufficient ground and warrant to say (in the matter of reconciliation with God at any time, whensoever you are disputing with your self, how God is to be found that justifieth and saveth sinners), I know no other God, neither will I know any other God besides this God, that came down from heaven, and cloathed himself with my flesh, unto whom all power is given, both in heaven and in earth, who is my Judge; for the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son (John v. 22); so that Christ may do with me whatsoever Him liketh, and determine of me according to His own mind, and I am sure He hath said, He ca not to judge the world, but to save the wo (John xii. 17), and therefore I do believe th He will save me.'

'Wherefore, I beseech you, revoke th your erroneous opinion, and contradict t word of truth no longer, but conclude fo certainty, that it is not the righteous and go man, but the sinful and ungodly man, th Christ came to call, justify, and save. So th if you were a righteous and godly man, y were neither capable of calling, justifying, saving by Christ; but being a sinful and u godly man, I will be bold to say unto you, the people said unto blind Bartimeus (Mark 49), Be of good comfort, arise, He call thee, and will justify and save thee. Go th unto Him, I beseech you, and if He come a meet you (as His manner is), then do not; unadvisedly say with Peter, Depart from m for I am a sinful man, O Lord' (Luke v. But say in plain terms, O come unto me; f am a sinful man, O Lord! Yea, go on furth and say as Luther bids you, Most gracio Jesus, and sweet Christ, I am a miserable p sinner, and therefore do judge my self worthy of thy grace, but yet I having lear from thy Word, that thy salvation belong to such a one, therefore do I come unto t to claim that right, which through thy grac promise belongeth unto me. Assure your m man, that Jesus Christ requires no por with His spouse; no verily, He requires noth with her but mere poverty, the rich He se empty away (Luke i. 57); but the poor an Him enriched. And indeed, saith Lut The more miserable, sinful, and distresse man doth feel himself, and judge himself to the more willing is Christ to receive him relieve him; so that, saith he, in judging self unworthy, thou dost thereby become t worthy, and so indeed hath gotten a gre occasion of coming to Him. Wherefore, t in the words of the apostle, I do exhort and seech you, to come boldly unto the throu grace, that you may obtain mercy, and grace to help in time of need.' Heb. iv. 6.

'If you should be encouraged to c unto Christ, and to speak thus unto l because of any godliness, righteousness worthiness that you do, conceive to be in that I confess were proud presumption in but to come to Christ by believing that will accept of you, justify and save you fr by His grace, according to His gracious mise, this is neither pride nor presumpt for Christ having tendered and offered i you freely, believe it, man, it is true hum of heart, to take what Christ offereth you.

'Surely, if Christ came into the worl

seek, and call, and save sinners, and to justify the ungodly, as you have heard; and if the more sinful, miserable, and distressed a man doth judge himself to be, the more willing Christ is to receive him and relieve him, then I see no reason why the vilest sinner should be discouraged from believing on the name of Jesus Christ, by reason of his sins; nay, let me say more, the greater any man's sins are, either in number or nature, the more haste he should make to come unto Christ, and to say with David, For thy name sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.' Psalm xxv. 11.

'Let not your own accusing conscience, nor Satan the accuser of the brethren, hinder you any longer from Christ: for what though they should accuse you of pride, infidelity, covetousness, lust, anger, envy, and hypocrisie; yea, what though they should accuse you of whoredom, theft, drunkenness, and many the like; yet do what they can, they can make no worse a man of you than a sinner, or the chief of sinners, or an ungodly person, and so consequently such a one as Christ came to justify and save; so that in very deed if you do rightly consider of it, they do you more good than hurt by their accusations; and therefore I beseech you, in all such cases or conflicts, take the counsel of Luther, who saith, When thy conscience is thoroughly afraid with the remembrance of thy sins past, and the devil assaileth thee with great violence, going about to overwhelm thee with heaps, floods, and whole seas of sins to terrify thee, and to draw thee from Christ, then arm thy self with such sentences as these: Christ the Son of God was given, not for the holy, righteous, worthy, and such as were His friends, but for the wicked sinners, for the unworthy, and for His enemies; wherefore if the devil say thou art a sinner, and therefore must be damned, then answer thou and say, Because thou sayst I am a sinner, therefore will I be righteous, and saved; and if he reply, Nay sinners must be damned, then answer thou and say, No; for I fly to Christ, who hath given himself for my sins, and therefore Satan, in that thou sayst I am a sinner, thou givest me armour and weapons against thy self, that with thine own sword I may cut thy throat, and tread thee under my feet. And thus you see it is the counsel of Luther, that your sins should rather drive you to Christ, than keep you from Him.'

'But, sir, suppose he hath not as yet truly repented for his many and great sins, hath he any warrant to come unto Christ by believing, till he hath done so?'

'I tell you truly that whatsoever a man is, or whatsoever he hath done, or not done, he hath warrant enough to come unto Christ by believing, if he can; for Christ makes a general proclamation, saying, Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money come buy and eat, yea come buy wine and milk without money, and without price. This, you see, is the condition, buy wine and milk (that is, grace and salvation) without money, that is, without any sufficiency of your own, only incline your ear and hear, and your soul shall live; yea, live by hearing that Christ will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.'

'But yet, sir, you see that Christ requires a thirsting before a man come unto Him, the which, I conceive, cannot be without true repentance.'

'In the last chapter of the Revelation, ver. 17, Christ makes the same general proclamation, saying, Let him that is athirst come; and, as if the Holy Ghost had so long since answered the same objection that yours is, it followeth in the next words, And whosoever will let him take of the waters of life freely, even without thirsting if he will; for him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out (John vi. 37). But because it seems you conceive he ought to repent before he believe, I pray tell me what you do conceive repentance to be, or wherein doth it consist?'

'Why I do conceive that repentance consists in a man's humbling of himself before God, and sorrowing and grieving for offending Him by his sins, and in turning from them all to the Lord.'

'And would you have a man to do all this truly before he come to Christ by believing?'

'Yea indeed, I think it is very meet he should.'

'Why then I tell you truly, you would have him to do that which is impossible; for first of all, godly humiliation in true penitentiaries, proceeds from the love of God their good Father, and so from the hatred of that sin which hath displeased Him, and this cannot be done without faith.

'*Secondly.* Sorrow and grief for displeasing God by sin, necessarily argue the love of God, and it is impossible we should ever love God, till by faith we know ourselves loved of God.'

'*Thirdly.* No man can turn to God, except he be first turned of God, and after he is turned he repents. So Ephraim saith, After I was converted I repented (Jer. xxxi. 19). The truth is, a repentant sinner first believes that God will do that which He promiseth, namely, pardon his sin, and take away his iniquity, then he resteth in the hope of it. And from that, and for it he leaves sin, and will forsake his old course, because it is displeasing to God,

and will do that which is pleasing and acceptable to Him; so that at first of all God's favour is apprehended, and remission of sins believed, then upon that cometh alteration of life and conversation.'

'But sir, as I conceive the Scripture ho forth, that the Lord hath appointed repe ance to go before faith. For it is said (M i. 15), Repent, and believe the Gospel.'

(To be continued.)

Palingenesis.

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could recreate the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah, me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew this phantom-flower?

'Oh, give me back,' I cried, 'the vanished splendours,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep!'

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said:
'Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation;
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies for ever cold!'

Then said I, 'From its consecrated cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more.'

Into what lands of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage, and the glow
Of sunsets burning low;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine;
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know, nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until 'The End' I read.

—*H. W. Longfellow* (*in the Atlantic Monthly*).

'NEATNESS NEXT TO HOLINESS.'

is quoted as a saying of Whitefield. s Whitefield was a very neat man; will deny that he was a holy man. him that he picked from his nicely ck cloth coat, a small piece of lint, e did it, 'A minister must be with- Neatness is not finical nicety, not cut. It is perfect cleanliness, and ombined with good taste. The idea e instinctive rather than acquired; ı it respect the body, has a mental igin. Cleanliness was insisted upon . Testament, and many were the quired. Its relation to holiness was and Jehovah said to the priesthood, n, that bear the vessels of the Lord.' shame, then, it is to see a Christian nan chargeable with habitual untidi- disgusting in a man; it is intolerable . I am ready to quarrel with my oet for inditing that, in my judg- rtunate apology for the slovenly

'A heavenly mind
e indifferent to its house of clay.'

wper, you are wrong. That house sacred thing, a sanctified vessel for s use; and every Christian is to see naterial defilement is not allowed. h a part of redemption as the soul. wrong. Had his sweet aged friend, , descended to the breakfast-table ned nails and untidy cap, would the lished his radish and egg? I trow

re heard of some distinguished ho were celebrated for their careless nay have added to their celebrity. did not add to their usefulness. is made beautiful by neatness, and beauty would have been disgusting without it. Do we make too much of it? I think not. It is closely connected with morals; *that* we know. Has it no connection with health? Ask the physician; ask your own experience. The first thing a convalescent calls for is clean linen. It is a tonic. It is better than medicine. As the clean things are all nicely adjusted he smiles and says, 'I feel better.'

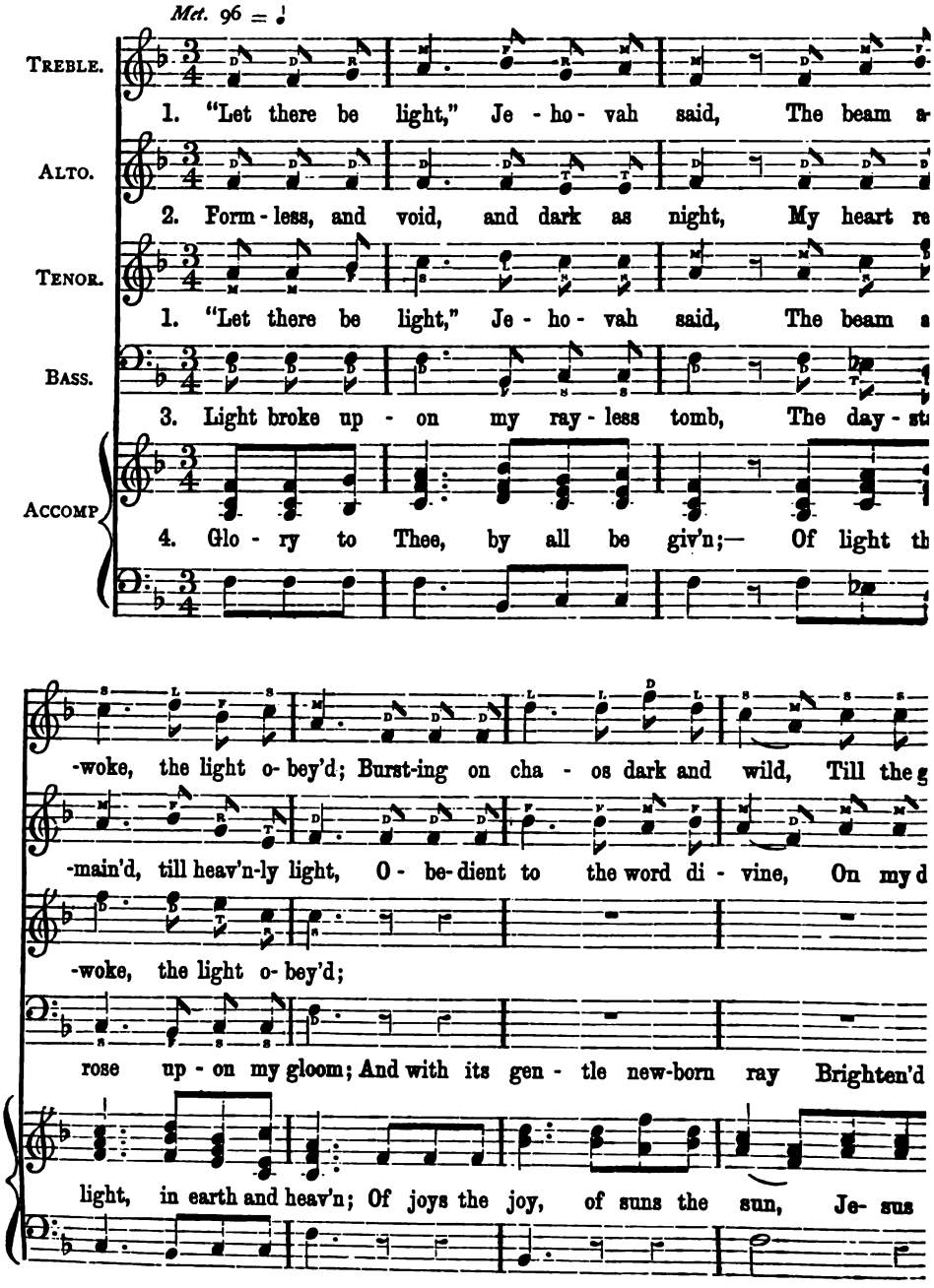
But how shall the poor and the labouring class meet the requisition? Their work, in many cases, is necessarily defiling. That is so; and yet we have seen a great difference among them in regard to this matter. Some will have working clothes and shed them off when they get home. They will call for soap and water and do the best they can to put the body in decent trim. Others care not, but let the sweat and dirt settle on them for a whole week. They miss a great good. We enter some poor habitation and all is neatness. The floor is scrubbed; the stove is polished; the tins are bright; the chairs are dusted; the mother looks tidy, even in her poor raiment; the children are clean, with well-combed hair; and everything betokens a desire to make the best out of a little. You may look there for some virtue besides neatness. You enter another tenement and everything is dirty and out of order. You can't find a decent seat. Floor, tables, chairs—all disorder; children with dirty faces and frowsy heads, and she who ought to set an example of cleanliness is herself not fit to be seen. Poverty is pitiable, but dirt and poverty combined almost change pity into disgust. He will be a benefactor indeed to the poor, who succeeds in raising them generally to this almost indispensable condition of happiness—cleanliness; and we have thought that our city missionaries, in their visits, should, in many cases, leave a bar of soap first and a tract afterwards, instead of a reverse order in their bestowment.

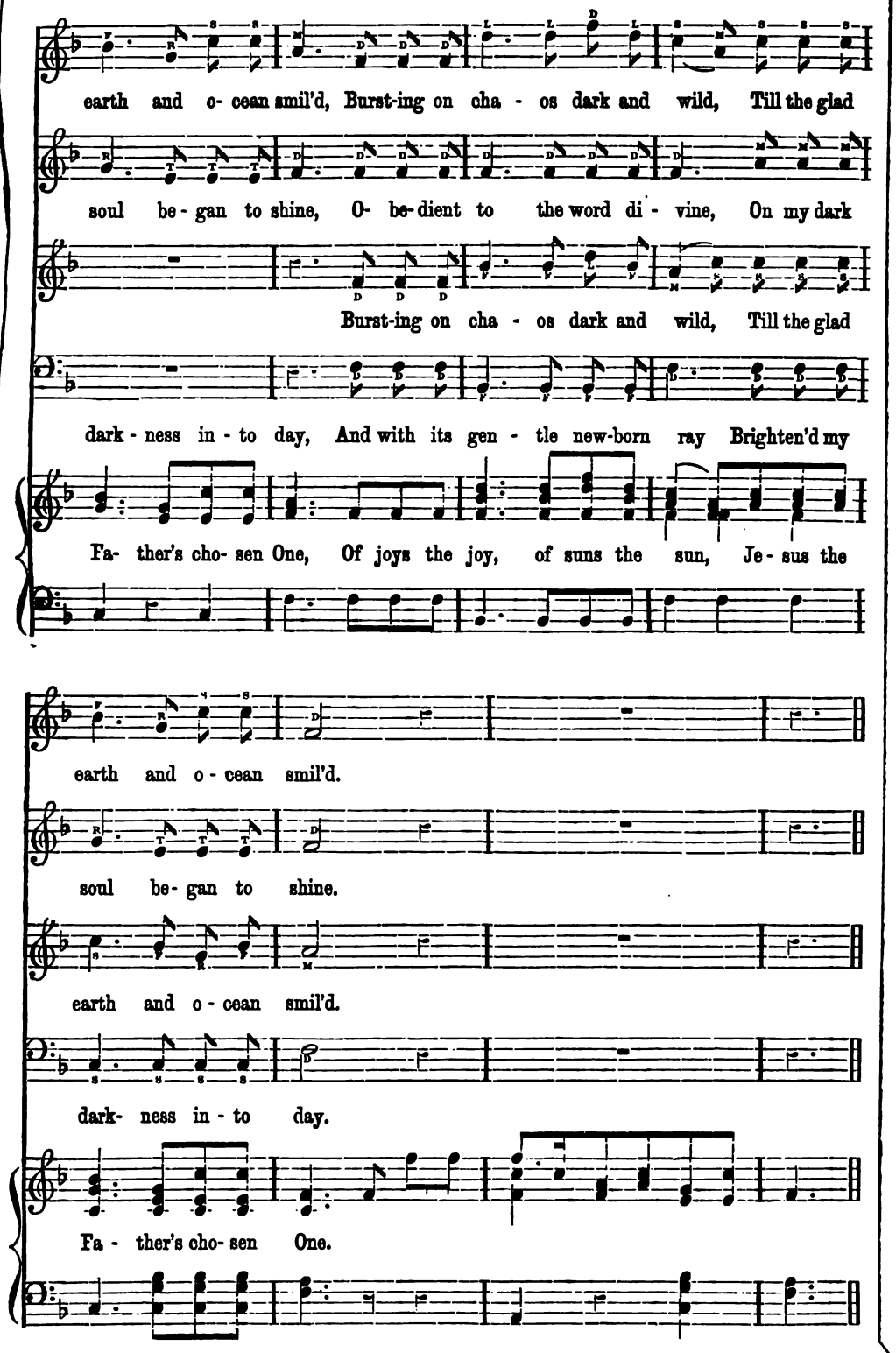
—*New York Observer.*

The Treasury Hymnal.

THE DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Music from CZAPHEC.


Met. 96 = ♩
TREBLE.
1. "Let there be light," Je - ho - vah said, The beam a
ALTO.
2. Form - less, and void, and dark as night, My heart re
TENOR.
1. "Let there be light," Je - ho - vah said, The beam a
BASS.
3. Light broke up - on my ray - less tomb, The day - st
ACCOMP.
4. Glo - ry to Thee, by all be giv'n;— Of light th
-woke, the light o- bey'd; Burst-ing on cha - os dark and wild, Till the g
-main'd, till heav'n-ly light, O - be-dient to the word di - vine, On my d
-woke, the light o- bey'd;
rose up - on my gloom; And with its gen - tle new-born ray Brighten'd
light, in earth and heav'n; Of joys the joy, of suns the sun, Je- sus

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened*

earth and o- cean smil'd, Burst-ing on cha - os dark and wild, Till the glad
soul be - gan to shine, O- be-dient to the word di - vine, On my dark
Burst-ing on cha - os dark and wild, Till the glad
dark - ness in - to day, And with its gen - tle new-born ray Brighten'd my
Fa- ther's cho- sen One, Of joys the joy, of suns the sun, Je - sus the
earth and o - cean smil'd.
soul be- gan to shine.
earth and o - cean smil'd.
dark- ness in - to day.
Fa - ther's cho- sen One.

A NEGRO BISHOP.

IN the third volume of Stevens' History of the M. E. Church occurs the following narrative, illustrating the spirit and usefulness of the distinguished Bishop Ashbury. It is beautifully suggestive of the good each Christian might do, by always being as ready as he and his black disciple to hand the Gospel torch to others. 'Let him that heareth say come.'

An affecting instance of not only his sympathy, but his usefulness in this respect, is related by a southern itinerant, a fact which is historic in its character, as giving origin to a society of hundreds of members. As he was journeying on the highway in South Carolina, he saw a slave called 'Punch,' fishing on the bank of a stream. The bishop stopped his horse and asked,—

'Do you ever pray?'

'No, sir,' replied the negro, respectfully.

Ashbury alighted, sat down by his side, and instructed and exhorted him. The poor man wept; the bishop sung a hymn, knelt with the astonished slave in prayer, and left him.

Twenty years passed, when the bishop was surprised by a visit from the negro, who had come over sixty miles to see him and thank him, for his well-directed instructions had been successful in his conversion.

Forty-eight years after the first interview, the Methodist itinerant who relates the story, was appointed to a plantation mission, where, i had been reported, there were many coloure but unrecognised Methodists. He found ther between two and three hundred members i society. 'I met a herdsman,' he writes, 'an asked him if there was any preacher on th plantation.'

'O yes, massa, de old bushup lib here!'

'Is he a good preacher?'

'O yes,' was the reply; 'he word burn w heart!'

He showed me the house. I knocked at th door, and I saw before me, leaning on a staf a hoary headed black man, with palsied limb but a smiling face. He looked at me a momen in silence; then raising his hands and eyes t heaven, he said, 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Th servant depart in peace, for mine eyes hav seen thy salvation!' He asked me to take seat. 'I have,' he said, 'many children in th place. I have felt for some time past that m end was nigh. I have looked around to see wh might take my place when I am gone. I coul find none. I felt unwilling to die and lea them so, and have been praying to God to sen some one to take care of them. The Lord h sent you, my child; I am ready to go.' Tea coursed freely down his time-shrivelled face.

It was 'Punch.' The bishop's passing wo had raised up an apostle, who had, through s these years, been ministering to his neglecte people.

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOOD NEWS.

ETHEL resumed her duties at Mrs Morson's, and Guy was left to the solitude of the parlour, whither he was now carried daily by Mr Linton before leaving home, and where he remained on the sofa, unable to move, until his return at night. It was a quiet life, only enlivened by the hour of lessons with Eddie and Archie, and occasional visits from them afterwards, or from Charlotte. But it would be pleasanter for him when Mrs Linton came down again, as she hoped to do in a few days.

And Guy was not dull, even now; for as all other pursuits were denied him, he had taken up study earnestly and steadily; and he was surprised to find how easy and pleasant the hard dry Latin lessons had become, now that the will was on their side.

But as spring came on, Guy grew weak again, and able to do little; and Dr Wilm recommended change of air and scene as th most beneficial thing for him. Ethel imm diately thought of Feversham.

'Oh, papa, it would be so delightful if poo Guy could go! it would do him a world good. And I am sure aunt Ethel would be glad to have him, and she would nurse hi beautifully.'

But Mr Linton shook his head.

'A delightful plan, Ethel, but one which cannot act upon. I should be very sorry force Guy upon his relations; and, beside Feversham is too far for him to go alone in th state he is in.'

Ethel looked as she felt, disappointed, an she ventured to urge the matter further; bu Mr Linton met her with a decided 'No, it coul not be; she must not think of it.'

But it was certain Guy must have a chang

somewhere, for he was evidently growing weaker; and a proposal came from a quarter where it was least expected. Mrs Gordon had been a constant inquirer after Guy since his accident, for which she felt herself somewhat to blame. Her rheumatism was no better, and she was going to try the baths at Hartwell. It was early in the season certainly; but she thought the waters might be of use: and after a good deal of hesitation, she proposed to Mrs Linton that Guy should accompany her: he might find relief from the waters: but at all events it would be a change for him.

When once entered upon the subject, she pleaded earnestly that he might be allowed to go—that his company would be a real pleasure to her, and she would take every possible care of him. Mrs Linton was touched by the kind proposal, and she almost promised he should go, provided Dr Wilmot thought it the right thing for him. It was not the place the doctor would have chosen for his patient; but almost anywhere was better than staying at home. So Guy went for a fortnight; and Eddie went with him, to wait on him, much to the little fellow's delight.

But though Mrs Gordon fulfilled her promise, and took every care of him, he returned home almost worse than he set out; and his increasing weakness added another weight to Mr Linton's already troubled mind. But the greater part of the burden was suddenly wafted away by an unexpected circumstance.

It was Easter week, and holiday time, and Percy had come home for his first visit. One morning Mr Linton walked into Beckworth for something the household required; but his chief reason for going was to learn the decision respecting the mastership of the grammar school, which was to be given that day.

Ethel and Percy were sitting beside Guy, trying to amuse him with their cheerful talk; and Mrs Linton was sewing by the window, with little Lena on the floor at her feet. She suddenly looked up and saw Mr Linton.

'Here is your papa, children: he is sooner back than I expected.'

Mr Linton came in with a quick step, and a bright happy face.

'What will you give me for some good news, Mary?' he exclaimed, taking up the little Helena, and tossing her in his arms.

Mrs Linton started.

'Dear Guy, have you indeed good news to tell me?' she said, tremblingly: her thoughts had flown to Feversham and her mother.

'Yes: you must be careful children how you behave; for you are in the presence of the head-master of Beckworth grammar school,' he said, with mock gravity.

'Hurrah!' exclaimed Guy, as loud as his weakness would allow: 'those trustees are regular bricks.'

'But, Guy,' said Mrs Linton, laying her hand on her husband's shoulder, 'I thought you were not going to apply for it.'

'Neither have I done so. The trustees have thought fit to give me it without—through Dr Marshall's influence, I suspect; though he would not own it, when he told me this morning. He said they thought I ought to have it, as I had been so long connected with the school, and fulfilled my duty so conscientiously; and they would waive the usual requisite of a clerical master. You may be sure I felt very glad, for the sake of my dear ones.'

'What is the position worth, Guy?'

'£500 a-year and a house, and the privilege of taking boarders; so we are in clover at once.'

A more official announcement followed in the course of the day.

What an intense relief it was to feel that there would be no longer any necessity for considering every little want, whether it were absolutely required or not, before the expense was incurred. The younger ones, too, were delighted with the idea of a change—removing to a fresh house would be such a pleasant novelty; but that would not be until the midsummer holidays. Charlotte was as pleased as any one at the news, for she was almost one of the family.

That day, after dinner, Ethel stood by her father, when he put his arm round her, and said, smilingly,

'I am willing now, child, to accept any step towards a reconciliation that grandmamma chooses to make; for she cannot think now that it is from selfish motives. But if ever there is to be peace between us, the first move must come from her.'

'Dear papa, then you give me leave to do whatever I can to bring it about?'

'Oh, yes, certainly; but I do not think you will be able to accomplish much, seeing you do not know Mrs Feversham—nor are ever likely to know her.'

'I will try, at any rate, papa.'

And from that moment Ethel's purpose grew stronger; and though she could not at present see the least likelihood of its accomplishment, she felt almost sure that some time or other—if not by her means, then in some other way—the two families would be re-united.

That week was not to pass without another event of some importance; which was no less than an invitation for Guy to visit the Latimers, and for Ethel to accompany him. When Ethel had shown the letter to her mother and Percy, she flew up stairs to Guy to acquaint him.

'Oh. Guy, dear Guy! my wish has come. Aunt Ethel wants you at Feversham, and you must go. Surely papa will not object now.'

Guy's eyes looked very bright, as he replied,

'No, I do not think he will; for, see, Ethel, my good fairy of the L's again!' and he held up an envelope with the same outlandish postmark, from which he had just taken another ten pound note. 'I do think my unknown friend must know pretty well how we go on; for this has just come when it was wanted. It will be jolly if I do go to Feversham, Ethel; the thought of it almost makes me feel better. But mind, I shall not go without you, so you need not think of it.'

'Of course you could not go alone,' said

Ethel, thoughtfully, 'and of course I should like dearly to go too; but you know I am engaged—I cannot leave Mrs Morson.'

'Send Mrs Morson to Jericho!' exclaimed Guy; 'she must not stop you. Put May into your place for a week or two; she will look as demure and as grave as any one—and keep as good order as you, Miss Ethel, any day.'

'Perhaps she might; but I do not think Mrs Morson would agree to the exchange. However, we must hear what papa says before we can decide anything.'

The result of the family council was that Guy ought certainly to go; it might do him so much good that it would be wrong to refuse. But then came the difficulty, Who was to go with him? Ethel's face spoke plainly that she would be grievously disappointed if she did not go, as her aunt had asked her. Yet she said—

'What if you were to go, dear mamma?'

But Mrs Linton shrunk from the idea.

'Oh, no,' she said faintly, 'I cannot go to Feversham until I am invited.'

'No,' said Mr Linton, decidedly, almost sternly, 'your mother shall not go until she is forgiven, and received properly.'

'I wish you could be there now, Guy,' said Percy. 'I should like you so much to know Edward: he is a first-rate fellow.'

It was finally settled that Ethel should see Mrs Morson, and state the case to her, and hear what she said; and as there is no time like the present time, Percy offered to accompany her that morning. With a little hesitation, she made known her errand to Mrs Morson.

'Well, Miss Linton,' was that lady's reply, 'I have been very well pleased with your manners and abilities during the short time you have been with me; and I should be very sorry to lose you, but for a letter I received only this morning from Miss Ellis, telling me of her wonderful and rapid recovery to health and strength, and entreating me to receive her back again. Poor thing! she is an orphan, and quite dependant upon her own labours; and this illness has been a serious trial to her. So it seems as if things were arranging themselves to the satisfaction of all parties. Anyway, I should have been sorry to disappoint you and your brother of your promised visit. I would have taken the whole work on my own hands rather than that: but, you see, your place will be well supplied.'

Ethel looked a little blank, though she thanked Mrs Morson. She had not meant entirely to withdraw her services. However, papa had said she would only stay there till midsummer, and now she and Guy need not hurry home: and she returned, on the whole, well pleased with the success of her expedition.

Mrs Latimer could not help feeling a little surprise that Mrs Feversham did not accompany her son Edward to London as usual that spring; but Mrs Feversham was a lady who did not brook interference or remark upon her modes of proceeding, not even from her daughter.

Rosalie was delighted: for had grandmamma gone, she would have had to go with her; s she rejoiced in the respite, and revelled the warm sunny weather, amongst the bri green fields and budding flowers, with all greater zest that she had feared being depri of the enjoyment.

Mrs Feversham had never once mention the Lintons, nor alluded to Ethel's letter; a Mrs Latimer could not introduce a subject studiously avoided. She was, however, rath startled one day, when they were sitting t gether in the rectory drawing-room, by M Feversham saying abruptly—

'What is the matter with Guy Linton?'

'Guy Linton?' repeated Mrs Latimer; '(you mean Mary's boy?'

'I mean Guy Linton,' said Mrs Feversha a little angry at that other name being intr duced.

'He had a sad accident towards the end last year—fell from a horse and injured l spine, so that he has not been able to wa since—nor ever will again, I fear, poor fello

Mrs Feversham was silent for a little whi and then she spoke as abruptly as before, though the subject was one she would rat have nothing to do with, only she must.

'Why do you not ask him here for change

Mrs Latimer was absolutely startled th that such a proposition should come from l mother: but Mrs Feversham was bending o her work, and did not see her look of surpri

'That is the very thing I have been wish to do for a long time past, mother; bu thought you would scarcely be agreeable.'

'I am agreeable enough, only do not m tion my name in the matter—not even tha am at home.'

'But Guy cannot come alone in the state is in.'

'Then one of the others must come w him: Ethel, perhaps.'

'I shall only be too glad to have them bo and for you to know Ethel, mother, she i dear and affectionate girl.'

Mrs Feversham made no reply; she l said what she had to say; and she could n bring herself to own, even to herself, that s wished to see her grandchildren. But Eth letter, which she had read some dozen tin before returning it to Mrs Latimer, had wo warm place in her heart for its writer; and s was hardly conscious how much she wished know her.

So this was how Guy received his invitati

Guy bore the journey better than any c expected. Thanks to the substantial help had received, he was able to travel comfortab and even luxuriously; and Ethel took ev possible care of him. But he was very mu wearied when he came to the Rectory, and tired to bed at once; and there Ethel left hi when, with her aunt's permission, and at her o earnest request, she went the next morni alone to the Hall.

But of what passed during her visit must reserved for another chapter.

(*To be continued.*)

Miscellaneous.

Look at the Preacher.

Yes, look at him while he is preaching.

1. Because he is speaking to *you*. He speaks to all that are present. You do not drop your head or avert your face when a friend or any man speaks to you in the house or the street. Acknowledge by looking that you feel that you are spoken to.

2. Because looking at him is a proper return, so far as it goes, for his pains to interest you. He puts himself into communication with you, and your attentive gaze at him is obedience to his virtual solicitation that you be in communication with him. It is simple justice.

3. It is politeness too. You would call one rude and ill-mannered who should avert his face when you attempted to speak to him. Politeness in the social circle should go with you into the sanctuary.

4. It is kindness too. You can do the preacher service—perhaps a very great service. He is anxious to instruct, or profit you in some way. It will gratify him to notice your fixed gaze. It will cheer him.—*New York Observer.*

The Duke's Bible.—The family name of the Duke of Wellington (Wellesley) was originally Wesley, and they belonged to the same good old English stock as John Wesley, a relationship which the Duke was never backward to acknowledge. He was a man of the simplest mind he ever came across. The testimony to his religious character was equally emphatic:—'He always had a Bible in his room and always made use of it. Wherever he went his Bible went with him, and many a mark will show how carefully he studied it.' He was, moreover, a man of unknown charity. Quite incidentally he had once mentioned, that in one year he gave away upwards of £4000.—*Rev. G. R. Gleig.*

A Snare.—The cry is made in some quarters that Christians need just such amusements as are furnished by the theatre and the opera, and that the only thing is to have these exhibitions purified—lop off the excresences, etc.! But what are these? The probabilities are, that these very things which Christian people deem objectionable, are the attractions which draw so many thousands to witness them. It is an old ruse. Satan has tried it before to-day. The theatre has been a pest to sound morals. Even the best of the heathen reprobated it. The attempt to get up a pious theatre is itself a farce.

The Home of Jonathan Edwards.—'On our way through Stockbridge, Mr C—— took me into the ancient house of President Edwards. It is now Mr Reid's boarding-school, and is in admirable preservation. The old stairway which Edwards and his beautiful wife, Sarah Peirpont, often ascended to their bedchamber, is still standing. On one side of the sitting-room was the narrow closet, in which was born the mightiest work that ever came from an American brain. In that closet—only seven feet long by three and a half feet wide—by the faint light that came in through a four pane window, Edwards wrote the immortal treatise on the *Freedom of the Will.* He needed no more, for a light from heaven shone on the page. On many a winter night the passers by must have seen the candle-light streaming through the four panes of the tiny window. How *far* that little candle throws its beams!'

A Bundle of Old Letters.—Is there any thing sadder than files of old family letters, where one seems to spell backwards one's own future! The frail fabric of paper is still firm, while the strong hand that poured out upon it the heart's throbs of love, of hate, of hope, or of despair, is mouldering in the grave. Letters filled with anxieties, blessed perhaps in their realization; or hopes, defeated in their very accomplishment; letters soiled with professions of everlasting affection that exhaled with a few mornings' dews; and others, stamped with sincere love, that seems, as the time-stained sheet trembles in the hand, to breathe from heaven upon it; letters with announcements of births, to be received with a family all hail! and with the fond records of opening childhood—and then—the black-lined sheet, and then hastily-broken seal, and the story of sickness and death; letters with gay disclosures of betrothals, of illimitable hopes, and sweet reliance; and a little further down in the file, conjugal dissatisfactions, bickerings and disappointments; and perchance the history, from year to year, of a happy married love, tried and made stronger by trial, cemented by every joy, brightened all along its course with cheerfulness and patience, and home loves and charities; but even in this there is solemnity, for it is past. The sheaves are gathered into the garner, and on earth is nothing left but the seared stubble field!—*Miss Sedgwick's Married or Single.*

John Knox.—It seems to me hard measure that this Scottish man, now after three hundred years, should have to plead like a culprit before the world; intrinsically for having been, in such way as it was then possible to be, the bravest of all Scotchmen! Had he been a poor half-and-half, he could have crouched into the corner like so many others; Scotland had not been delivered; and Knox had been without blame. He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million 'unblameable' Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life; if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologize for Knox. To him it is very indifferent, these two hundred and fifty years or more, what men say of him. But we, having got above all those details of his battle, and living now in clearness on the fruits of his victory, we for our own sake ought to look through the rumours and controversies enveloping the man, into the man himself. —*Carlyle.*

Christian Growth.—When Christians come up to their obligations, and feel and act as God would have them, and thus comply with the conditions on which He bestows His blessing, a glorious change is at once seen. Then the heart of the people is prepared. Then God vouchsafes His special presence. Then His Word becomes powerful; the careless are alarmed; and while the Redeemer rides forth in His chariot of victory, crowds on every side submit to His all-conquering grace.

Gems from Obadiah Sedgwick.*

BORN 1600. DIED 1658.

1. CHRIST is a thousand times more willing to come to the sinner than the sinner is to come to Christ. He is at the door before e're the sinner thinks of Him; and He doth not only come to the door, but knocks at the door, so that ofttimes He breaks open the door; coming and calling will not be heard, and therefore He knocks. He doth not come and go away presently; nor call and go away presently; no, nor knock and go away presently, but he stands and knocks. His standing at the door notes His continuing patience, and His continuing study of our salvation—His knocking notes His earnest importunity.

2. At the doors of sinners does Christ stand and knock. He begs at the door of beggars, mercy begs to misery, happiness begs to wretchedness, riches begs to poverty, light begs to blindness, and all-sufficiency begs to nakedness, and beseeches those poor and miserable sinners to take gold from Him, those naked sinners to take raiment from Him, and those blind sinners to take ointment from Him.

3. Observe the quality of the persons at whose doors Christ doth stand and knock. They were a mere formal people; there was little or no power of godliness at all in them. They were neither hot nor cold, a company of mere hypocrites, or at least formal professors. They were a proudly conceited people. They were a destitute people, not a doit of goodness, nor any one rag of grace nor good in any part. They were so provokingly sinful, that Christ's stomach had much ado to bear with them; He could hardly forbear spewing them out of His mouth.

4. Consider what Christ says to the sinner at whose door He knocks. I will not stand upon former miscarriages, nor upon former hypocrisy, pride, blindness, baseness, wretchedness. I will not decline you because of such and such sins. I know that some of you have been more vile than others, but I will pass by all in every one of you. Even the greatest sinner shall enjoy the sweetest Saviour. If he will but open the door; let him but give Me entrance, and I will give him salvation.

5. Christ's frequent knockings at the door, is to get us to open the door unto Him. He knocks at every door of man. At the ear of man, tha first wicket, by the preaching of the Word At the fore-door, the mind of man, by enlight ening it to see its vile and lost condition with out Him. At the chamber-door, the conscienc of man, by strong troubles and despair of self deliverance. At the closet-door, the will an affections of man, by notable excitations to stan out no longer, but to yield and receive Him.

6. The blood of Christ, the righteousness o Christ, the love of Christ, the graces communi cated from Christ, the lowest spark of any o them, doth elevate the soul, and adds more per fection of good, than all the good which can b drawn out of all the creatures in the world One day's communion with Christ, nay, on hour's, nay, one minute's communion wit Christ, is of more true satisfaction, and soo delighting pleasures, than all the baths an rivers of joy in the world.

7. You cannot call God Father till com munion with Christ be enjoyed; and when thi is enjoyed, your privileges become wonderful Now you may look on God and say, Thou ar my portion. Now you may go to God and say Thou art my Father. Now you may behold th love of God and say, This is my treasure and the covenant of God and say, This is my store-house; and the providence of God and say This is my shield. Now you may look on Christ and say, This is my Redeemer; He is mine and I am His; He lives in me, and I live in Him; He dwells with me, and I dwell with Him; He sups with me, and I feed on Him; His blood is my refuge, and my heart is His mansion; He doth graciously traffic in my heart by His Spirit, and I can as freely traffic with heaven by His intercession.

8. Believers, there is so much in one communion with Christ, as answers to all other communions; nay, as infinitely overtops them. One man hath communion with profits, but he hath no pleasure; another sucks at the flower of pleasure, but he hath no profit. One outward good or other is still wanting; and even if all were enjoyed, there were not enough to satisfy the vast soul of man; but communion with Christ brings sufficiency with it.

9. Let our condition be never so great, it is but a hell without Christ; let it be never so flat, it is heaven sufficient if we enjoy Him. Who can say he wants nothing who wants Christ? Who can say he wants anything who wants not a Christ?

* From OBADIAH SEDGWICK'S 'The Riches of Grace Displayed, in the Offer and Tender of Salvation to Poor Sinners.' London, 1657.

WATER FROM DESERTED WELLS.

HEAR, AND YOUR SOUL SHALL LIVE.

(*Continued from page* 484.)

'TO the intent that you may have a true and satisfactory answer to this your objection, I would pray you to consider two things.

'*First.* That the word repent in the original, signifies a change of our minds from false ways to the right, and of our hearts from evil to good, as that God in the Gospel said, He would not go to work in his father's vineyard, yet afterwards, saith the text, He repented and went (Matt. xxi. 29), that is, He changed his mind and went.

Secondly. That in those days, when John the Baptist and our Saviour preached, their hearers were most of them erroneous in their minds and judgments, for they being leavened with the doctrine of the Pharisees and Sadduces, of the which our Saviour bade His disciples to take heed and beware (Mark xvi. 6, 12), the most of them were of opinion, that the Messiah, whom they looked for, should be some great and mighty monarch, who should deliver them from their temporal bondage, as I showed before, and many of them were of the opinion of the Pharisees, who held, that as an outward conformity to the letter of the law was sufficient to gain favour and estimation from men, so was it sufficient for their justification and acceptation before God, and so consequently to bring them to heaven and eternal happiness (Matt. xxiii. 14), and therefore for these ends they are very diligent in fasting and prayer, and very careful to pay tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin (Luke xviii. 12, Matt. xxiii. 23), and yet did omit the weightier matters of the law, as judgment, mercy, faith, and the love of God. And so as our Saviour told them (Luke xi. 42; Matt. xxiii. 25), They made clean the out-side of the cup and of the platter, but within they were full of extortion and excess.

'And divers of them were of the opinion of the Sadduces (Acts xxiii. 8), who held that there was no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit, and so had all their hopes and comfort in the things of this life, not believing any other.

'Now our Saviour preaching to these people, said, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand, repent ye, and believe the Gospel; as if He had said, The time set by the prophets for the manifestation of the Messiah is fully come, and His kingdom, which is a spiritual and heavenly kingdom, is at hand, therefore change your minds from false ways to right, and your hearts from evil to good, and do not any longer imagine that the Messiah you look for shall be one that shall save and deliver you from your temporal enemies, but from your spiritual, that is, from your sins, and from the wrath of God, and from eternal damnation; and therefore put your confidence no longer in your own righteousness, though you walk never so exactly according to the letter of the law, but believe the glad tidings that is now brought unto you, to wit, that this Messiah shall save you from sin, wrath, death, the devil, and hell, and bring you to eternal life and glory. Neither let any of you any longer imagine that there is to be no resurrection of the dead, and so have your hopes only in this life; but believe these glad tidings that are now brought unto you concerning the Messiah, and He shall raise you up at the last day, and give you an eternal life. Now with submission to better judgments, I do conceive that if there be in the Book of God any repentance exhorted unto, before faith in Christ, or if any repentance go either in order of nature or time, before faith in Christ, it is only such a like repentance as this.'

'But, sir, do you think that there is such a like repentance that goes before faith in Christ, in men now adays?'

'Yea indeed, I think there is; as for example, when a prophane sensual man, who lives as though with the Sadduces, he did not believe any resurrection of the dead, neither hell nor heaven, is convinc'd in his conscience that if he go on in making a god of his belly, and in minding only earthly things, his end shall be damnation; sometimes such a man doth thereupon change his mind, and of a prophane man becomes a strict Pharisee, or as some call them, a legal Professor. But being convinced that all his own righteousness will

avail him nothing in the case of justification, and that it is only the righteousness of Jesus Christ that is available in that case, then he changeth his mind, and with the apostle, desires to be found in Christ, not having his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, even the righteousness which is of God through faith (Phil. iii. 9). Now I conceive that a man that doth thus, he changeth his mind from false ways to the right way, and his heart from evil to good, and so consequently doth truly repent.'

'But, sir, do not you hold that although repentance, according to my definition, goes not before faith in Christ, yet it follows after?'

'Yea indeed, I hold that although it go not before as an antecedent of faith, yet it follows as a consequent; for when a man believes the love of God to him in Christ, then he loves God because He loved him first; and that love constrains him to humble himself at the Lord's foot-stool, and to acknowledge himself to be less than the least of all His mercies; yea and then will he remember his own evil ways and doings that were not good, and will loath himself in his own sight for his iniquities, and for his abominations (Ezek. xxxvi. 31); yea and then will he also cleanse himself from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God, having respect unto all God's commanments.' 1 Cor. vii. 1; Psalm cxix. 6.

'What should I say more? For the time would fail me to tell, how that according to the measure of any man's faith is his true peace of conscience; for, saith the apostle, Being justified by faith, we have peace with God (Rom. v. 1). Yea, saith the prophet Isaiah, Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace (Isa. xxvi. 3) whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee; here is a sure and true grounded peace. Therefore it is of faith, saith the apostle, that it might be by grace, and that the promise might be sure to all the seed (Rom. iv. 16), and answerable to a man's believing, that he is justified freely by God's grace through that redemption that is in Jesus Christ (Rom. iv. 23), is his true humility of spirit; so that although he be endowed with excellent gifts and graces, and though he perform never so many duties, he denies himself in all, he does not make them as ladders for him to ascend up into heaven by, but desires to be found in Christ, not having his own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ (Phil. iii. 9). He doth not think himself to be one step nearer to heaven for all his works and performances. And if he hear any man praise him for his gifts and graces, he will not conceit that he hath obtained the same by his own industry and pains-taking, as some men have proudly thought. Neither will he speak it out as some have done, saying, These gifts and graces have cost me something, I have taken much pains to obtain them; but he saith, By the grace of God I am that I am, and not I but the grace of God that was with me (1 Cor. xv. 10). And if he behold an ignorant man or a wicked liver, he will not call him carna wretch, or prophane fellow; nor say, Stand by thy self, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou (Isa. lxv. 7), as some have said but he pitieth such a man, and prays for him and in his heart he saith concerning himself Who maketh thee to differ? And what has thou that thou hast not received? 1 Cor. vii. 7.

'And thus I might go on and show you how according to any man's faith is his true joy in God, and his true thankfulness to God and his patience in all troubles and afflictions and his contentedness in any condition, and his willingness to suffer; and his cheerfulness in suffering, and his contentedness to part with any earthly thing; yea, according to any man's faith is his ability to pray aright (Rom. xi. 14), to hear or read the Word of God aright, to receive the sacrament with profit and comfort, and to do any duty either to God or man, after a right manner, and to a right end (Heb. iv. 2). Yea, according to the measure of any man's faith is his love to Christ, and so to man for Christ's sake; and so consequently his readiness and willingness to forgive any injury, yea, to forgive an enemy, and to do good to them that hate him; and the more faith any man hath, the less love he hath to the world, or the things that are in the world. To conclude, the greater any man's faith is, the more fit he is to die, and the more willing he is to die.'

'There is the true rest indeed, there is the rest which David invites his soul unto, when he saith, Return unto thy rest, my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee (Psalm cxvi. 7). For we which have believed, saith the Author to the Hebrews, have entered into his rest (Heb. iv. 3). And come unto me, saith Christ, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest (Matt. xi. 28). And truly, my neighbours and friends, believe it, we shall never find a heart's happiness, and true soul's rest, until we find it here. For howsoever a man may think, if he had this man's wit, and that man's wealth; this man's honour, and that man's pleasure; this wife, or that husband, such children, and such servants, his heart would be satisfied, and his soul would be contented; yet which of us hath not by our

own experience found the contrary? For not long after that we have obtained the thing we did so much desire, and wherein we promised ourselves so much happiness, rest, and content, we have found nothing but vanity and emptiness in it. Let a man but deal plainly with his own heart, and he shall find that notwithstanding he hath many things, yet there is ever one thing wanting, for indeed man's soul cannot be satisfied with any creature, no not with a world of creatures. And the reason is, because the desires of man's soul are infinite, according to that infinite goodness which is once lost in losing God. Yea, and man's soul is a Spirit, and therefore cannot communicate with any corporal thing. So that all creatures not being that infinite and spiritual fulness which our hearts have lost, and towards the which they do still re-aspire, they cannot give it full contentment.

'Nay, let me say more: howsoever a man may in the midst of his sensual fulness be convinced in his conscience that he is at enmity with God, and therefore in danger of His wrath and eternal damnation, and be thereupon moved to reform his life, and amend his ways, and endeavour to seek peace and rest to his soul; yet this being in the way of works, it is impossible that he should find it; for his conscience will ever be accusing him, that this good duty he ought to have done, and hath not done it; and this evil he ought to have forborn, and yet he hath done it. And in the performance of this duty he was remiss, and in that duty very defective; and many such ways will his soul be disquieted.

'But when a man once comes to believe that all his sins, both past, present, and to come, are freely and fully pardoned, and God in Christ graciously reconciled unto him, the Lord doth hereupon so reveal His fatherly face unto him in Christ, and so make known that incredible union betwixt him and the believing soul, that his heart becomes quietly contented in God, who is the proper element of its being; for hereupon there comes into the soul such peace flowing from the God of peace, that it fills the emptiness of the soul with true fulness, in the fulness of God; so that now the heart ceaseth to molest the understanding and reason, in seeking either variety of objects, or augmentation of degrees, in any comprehensible thing; and that because the restless longing of the mind, which did before cause unquietness and disorder, both in the variety of mental projects, and also in the sensual and beastly exercises of the corporeal and external members, is satisfied and truly quieted; for when a man's heart is at peace in God, and is become truly full in that peace and joy, passing understanding, then the devil hath not that hope to prevail against his soul, as he had before. He knows right well that it is in vain to bait his hook with profits, pleasures, honour, or any other such like seeming good, to catch such a soul that is thus at quiet in God; for he hath all fulness in God, and what can be added to fulness, but that it runneth over? Indeed empty hearts, like empty hogsheads, are fit to receive any matter which shall be put into them. But the heart of the believer, being filled with joy and peace in believing, doth abhor all such base allurements, for that it hath no room in itself to receive any such seeming contentments; so that to speak as the truth is, there is nothing that doth truly and unfeignedly root wickedness out of the heart of man, but only the true tranquillity of the mind, or the rest of the soul in God. And to say as the thing is, this is such a peace, and such a rest to the creature in the Creator, that according to the measure of its establishment by faith, no created comprehensible thing can either add to it, or detract from it; the increase of a kingdom cannot augment it, the greatest losses and crosses in worldly things cannot diminish it; a believer's good works do all flow from it, and ought not to return to it, neither ought human frailties to molest it. However this is most certain, neither sin nor Satan, law nor conscience, hell nor grave, can quite extinguish it, for it is the Lord alone that gives and maintains it. Whom have I in heaven but thee? (saith David). And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee (Psalm lxxiii. 25). It is the pleasant face of God in Christ that puts gladness into his heart (Psalm iv. 7). And when that face is hid, then he is troubled (Psalm xxx. 7). But to speak more plainly, though the peace and joy of true believers may be extenuated or diminished, yet doth the testimony of their being in nature remain so strong, that they could skill to say, yea, even when they have felt God to be withdrawing himself from them, My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me? (Psalm xxii. 1). Yea, and in the night of God's absence to remain confident, That though sorrow be over night, yet joy will come in the morning (Psalm xxx. 5). Nay, though the Lord should seem to kill them with unkindness, yet will they put their trust in Him (Job xiii. 15). Knowing that for all this, their Redeemer liveth (Job xix. 25). So strong is the joy of their Lord (Neh. viii. 10). These are the people that are kept in perfect peace, because their minds are stayed in the Lord (Isa. xxvi. 3). Wherefore, my dear friends and loving neighbours, I beseech you, take heed of deeming any estate happy, until you come to find this

true peace and rest to your souls in God. O, beware lest any of you do content yourselves with a peace rather of speculation than of power! O, be not satisfied with such a peace as consisteth either in the act of oblivion, or neglect of examination! nor yet in any brain-sick supposition of knowledge, theological or divine, and so frame rational conclusions to protract time, and still the cries of an accusing conscience; but let your hearts take their last farewell of false felicities, wherewith they have been all of them more or less detained and kept from their true rest. O be strong in resolution! and bid them all farewell, for what have your souls to do any longer among these gross, thick, and bodily things here below, that you should set your love upon them, or seek happiness in them? Your souls are of a higher and purer nature, and therefore their well-being must be sought in something that is higher and purer than they, even in God himself.

'True it is, that we are all of us indeed too unclean to touch God in an immediate unity; but yet there is a pure counterpart of our natures, and that pure humanity is immediately knit to the purest Deity, and by that immediate union you may come to a mediate union; for the Deity and that humanity being united, make one Saviour, Head, and Husband of souls; and so you being married to Him, that is, God, in Him, you come also to be one with God: He one by personal union, and you one by a mystical. Clear up then your eye, and fix it on Him, as on the fairest of men, the perfection of a spiritual beauty, the treasure of heavenly joy, the true object of most fervent love. Let your spirits look and long, and seek after this Lord; let your souls cleave to Him, let them hang about Him, and never leave Him, till He be brought into the chambers of your souls; yea, tell Him resolutely, you will not leave Him till you hear His voice in your souls, saying, My well-beloved is mine, and I am His; yea and tell Him, you are sick of love; let your souls go, as it were, out of your bodies, and out of the world, by heavenly contemplations, and treading upon the earth with the bottom of your feet; stretch your souls up to look over the world into that upper world where her treasure is, and where her beloved dwelleth.

'And when any of your souls shall thus forget her own people and her father's house, Christ her king shall so desire her beauty (Psalm xlv.), and be so much in love with her, that like a load-stone this love of His shall draw the soul in pure desire to Him again; and then, as the hart panteth after the rivers of water, so will your soul pant after God. Psalm xlii. 1.

'And then, according to the measure of your faith, your souls shall come to have a real rest in God, and be filled with joy unspeakable and glorious.

'Wherefore I beseech you set your mouths to this fountain, Christ, and so shall your souls be filled with the water of life, with the oil of gladness, and with the new wine of the kingdom of God. From Him you shall have weighty joys, sweet embracements, and ravishing consolations; and how can it be otherwise when your souls shall really communicate with God, and by faith have a true taste, and by the Spirit have a sure earnest of all heavenly preferments, having as it were one foot in heaven whilst you live upon earth? O then what an eucharistical love will arise from your thankful hearts, extending itself first towards God, and then towards man for God's sake, and then, according to the measure of your faith, will be your willing obedience to God, and also to man for God's sake; for obedience being the kindly fruit of love, a loving soul bringeth forth this fruit, as kindly as a good tree bringeth forth her fruit: for the soul having tasted Christ in an heavenly communion, and loves Him, that to please Him is a pleasure and delight to herself, and the more Christ Jesus comes into the soul by His Spirit, the more spiritual He makes her, and turns her will into His will, making her of one heart, mind, and will with Him.

'So that for a conclusion, this I say, that if the everlasting love of God in Jesus Christ be truly made known to your souls (according to the measure thereof), you shall have no need to frame and force yourselves to love and do good works; for your soul will ever stand bound to love God, and to keep His commandments, and it will be your meat and drink to do His will; and truly this love of God will cut down self-love, and love of the world; for the sweetness of Christ's Spirit will turn the sweetness of the flesh into bitterness, and the sweetness of the world into contempt. And if you can behold Christ with open face, you shall see and feel things unutterable, and be changed from beauty to beauty, from glory to glory, by the Spirit of this Lord, and so be happy in this life in your union with happiness and happy hereafter in the full fruition of happiness; whither the Lord Jesus Christ bring us all in His due time. Amen.'

Memories.

I AM sitting, dreaming, thinking
Of the happy days gone by;
And I hear the dear old murmur
Of my childhood's lullaby.

How I now remember, often
Sitting on my father's knee,
List'ning to some pleasant story,
Laughing loud in childish glee.

After many a weary toiling,
Tired and faint at eve he'd come;
And I'd throw my arms about him,
Whispering 'Father, welcome home!'

On the holy Sabbath evenings
Songs of prayer and praise we sang,
Penitence and love and mercy
Through the deep'ning twilight rang.

Now I feel the gentle pressure
Of his hand upon my head;
And the same strange, earnest yearning,
Mingled half with hope and dread.

'Child,' he'd say, 'oh never, never,
Leave the trust your father loved!
It will be to you a shelter
When all others false have proved.'

Little ones live in the present,
Sporting through the happy days,
Never dreaming of a morrow
When must cease their childish lays.

So I wondered why a shelter
I should need; what harm could come,
When I'd parents, brothers round me
In my happy, happy home?

But as Time pushed back the curtain,
And my destiny appeared,
Came the sad, the bitter waking,
And I knew what I had feared.

Brothers, schoolmates, loved ones scattered,
Home-light faded, darkened, died;
And my hopes, so fondly cherished,
Glided down Death's rapid tide.

In our love's most holy centre,
Death his visage grim revealed,
Weary days of pain and watching,
Then my father's lips were sealed.

Oh, the bitter, stunning anguish,
Crushing out my joy and light!
God, His mercy seemed withdrawing,
Shrouding love in sorrow's night.

But there came a balm of healing
To my wounded, bleeding breast:
'By the pathway marked out for you
You may find a Land of Rest.'

So he said when near departing,
And the echoes scarce have died;
Still I hear the words 'I'm going
To my home beyond the tide!'

'Home,' and 'Rest,' how full of meaning
To earth's weary ones they come!
'Rest' from sinning, weeping, parting,
'Rest' in an eternal 'Home.'

From afar beyond the river,
Beams a ray of hope divine!
When through working, suffering, waiting,
Bliss immortal shall be mine.

Then by faith and earnest striving
I will tread the 'pathway' given—
Hush, my heart! cease, cease thy murmurs,
Fadeless joys await in heaven.

—*By M. A. Holtzman.*

THE OUTSTRETCHED SHADOWS.

AS the sun nears its setting the shadows lengthen. In the East, time is commonly measured by the length of the shadow. Hence if a man is asked what o'clock it is, he immediately walks out into the sunshine, stands erect, looks where his shadow terminates, measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. The exclamation, 'How long my shadow is in coming!' or the remark, 'I waited for my shadow,' is not unfrequently heard there. It was probably to the above custom Job alluded when he speaks of 'a hireling looking for the reward of his work,' and '*earnestly desiring the shadow*,' which would indicate the time of ceasing to labour (Job vii. 2).

Some of us know from experience how acceptable to the weary worker are the lengthened shadows which betoken the task completed, reward secured, and the rest reached; while to others such evidence of approaching night may be far from pleasing. If one has a certain amount of work to perform, and he loiters when he ought to labour; or has a journey to make, and he dallies and sleeps away the precious hours of sunshine; or has any thing to do which requires daylight, and he neglects to attend to it till the golden opportunity is gone for ever,—to him there is no joy in seeing the outstretched shadows slowly deepening into the darkness of night. So it is with the church and the world: to the former the present is a day of labour, and to the latter 'a day of salvation.'

Church of the living God! behold how the prophetic shadows lengthen. The shadow of the great image of Dan. ii. stretches away into the dim distance over twenty-four centuries: while that of the four beasts (Dan. vii.) extends nearly as far,—both touching on Babylon, 'the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency.' The shadows of the ram and rough goat (Dan. viii.), and of 'that which is noted in the Scripture of truth' (Dan. xi.), reach back to Media and Persia. Our Lord's great prophecy (Matt. xxiv. xxv.; Mark xiii.; Luke xxi.), and Paul's prediction of the mystery of iniquity (2 Thess. ii.), cast a shadow over the entire gospel age.

We cannot tell, from the length of the shadows cast by different objects, precisely when the sun will set, yet we know the nearer it is to sunset the longer the shadows are, and the more numerous they seem to be; so it is on the prophetic field.

The predictions respecting Popery and Mohammedanism, 'the latter times,' and 'the last days,' combine with the long dark shadow already named in showing that the day of toil is nearly over, the Master about to come and reckon with His servants whether they have laboured from the early morning, or from the eleventh hour, and that the marriage supper will soon be enjoyed by the happy guests in the palace of light, in the city of God.

As the Oriental 'servant earnestly desireth his shadow,' so may the servants of Jehovah who are often weary *in*, but not *of*, the work or activity or of suffering to which they are called long for the rest that remaineth, and look without alarm on the evidences of their day of labour being near its end.

Jessie M'Kinnon.

BY E. E. C.

CHAPTER V.

'THE TEA PARTY.'

ABOUT a quarter of a mile from Roseland Hall was the little village church. The building itself had no beauty to recommend it, but it would be difficult to have picked out a more lovely situation. It lay at the foot of a group of hills, purple with heather during the early autumn; by its side gurgled a noisy burn, as it wended its way over its pebbly bed to the village mill, and in front it commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The minister, Mr Nicholson, was a man up in years; and during a ministry of twenty years had most closely wound himself about the hearts of his people. His kindly sympathy and Christian piety had endeared him to all around, and won the confidence of old and young.

He and his wife occupied the little manse, which was separated from the church by only a green holly hedge. The good old people might be seen every Sunday, arm and arm, passing along the gravel walk, and through the little wicket gate to church.

The manse was a one-storied house, covered with roses and passion-flower, and the little trellissed porch was a mass of honeysuckle; it was a perfect model of a snug little country manse.

Thither it was that, every Sabbath morning, Jessie with her Bible in her hand gladly hastened, and in the minister's little study, with one or two other girls who were unable to attend the evening Sunday-school, listened with earnest attention, as he explained a few verses, and heard them repeat short texts which they had learned during the week. What a happy hour that was to Jessie none but herself ever knew, and often Mr Nicholson would keep one of them a little longer than the others, speaking gently and kindly to her, and trying to win her confidence.

Jessie, naturally shy and timid, did not, strange to say, feel at all so with the good old man, and never was so happy as when alone with him. She listened to his kind words of counsel and help. The great confidence she placed in Mr Nicholson greatly endeared her to him, and in no other did he take so deep and special an interest.

One day there was an unusual stir in the quiet little manse. Emma, the servant, was in and out of the parlour at least a dozen times. Mrs Nicholson was standing in the kitchen with her sleeves tucked up, and an apron before her, making a very large cake, and even Mr Nicholson was busy in his study filling funny little pieces of coloured muslin with bon-bons, and tying them up.

That we may find out the cause of all this bustle, let us take a peep a few hours later into the drawing-room of Roseland Hall. There stood Lily in a blue and white muslin dress, and little blue rosettes on her bronze shoes, and George in a full dress kilt, both in a state of great impatience.

'What o'clock is it now, mamma?' asked Lily, for the twentieth time.

Mrs Lauriston smiled and pulled out her watch: 'it is twenty minutes to five, so you have only ten minutes more, Lily.'

The little girl began to scamper about the room, which active exercise was supposed greatly to shorten the time.

At length the long wished for minute arrived, and George and Lily set off in great glee.

By five o'clock they were in the neat little manse drawing-room, with thirteen or fourteen other children, who also had come most punctually to the time they were invited.

By ten minutes past five all the little people were seated round the dining-room table, enjoying, among other things, the large cake over which we had seen Mrs Nicholson so busy.

Great was the solemnity and silence with which the guests partook of tea, and it would have been difficult to believe, in the excitement which had prevailed amongst one and all of them the whole day, so that without exception all the mammas had been quite thankful when five o'clock came, and the eager and restless little beings had departed.

'Well, children, where are all the little tongues to-night? Have you left yours at home, Susie,' asked Mr Nicholson, as he patted one very diminutive lady on the back; 'I don't think I was ever at such a grave tea-party before.'

'Please,' said the diminutive lady, 'mamma says I'm not to talk when I'm eating.'

'Oh, I beg your pardon, I quite forgot that;' and Mr Nicholson indulged in a good laugh.

There was another bright little face in the room, which, though not among the guests, the good minister and his wife were not less pleased to look upon, and that was their young friend Jessie M'Kinnon, who had come up earlier in the day to help Emma; and a great help she was, running here, there, and everywhere. It was a very happy afternoon to Jessie; she held the kettle for Mrs Nicholson while she poured out the tea, and then busied herself handing scones and cake to the children,

and seeing they did not spill any tea on their nice dresses.

When tea was over they returned to the drawing-room, and in a very few minutes all was noise and merriment. Mr Nicholson stood in the middle of the room with one of the muslin bags of bon-bons tied to a stick, which he flourished up and down in the most provoking manner. Every time it seemed within the grasp of one eager pair of little hands, it was up high in the air again, and down on the other side. The excitement which prevailed was most amusing; no need to complain now of lack of tongues; the dancing and jumping to catch the coveted bon-bons, and the unbounded joy when caught, quite delighted the kind hearts of the old people.

This game went on for some time, till all the bags were disposed of, and then followed 'Hunt the slipper,' 'Magic music,' 'Through the needle'ee, boys,' and 'Blind man's buff.' This last seemed the favourite, as Mr Nicholson was blind man, and took gigantic strides all over the room, which created such screaming and laughing that Mrs Nicholson was glad to make her escape out of the room, and go and see if Emma and Jessie were getting supper ready.

At half-past seven the children were again in the dining-room, refreshing themselves with such little delicacies as could not hurt them. Supper was by no means such a solemn repast as tea had been, and Miss Susie seemed to have completely forgotten her mamma's injunction, 'not to speak when she was eating,' as she not only gave full exercise to her tongue, but ran about the room with a plate of jelly in her hand, greatly to the alarm of Mrs Nicholson, who expected every minute that it would all be over on her dress; but no such catastrophe fortunately happened.

After supper the children returned to the drawing-room, and loud were the exclamations of surprise and delight, when, as if it had appeared by magic, they beheld a small table with a white cloth on it, covered with toys; and greater still was their joy when Mr Nicholson began to distribute them.

Some little girls were made perfectly happy by dolls which opened and shut their eyes, fishwives, and highlanders in full costume; and the boys were soon absorbed over boxes of soldiers, trumpets, swords, and other martial implements.

But eight o'clock at last arrived, and the nurses came to carry off their young charges, who were, it must be confessed, very unwilling to go. The greatest proof of their enjoyment was given by little Lily Lauriston, who, in saying 'good-night,' put her arms around Mrs Nicholson's neck, with a whispered petition to 'ask them soon back again.'

Not among the least of those who had enjoyed the evening was our young friend Jessie, who for the time had forgotten all her home troubles, which now were daily increasing, because of Lydia's growing dislike and unkindness.

CHAPTER VI.

'AUNT LUCY.'

ONE morning the little Lauristons were thrown into a state of great excitement, by a letter from their aunt Lucy, offering to come to pay them a visit.

Aunt Lucy was Mrs Lauriston's only sister. When very young she had married an elderly gentleman, a doctor in the city of G——. Her married life was, alas! but short. In less than two years she was suddenly bereft of him who had been the very idol of her heart; her terrible grief was wild and unrestrained; no divine consolation comforted her poor aching heart. day by day she rebelled against the hand of God, and more closely than before did she twine her affections round her only remaining treasure—her little Harry, named after his father.

But she was not to find happiness there. No earthly idol was to be allowed to reign in her heart: in another year he too was taken from her.

Always a weak and ailing child, he had no strength to throw off an illness which had been very prevalent in the neighbourhood amongst children. Day and night did the heart-broken mother hang over the little crib, and agonizing were her prayers that God would spare her darling; but a wiser than she, in great love and mercy, denied her those prayers, and took the little one to himself. For days after the death of her child no tears relieved the burning eyes and stunned heart; her mother and sister who had come to be with her, thought that she too would soon be laid beside her husband and child. But it was otherwise ordained.

One evening, while sitting alone in her own room, Lucy's eye fell on her husband's little Testament, which he had so loved. She took it up, and opening it where the marker was, which she herself had made for him a few months before her marriage, her eyes fell on the 24th verse of the 11th chapter of St Matthew, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' What human sympathy could not do, those divine words of loving persuasion and consolation accomplished; the fountains of her dried up heart were opened, and tears flowed fast. True, peace did not come at once; months of mingled rebellion and submission followed: but at last she was enabled, from the heart, to thank God for so mercifully revealing to her in the midst of her great grief, His own loving compassion, and the only never-failing resting-place.

Six years had passed since that time, and now the little Lauristons were joyfully expecting their aunt. She was a supreme favourite; they found no one so interested in all their games, so kind and gentle, as aunt Lucy.

Bright and eager were the three little faces that watched the big coach, as it came lumbering along the road, and as it approached they danced about with delight.

'Oh, mamma, I'm sure I see aunt Lucy,' said George.

'I think, dear, that is hardly possible,' said Mrs Lauriston, smiling; 'even if the coach were nearer, you could not see the people inside.'

Oh, I do hope she has come,' said Lily.

Their anxiety and impatience were soon relieved by the arrival of the coach, and a glimpse of aunt Lucy nodding to them from the window.

'My dear Lucy,' said Mrs Lauriston, as she fondly kissed her sister on alighting, 'how delightful to have you here again.'

'Please, ma'am, is this all your luggage,' asked the old gardner, as he touched his hat.

'Yes, thank you, Graham; only a box and carpet bag.'

'I did not order the carriage, Lucy, as I thought you might prefer the walk, after being so long in the coach,' said Mrs Lauriston.

'Indeed, I shall enjoy it; my feet are rather cold, and I have had quite enough driving for to-day. How is David? I was so sorry to hear of his having those bad headaches again.'

'O, he is quite free from them now, he was so disappointed not to be able to come and meet you to-day, but a gentleman called this morning, and took him off into Edinburgh on business;—run, George, and see if papa has come home yet.' They were by this time in the avenue, and soon George returned with his papa.

'Well, my dear, how are you?—delighted to see you,' said Mr Lauriston, as he warmly welcomed his sister-in-law, 'I did my best to be at home in time to meet the coach, but Gordon kept me such an age, prosing away in his usual style.'

Lucy laughed gaily, for this Mr Gordon was an old enemy of hers. He was a gouty old gentleman, and very tiresome too. He was never so pleased as when he got a good listener; and Lucy being too kind to show how bored she was, he was much charmed with her, and imposed on her accordingly, by relating long, uninteresting anecdotes, and repeating them all over again at intervals, not seeming to remember he had ever told them before.

When they entered the house, the three children begged to be allowed to go and help aunt Lucy to take off her bonnet; so they accompanied her up stairs, and if chattering and asking questions were a means to that end, they certainly did their very best. At length, after a rather protracted toilet, she was carried off in triumph to the nursery to be welcomed by Marjory, who was very pleased to see her, if we might judge by the beaming smile which overspread her face as Mrs Wilmot entered the room.

'Well, Marjory, it seems quite natural to be in this cheery nursery again. How are you?'

'Quite well, thank you ma'am,' answered Marjory, as she respectfully took the offered hand and dropped a curtsey, 'I hope you're well, ma'am.'

'Yes, thank you, Marjory. How this little fairy has grown,' she said, putting her hand lovingly on Lily's head.

'She has that, ma'am, and she's grown wild too, I'm afraid. She's just as much of a boy as master George, if not more,' said Marjory, shaking her head at Lily; 'just look at those socks, ma'am, would you believe they were clean on this morning?—bring me another pair please, Jessie—you can't go down stairs like that, you know, miss Lily.'

Jessie, who had been sitting working at the other end of the room, came forward with the socks, and Mrs Wilmot, who always had a kind word for every one, asked her at what she was working, and admired the neat way in which she had mended some of the children's clothes.

After a few more pleasant words Mrs Wilmot went down stairs, closely attended by the children, who could not make up their minds to leave her for one moment; indeed Lily had made the most of her time while in the nursery, changing her own socks in the most active manner, and entreating Jessie to change her frock very quickly, so that she might be ready to accompany aunt Lucy.

Mr and Mrs Lauriston were already in the drawing-room, warming themselves before a bright, cheerful fire. The table was laid for tea, and altogether the room looked very cosey and comfortable.

'Come along, Lucy, here is a seat for you,' said Mr Lauriston, as he beckoned her to his wife's chair, from which she had risen to go and make tea.

'You see I remember your weakness, Lucy,' said Mrs Lauriston, 'and have ordered what we call a "dinner tea." You used to say there was nothing so refreshing on coming off a journey, so I hope you are still of the same opinion. The children are charmed with the arrangement, as they are to have tea with us this evening, in honour of your arrival.'

They were soon all seated round the table, and very beaming were the three young faces, as they smiled across the table to aunt Lucy with supreme content.

After the children had gone to bed, they drew their chairs round the fire, and indulged in a long and pleasant chat. Many were the inquiries on both sides for mutual friends; and amongst others Lucy asked affectionately after her dear old friend Mr Nicholson, who had been more than a father to her ever since she had first known him, and who had been an instrument in leading her to that peace which now so fully reigned in her heart.

'He is as hale and active as ever, thank God,' said Mr Lauriston, 'we could ill spare him from among us. I met him yesterday, and told him you were coming to us, Lucy. He was immensely pleased, and said he quite looked upon you as a child of his own.'

'Dear old man,' said Lucy, 'I daresay if his own child had lived she would just have been about my age; I shall be twenty-eight next month.'

'Yes, I think she would have been about your age,' said Mrs Lauriston.

At nine o'clock a tray was brought in with some refreshments, as they had taken tea early,

and at half-past nine the servants came up to prayers. They began by singing a few verses of a psalm, after which Mr Lauriston read a few verses, and gave a short explanation of them; and then followed an earnest extempore prayer.

'I am sure you are quite ready for bed, Lucy,' said Mrs Lauriston, when the servants had left the room.

'Well, I am more tired than sleepy,' answered Mrs Wilmot; 'but I daresay I shall manage to sleep very comfortably notwithstanding. Do you still breakfast at half-past eight?'

'We still keep the old hour, but instead of having prayers after breakfast, we have them before.'

'I shall be very punctual; I know how exact you are, David, so I had better go to bed at once, unless I want to be in disgrace to-morrow morning by being late,' she said smiling. After a few last words she bad them good-night, and went up-stairs to the pretty little front bed-room, which went by the name of 'Aunt Lucy's room,' as she always slept there when at Roseland Hall.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FORGOTTEN TEXT.

IT was sometime about the year 1770, one Lord's-day morning, that Mr Neale opened his Bible to mark the passage he had studied through the week, and from which he was to deliver a discourse that day. He looked again and again, but could not find the passage which he sought. He then endeavoured to remember the words, but, to his great surprise and embarrassment, neither words nor text could he recollect. He endeavoured afterwards to fix his mind on some part of the sermon he had committed to memory, but all was gone. In this dilemma, he lifted up his cry to God, and entreated that He would recall the subject to his recollection, lest he should be a terror to himself and his congregation. At this instant there flashed into his mind, with peculiar energy, the blessed words of Paul—'For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' (Rom. viii. 38, 39.) Instantly this whole passage became luminous to his mind. 'My soul,' said he, 'fed upon the precious truth.'

But now the time drew nigh when he must proceed to meeting, and he again vainly endeavoured to recall the subject which he had previously studied. The above cited passage still pressed itself upon his thoughts,—'And,' said he, 'when I went into the pulpit, I was in the greatest distress and confusion, and said to God, "I never served Thee with naught."

In his public prayer he felt an uncommon degree of the divine influence; but while the congregation was employed in singing the praises of God, he was in a consternation better to be conceived than expressed.

The hymn being ended, and having no other alternative, he read the text. He had not spoken many minutes, when he observed a well-dressed person, a stranger, apparently in the clerical dress, enter the place. This man, thought he, must have come to hear what the babbler has to say. In this fear he was soon confirmed; for the stranger, reclining his head upon the front of the pew, and appearing to be agitated, Mr Neale apprehended that he must be talking some nonsense, and that the man must be laughing at him.

At length he perceived him pull out his handkerchief to wipe his face, which seemed to be bathed in tears. Mr Neale now began to be relieved from his embarrassment. 'Ah,' said he, 'this is the work of God. He has given me a text for this gentleman. He has suggested a word in season.' So he proceeded in his sermon, and never had he more liberty in delivering a discourse. Through the whole of the service the stranger never raised his head, but seemed to feed upon the message of grace that was delivered, as a hungry man feeds upon bread. In the evening the man called upon Mr Neale, and wished for a copy of the discourse he that day delivered, and embracing him in his arms, said his purse was at his service for the sermon; and added, 'Two or three years ago, I heard you, in such a place, preach upon such a subject, and ever since then I have been under the spirit of conviction and bondage. This day I took my horse, and rode to hear you; and, blessed be God, He has now given me to see Him as my reconciled God and Father in Jesus Christ, and has given me to enjoy that liberty wherewith He makes His people free.' This, and more, did he say, before Mr Neale could speak a word. Mr Neale then informed him how he had been circumstanced relative to that text. He also assured him that, were he to give him the whole world, he could not commit the sermon to writing, for he had delivered it just as it had occurred to his thoughts in the pulpit.

'We both, by this time,' continued Mr Neale, 'began to see the good hand of God in this matter, and His good providence in determining me, in such a remarkable manner, to preach upon a subject I had never before prepared, and which He had accompanied with such efficacy, as to make it an immediate message from himself; and in causing this stranger to come fourteen miles to hear me preach that day! To me it was one of my best days, and one which, both by him and me, will be remembered through a long and joyful eternity.'

PROOF IN THE DEED.

THE truth, 'If any man do,' etc., receives new illustration from the following. We might differ as to the *order* of the steps in the minister's suggestions, but we gladly give circulation to any facts which will make plain to impenitent men, the law, that the experience that worketh hope and faith 'is the gift of God.'

I was talking with a man who had been an infidel for forty years. So firm was he in his belief, that he said, not earth nor heaven could convince him of the truth of the Bible.

'The truth of the Bible?' I said. 'Then you do not believe in redemption, judgment, heaven and hell?'

'No, I do *not*,' he replied. 'I believe, and think I am right—*know* I am—that the whole thing is *false*.'

I desired him to read attentively the passage, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.' (John vii. 17.)

He fixed his large eyes upon me, and said, 'Do you pretend to say that is in the Bible?'

One week afterward I met him at a prayer-meeting, held in the woods, and he said to me, 'I have read that passage, and thought of it, but am not convinced.'

'Have you practised it?' I asked.

'What is His will?' he replied.

'That you should bless Him, with all your heart, for what He has done for you.'

'Then what?' he asked.

'Acknowledge yourself a sinner for not doing it before. You live,' said I; 'thank Him for that. You have a soul immortal, which shall live for ever. Are there no thanks due for that?'

He made no reply. I continued—'When you have done that, cast yourself at His feet, as a sinner, and seek for pardon.'

Early the next morning, he came trembling to me, and said, 'Pray for me, for I am an awful sinner.'

'Are you ready to tell God that?' I asked.

'Yes;' and he dropped upon his knees, and raising his trembling hand upward, cried out, 'O Lord, I am a wretched sinner; have mercy upon me.' Soon after he said, 'O, I know of the doctrine—the Bible is all truth. Thanks be to God, I see it; I know it.'

A few days afterwards he said, 'O, what a sinner! what a Saviour!' and after some months—'I'm a miracle of mercy. Brethren, the grace of God did that.'

'If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' (John viii. 32, 33.)

POWER OF A GENTLE REBUKE.

THERE is a power in Christian words, spoken in gentleness and love, that rarely fails to impress itself, even on wicked or reckless men. If Christians had more courage and fidelity in speaking them, good results would be oftener witnessed. An exchange tells an incident for whose truth it vouches.

A number of passengers were discussing the exciting questions of the day on board a steamboat on one of our western rivers. Oaths were frequently heard, and one man in particular, in almost every sentence, used the name of his Maker in a most irreverent manner.

Away from this excited party, but within hearing distance, sat a young lady with her husband and friends. The profanity was noticed by them, and they seemed shocked by its boldness. They could talk, but the timid, shrinking lady could act. 'I can bear it no longer,' she said as she left her seat and glided into the circle of the now loud and angry disputants. Placing her hand on the arm of the one who had shocked her by his oaths, and trembling with emotion, she begged him not to take the name of God in vain; to think how soon he might be called to meet Him in eternity. She said a few more words, and, frightened at her boldness, she burst into tears and left them.

The next day, before the boat reached its destination, the man came to this lady, took her by the hand, thanked her earnestly for her reproof, and said, 'I will not forget your kind words; I will try and be a different man, and live for the eternity awaiting me.' A few months after, the lady was called from earth. The influence of that open and decided rebuke will only be known when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

Many of us can shudder, and deplore the open wickedness about us, but how many of us have the decision of Christian character to enable us to reprove sin in the right spirit when the opportunity is given us?

One is reminded by the above of the tender language of Paul, who says of certain ones—professing believers, we may infer—'I tell you *even weeping*, they are enemies,' etc. It is this manner of sowing the seed of admonition that has the promise of special blessing. How often is reproof made hardening because of the hard spirit and manner of him who administers it.

Gems from Thomas Timme.*

1610.

1. THIS present transitory life in the Scriptures is called a Pilgrimage, a Travel, and a Way, because it continually plyeth to an end. For as they which are carried in coaches or sail in ships, do finish their voyage, though they still sit and sleep: even so every one of us, albeit we be busied about other matters, and perceive not how the course of our life passeth away, being sometimes at rest, sometime idle, and sometime in sport; yet our life alway wasteth, and we in posting speed hasten toward our end.

2. Man's life is a way, and a seducing way, to them which forget themselves that they are pilgrims and travellers, and do stand too much upon those things which are occurrent in this journey, with long delay; for the night will come, and it will come quickly, wherein no man can walk; and these men shall not come into that heavenly Jerusalem, but shall be a prey for the wild beasts which walk in the night. For which cause our Saviour Jesus Christ cryeth in the Gospel, Walk while ye have the light, lest the darkness come upon you.

3. The difference between the law and the gospel is this—the law commanded that we should be holy, but it gave no grace by which men are sanctified: it commanded us to fight against the devil, but it gave not unto us necessary armour and weapons to fight: it commanded us from carnal to become spiritual, but it gave not the Holy Ghost, by which we might be spirtual: it commanded us to go forward towards heaven, but giveth not unto us ladders and steps by which we may ascend into heaven. Therefore the law was a yoke, but not a sweet yoke: it was a burden, but not a light one. But the Gospel, commanding the self-same things, giveth help and strength, that they may not only be done, but also that they may be easily done. Wherefore the Gospel is a yoke, but sweet: it is a burden, but light.

4. If thou be in peril to lose a finger, thou wilt call together all the physicians and surgeons in the city; but to lose thy soul, thou makest it no great reckoning. But Christ, with His true example of life, taught that there is no evil so much to be feared, as sin and hell, and that nothing was so much to be desired as God and His glory. Better, then, to follow Christ in the wilderness, than to live in pleasures with the Scribes and Pharisees.

5. There be many that deal with God's word and His religion, as doth the butterfly with the sweet flowers; and that is even to dye their wings with them, that they may seem to be of a fair painted colour: these think that holiness consisteth in often and much hearing, how little soever they practise. They can endure the sowing of a Gomer, although they reap but an Ephah.

6. By reason of the hope of the glory of God, afflictions are not troublesome unto us, for God giving us strength, we bear them with a valiant mind. And in the very suffering we have greater trial and proof of the goodness of God towards us: whereupon we conceive the greater hope. For when we consider that God was present with us, in suffering our afflictions patiently, we hope also that He will hereafter be present with us, and at length make us blessed.

7. Although the living members of Christ be never without trouble in this world, but always exercised under the cross, yet the cause and consideration why God will have them thus exercised, is either for the honour and glory of His own name, or the profit, commoditie, and exceeding benefit of them whom He thus afflicteth, or for both these considerations together.

8. There is no trouble that comes to Christ's Church, or any member thereof, which appeareth not plainly to redound to God's glory, and the profit of the afflicted, if it be well and justly considered. For God's love and bounty towards us is such, that oftentimes He most abundantly restoreth those things which are lost for His sake, and that sometimes in the very cross and death He giveth to His children so much strength and consolation, that in very deed, it is more than an hundredfold.

9. The loss of worldly things is to many a great grief; but is not the obtaining of an everlasting kingdom a good salve for this sore. If we gain, with the loss of transitory things heavenly treasures, with the forsaking of worldly friends Christ to be our sure friend, and with the refusing father, mother, brother, sister, wife, and children, purchase God to be our Father, and Christ to be our Brother, what have we lost.

10. The devil seeketh to hurt us, not so much by force as by subtle suggestions; for which cause he did not ask leave of our Saviour Christ that he might cast Him down from the pinnacl of the Temple, but sought rather to persuad Christ to cast himself down headlong. Th serpent, in like manner, sought not by force t cram Eve, but allured her to take it herself, tha she might, as it were, with her own knife cu her own throat.

* From 'A Silver Watch-bell. The Sound Whereof is able (by the Grace of God) to Win the Most Prophane Worldling and Careless Liver, etc.' By THOMAS TIMME. London, 1610.

THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

PSALM XCI. 1.

THIS, I suppose, describes the nearest approach to heaven that can be attained on earth. It lies at the very heart and core of true religion. It is the mark at which we should be ever aiming. There are three simple questions which I find it useful often to put to myself. The first is, Am I counting all loss for Christ; is there nothing that fills and occupies my heart to the exclusion of Him; nothing that I would not leave or give up for Him? The second question is, Would I be willing, if the blessed and only Potentate, who keeps this in His own power, were so to order it, would I be willing that the cry should at this moment be heard, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh?' Would I be among those who are looking for Him; and would I join in their joyful cry, The day of our redemption is come—this is our God. The third question is suggested by what we have in the text, Am I dwelling in the secret place, or am I outside, away from the light, and fellowship, and purity of God's presence. Try these questions. At night, for instance, after the burden, and bustle, and ruffling of spirit, you would find it good to think of these higher matters. It might enable you to say, 'Why art thou cast down, oh, my soul?' Why should these passing things trouble you. Return unto thy rest, O my soul! Thou hast a portion that cannot fail, thou hast a hope that will not disappoint, thou hast a hiding-place where you can be safe from fear of evil.

The secret place. The Psalmist is thinking of the tabernacle which Moses made after the fashion of the heavenly things shown him in the Mount. In it was the holy place, where the priests alone could enter, and that only once a-year. It was the secret place of the Most High. Here He dwelt between the outstretched shadowing wings of the cherubim. This earthly emblem has passed away, but the heavenly thing which it represented remains. There is a house of God eternal in the heavens, a tabernacle which God and not man has pitched. Here is the secret place or presence-chamber of the Most High. It was secret once to fallen man, but it is so no longer. The way into it has been fully opened, through the rent veil of Christ's flesh. He says, I am the door, I am the way to the Father. He has gone before, and all who follow in His name are welcome. We have boldness to enter by the blood of Jesus. This is God's audience chamber. Here His people, led and prompted by the spirit of adoption, come to render their thanksgivings, to acknowledge sins and shortcomings, to present their requests, and make known their cares and fears. They are scattered far and wide on earth, but here they assemble and meet together. It is the house of prayer for all people, and they come to it, by faith, from all countries, and climes, and nations. Here the rich and the poor meet together, the prince and beggar, the young and old. They are very different from one another in ordinary life, and through ignorance and prejudice they often suspect and grudge at one another; but there is a wonderful unanimity here; they are all of one heart and of one mind; they have all substantially the same creed here, and they all express it. All lost in Adam, but found in Christ; all filthy, but cleansed with precious blood; all unholy and carnal, but renewed by the spirit of grace; all strangers and foreigners, but now brought nigh, and received into the family of God; all pilgrims and sojourners on earth, but looking for the inheritance.

There are times when the secret place is fuller than at others,—the Sabbath, the morning and evening hours of prayer, seasons of spiritual trial or spiritual expectation. But there are always many there coming and going. Is there not much that should endear the audience chamber to us? You sometimes feel yourself isolated and alone, but turn in hither and you are in goodly company. You sometimes feel as if your lot was a peculiar one—no trial like yours, no sin like yours, no heart like yours; but turn in hither and you will find that you are not singular,—that many are there whose case resembles your own. Should we not have growing full confidence in our God and Saviour. How many are at the same moment soliciting His attention; how manifold are their wants and necessities; and He listens to each, and gives the needed help as if each were the only petitioner. Should we not be more catholic

and large-hearted in our prayers. When we finish our own more immediate business, should we not think of our fellow suppliants? We are never alone there; let us think of others; Lord, plead the cause of the widow, be the stay of the orphan, lift up the cast down, break the snare of the fowler, do good in Thy good pleasure to Zion. How precious is the secret place. It is better and higher than the best and highest of earthly things. It is heaven's Royal Exchange, where the best and greatest of all business is transacted. It is heaven's cabinet, where counsel is taken, and the best and holiest of all movements are planned and originated. It is heaven's levée or drawing-room, where the royal family, the true aristocracy, the sons and daughters of the great King, come to present themselves before the Lord of glory. There is a place in London where all the telegraph wires meet, and all the tidings of our ever-changing world converge. But the secret place is the centre and focus of the highest tidings in the universe. Ministering angels wend their way thither, crying, Joy, joy, another lost sheep is found. Behold, He prayeth. He is come to himself, and arising to go to his Father's house.

The use of the secret place. It is to *dwell* in. This is the right use to make of it. Having once gone in, you should no more go out. Perhaps this was prefigured when, on the night of the passover, they were commanded not to go out of the blood-sprinkled door; and again, when having fled to the city of refuge, they were not to leave it. Under the New Testament, believers are represented as standing in the presence of God. 'This grace wherein we stand,' as sitting in the presence of God; 'raised up with Christ, and seated with him,' their citizenship is in heaven, their treasures are there, their heart should also be there. 'Set your affections on things above.' 'Look at the things which are not seen.' Perhaps this dwelling is the explanation of such commands as, 'Pray without ceasing.' 'In everything give thanks.' 'Acknowledge him in all thy ways, and he shall direct thy paths;' for these things imply that those living so near the Lord turn to Him at any moment, and seek guidance and help. Christ, while on earth, dwelt in the secret place. He had not far to go to meet with His Father. He says, 'I have set the Lord always before me.' 'He is at my right hand.' He lifted up His eyes to heaven, and He was at once in communion with God. He says, 'Father, I know that [illegible] hearest me always.' I fear that many [illegible] know the way into the secret place, [illegible] value it, yet do not make this use of it. They go in and transact business, then retire. They rejoice in the thought they have it to go to in any strait or emergency, but they are not habitually there, are only occasional visitors. I fear there few that can cast a stone at another in matter; but still I feel that this keeping s from the blood-bought covenant-ensured sence of God, is a great evil. We should in the secret place; we should dwell, ris and lie down, and do all our work there. that is right for a child and servant of Go do may be done there, and will be better d and more comfortably, there, than anyw else. You cannot sin there, nor indulge flesh, nor have the heart overcharged earthly cares and pleasures. But you can and drink to the glory of God. You can form your daily work, and enjoy all ths truly enjoyable. Should it cast a damp your hearts, to think that the Lord is n that you are in His presence, that He is smi upon you, and pleased to have you near H Don't you love to have your children ab you, in loving confidence going about t little employments and amusements? God given much to bring you in. You were o far off, but have been brought nigh by blood of Christ. Jesus suffered to bring nigh. The Spirit leads and guides you ni 'Through Christ we have access by one Sp unto the Father;' and do you make light o privilege which all the persons of the Godh have combined to procure? I know well t many hindrances—the flesh within, the wo without. But strong faith would do it, stro love would do it, taking up the daily cr would do it, watchfulness and self-recollecte ness would do it, and the sins and trials every day would do it, if we used them arig We should cry, 'Nearer my God to The 'Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.'

The blessedness of dwelling in the secret pl They who do so shall abide under the shad or shelter of the Almighty. A shelter, a gr necessity in hot countries, to shield from scorching sun, and to protect from the fie hurricanes which periodically occur in th climates. In the mid-day heat I have s man and beast coming under some grate shade. The Bible is full of references to t 'The shadow of a great rock.' 'I sat do under his shadow.' But some shadows fallacious and deceitful. Jonah's gourd fa him. Egypt's shadow left Israel to shame desolation. But the shadow of the Almigh and abiding under it, ensures perfect and c tinual safety. Every attribute and perfect of God is a guarantee or security. The na

of the Lord is a strong tower. Look at His power, His love, His faithfulness, His omniscience. How safe under such a shadow. How safe hidden in the clefts. Look at this balm. What a heaping up of assurance. Take the comfort of it, Jesus did so before you, and He has left the cup for you to drink.

But there is more than this. Don't you think that dwelling in the secret place of the Most High you will be growingly enlightened, sanctified, transformed, made more heavenly-minded? The world will lose its power. Afflictions will seem light. You will have real, direct communion, not dealing with means, and ministers, and ordinances, but with God himself. Oh! dwell there, dwell deep; get nearer and nearer.

And you, who are still without, will you not come in? The door is open, the way is free; many a finger beckons to you, many a voice cries 'come.' The voice of wisdom cries, be in time, the door may soon be shut. Then, what a contrast. Now your are listening and trifling, keeping at a distance. Then you will be full of eagerness, knocking, knocking, but in vain; it will be too late. Come now; come as you are.

The Flight of the Ages.

'TIS midnight—from the dark blue sky,
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And give to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this altered ball
May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread
The march of ages orbs of light;
A last eclipse may o'er you spread,
To me, to me, there comes no night.

O, what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning grey,
Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years, but teach me how to bear,
To feel, and act, with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich, the twilight glow!
The morning twilight of a sun,
That shines not here—on things below.

But sorrow, sickness, death—the pain
To leave, or lose, wife, children, friends—
What then! Shall we not meet again,
Where parting comes not, sorrow ends?

The fondness of a parent's care,
The changeless trust that woman gives,
The smile of childhood—it is *there*,
That all we love in them still lives.

Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being, feel thy power;
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

—*Anon.*

Ethel Linton.

BY E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RECONCILIATION.

ETHEL had scarcely determined with herself what was her purpose in this visit to the Hall: whether she should at once implore Mrs Feversham to forgive her mother, and receive her again into favour, or whether she would leave that to some future time, and only strive now to love her grandmamma, and win her love in return. Aunt Ethel, to whom she had told all her wishes and resolves, strongly advised her to say nothing at present, lest she should do harm rather than good.

Ethel was a little frightened at her own rashness in venturing there alone, when she stood at the top of the wide flight of steps, and pulled the bell of the entrance door; but she must go through with it now, however much she trembled.

Mrs Feversham was lingering over a late breakfast in her pretty morning-room, and she looked up in surprise at the young lady in deep mourning, who had followed so closely on the servant who had introduced her, as to give her no time to deny herself to visitors. The door closed, and Ethel was left alone with her grandmamma.

A puzzled look passed over Mrs Feversham's face for an instant, to be followed quickly by a flash of intelligence, as she recognised the name by which she had been introduced.

'Ethel? is it Ethel Linton?' she exclaimed.

For all answer, Ethel sprang towards her, and kneeling down beside the low chair where she was sitting, threw her arms round her.

For a moment Mrs Feversham was uncertain whether to return her embrace, or bid her leave her; but the love in her heart conquered, and she clasped Ethel in her arms, and kissed her earnestly and passionately. From that moment her grandchild held a place in her affection, which neither time nor circumstance could alter. The love, which had been forcibly withheld from going out towards her own daughter, had burst forth now, and would not be restrained; but if it was deep in its source, it was silent in expression—at least at present.

Ethel lay there, with her head on Mrs Feversham's shoulder, for five minutes or more: and then her grandmamma raised it, and looked stedfastly into her face.

'You are a true Feversham, Ethel.'

'I am a Linton too, grandmamma,' replied Ethel, with a smile.

A stern look crossed Mrs Feversham's face.

'No, no, we will forget all that. You are my child just now, and we will not remember [illegible]. You will give me some of your [illegible]'

'Dear grandmamma, yes; as much as e you care to have. I am so glad to know ; at last.'

Once those words would have been fal but they were uttered in perfect truth now.

'Was it because you wanted to know that you came thus early?'

'To know you and love you, grandmam which I am sure I shall do.'

Mrs Feversham smiled—a pleasant lov smile—as she kissed Ethel again.

'How has Guy borne the journey?' inquired, after a pause.

'Oh, as well as we could possibly exp He is tired, of course, but he was sure to that.'

'I shall come and see him this afternoo

Ethel stayed nearly an hour, chatting w Mrs Feversham about various matters, for reserve had soon worn off with her loving w come. She avoided home doings, or o slightly touched upon them, until she ros leave, when she said lightly,

'By the bye, grandmamma, I must not f get a message mamma sent: she said'—but was stopped by a hand being laid on her mo

'Hush, Ethel; I cannot hear it. It n be as well that you and I should underst each other at once. I have taken you to heart, because you are not to blame for wrong-doing of your parents, and ought no suffer for them. I love you, but my feeli towards your mother are the same as ever.'

Was it indeed so? Had Mrs Fevers forgotten the wild yearnings she at times f that she could clasp her lost daughter to heart, and breathe out her forgiveness? such thoughts were of rare occurrence, were repressed as soon as they arose.

For a moment Ethel's natural pride rebell and she felt inclined to scorn all love that not include her parents; but it was only fo moment; the next she felt how unwise suc course would be, for it would shut up all h of a reconciliation, just when there might b chance of it. So she looked up and said,

'I am sorry for that, grandmamma, de I hope they will change before long. I sure they would, if you knew how she longs forgiveness. But I value your love too m not to try to follow your wishes, grandmam but you know when my heart is full of ho I perhaps cannot help speaking of it.'

Mrs Feversham said no more, and E went away. Her grandmamma's mental co ment, when the door closed behind her, the same with which she had greeted her.

'She is a true Feversham, and has a gr deal of determination, though she is so qu and calm.'

And then she fell into a long reverie, which carried her back to other days; and she seemed to see her three children, and to watch the merry gambols of her little Mary.

Guy received Mrs Feversham as if he had known her all his life. He was lying on the sofa in the Rectory drawing-room, with Ethel and Rosalie beside him, when she came in.

'Well, grandmamma, here I am, obliged to be idle, you see; not willingly, but forcibly. I cannot rise to meet you, but I can hold out my hand in token of welcome.'

Mrs Feversham smiled as she came forward and kissed him; and then she sat by his sofa, and did little more than listen, while he rattled on from one thing to another, keeping his sister and cousin continually laughing.

'What spirits you have, Guy,' she said at last.

Then Guy looked grave.

'I could not get on a bit if I had not, grandmamma. What should I do lying here all day, if I could not be merry and jolly?'

The brother and sister grew rapidly in Mrs Feversham's good graces; and it was but few afternoons that did not find her sitting by Guy's sofa, listening to his merry talk, and trying to amuse him. Of course many allusions to home, and home life, passed between him and Ethel, in her presence; for Guy at least ignored all cause of silence on the subject; but Mrs Feversham never noticed it, and never, by look or word, encouraged them to speak of their parents. Yet what she learned, as it were, in spite of herself, was not altogether pleasing to her feelings.

'It is really wonderful,' exclaimed Rosalie one day, just after Mrs Feversham had left the Rectory, 'how you two have come round grandmamma! I never saw her take to any one as she has done to you. I shall begin to feel quite jealous; shall not you, mamma?'

'No, Alie, dear,' replied Mrs Latimer, with a shake of the head, 'I am only too glad it should be so.'

'Well, of course I am glad too, mamma; I only said that in fun.'

'You should be careful how you speak in fun, Miss Alie, or we shall be taking it in earnest,' was the sage advice that came from the sofa.

'I am very grateful that grandmamma has learnt to love us, aunt Ethel,' was Ethel's remark; 'but I am afraid it will not go any further, for she will not listen to anything about mamma.'

'Time and patience, Ethel, darling. I think you will be a true peacemaker yet.'

It did not seem likely at present; but Ethel would not despair.

One day, when Mrs Feversham paid her usual visit, she was very full of a plan that she wanted them to try, which was no less than to consult an eminent London physician about Guy. The case might not, after all, be so bad as they had been led to believe; at any rate, there could be no harm in asking his opinion. Guy's face grew very bright at this.

'Dear grandmamma, do you think there is any possible chance of my getting better?'

'Nay, boy, I cannot tell; but it is worth the trial. But do not think about it, lest you should be disappointed.'

It was useless saying, 'do not think about it'—that was impossible; for from the moment it was decided that Mrs Feversham should summon Dr Everingham, the celebrated doctor who had made such complaints as Guy's his especial study, the boy could not turn away his thoughts from the hopes that had arisen for him.

The doctor came, and after due examination, pronounced that there was nothing so radically wrong but that it might be cured in time, if his treatment were strictly adhered to.

'And shall I ever be able to walk again?' asked Guy.

'O yes, I hope so: when your back grows stronger, as it will do, if you attend to my prescriptions. But you must use it as little as possible for some months to come.'

'And shall I ever be able to be a sailor?' asked Guy again; the wish of his life returning strong upon him at this moment of renewed hope.

'No, my boy; I fear we shall never be able to make a sailor of you: you must try to be content with a life on land, and not a very active one either, I fear. But you will walk in time, I can promise you that.'

And so Dr Everingham went away, leaving hope and joy behind him. Guy was not to be laid aside always, and that was good news to carry back to Oakley.

The weeks passed on, and Ethel seemed to be no nearer accomplishing her purpose than when she left home. Mrs Feversham was most kind and loving towards her grandchildren; but there her love and kindness ended.

At last came the summons for their return home. May wrote that papa and mamma thought they had been quite long enough—nearly eight weeks—and as for herself and Gertie, they could not do without them a week longer; so if they pleased, and Guy were well enough, they would expect them the middle of the following week.

'What must I do, aunt Ethel?' said Ethel, when she had read the letter. 'I cannot go home without some hope of forgiveness for mamma: at least I should not like to do so.'

'Suppose you go to the Hall this afternoon, Ethel, and make one more effort; for I have a note from my mother, saying she has a bad headache, and will not be with us as usual.'

'I will go, dear aunt; but I have not much hope that I shall succeed.'

'God grant that you may, my child.'

Ethel found, when she reached the Hall, that Mrs Feversham was in her dressing-room, and she went up to her there. Her grandmamma stretched out her hand.

'This is kind and thoughtful of you to come to me, Ethel, as I cannot come to you.'

'We are very sorry you are not well, dear grandmamma; more especially as we shall not have many more times to see you. Guy and I are going home next week.'

Mrs Feversham uttered an exclamation, half of anger and half of surprise.

'What is that for? Why cannot they let you be, when you are well off?'

'Dear grandmamma, it is papa and mamma's wish that we should go; and I am sure you will be the last person to bid us disobey them.'

Mrs Feversham made no reply, and there was silence for some minutes. At length Ethel rose from the seat she had taken by the window, and drawing a low stool to her grandmamma's feet, sat down, and laid her head in her lap.

Grandmamma, I must speak, even though I should lose your love, and run the risk of offending you. Please do not stop me, for I may never have another opportunity of giving you mamma's message, and I cannot go home without. It was to tell you how dearly she loves you still—far more dearly than she used to do. Oh, grandmamma, I cannot tell you how grieved mamma is at your displeasure! it makes her so unhappy; and I believe it is nothing else but that, which causes her ill health. Grandmamma, will you not forgive her? Will you not let me be the bearer of your forgiveness? Oh, if you would only let her see you, she would plead far more earnestly than I can do; for I know she is most truly sorry for what has passed.'

Ethel paused, but it was only to take breath. She would not have brooked interruption then, and Mrs Feversham did not interrupt her.

'I will not speak of what mamma has suffered, grandmamma—I think you must guess something of that: but I want you to know how deeply she loves you, and what blame she takes to herself for it all. Grandmamma, will you not take her back to the place in your heart—the place she longs so to fill? Oh, do say you forgive her!'

There was silence for a minute when this impassioned appeal was ended. Then Mrs Feversham spoke, without looking at her companion.

'Child, you have spoken words to me which none other would have dared to utter! Leave me.'

And Ethel went away, not knowing whether or not her grandmamma was offended.

But Mrs Feversham was not offended—strange to say, she was not offended. Perhaps she was rather glad than otherwise that Ethel had spoken; for was not Ethel a true Feversham? and, as such, full of strength and determination?

Long did Mrs Feversham sit where Ethel had left her; for her words had stirred her spirit to its depths. Was it indeed true that the daughter, against whom she had kept up her anger for so many years, had loved her so tenderly all the while? Then there rose before her mind's eye all the blackness of her conduct. What was she that she should thus have dared to withhold forgiveness from her own child?

Falling on her knees, she confessed how unworthy she was, who could not forgive, to receive the loving forgiveness of her heavenly Father. After that, the rest was easy.

Ethel, anxious to know the result of the conversation, came early to the Hall the next morning. Mrs Feversham received her with open arms.

'My child, you have conquered! I forgive your mother, fully and freely forgive her; and with forgiveness has returned all my love for her. Sit down here beside me, Ethel, and tell me all you can about her.'

And Ethel was only too willing to comply: she could talk for hours of her mother to such a listener.

'And what will your papa think of it all?' asked Mrs Feversham at length.

'I am sure papa will be very glad,' said Ethel, earnestly. 'I think papa's great fear has been, grandmamma, lest you should think he wanted money; but he is independent now, you know.'

'Well, I shall go with you and Guy when you return to Oakley. I am impatient now to assure my child of forgiveness.'

There was gladness and rejoicing at the Rectory that day, for the family feud was over; and not one amongst them but was truly thankful that love had at length conquered displeasure.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Mrs Feversham did go with Ethel and Guy to Oakley; but her doing so was to be a surprise. She would not show herself on the first night of their arrival; so she landed from the train at the last station before reaching Beckworth, so that Mr Linton should see nothing of her when he came to meet his children. She intended to proceed to Oakley the following morning; and in the meantime the young ones were to keep her secret.

It was a delightful return home. Guy was so much stronger and better than when he left; and then there was the hope of his ultimate recovery to a portion, at least, of his former health. And he was in excellent spirits, as indeed were they all; and the little ones danced about him, pleased to have their playfellow back again.

In spite of his promise to grandmamma, Guy could scarcely refrain from letting out the secret. He was many times on the point of doing so, when he caught a look from Ethel that restrained him; but his sister was in constant fear lest he should spoil all before the evening was over. And she was anxious too, when the morning came, lest Mrs Feversham should not arrive before her father's departure for Beckworth.

Mrs Linton had of late always taken her breakfast before rising; but breakfast passed, and still no grandmamma: and Ethel beheld, with dismay, Mr Linton's preparations for leaving. He must not be allowed to go: she must stop him, even by telling the secret, if in no other way.

'Papa, are you obliged to go to Beckworth so soon? cannot you wait a little longer?'

'It is no sooner than usual, Ethel; you

have forgotten school hours while you have been away: is that it?' he asked with a smile.

'Oh, no, papa; only I wanted you this morning.'

'I cannot stay though, Ethel, unless it be for something very particular.'

'It is something very particular indeed, papa. Some one is coming, and I want you to be at home to receive her.'

'Some one coming here? you must be dreaming, Ethel.'

'No, it is no dream, but a real, true fact. Grandmamma came with us yesterday, and she is coming here this morning: will it not be a pleasant surprise for mamma!'

'Grandmamma coming here!' exclaimed Mr Linton—stopping short in the operation of brushing his hat—in utter astonishment.

'Here she is!' exclaimed Guy, as a cab at that moment drew up to the door; 'here is dear old grannie.'

Ethel rushed out to meet her: Mr Linton had not sufficiently recovered from his surprise to move from the spot where he stood. However, he took a step or two forward to greet her when she entered.

'This is an unexpected pleasure, Mrs Feversham.'

'Is it a pleasure, Guy Linton?' was the reply, as she held out her hand, which was taken and cordially grasped, 'I have come to say I am sorry for the anger I have shown towards you. Will you let us forget what has passed, and forgive each other?'

'With all my heart,' said Mr Linton, with a bright smile of pleasure, 'I am willing to acknowledge we have been wrong in the matter, and to ask your forgiveness.'

'Which is freely granted to you and Mary.'

Ethel meanwhile had gone away to prepare her mother for the coming interview. Mrs Linton was sitting in the easy chair in her bedroom, wrapped in her dressing-gown.

'Has any one come, Ethel? I could be almost sure something stopped at our gate.'

'Yes, some one has come, dear mamma,' replied Ethel, the colour on her cheek coming and going with pleasurable excitement; 'some one whom you will be very glad to see.'

'Who?' asked Mrs Linton, with intense earnestness; for the hope in her heart was too wild for utterance.

But there was no need of any answer to the question, for Mrs Feversham appeared at the door, having been brought thither by little Gertie.

'Mary, my own darling child!'

Mrs Linton started up at the sound of that voice, the tones of which she had never expected to hear again.

'Mother, my precious mother!' and then she was clasped in that mother's arms, and passionately and tenderly kissed.

Ethel stole away then, taking Gertie with her, and leaving the mother and daughter to the joy of their new found happiness.

She went into the kitchen, where Charlotte greeted her with eyes brimming over with tears.

'Miss Ethel, this is the joyfulest day I have had for many a long year, and one I never thought to see. I expected Mrs Feversham would have carried her anger to the grave; but love is stronger than hate.'

'We shall be all so happy together, I hope, Charlotte. I think our trouble seems over now, and that better days are in store for us.'

'Miss Ethel,' and the old servant looked grave as she laid her hand on the young girl's shoulder, 'we must try not to forget Him who has sent us peace and happiness at the last.'

'No, Charlotte, I hope we shall not. I think we shall not.'

It was a full hour before Ethel again sought her mother's room; when she did so she found her sitting at Mrs Feversham's feet, with her head on her lap, and her mother's arm around her. They both held out their hands as Ethel entered.

'Ethel, dear child,' said Mrs Linton, 'my mother tells me it is you who have brought us together.'

'I do not think I have had much to do with it, mamma,' said Ethel, as she nestled down beside them; 'I think it was grandmamma's loving heart that triumphed at last.'

The reconciliation was complete on both sides. Mr Linton gave up his pride of independence, and Mrs Feversham her anger of years, and everything was amicably arranged. Mr Feversham, too, when he heard it all, was willing to forgive, so that all was peace, where before there had been hatred and ill-will.

The old home at Oakley was broken up, and housekeeping was begun at the large house in Beckworth, on a different scale; for the money which ought to have been Mrs Linton's at her marriage, was withheld no longer now. Other servants were added to the establishment, but Charlotte, of course, remained; she quite belonged to the family, and was looked upon in the light of a friend, which, indeed, she was, in an humble way.

When Percy returned from Eton, for the summer holidays, Edward Feversham came with him. No one was more delighted than he was at the change of affairs; and he soon made himself very popular amongst the young Lintons. Guy and he became fast friends. Guy's future life, though a quiet one, was not unhappy nor useless. Dr Everingham's prediction came true, and he was able to walk a little, though he never became strong: but he worked with his brain, if he could not work with anything else, and bid fafr to be a clever man.

The cherished wish of Percy's heart was accomplished. From Eton he went to college, and it was the proudest, yet the most humble moment of his life, when he first stood up to proclaim the gospel to his fellowmen.

And what of Ethel? In after years, when her name was no longer Linton, but when she and Edward Feversham were united, with the consent of all parties, and they occupied the old Hall when others had passed away, one of the very first lessons she taught her little children, was the lesson of forgiveness.

GOD'S LAST MESSAGE TO THE WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

'I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.'—Rev. xxi. 6.

THESE words come in just at the close of this world's history, the termination of its day of grace. They come in just when the cup of its iniquities has been filled up, and when the wrath of God is about to descend in final vengeance, to consume the workers of iniquity; for thus we read, 'He said unto me, IT IS DONE. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end: I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.' It is just when the last tempest is gathering over earth,—when the last trumpet is about to sound,—when the last vial is mixing its consuming plagues and final woes,—it is just then that the voice of mercy for the last time issues forth to a rebellious world. It is just when we should have expected the loud voice of vengeance, that there comes forth the soft, gentle voice of love; as if, by the solemn contrast, to arrest the attention of the poor, lost, deluded man, and fix it upon this last message of grace, if that by any means some, even at this latest hour, may hear the call of love, and find entrance to the kingdom, just as its doors are closing for ever!

Words cannot paint, imagination cannot conceive, the solemnity of the circumstances in which these words are spoken. Think of a soul thus placed upon the very verge of time, and arrested in the very height of an ungodly career, by the terrors of a dissolving world! Smitten with fear and amazement, and perhaps for the first time in a life of iniquity, brought to serious thought, he hears from heaven the awful words, 'It is done!' and all hope for him seems closed. What can he conclude, but that his day of grace is over now, and his doom for ever sealed! The next words he is to hear must surely be the final sentence of his Judge, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.' But oh, how different! He must have one more invitation of mercy, one more call of love, before the irrevocable sentence dooms him to hopeless wrath. He has gone to the uttermost edge of time, but mercy has followed him still; he has drunk the deepest cup of sin, nor will he cast it from him till it is struck out of his hand by the shock of a world's dissolution; yet even for him there is mercy to the last; even to him there is presented 'the fountain of the water of life freely.'

Bearing then, these things in mind, and carrying them along with us as we proceed, we shall now endeavour to open up and apply the words of our text. And as we take up its several points in succession, let us listen to them as if all the while we heard the sound of the *last* trumpet, seconding every call, and enforcing every truth. 'Blessed is he that heareth,' and hearing, obeys, 'for the time is at hand.'

In illustrating this passage, we shall just take the natural division, which the words themselves so obviously present to us. *First*, there is the person who presents the gift, 'I the Alpha and the Omega.' *Secondly*, the gift itself, which He presses upon our acceptance, 'the fountain of the water of life.' *Thirdly*, the persons to whom He presents it, 'to them that are athirst.' *Lastly*, the terms upon which it is presented to us, 'freely.' And may this declaration of the riches of a Saviour's grace be blest by the Spirit of God, for the conversion of many an unconverted soul, for the comfort of many a troubled heart.

First, then, consider who it is that presents the gift. It is He who calls himself 'the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end.' I need not stay long to tell you who it is that speaks to you under these mysterious titles. It is Jesus himself who thus addresses you. I need not stay to tell you who He is, nor what is His glory. I need not tell you of the might and the majesty that are His; of the power, the dominion, the authority that are His; nor need I tell you of that grace whereby He, though rich, for your sakes became poor. I need not tell you of His life on earth, His love, His sufferings, His death. Nor need I say how He has now ascended far above all principalities and power, being seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high; nor how He will come again in His glory. Upon these things I need not enlarge; and yet it is necessary for you to bear them in mind, that you may reverently listen to His words, as to the voice of the Lord God Almighty.

Do you require anything to fix your attention with most earnest solemnity upon the proclamation which these words announce? It is the voice of Christ that makes the announcemen. Do you wish any assurance of the value of the offered gift? It is Christ who makes the offer. It is He whose blood was paid for it, that assures you of its value; and it is no messenger that He sends to convey you the glad tidings. He brings them himself. He proclaims them with His own voice. He is too earnest, too urgent to intrust the commission to another. He must fulfil it himself. And observe from whence it is that He thus addresses you. It is from His *throne*. It is not now the Man of sorrows; it is the triumphant Conqueror that speaks. Though now the fiery conflict is over, and the eternal victory secured; though now He has exchanged the toil below for the rest above, the dishonour of the cross

for the glory of the throne, the mockery of Pilate's hall for the praises of the heavenly host, the crown of thorns for the diadem of heaven, yet is He still the same. One might have thought, that now, in His exaltation, He would have something else to care for than this outcast rebel region of His wide dominion, yet is He still the same; with this only difference, that now we have, if possible, still stronger assurance of His unchanging love; showing us that as it was for us He died, so it is for us He lives and reigns. It is He who, in the last and great day of the feast, stood and cried, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto *me* and drink;' that now, in the world's last lingering hour, cries aloud, 'I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.'

But, *secondly*, let us consider the gift which He presents to us—'the fountain of the water of life.' The blessings here presented are no doubt spiritual blessings set forth to us under the emblem of water; of water, as the emblem of all that is refreshing, strengthening, healing, purifying to the soul. 'As cold waters to a thirsty soul,' says Solomon, 'so is good news from a far country.' Even so does the Gospel come to us as good news from a far country,—from a country whence least of all we could have expected any tidings save of evil. It comes to us with its precious, but most unexpected refreshment, pouring through our parched and weary souls its blessed stream!

The figure here employed is of very frequent occurrence in Scripture. It is the figure of the Psalmist, 'Thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures, for with thee is the fountain of life.' It is the figure of the wise man, 'The law of the wise is a fountain of life; the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life.' It is the figure of the Song of Songs, 'A spring shut up, a fountain sealed, a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.' It is the figure of Prophets: 'I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.' It is the figure which Christ himself took up, as He took up all the other figures of the prophets, and applied them to himself. There is one passage, among many that might be cited, which beautifully illustrates the declaration of our text. It is in John vii. 37, 'In that last and great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' The waters to which our Lord evidently alludes in this passage are the waters of Siloam, 'Siloah's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God.' On the last day of the feast of tabernacles, amid the gladsome shouts of the assembled multitudes, water was brought from this stream in a golden urn, and poured over the sacrifice as it lay upon the altar. And perhaps at the very moment when the ministering Levite had gone forth to fetch the sacred water through the water-gate into the temple,—perhaps at the very time when the thousands and ten thousands of Israel were about to lift up their voices in one burst of exceeding joy, as was their manner at that solemn moment,—'Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto ME and drink.' He turned their eyes from the waters of Siloam to himself as the fountain of living water; telling them that these waters (which in this ceremony were doubtless intended as a memorial of the water from the smitten rock in the desert) were typical of *himself;* of the blessings which He had to bestow; of His heavenly doctrine, which, once received, would open a fountain of everlasting life within the soul; of the Holy Spirit, which was to be poured out upon all who should believe in His name.

Such is the Gospel of the grace of God. Such are the blessings of life and salvation, of comfort and strength, of rest and refreshment, to the weary thirsty soul, all flowing to us from the smitten rock,—the wounded side of our dying Lord. And yet, in admiring the excellencies of the gift here offered, let us admire still more the excellence of Him who offers it. Whilst thinking of the gift of the Lover, let us think still more of the love of the Giver. Whilst drawing from the well of salvation let us not forget Him who spared not himself to open for us an access to this fountain; who, like the mighty men of old who cut their way through the Philistines to bring water to the well of Bethlehem to David, brake through the hosts of our enemies to draw water for us out of the true well of Bethlehem to bring it to his beloved; who, for our sakes, was well content to drink of the brook by the way, that He might lift up His head, and with His head, lift up ours.

Thirdly, Let us consider to whom He presents the gift,—to him that is athirst. It is a grievous and most ruinous mistake to suppose that these words supply the necessity of some qualification or preparation in the sinner before he is entitled to take the water of life. His title or warrant for this does not, and cannot, depend upon anything in himself at all. It depends simply and alone upon the offer made to him as a sinner,—made to him just in the character of a sinner, not in the character of a believing, or convinced, or penitent sinner, but just in his character of a sinner. It is to a sinner, as a sinner, that the offer is made; not to him as a convinced or repenting sinner. It is not because I am a penitent that the Gospel is free to me, but just because I am a sinner.

Now this is just what our text declares. By the term 'athirst' it imposes no qualification which the sinner must attain to ere he can be entitled to the water of life. The word thus used is simply a description of the sinner *as he is*. For what is the real meaning of the figure here adopted? We know that the natural thirst consists just of those two parts, a sense of pain, and a desire to have that pain removed. And so it is with the sinner's thirst here spoken of. It is just that sense of misery and that longing for happiness which every sinner feels. It is just the pain, the burning pain of unsatisfied desires, the restless craving of the soul after something to relieve its feverish thirst.

The Gospel, then, thus addresses us in this

estate of sin and misery. 'Is there a human being, a fallen child of Adam, that has just these two feelings,—a sense of misery and a desire to be happy,—then let him come to ME and I will satisfy him; I will give him that which he is seeking for over all the world in vain. He need no longer weary himself in uncertain misdirected efforts after he knows not what,—in toilsome fruitless wanderings after an unknown good. He has just to leave off these vain endeavours, to return from these dark wanderings, and come to ME, and I will bless him to the full. So far, then, from laying a restriction upon any, the invitation of our text was evidently intended to declare an absolute freeness to all, and was designed to address the sinner as expressly and as personally as if he had been actually singled out by name. It seems as if Scripture had foreseen that such a limitation as this would be laid upon the Gospel from the misunderstanding of this very word. And, therefore, in the last, the *very last*, invitation addressed to a ruined world (Rev. xxii. 17), there seems especial care taken to prevent any such mistake. It is not merely said there, 'let him that is *athirst* come,' but it is added, as if to make the terms clear, so that no sinner could mistake them, and free, so that not one sinner upon earth could imagine himself excluded, 'whosoever WILL let him take the water of life freely.' It is not said, 'is he sensible of his sins; is he mourning over them; does he believe, does he really and truly thirst,' but just 'is he *willing*? then let him come, and all that I have is his.' Poor anxious sinner, hear this and be glad! You are wearying yourself to know whether you are thirsty enough; whether your thirst be of the right kind; whether you have repented enough or believed enough; and you dare not think of taking peace till you have satisfied yourself as to these. Put aside all this anxiety to find in your own faith or repentance a warrant for receiving the Gospel. Receive it freely as it is freely offered, and be at peace with God. The 'whosoever will' is the only warrant you can ever attain, and is it not a full and sure one?

(To be continued.)

LADY JANE GREY AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.

QUEEN MARY sent Dr Feckenham to convert Lady Jane to the Catholic faith. In the course of conversation the doctrine of transubstantiation was spoken of, and the beautiful, unfortunate Protestant queen of ten day's royalty well defended her belief. To Feckenham's question, 'Do you not receive the very body and blood of Christ?' she replied,—

'No, surely I do not so believe. I think that, at the supper, I neither receive flesh nor blood, but bread and wine; which bread, when it is broken, and which wine, when it is drunken, putteth me in remembrance how that, for my sins, the body of Christ was broken, and His blood shed upon the cross; and with that bread and wine I receive the benefits that came by the breaking of His body and shedding His blood for our sins on the cross.

The zealous Catholic again inquired, 'Doth not Christ speak these words—"Take, eat, this is my body?" Doth He not say it is His body?' Lady Jane replied—

'I grant He saith so, and so He saith, I am the vine, I am the door; but He is never more the door or the vine. I pray you to answer me this one question—Where was Christ when He said, "Take, eat, this is my body?" Was He not at the table when He said so? He was at that time alive, and suffered not till the next day. What took He but bread? What brake He but bread? Look, what He took He brake; and look, what He brake He gave; and look, what He gave they did eat. And yet all this time He himself was alive and at the Supper before His disciples.'

More than three hundred years have passed since these words were uttered, and she who spoke them ascended to heaven from the block of the executioner; a flood of light has been thrown on the sacred page, but has this single subject ever been more simply or more forcibly illustrated?

—*Watchman and Reflector.*

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

TO-DAY we gather bright and beautiful flowers; to-morrow they are faded and dead.

To-day a wealth of leaves shades us; to-morrow, sere and fallen, they crumble beneath our tread.

To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green; to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass.

To-day the vigorous stalk only bends before the gale; to-morrow, leafless and sapless, a child may break the brittle stem.

To-day the ripening fruit and waving grain; to-morrow 'the land is taking its Sabbath after toil.'

To-day we hear sweet songsters of meadow and forest, the buzz and hum of myriad insects; to-morrow—breathe softly—all nature is hushed and silent.

To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surroundings, attracts the passer-by; to-morrow a heap of ruins marks the site.

To-day there are cattle upon a thousand hills; to-morrow they fall in the slaughter.

To-day man walks forth in all the pride and joy of life; to-morrow he is gone.

So 'the fashion of this world passeth away.' But let Christ dwell within us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and the sapless stalk, we shall 'arise to newness of life,'

'Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers.'

Miscellaneous.

Life.—O Life, I have enjoyed thee! Not every draught from thy fountain has had a bitter taste; truly, not all upon earth is vanity, if we enjoy, not the creature alone, but, in the creature enjoy also the Creator. But that which sweetens thee do I indeed take with me; and that is, the friendship of my God, which has flowed to me through all created things, as through so many channels. Earthly channels may fail, but He knows how to provide new ones. Gone, gone, is life's enjoyment and sweetness, when we seek them in the creature only; while, on the other hand, they are ever present to those who, in the good things of this life, recognise the hand that bestows them. Thus, every day becomes a treasury and the poorest life may become a rich one. No, I do not look back upon it as mere vanity; but now, when in the silence of my chamber I survey all the past, my heart is filled with a joy which is too great for it to contain.—*Tholuck.*

Make use of Little Opportunities.—Dr Payson once, when travelling, having occasion to call on a lady when she and some friends were sitting down to tea, she would have him stay, and treated him very hospitably. When he left he said, 'Madame, you have treated me with much kindness and hospitality, for which I sincerely thank you. Allow me to ask you one question before we part. How do you treat my Master?' This led ultimately to the conversion of the lady and her household.

Perseverance in Pastoral Visits.—An old man whom the Rev. S. Thornton had often unsuccessfully urged to attend to the duty of coming to public worship, was laid up in bed from illness. The curate on hearing this, called upon him. Entering the cottage, he asked to see him. The old man, recognising his voice, and perhaps hearing his request, called out rudely, 'I don't want you here; you may go away.' The next day Mr T. again presented himself, with inquiries after him, and an expressed desire to see him; calling out from the stairs 'Well, my friend, may I come up to you to-day?' Again he was answered, 'I don't want you here.' Twenty-one days successively did the patient clergyman come to the cottage with the same request, and on the twenty-second obtained admittance to the bedside of the sick man. Henceforth he was permitted to read God's Word to him, pray by him, and impart such instruction as was blessed to the poor man's soul. The aged sufferer recovered, and became henceforth one of the most regular attendants on the services of the Church.

Blessings of Foreign Missions.—The Calvinistic Churches of New England, as we remember them, were stern guardians of the lives of their members. Falseness, impurity, dishonesty, want of rectitude in any of the social relations, were visited with rigorous discipline. If a church member 'failed' in business it was *prima facie* evidence of something wrong which was to be looked into by his brethren before he could again be regarded as in 'full standing.' Not less was it distinguished for active, self-denying benevolence. It was the originator of most of the practical reforms and charities of New England. We know that it is the fashion among 'liberal' people to sneer at its enterprise of foreign missions as a piece of canting, mock philanthropy; but surely it should be a defence against the charge of coolly adjudging millions to eternal woe, and 'thinking not much of it.' It so took on its heart the burden of that great peril, that money and home, and country, and life itself were counted as nothing, if by the sacrifice a few immortal souls might be saved. And wherever, over the wide earth, it has gone on this errand of mercy, it has carried Christian civilization with it. It has taught the converted heathen to be clean, decent, industrious, thriving, to build better houses, to use better agricultural and mechanical implements, to establish schools, to form virtuous families, to become in every respect worthier members of human society. And nearly all the work in this gigantic undertaking has been done by Calvinistic ministers—a class whom our author seems to regard as the unpractical as well as the most unsympathetic of men.—*American Paper.*

Annals of Protestantism.—What are the annals of Protestantism, but a continued appeal against idolatry, tyranny, and religious persecution? How can our French brethren in the faith help the fact, that their history is connected with monsters such as Father La Chaise, Chancellor Le Tellier, and Madame de Maintenon? That Jesuits may think, that 'HERESY' is now breathing its last. Let them remember the Huguenot motto:—

'Tant plus à frapper on s'amuse,
Tant plus de marteaux on y use.'

'You may hammer away on the anvil of truth as much as you like; you will only waste your strength and your tools.'

St Paul the Founder of the Roman Church.—Whatever may be said by Roman Catholic writers, the Fathers constantly speak of the Roman Church being founded by St Paul, as well as by St Peter; and the work was probably ascribed to both of these, because they met in that city before their martyrdom. It is, however, much more correct to say that the Roman Church was founded by St Paul.—*Dr Burton.*

Duty of Parents.—Let every pious parent regard his family as a little school for the Church, and act as a teacher designated by the Saviour, on purpose to train the children for His service, and we shall see a glorious result. Let parents neglect this duty, and their children will prove incompetent to meet the responsibilities awaiting them, and the parents must answer for the ruin that will ensue. The laws of Lycurgus required that all children of Sparta should be trained for the State. Jesus teaches His subjects to believe that children are a heritage of the Lord and to train for the Church.

Deathbed of Dr M'All.—Dr M'All of Manchester, eminent in piety as well as talents, rested on the same simple truth, and expressed himself in almost the same words. Shortly before his death, he was asked by Mr Fletcher of Manchester, if the Gospel he had preached to others now occupied his thoughts, and was dear to his heart! 'Yes,' he said, with a smile, 'its *very core*, I cannot now trouble myself with its envelopments.' On another occasion he addressed, with much delicacy, his medical men, and said, 'Gentlemen, I am no fanatic; rather I have been too much of a speculatist; and I wish to say this—I am a great sinner, I have been a great sinner; but my trust is in Jesus Christ, and what He has done and suffered for sinners. Upon this, as the foundation of my hope, I can confidently rely, now that I am sinking into eternity.' Once, as he lay with closed eyes, apparently asleep, he suddenly lifted up his hands and eyes, and exclaimed—

'A guilty helpless wretch am I,
Yet Jesus died for ME.'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts xviii. 9–11.

THE work done in these apostolic days by the preaching of the Gospel was very decided. The religion which it produced was of no diluted nor ambiguous kind. The Christians then made were men about whom there could be no mistake; uncompromising, unworldly, outspoken men, who were not ashamed of their faith, or of their Lord, or of His badge—the cross. They came out and were separate, and touched not the unclean thing. It was in this way that 'the masses' of Corinth and Ephesus, and other Gentile cities were 'evangelised' and 'elevated;' not by concerts, and clubs, and amusements, either for eye or ear. Morality, culture, refinement, were not despised; but the regeneration of individual men by the power of the Holy Ghost came first, as the root of all blessing to the community. 'Temples of the Holy Ghost,' not 'whited sepulchres,' were what the primitive preachers sought to erect. Lights of the world, not lamps without oil, were what they sought to produce everywhere in the dark cities and villages of heathendom. Nothing less than this is our work now; nothing below this must be the Church's standard in every age. Out and out Christianity, unmistakable religion; not varnished worldliness or baptized paganism.

Let us see in these verses the position and work of an apostolic preacher; he with God, and God with him; he doing God's work, and God doing his work.

I. *Bold speaking.* 'Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace.' 'Fear not' are frequent words of God to His own; here they are on a special occasion, as in Isaiah (li. 12), 'Who art thou that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shalt die.' *Fear not* are Christ's words to His ministers in all ages. Whatever be the power, or the rage, or the number of enemies, fear not! Speak out too, and be not dumb. Speak out fearlessly, nobly, confidently, the words of truth, the message of God, the Gospel of His grace. Let not the fear of man bring a snare. Shrink not. Preach no diluted half and half Gospel. Let not your trumpet give an uncertain sound. Speak so that no man shall mistake your meaning or your message.

II. *Complete security.* His safeguard was the Lord himself; 'I am with thee,' the Lord says, as if repeating the words spoken in the days of His flesh, 'Lo, I am with thee alway.' Christ's presence is our true security. Not armed guards, nor bulwarks, nor forts; but Christ himself. He is our rock, our strong tower, our shield and buckler. No weapon can reach the man thus sheltered; no foe can injure us who have been 'found in him;' the security is perfect and divine; greater than that of the everlasting hills; for 'as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him.' Much there may be of *seeming* nothing of *real* danger. All is safety; no weapon formed against us shall prosper. No enemy shall prevail. No man shall set upon us to hurt us; for greater is He that is with us than all that are against us. Come what will we are safe. Let faith realize this heavenly presence in all difficulty or peril. A present Christ that is our security. It is complete and divine. We are immortal till our work is done.

III. *Certain success.* The safety was one thing, the success is another. Here there is both. The success is thus promised and announced.

(1.) *The Master's presence.* 'I am with thee.' The same words that declare safety announce success. If He goes with us to our work, we cannot fail. His presence ensures success. Nothing else can. Nothing more is needed. Not eloquence, nor learning, nor intellect, nor breadth of thought, nor high position, nor sympathy with the progress of the age, but the presence of the Lord.

(2.) *The divine purpose.* 'I have much people in this city.' In the purpose of God there was a people there, already His, though still in idolatry and sin. Here is the Son of God, with His eye on those whom the Father has given Him, looking down on the ungodly multitudes, pointing with His finger to them, laying His hand on them. I have a treasure hid in this field; a flock scattered through this wilderness. Ah, here is election, clearly and simply announced,—the eternal purpose and predestination of God. These ungathered ones are already Christ's. He has them. He reckons them His own; as truly His, and as completely safe, as if they were already in the kingdom.

(3.) *The human labour.* Paul 'sat down there,' as the expression is, for eighteen months, teaching the word of God among them. The divine purpose operates through human agency. God purposes, Paul works, and elect souls are gathered in. Such is the process. God and man, heaven and earth are all concerned in its completion. God works *in* us, *with* us, *through* us. As He works through His own *word*, so He works through His own *creatures*. His eternal purpose, and His present co-operation secure the success. Thus He honours us by carrying on His work through means of us, and fulfilling His eternal purpose by human agency. It is that purpose that gives all the power and efficacy to the human workman. Without it he beats the air, or ploughs the sea.

Therefore we work, and therefore we teach; because we know that we are backed by supernatural power, which is mightier than the evil and ignorance, and unbelief that we are assailing. Let us work in faith, and teach in faith, for both the work and the power are God's.

APOSTOLIC CONSOLATION.*

2 Cor. i. 3–12.

VERSE 3. 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' etc. Of the heart's abundance the mouth speaks, and we have in this strong and joyful outburst of thanksgiving a rich expression of that language which comes naturally from every believing soul that, on its emergence from deep personal exercise under the hand of God, is enabled to give utterance to its feelings. We *bless* God as we *know* God; and our blessing grows in fervency with that subjective intelligence of His ways which it is the end of all divinely-sent affliction to confer. Paul's trials had been deep and many, but their effect had been to strengthen and enlarge his faith in a more abundant knowledge of the God of his salvation. As a suffering witness of Christ his afflictions were his glory also; while, as a nursing father of God's Church, the special anxieties which so often and so sorely pressed upon his spirit, had been met by that comfort which divine sympathy metes forth from its exhaustless fulness in Christ, according to His perfect knowledge of the necessities and longings of our hearts. And now he comes forth from the furnace, with an increase of both confidence and joy, to declare to his brethren those names and attributes of the One God of their worship, the meaning and value of which he had been learning, not for Paul's own sake only, under the direct training of His hand. As he had before fulfilled his honoured charge as a witness and expounder of His glory as the just God and Saviour of His Church, so now it is given him to commend to our hearts the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as 'the Father of mercies and the God of *all* comfort.' He is to be known and trusted thus by all, who through grace confess Him in His Son.

Verse 4. 'Who comforteth us,' etc. Truly in his happy case tribulation had wrought patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope. But let us note, before further contemplating this particular example of suffering and triumphant faith, both the comprehensive language of this verse and the breadth of its application, describing, as it does, under one only of its aspects, the effective operation of that love of God in Christ, which is at once the life and the exhaustless portion of all who put their trust in Him. God is distinctively the Comforter of His people, and the prophetic song of Israel is a part of the present worship of the Church. His praise is the glad and experimental recognition on His people's part, of what He is and does. And forasmuch as He is perfect in His works and ways, it should excite less of wonder than of thanksgiving and hopeful trust in our hearts as they weigh thoughtfully these words of His apostle. For to say that in *all* troubles God comforts us, is but to say in other words, that He comforts in a manner worthy of himself. Tribulation is among those 'creatures' which He has ordained for the special illustration to usward who believe of His faithfulness and grace as the Creator. The number and variety of our troubles are but the appointed means of manifesting more abundantly the endless consolations of His love.

To appreciate these words of the apostle in their application to himself, we must bear in mind the circumstances under which he had composed his former letter. His tears flowed with his words; and while he wrote under a perfect consciousness of divine inspiration and authority, his epistle was that of an inspired *man*. Distress was working deeply in his heart as he indited it; and fears, too, assailed him which he could not always still, as he awaited the effect of what he wrote. He had been cast down lower than the reach of merely Christian sympathy; his trouble was proportioned to his more abundant measure of the mind of Christ, and could be assuaged only by a comfort straight from God. And God had not failed him, but had matched His consolation to His servant's need with a redundancy which testified its source. With a heart therefore charged to overflowing with what it had received, he prepares now to review, as in the sight of Him who had thus blessed him, his experiences, both generally as a minister of God, and especially those in which the saints of Corinth were more directly interested. And as a prelude to this

* Notes and Reflections on the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. By Arthur Pridham. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1869.

he here utters an unlimited challenge of *all* troubles, and of any kind, which Christian hearts can harbour, offering himself to our confidence, not as a self-cured physician, nor in the spirit of Job, when in his own sufficiency he sat as one that comforteth the mourners, but as one whom God had first emptied and then filled with the fulness of His own effectual grace. The strength of his language is according to the depth from whence it comes, for he is speaking in the Holy Ghost; in the name of his Almighty Comforter he undertakes what God alone can truly do. Such is the rich fruit of an experimental faith, which, out of weakness is made strong, not for itself only, but to bear in willing love the burdens of the weak.

Verse 5 explains and further justifies this unlimited confidence of boasting, by a reference to the Lord's mediatorial grace—a distinctive token always of true spiritual teaching. As his sufferings were for Christ, so also did his comfort flow to him *through* Christ in a more abundant measure. To suffer for that name was an emphatic privilege of his vocation; nor did He who had thus made him a chosen vessel for himself forget him in the hour of his need. The Lord stood by His afflicted and sorely-pressed servant, and revealed himself with a more than compensating fulness of blessing to his soul. The anticipative benediction of the mourners was already tasted in his case. Nor were these experiences of Paul his own merely, and to end with him; both in his afflictions and his joys, his brethren in the faith have an equal interest if a lesser share, as he proceeds to show.

Verse 6. 'But whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation,' etc. His afflictions and his comfort are alike both of and with the Gospel, and therefore by the power and in the communion of the Holy Ghost; and as he has already taught us in the first epistle, an all-pervading vital sympathy is felt in each member of the mystic body of Christ. But his language here deserves a closer attention, especially on account of the important secondary meaning which, in this verse, as in some other passages, attaches to the word 'salvation.'

The apostle's statement is, that whether troubled or consoled, his experiences are 'for the consolation and salvation' of his brethren; and further, that this result is wrought in them by their own participation in a like experience. In other words, their endurance of sufferings for Christ is treated as a moral condition of both comfort and salvation. And this, which is the constant testimony of the Spirit, will be found in perfect harmony with the positive doctrine of free grace. By grace we are saved through faith, and the Object of that faith is *the* crucified and risen Son of God. God is in every sense the Saviour of His people, and their salvation will be completed when they are presented before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. Till then their salvation is a *hope*, but a hope which maketh not ashamed, a *good* hope through grace—the Saviour who is for us with the Father being in His ever-blessed Person 'our hope.' If the *means* of this salvation be inquired, it is *by* Christ, and *through* Christ, and *in* Christ; by His *blood* we are justified as sinners, and both are and shall be saved, as His people, by His *life*.

But as faith joins us to the Lord, and puts us instrumentally 'in Christ,' so affliction is an appointed means of rooting and grounding us more deeply in His love. It is because our standing is by faith that the Spirit's language is so varied in its tones. For faith is not intellect, nor is saving truth an abstract proposition; truth for the believer is *Christ*, in His person, His work, and His word. It addresses itself, therefore, to our *hearts* through the gracious and positive teaching of the Spirit. When dead in sins we were wakened up to life by God's effectual calling; being so, we work out, by the will and power of another, the salvation which is now become our hope. We know, by its own good report, the blessing which we are called to inherit, and advance with joyful eagerness to meet it. But our way lies through a wilderness where only faith can live; and it is for the trial of that faith that we are suffered to endure temptation. We work out our salvation by abiding, with a contrite spirit and subjected will, in Christ. God's work, *in* us as well as *for* us, is wrought of God; and God's dealings with His chosen are according to His knowledge of their frame. As, therefore, 'chastening' is elsewhere declared to be an essential token of true sonship, so 'tribulation' is allotted to the follower of Jesus as an inseparable companion of his way. That joy in God, which is the crown of the reconciled believer's faith, is known most deeply by those who seek and find the footsteps of the Man of sorrows; the same blessed Spirit who, as the Comforter, reveals to us the rich wealth of our portion in the Beloved, being our guide also through those stages on 'the way of life,' which lead indeed to more abundant joy and peace, but which our nature would not fail to shun.

If in the present instance we compare the relative condition of these joint inheritors of tribulation, the difference is marked indeed. Not only were the afflictions of the apostle more varied and abundant in their kind and measure, but they were borne by him in a widely different spirit. What Paul encountered willingly, and in the full consciousness of divine comfort and support, passing through trouble as one

led, and accepting his burdens as a token of his Master's love, these Corinthians were undergoing, with reluctance and by the force of circumstances, rather than as an expected adjunct of their calling. Their own remissness and disorders were an occasion of afflictions which they should have learnt and known by other means. Yet the lot is a *common* lot, as the faith of which it is the shadow is common also to His children by the grace of God. Hence the breadth and unreservedness of the apostle's language in this verse. Their sufferings should work for them what his had wrought for him, and both should redound alike to the praise of Him, who, by wisdom and prudence, brings His many sons to glory, according to the good pleasure of His will.

Verse 7. 'And our hope of you is stedfast,' etc. Thus he comforts both himself and them by this reference to their common liabilities and hope, while, as the stronger he gives honour to the weaker, by imputing to them anticipatively a degree of spiritual experience which they had as yet but very imperfectly realized. For he trusted to produce in them a mind and spirit like his own, by relating to them, in the unreserved confidence of love, the story of his own afflictions, and letting them understand in how large a measure they were interested in that which had befallen him for the Master's sake, when at a distance from themselves.

Verse 8. 'For we would not have you ignorant,' etc. He states here with more fulness of description, the moral effects upon himself of the trial to which he already has referred more briefly in the first epistle. It is of less importance to try to determine historically the particular crisis to which his words relate, than to note the impression that it left on the apostle's mind, and the results arising from it, not only to himself, but more remotely to us also, for whose sakes this record was preserved. That the danger which threatened him was excessive is certain from the terms in which he has described it. One whose life was continually in his hands, and who felt himself marked as a sheep for the slaughter, must have seen something in this trial, whatever it was, of more than ordinary fierceness, and must have felt the crisis to be of a character more than usually appalling ere he wrote these words. In its presence he despaired of life. And here we have shown to us, in a manner not less instructive than interesting, the behaviour exhibited by a chosen vessel of the Lord, whose daily boast it was to be already dead and made alive again with Christ, when confronted by immediate and overwhelming peril for the sake of the testimony which he bore.

With Paul, as with an earlier sufferer for the truth, 'fear was on every side' from the malignity of man, while in both heart and flesh there was a natural faintness as he looked, and seemed to look in vain, in any quarter for an outlet of escape. His faith indeed did not fail him, yet his natural spirit quailed; for he was a man of like passions and infirmities with ourselves, and it is the heart that really is afraid, which finds its sheltering rest in God. He had been brought intentionally by the sure Guide of his steps into a juncture which was the appointed means of teaching him, apostle as he was, the experimental force and meaning of the doctrine which formed both the basis of his hope as a believer, and the burden of his message as a minister of God. And so he proceeds,

Verse 9. 'But we had the sentence of death in ourselves,' etc. If he sought within him for relief, 'death' was the only answer. The more he was pressed, the more vividly and conclusively was the fact of his helpless mortality forced upon his consciousness. He was learning, as God's Spirit teaches it, the intrinsic value of his manhood as a child of Adam. And there was need of this. The shadow of this great death was permitted to come over him, not only to demonstrate the power and faithfulness of God as his deliverer, but for the more effectual destruction of all self-reliant confidence, and a corresponding increase of positive and simple trust in God. That an inspired apostle, who had been converted, as Paul was, by an immediate revelation of the Lord in glory, and who had many years before been rapt in heavenly vision to the paradise of God, and who carried in him also in commemoration of that scene a constant and painful remembrancer of the vanity of his flesh, should need this further lesson, and for such an end, ought not to be lightly estimated on our parts who read his words. It may well be treasured in our hearts as an admonition of humility and self-distrust. But nature, though dead judicially, lives in us still; and so instinctive a principle is self-confidence, and withal so interceptive of true spiritual blessing, that all God's saints have felt the furnace of affliction in a degree proportioned to the honour they were destined to attain. To be qualified to speak worthily of 'God which raiseth the dead,' Paul must live and walk in a self-emptied realization of His light and strength. Himself a living man, his answer to any who inquired of his state must be, 'Not I, but Christ;' and this not only as expressing the final expectation of his soul, but as the present truth and substance of his life now in the flesh.

Verse 10. 'Who delivered us from so great a death,' etc. Such was the lesson, and he had learnt it well; self-knowledge had been com-

pensated by a richer knowledge than he had before of that God whose glory is to know and succour them that put their trust in Him. In the threefold celebration of God's saving power here expressed, we seem to have, 1. His retrospective acknowledgment of redemption as a deliverance from eternal death; 2. His experimental confession of the guiding and preserving faithfulness of Him in whom he put his trust; and, 3. An anticipative assertion of triumphant boldness and assurance such as faith has been ever wont to utter, when meditating on the changeless character of the God on whom its care is cast. If we know God truly, we know Him as the faithful keeper of His word; and as remembrance follows and sustains our present faith, so experience works a hope in the same God which maketh not ashamed.

The life of a believer is a progression from danger to danger, yet from strength to strength. He begins to live, spiritually, as one escaped, and though safe in the Redeemer's care, his adversary is about his steps until his rest be gained; yet he is composed on his pilgrimage with songs of deliverance. As his lesson is to learn God as a *Saviour*, his personal course and circumstances are divinely regulated to that end. Taught from his earliest knowledge of the Father to supplicate Him for deliverance from evil, he is not to count it a strange thing if fiery trial come, since otherwise a practical experience of God's delivering power would be unacquired. Salvation, though a work wrought already for eternity, is the daily lesson of a growing faith. And this not only in a purely spiritual sense, by eating Him who gave himself for our sins as the daily meat of our souls, but externally as we fulfil our numbered days. He that is our God is a God of salvation, and our changes are ordered for the proving of His many names. Sickness, privation, and trouble of any kind are, with outward persecution, permitted as occasions of sustaining and delivering Love. Grace knows how to deliver even from those snares in which our own folly or carelessness may have entangled our feet; but it is in the paths of righteousness that the manner of the God with whom we have to do is most thoroughly and richly learnt. For as the Son of God himself learnt obedience through the things which He endured, waiting patiently, yet with prayers and tearful supplications, till the great deliverance should come from Him in whom He put His trust, so are we also, if disciples, conducted by the Spirit through a similar experience. His steps become ours also in proportion to our faith. To serve Him we must follow Him, and His followers will, in their measure, taste His cup.

Verse 11. 'Ye also helping together by prayer on our behalf,' etc. A most important principle is illustrated in this verse. Bold as the apostle is in personal faith, he remembers that the God in whom he trusts has His dwelling also by His Spirit in the Church, and that if deliverance came to one who served God in His gospel, it should come in answer to the desires of others in addition to his own. As his trials were endured for the elect's sakes, they are of common interest to all who are partakers of like precious faith, and they were allowed to fall on him not only to work, as we have seen, his own spiritual furtherance and increase, but to call into active exercise the grace also which dwelt in them. God could and would deliver His servant at His will, but His will pursues this method of accomplishment. Prayer should be made for Paul, and that prayer be answered, and be followed on their part by a more abundant thanksgiving for mercies which they would then feel to be more peculiarly *their own*. The apostle did not doubt this, and his confident anticipation of such a response to his appeal attests the strength of his own deep reliance upon God. Aware as he was of the efforts which the enemy was making to deprive him of the place which justly belonged to him in their affection and esteem, he foils the deceiver by these means. He disarms their unfriendliness by calling for their help; by making them his intercessors he tries the surest method of rekindling their waning love. And thus the partial estrangement of which he had complained in his former letter, and which lingered still, though in a less degree, would be replaced by a deeper and kindlier sympathy when God had shown himself attentive to their prayers on Paul's behalf.

Verse 12. 'For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience,' etc. The moral foundation of his boldness of speech, both as a rebuker and consoler of his brethren, is here laid open to our view. He has the witness of his conscience in the sight of God to the single-eyed and willing stedfastness with which he had from the time of his calling continued in the grace of God. In simplicity and godly sincerity he had held on in his toilsome course. God was himself the light by which he had threaded a safe passage through the world, and of God was the wisdom by which, like David in the vigour of his early love, he had gone in and out before those who bore the name of Christ. By the grace of God he had walked both in love towards his brethren and in wisdom towards them that were without. He had a method and a policy of which Satan was the object, as he afterwards explains; but as respected his own

course and interests as a man among men in the world, his walk as an accredited apostle of Christ, and his behaviour in the Church, which is the house of God, had been as open and intelligible as the sunshine. No man could know him or observe his ways without perceiving, and if honest acknowledging, that Christ was the spring and motive of all that His devoted servant said and did. For this he lived, having no other aim; and because he had not swerved from this, it was his glory also to declare it an occasion in the spirit of that better egotism which, when natural boasting is excluded, extols itself only to make more visible the grace and glory of God through Jesus Christ. And if this had been his conversation generally, both in the Church and in the world, much more so towards those saints at Corinth, though they had but ill learnt the lesson set before them in his ways.

Experience.

NOT as I know, I strive;
But as I fear, I thrive in faults
I do deplore,
And in my prayers I vow
Superior strength to show, but seem
To fail the more.

Not as I feel I trust;
But when I think of Him whose
Mercy bids me hope,
I learn to trust—against myself,
And weep—my fears to melt,
And hope for hope.

Not as I would I do;
But drawn by heavenly love to seek
The skies,
I trample on myself,
Resolve mine honour in the dust,
That I might rise.

My wisdom is my shame
When inward turned—discerns not
Wealth of sin.
Ah, blinded are these eyes,
Or glared with false reflection
From within.

My mirror be Thy Cross.
Divine One, who for me by Thy death
Bought back the lost.
Look my heart through and through,
Cleanse Thou mine eyes with rue
Of bloody cost.

Thyself the price hast paid—
The full, the uttermost the cause demands—
On Calvary.
Claim then Thy purchased rights;
From ways I hate, and slavish fears,
Oh, set me free.

Then shall I wisely know—
And wisely knowing do Thy holy will,
Thy will and mine.
My better life will perfect grow,
And every earth-born trial will but
Strengthen the divine.

—*W. W. Hicks.*

Jessie M'Kinnon.

BY E. E. C.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOST RING.

IT was on Friday morning of the following week, that Mr Lauriston, going down stairs earlier than usual, found his sister-in-law on her knees, carefully drawing her hand all over the carpet, searching for something.

'Well, Lucy, what have you lost?' he asked, stooping down beside her.

'My little pearl ring, David. I remember perfectly well taking it off yesterday evening, and putting it on my dressing-table, before I went to help Amy to chip the marmalade oranges; and I am sure I did not wear it afterwards.'

'Then I'm afraid there is not much good looking for it here, if you are sure of that.'

No, that's true; but still, it is not to be seen in my room, so I am glad to look anywhere. I would rather lose anything I possess than that. It was the first present dear Harry ever gave me,' she said, with tears which even now the mention of his name brought into her eyes.

'It must be found,' said Mr Lauriston; 'we must have a thorough search made for it.'

'A search for what?' asked Mrs Lauriston, as she came into the room.

'My pearl ring, dear. Don't you remember my taking it off, and putting it on the toilet-table when you came into my room yesterday evening?'

'Yes, I do, perfectly. It was I who advised you to take it off. You don't mean to say you cannot find it?'

'I do indeed. I thought it might have fallen off the table; but I have looked all over the floor, and cannot see it.'

'I shall make Lydia sweep your room to-day. It is sure to turn up; but I don't think you need look here, dear. You know we were at the oranges the whole evening, and did not leave the room till we went up to bed; so you could not have lost it here.'

'Lydia,' said Mrs Lauriston, as the housemaid came into the parlour with the kettle, 'Mrs Wilmot has lost one of her rings, a little pearl one; she thinks it must have dropped off her dressing-table, and run into some corner of the room. I should like you to sweep the carpet thoroughly to-day, and try and find it. It must be somewhere about the room.'

'Yes, ma'am, I'll look all about.'

The subject was not then further discussed, as the servants came in to prayers.

When the children heard that aunt Lucy had lost her ring, they were all most anxious to help in the search. George and Lily begged to be allowed to go and look for it in the bed-room; so with strict injunctions to touch nothing, they ran off. Even little Frankie trotted about the parlour, looking into every impossible place, and thinking himself very important,—but the ring was not to be found.

In the course of the day the furniture was removed out of the bed-room, and the carpet carefully swept by Lydia, but all without success.

'It really is very extraordinary, Lucy, where that ring can be,' said Mrs Lauriston, as she and her sister were taking a little walk up and down the garden after luncheon.

'It is indeed; it makes me quite low-spirited,' said Mrs Wilmot, smiling, 'I am so afraid it may have been swept away; if it had only been any other ring, but you know how I valued and loved it, Amy.'

'I do indeed, dear, and feel very grieved; do you not remember seeing it on your table when you went up to bed?'

'No, I do not recollect noticing it after I took it off before coming down to help you. It was only this morning, when I was putting on my other ring, that I missed it.'

'Well, I shall feel quite uncomfortable till it is found,' said Mrs Lauriston, 'I think I shall make Jessie go and have another thorough search; perhaps her young eyes may be successful.'

'Oh you need not, she has already looked all about; the children took her with them this morning after breakfast.'

Their conversation was here interupted by Lydia coming to tell them that Mr and Mrs Nicolson were in the drawing-room, so they hastened into the house.

It was on the evening of the same day that Marjory and Jessie were sitting at work as usual, after the nursery tea. They were generally alone then, but to-night the three children were there also, their mamma, papa, and aunt being out at dinner. George was employed cutting out pictures for a scrap-book; Lily was walking about the room singing to her sleeping doll, but every few minutes stopping in her walk to pick up its wig, which would keep falling off, and which was always energetically replaced; it was a wonderful baby, for it went to sleep immediately after each fresh incision of the task into its head. Frankie was busy building a castle with his bricks, on the floor, and they looked altogether a very snug little party.

'Will you lend me your large scissors, Jessie?' asked George, taking hold of her work-box.

'No please, Master George, don't touch my box,' said Jessie, taking it from him rather hastily, 'if you want the scissors I will give you them, but I don't like my box turned upside down.' Saying this, Jessie was taking out some things that she might get at the scissors, which were lying at the bottom, when—to her amazement and horror—what should fall from the box on her lap, but Mrs Wilmot's pearl ring.

What would Jessie have given a minute afterwards not to have acted as she did! but seized by nervous terror, her face crimson from emotion, she followed her first impulse, and hastily put the ring into her pocket, but not quickly enough to escape little George's eye; he had caught a glimpse of it as it lay on her lap.

'Oh, Marjory,' he cried, 'there's aunt Lucy's ring.'

'Where?' asked Marjory, looking up from her work, over which she had been intent.

'Jessie had it in her box, she has put it in her pocket,' said the child, and it needed not anything more to confirm the fact, than Jessie's crimson cheeks and great confusion, which ended in a burst of tears.

Nothing could exceed Marjory's astonishment; she could scarcely credit her senses; but Jessie's manner leaving no doubt in her mind as to the truth, she told her rather sharply to turn out her pocket immediately. Nothing was left for Jessie but to obey, which she did, and there indeed was the ring, the sight of which brought a fresh burst of tears from her, which Marjory looked upon as a sure sign of guilt.

'For shame, Jessie, what a dreadful thing to do; you'll just go and confess everything to Mrs Lauriston the minute she comes in.'

'Oh Marjory, I did not take it, indeed I did not,' sobbed the girl, 'I could not do such a sinful thing.'

'How did the ring get into your box.'

'I don't know.'

'Then if you don't know, why did you slip it so stealthily into your pocket?'

Why indeed! poor Jessie could not answer this question, she could only repeat, 'indeed I did not take it.'

She spent a very long miserable evening; at nine o'clock she went to bed with a heavy heart, all the heavier because Mrs Lauriston had not come home, and was still in ignorance as to what had happened, and she knew how great would be that lady's sorrow when she heard the story.

'Oh why did I not show the ring the minute I saw it,' thought the poor girl, 'even had no one seen me put it in my pocket, what could I have done with it afterwards? I must have given it back and told that I had found it in my work-box; I could not have told a story about it—oh why was I not more open? every one will think now that I took it,' and tears again came fast.

But there was One who knew all the truth, who saw every tear she shed, heard every sigh; Jessie knew this, and it was her great comfort in the midst of her trial. Earnestly she prayed that God would help her out of her trouble, but above all, that He would enable her to realize His presence, and trust His love through it all, and humbly did she confess the sin of her heart, which, even in the first impulse of the moment, led her to do what was wrong and deceitful, and had brought her into such distress.

It is always a lessening of one's troubles to have a kind sympathising friend to tell it all to, and Jessie found it so; she chose a better than any earthly friend, a Friend whose sympathy and power to help were infinite. When she rose from her knees she felt quieted, and the tears had ceased, but it was long before she could sleep; she heard Mrs Lauriston come home, and fancied Marjory would immediately tell her all, which brought a fresh burst of grief, but tired nature had its way, and Jessie fell at last into a troubled unrefreshing sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

'DISCLOSURES.'

JESSIE awoke next morning with a heavy load at her heart; at first she could not tell why, but soon all the events of the evening before came crowding into her memory, and she sat up in bed covering her face with her hands.

Lydia was already dressed, and had left the room. She always got up before Jessie, as she had some of the housework to do, and Jessie felt thankful she was alone, as she was afraid of the taunts which Lydia would not fail to make.

The poor girl, sick at heart, got up and dressed, and after making her bed and putting the room tidy, she went into the day nursery to dust it and light the fire as usual. She had just finished, and was going to lay the cloth for the children's breakfast, when the door opened, and Mrs Lauriston came into the room. She was looking very grave, and Jessie saw at once that she knew everything. After shutting the door, she told Jessie to put down some plates which she had in her hand, and come and speak to her.

Jessie obeyed; and with a very red face, and her eyes on the ground, came forward.

'I see I need not tell you what I have come to speak about, Jessie,' said Mrs Lauriston, as she put her hand kindly on her shoulder, 'nor need I say, I am sure, how grieved I was to hear from Marjory what occurred last night; but I do hope you can give me some explanation; I can hardly believe you would ever do such a sinful thing, as to take what does not belong to you; remember I am not angry, and you must not be afraid to tell me exactly how it all happened. I am sure you will tell me the truth, Jessie.'

Mrs Lauriston spoke so kindly and gently that all the child's nervousness disappeared,

and she told her everything, how that being seized by amazement and terror at the sight of the ring, she had, without one thought, hastily pushed it into her pocket, and how, the minute afterwards, she would have given anything not to have done so; she told it all so simply and unhesitatingly, that Mrs Lauriston felt sure she was speaking the truth.

After listening attentively Mrs Lauriston said, 'I believe what you tell me, Jessie, and am greatly relieved to know all about it; I should indeed have been sadly mistaken and disappointed in you, if you could have done such a thing; but now I must ask you, if you have any idea how that ring got into your box; it could not go there itself; some one must have put it there.'

'No, ma'am, indeed I don't know.'

'Well, I shall take every means of finding out; you had better finish laying the cloth now, Jessie,' and Mrs Lauriston left the room.

Jessie's first feeling was that of gratitude to God for having been so good to her; and with a considerably lightened heart she set about her work. But though she had the comfort of knowing that Mrs Lauriston believed in her innocence, she was made very unhappy by the cold indifference with which one and all of the other servants treated her.

Mrs Lauriston, on leaving Jessie, had gone immediately to Marjory and told her what had passed, and how she felt almost sure the girl had not taken the ring; but Marjory shook her head incredulously, and said she felt convinced in her own mind that Jessie had taken it.

'Indeed, ma'am, I'm as unwilling to believe it as you are, for I thought well of the girl, but I'll never trust my own judgment again, if her manner last night didn't say, as plain as possible, that she was guilty. Somebody must have taken it, ma'am, and I should have thought that who ever stole it would have kept it; it isn't as if there had been a great noise made about it, and they had been frightened to keep it.'

This was certainly true, it all seemed most mysterious; still Mrs Lauriston could not believe Jessie to be guilty, and trusted to the mystery sooner or later being solved. The whole affair was fully discussed during breakfast, but both Mrs Wilmot and Mr Lauriston were equally perplexed.

For the next few days Jessie lived very much by herself; Marjory never addressed an unnecessary word to her; and Lydia only spoke to taunt and sneer at her. 'That's what comes of all your religion,' she said one day; if that's what it does for you, I'll not take to it quite yet.' Words like these used to make Jessie specially unhappy, and made her deplore more and more the want of moral courage which had brought suspicion on herself, and given occasion for such words.

Nearly a week had passed, when, one evening, little Frankie, not seeming at all well, was put to bed earlier than usual; he soon, however, fell into a sound sleep, and Mrs Lauriston and Marjory both hoped he would be better by the morning; but in the middle of the night, between twelve and one, Marjory was wakened by a most extraordinary noise; she jumped up and ran to the crib whence the noise proceeded, where she found little Frankie almost suffocating; she knew it at once to be croup; so quickly lifting him out of bed, she rang the bell violently.

The bell brought Mrs Lauriston. 'What is the matter, Marjory?'

'Oh, where's Lydia; she can't have heard the bell,' answered Marjory. 'Master Frankie has got the croup, we must have some hot water immediately.'

On seeing the child, and without almost hearing what Marjory said, Mrs Lauriston ran along the passage, shading the candle with her hand, to the housemaid's room. The hasty opening of the door awoke Jessie, who started up, and was much surprised to see Mrs Lauriston in her dressing-gown, with a light in her hand.

'Lydia! Lydia!' cried the lady.

Jessie, seeing there was something wrong, jumped up and ran to Lydia's bed to waken her, but—no Lydia was there—the bed had evidently been occupied, but was empty now.

'Oh! where is she?' asked Mrs Lauriston, in a despairing voice.

'I don't know; can I do anything, ma'am?'

'Master Frankie is ill; we must have some hot water immediately.'

'I'll get it, ma'am;' and before Mrs Lauriston could speak Jessie was off.

In an incredibly short time she was in the nursery with a pitcher of hot water, and little Frankie was put into the bath and sponged all over; by degrees he got better; and by the time he was in his crib again, he was breathing quite gently.

'I think he's all right now, ma'am,' said Marjory; 'I'll sit up with him, and will call you should he be ill again.'

Mrs Lauriston knew her child was as safe with Marjory as with herself, she was such a trustworthy clever nurse; so after satisfying herself that he was really better, she left the nursery. Not till then, had she time to think how strange it was that Lydia was not in her bed, when she had gone for her; so, before going down stairs, she went again to Jessie's room. Mrs Lauriston had sent the girl back to bed immediately after she had brought the water, as she was shivering from having gone down stairs without putting anything round her.

'Is Lydia here now?' asked Mrs Lauriston, as she put her head in at the door.

'No, ma'am, she's not; I can't think where she is.'

'It is very strange,' said Mrs Lauriston; 'I wonder if she's down stairs with Jean; I shall just go and see;' saying this, she left the room. As she passed the parlour, she stopped to shut the door; but feeling a draught of wind, she went in to ascertain the cause, and, to her astonishment, found the shutters unfastened, and the French window a little way open. She did not go farther, but went immediately to her

own room for Mr Lauriston, who came back with her.

'This is most extraordinary,' said Mr Lauriston; 'why, somebody must have opened it to go out.'

Mrs Lauriston was at no loss to know who that 'somebody' was, and told Mr Lauriston all that had occurred upstairs. He was very grieved to hear about his dear little boy; but being assured that he was now quite free from any pain or uneasiness, and was fast asleep, he gave his attention to the open window.

'Well, Amy,' he said, 'whoever went out by the window won't get in by it,' and he shut and bolted it, fastening the shutters again; and if it is Lydia, my dear, as you suppose, I shall pack her off to-morrow (that is to say if she comes back). A woman who can do like that shall not remain another day in my house; there is no saying how often she may have done the same thing before.'

They both went back to their room; but, before getting into bed again, Mrs Lauriston, just to make sure that Lydia was not with Jean, went down stairs, but she found the old woman alone in bed, quietly asleep, so she did not disturb her.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TAMING OF THE SINNER.

I HAVE been marking, for many years, the different ways in which God brings sinners to himself. He smites Saul to the ground, or He thunders at the door of the jailer, or He gently lifts Lydia's latch, and goes in. In all cases, both ancient and modern, I found that there was a combined application of firmness and kindness, or, as some would prefer to say, sternness and love. To-day I have found a first-rate illustration of this truth, which will interest the reader, and rivet divine truth upon the soul. It is but a newspaper paragraph; but many of them are fraught with divine lessons, did we but read them aright:—

'He entered the ring, neighing fearfully, snorting and rushing sometimes at, and sometimes away from, the professor. Now he pawed the ground with impatience, and then flung out a hind hoof with a force which suggested to standers-by the expediency of keeping at a civil distance. His case was a perfect lesson, and was watched with intense interest. Mr Rarey at first approached his intractable pupil slowly, gently, but without fear, lecturing as he went along, and explaining the course of 'gentleness,' by means of which this proud spirit was soon to be brought to a state of submission. His left hand was on the strap, which peeped unobtrusively from the coat pocket, and his right—extended in the most conciliatory manner—in readiness for the preliminary caress. Cruiser the Second looked puzzled, then frightened, reared as if he meditated a sudden visit to the reserved seats, and then stood perfectly motionless. The master's eye was upon him, and his own quailed under the mesmeric influence.

In a very few seconds, Mr Rarey was at his shoulder, the strap was on his foreleg, and the lesson commenced. The struggle that followed was probably as exciting and extraordinary an exhibition as was ever witnessed in a public theatre. There was no sham, no stage trick, no spell, no philter; it was a regular stand-up fight between the horse and the man—between strength directed by courage and intellect, and mere brute force, having only its sheer bone and muscle to depend on. Sometimes the maddened animal reared, and seemed as if about to crush the professor; sometimes he sank prone upon his crippled foreleg, and, with head stretched out, blew up columns of sawdust, by the violent respiration from the nostrils. Then he would make another desperate effort to rise, but only to be followed by another and more helpless prostration. He sweated, he panted, he quivered, his skin rose and fell in waves, under the strong agony, and his haunches were marked with deep corrugations, as he repeated his frantic attempts to break his, to him, mysterious bonds. But it was of no avail. The tamer, all through, clung so close to him, as to seem a part of himself. He never got excited, never lost temper, never missed a single opportunity of describing to the audience what he was doing, and why he did it.

His gripe and pressure was as slow, regular, gradual, but as inexorable, as fate, until, at last, the poor animal surrendered at discretion, stretched himself at length upon the arena, and seemed to experience an exquisite sensation of relief as the reward of his entire and unconditional submission. The panting now gradually ceased, the muscles all became relaxed, and the limbs lay helpless in the professor's hands, as he knocked the hoofs together, or placed them successively on his own head, to show how perfect was his confidence in the subjection of the horse. After a few minutes' rest, the straps were taken off, and the pupil was allowed to rise, when it was curious to observe, that at first he kept his forelegs contracted, under the impression that the terrible ligatures still remained in their places. When he had completely recovered his equilibrium, Mr Rarey mounted on his back, and rode him slowly out of the ring, amid loud and general applause.'

It is thus, bit by bit, that the sinner's will is broken, and he himself tamed, and brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. The strap upon the foreleg—that is the first thing; a fever, a broken arm, loss of eyesight, or hearing, worldly adversity, a disappointment of the affections, a dear one's death;—these are some of the ways in which God comes into direct contact with his rebellious will. Thus the process goes on—law and love, love and law—till the will is broken, the soul subdued, the sinner tamed, and Christ enthroned upon His willing, submissive, loving heart.

De Profundis Clamavi.

PARDON, my Master, pardon for my weakness,
Thus shrinking, fainting, 'neath Thy Father's rod;
O grant to me Thy pure and patient meekness;
Fain would I say, 'No will but Thine, O God.'

E'en as a reed by the rough tempest shivered,
Trembling, I bend before Thy chast'ning breath,
And low within my heart faith's flame hath quivered,
Till all seemed shadowed like the vale of death.

I strive to walk the stormy wave, upheaving
Its angry might, but sink where'er I tread;
I know Thy covenant sure, but scarce believing,
Still hangs upon my breast my aching head.

Thy promises like countless stars are shining;
I see them not, for clouds the heavens obscure
I wrestle hard against each vain repining,
And yet I murmur when I would endure.

Come to my help, O Master! once, in sorrow,
My more than Brother—King of Glory now;
E'en in my tears a gleam of hope I borrow
From the deep scars around Thy radiant brow.

Come to my help, as once God's angels hastened
To cheer Thee in Thy midnight agony;
O Lord of angels! by man's suffering chastened,
Forget not I am dust—infirmity.

Come to me quickly, ev'n as Thou hast spoken
Thy faithful word; let me but hear Thy voice;
Say Thou art with me, and the heart all broken
Again with holy gladness shall rejoice.

Now round the bruised reed Thy grace enwreathing,
Upward to heaven once more I shall aspire;
Now on my darkened soul Thy Spirit breathing,
Brightly shall flame again the failing fire.

Walk Thou the wave with me, the tempest stilling;
Let me but feel the clasping of Thy strength—
Thy righteous strength—thro' all my pulses thrilling;
Nor shall I fear to reach the shore at length.

Beam forth, O Morning Star! in mercy glorious,
With Thy day promise, from the troubled sky,
Hold forth the fadeless crown and palm victorious.
Thou, who hast fought and won, to cheer my eye.

What means that strain, sweeter than angel's singing?
O can it be Thine own responsive word,
Mysterious music on my senses ringing!
'Fear not, thou trembler, for thy prayer is heard.'

I bless Thee now, in sobbings deep—I bless Thee,
Ev'n for the pangs that draw me to Thy feet;
O faithful Master! thankful I confess Thee
Better than all—Thy love than all more sweet.

Let all beside forsake, so Thou dost never;
Happy in Thee, to Thee alone I cling
With strong embrace, nor sin nor death can sever
The love that binds me to my Saviour King.

But O! that soon this bitter life were ended,
And I reclining on my Jesus' breast,
Amid the host through trials that ascended,
Where malice stabs no more, and weary ones have rest! —*Anon.*

PERFECT IN CHRIST.*

ON the eleventh of March 1868, it pleased her heavenly Father to lay her upon that bed of sickness from which she never rose; and when it was our painful task to make known to her that her little one had died during her illness, we were full of fear lest the evil tidings should plunge her into a sea of grief. When she perceived our fears as to how she would bear up under the trial, she remarked, 'My dear husband, do you think I could rebel against Christ? Did He not say, "Suffer little children to come unto me,' and shall I refuse Him mine?' She regarded this affliction as the loving hand of her Lord drawing her nearer to himself, that she might not rest content with holding the fringe of His garments, but nestle closely in His bosom of love. While meditating in this strain she several times repeated the lines:

'There has whispered a voice,
'Tis the voice of my God,
I love thee, I love thee,
Pass under the rod.'

Perhaps these pages may meet the eye of some fond parent agonised over the loss of a dear child, and refusing to be comforted. Oh! bereaved mother, grieve not because Jesus has taken your infant to be with himself. Have you not rather cause to strike the harp of praise, and 'mid your murmurings sing,

'Ere sin could blight, or blossom fade,
Christ came with friendly care;
The infant bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it flower there.'

This happy view of her affliction remained with the young mother, for, like John Bunyan, she had learned that it is the black clouds of sorrow which bring the refreshing rain, while white fleecy clouds of pleasure bring none. But the separation between the mother and her babe was only to last a little while, for, before many days had passed away, the doctors told us they had no hope of her recovery. When we made known to her this painful message, did it affright her? Oh, no! far from it. A bright smile spread quickly over her face, and she replied, 'So soon! Am I going home so soon! I feared our Father might leave me a long time here as I have done so little to glorify Him.' When spoken to about the state of her soul, she said, 'That was all settled long ago. Thank God I am "PERFECT IN CHRIST!"' We then read to her Psalm xxiii., and tried to paint pleasing pictures of our inseparable reunion on the margin of the 'Shining River,' which flows through Emmanuel's Land.

A little after this she said, 'Send my love to my father's house, and tell them to meet me with Christ and God;' and then turning to her sobbing sisters, she continued: 'Why do you weep for me! You ought to laugh and sing;' and after another pause she added, 'There's but a step between us *all* and death.' Thinking that some of the songs of Zion would cheer her steps through the dark valley, we began the hymn, 'My Jesus I love Thee.' 'Oh!' she remarked, 'don't sing of *my* love to Jesus—it has been *so* small. Sing of His love to us. There is nothing worth speaking of but the blessedness of the love of Jesus.' By this time the day had begun to break, and pale rays of sunlight gleamed in at the window. 'I am quite conscious,' she cried. 'Look! the daylight is coming in.' And now the last few moments of her life began to slide quickly from her, and as they glided away we tried to sing that precious hymn known by the name of 'The Beautiful River,' but we could not, for our hearts were too sad for aught but tears. With dying accents she exclaimed, 'I will sing it myself,—I was always so fond of music!' Then, with her last breath, she sweetly sang amid our sobs and tears:

'Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod.'

Here her voice failed, and the sweet music fled to heaven, and 'died among the stars.' Word more she never spake, but her blue eyes suddenly brightened with wonder and glad surprise, as if she had already caught a glimpse of the 'shining river' proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. A heavenly smile illumed her death-pale face, her breathings ceased with an almost inaudible sigh, and then the bright light faded and withered from her eyes, for the Master had come and called for her. And as we knelt beside her lifeless clay we could only moan, 'Leave us not behind, sweet Jesus! but let down the chariot again.' While we thus gave way to our grief, a host of little birds clustered beneath the open window, and made the death-chamber ring with melody; and as we heard their joyful notes our souls mounted beyond where the lark was warbling to the rising sun, and we seemed to hear our darling's voice singing: 'Unto him that loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.'

* From a little book, 'Perfect in Christ: or, the Happy Death of an Irish Christian.' Dublin: Irish Church Mission House. 1869.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts xxvii. 23.*

THIS is Paul's acknowledgment of the true God in the midst of Gentile idolators, and amid the uproar of the Mediterranean tempest. It is like Jonah's in the ship of Tarshish. Its meaning is, 'I am God's property and God's servant; I belong to Him and I serve Him; I am not my own but His; in body and soul, in life, and strength, and faculties, I am God's.'

Solemn words! But the words of the few not of the many. Yet they ought to be the words of all. Less than this none of us ought to say. Till we come to this we are all wrong; our being is out of sorts; our existence is unreal; our souls are dark and wretched.

Paul here speaks:—

1. *Decidedly.* He is no waverer; no halter between two opinions. He has made up his mind. He is thoroughly decided. He speaks as one who has made his choice.

2. *Certainly.* He interposes no 'if,' or 'perhaps,' but speaks as one who knows his relationship to God. Of doubting he knows nothing, but only of certainty.

3. *Calmly.* These are not the words of excitement or fanaticism. There is an unutterable calmness and simplicity about them. I am God's, and I serve Him! What peace must have been filling his soul as he uttered them!

4. *Joyfully.* They are the words of one exulting in the consciousness of this divine relationship, this sure and blessed connection between the living God and himself. His is the joy unspeakable and full of glory.

5. *Earnestly.* His is religion in earnest. With him all connected with God is a profound reality. It is this that makes him so much in earnest; so that even in his simplest words the pent up fervour breaks forth.

Such is our model! Though we be not apostles we are to take our stand here. Nothing less than this will do. Nothing short of this is religion. This is God's demand upon us. It is His right, His due. He expects this at our hands. This is our proper position. It is the manly and upright, as well as the Christian one. Neither Christ nor conscience can be satisfied with any other. Nor does even the world expect less.

Indecision, oscillation, and heartlessness will not do. Compromise will not do. Lukewarmness will not do. Formalism will not do. In everything relating to God there must be reality, sincerity, completeness. The whole heart must be there. There must be no hollow religion. God will not have it; and our own hearts resent it as *misery*. Yes, it is misery. To be neither our own nor God's, neither Christ's nor the world's, neither religious or irreligious,—this is misery. The heart aches with its own hollowness. It will not do. Oh let your religion be real, if you care to have religion at all!

To be real it must begin with *reconciliation*. Peace with God must be the foundation. We preach the reconciliation through the cross and blood, that if it be all yet to begin, it may be begun now!

Christ is our peace! Oh enter into peace through Him! Give yourselves to God. Give your affections to God. Give your soul and body,—your all to Him; and know Him and speak of Him as the God whose you are and whom you serve!

When thus reconciled, we learn to exult like Paul, in our heavenly relationship and happy service, what different beings we become! Not our own, but God's! How this isolates us from the crowd, individualizes, ennobles us! Not our own but God's! Then all we are and do, and speak, becomes divine! We can do no common, no trifling thing. All we engage in is elevated, glorified, sanctified! Oh let us learn this high nobility of being; this heavenly elevation of life, and of all that belongs to life. Repeating to ourselves, 'the God whose I am and whom I serve,' we press forward in our course, nerved for duty and for trial. Repeating to others, 'the God whose I am and whom I serve,' we give a sufficient answer to all the words or arts of temptation, by which men seek to make us compromise our character, and become faithful to our calling and service.

* More exactly it should be rendered, 'there stood by me this night the angel of THAT GOD, whose I am and whom I serve.' How solemnly must these words have sounded in the ears of the Roman soldiers and Egyptian sailors, and the passengers from the various heathen nations around!

THE LOVELY SONG, AND THE JOYFUL SOUND.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX.

DID you ever think of the great difference there is between *hearing* the Gospel as a lovely song, and *knowing* it as a joyful sound? If not it will be wise to study this distinction, and to inquire which is your case. Let us begin, then, with looking attentively at two passages of Scripture,—'Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne, mercy and truth shall go before thy face. Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day; and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.' (Ps. lxxxix. 14, 16.) 'And lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not. And when this cometh to pass (lo, it will come), then shall they know that a Prophet hath been among them.' (Ezek. xxxiii. 32, 33.)

The present period is 'a day of good tidings.' There is more preaching and hearing than at any former time. There is no doubt much good preaching and right hearing, but there is reason to fear that many are '*hearers only*,' who do not *know* the joyful sound. They are pleased, but not profited; satisfied, but not saved. Just look for a moment into two places, and consider what is going on. In one a young lady is sitting at the instrument, and singing a plaintive melody; her listening and admiring father is the only auditor, and though he has heard the same strain many times before, and knows every note and word thereof, it is still to him 'a lovely song.' In the next house is an anxious father standing at the window, looking out for the postman. He expects a letter from Australia, one of great importance. The postman is on the steps, and the watcher flies to the door. It is the very letter he expected. He quickly opens it, and in a moment catches sight of the words '*better; all will be well we hope.*' The crisis of a very dangerous illness of some dear one is over. Ah! that is 'a joyful sound' to him. Great is the difference between these two, and still greater is the difference between an approving hearer who loves the world, and one 'who finds God's word, and eats it.'

Now, look again at the two passages cited. I need not ask you in which of these cases you desire *at last* to be found; but there is need to ask in which you are found *now*. In the first of these passages we see *mercy's complacency in its trophies;* and in the second, *mercy's complaints over triflers.* All are *triflers* who are not willing to be *trophies;* but the worst of triflers may become the greatest of trophies; but then there must be earnestness, such as the value of the soul, the excellency of truth, and the awfulness of eternity demand.

The trophies of mercy, the favourites of heaven, are those who '*know the joyful sound*,' whose hearts are in true sympathy with God's truth, who have an inward ear to delight in heavenly harmony. And what is this joyful sound? It is a revelation of the God of all grace inviting, of God in Christ reconciling. It is 'the glorious glad tidings of the blessed God,' even an assurance that He is 'ready to forgive, and rich in mercy to all that call upon him.'

On a beautiful spring morning how full is creation of joyful sounds. The air, the earth, the trees, the streams, the birds, the insects, all are full of joyousness. But more full is God's word of the gladsome sound of joy and peace. The types, the prophecies, the invitations, the promises, the utterances of Jesus when on earth, and the words which He speaketh from heaven, the large loving words of the Holy Spirit by the apostle, how full of glad tidings of great joy.' Every thing in creation and in daily life is laid under tribute to find illustrations to set forth these joyful tidings of pardon, peace, relationship, yea, of all blessings, spiritual and eternal, for the guilty, the vile, the debased, the lost.

And what is it to '*know* this joyful sound.' It is to know it in its *authority*, as a voice from God's throne demanding attention; to know it in its lovingness, as an utterance of God's heart, that may safely be trusted. Then it will be known in its power—subduing, melting, transforming. Such things as these are not done all at once, nor ever completely done while here: the processes are still going on, until grace changes into glory. Such know, so as to *distinguish* the joyful sound from all human inventions or substitutes. The sheep will not follow strangers. They know and also love; receiving 'the love of the truth they are saved.' They know and obey. The joyful sound lures them onward in the right road, even in the

'high way of holiness,' and the 'paths of peace.' 'They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.' This walking implies activity, effort, and attainment. They make some progress up a heavenly incline: they are in a new element, in the light, as God is in the light. They have access into grace; fellowship with God. They know His name; they trust in it, and sing: 'Our hearts shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.' Such are *blessed*. The great and gracious words which God hath spoken to them take effect. They were cursed once, but the curse is gone! The joyful sound tells them *how;* tells them of one who bore sin in His own body on the tree, and then, rising, secured all blessings for those who trust in that God who raised Him from the dead. 'They are blessed with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus:' they enjoy this blessedness with many who are also blessed, and look forward to realise it in a world where there shall be no more curse, in connection with a multitude of blessed ones, which no man can number.

Such trophys of grace may well triumph in God, for on such God himself looks with delight; yea, He declares, 'I will rejoice over them, to do them good.'

Now, mark the contrast. Listen to *the complaints of a God of mercy over triflers.* How frequently is God heard as thus complaining in the prophets. See Ps. lxxx. 10, 13; Isa. xlviii. 17, 18; Jer. vi. 16. And when Jesus was on earth, we know how lovingly He lamented over the triflers who thronged around Him to *see* His miracles—Matt. xi. 20–24; John v. 40—and how, at the close of His wondrous ministry, He, with bitter tears of unrequited love, wept over them—Luke xix. 41, 44. In this solemn passage before us, we have God informing the prophet Ezekiel what was the true spiritual condition of his hearers, contrasting what they *did* before his face, with what they *said* behind his back; thus showing that, with all their admiration of truth, and professed love to its messengers, their hearts really loved sin and the world best. 'With their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their coveteousness.' The Lord thus told His servant what *He* thought of it all, and what He was determined to do to those who were the *actors* in the scene which he described.

It is a solemn fact that *a deceitful drama was being acted out.* God saw it, and announced that *a dreadful demonstration would come after.* In Satan's play-rooms, called theatres, the tragedy comes first, and then the farce; but in this case, when the farce shall have been played out, an awful tragedy will come on.

In this most true and terrible description of what was going on among Ezekiel's hearers, and which also, we fear, is now going on in very many places, we trace *religious excitement, without any real profit.* The preacher is not regarded by the hearers as God's messenger, but as their paid *musician*, one who excites and pleases them, and so answers their purpose. Many persons congratulate themselves, because they are excited and pleased when under the preaching, though nothing comes of the excitement. Whereunto shall we liken such?

Look at those persons sitting at a window by the sea-side, at a fashionable watering-place. They listen very leisurely to a band of musicians performing a few yards off. They give the performers something; and soon the thing is forgotten. May we not see in this common scene an illustration of some professors in their customary, and, it may be, cushioned seats, who hear sermons, and pay a preacher, and that is about all. But of what avail is this if secret duties, soul humility, trembling at God's word, honest self-searching, and tenderness of conscience, are absent? One thing thou lackest, 'admiring hearer, even *faith*.' The word preached does not profit if it is not mixed with faith in them that hear it. Oh man, with a deathless spirit, be not satisfied unless God's eternal truth, and thy immortal soul, are joined together by the link of faith, which, uniting to Jesus, worketh by love.

Another feature of this defective and deceptive religion is, *knowledge without obedience. They hear thy words but they do them not.*' These words are *twice* repeated. Those may be very clear critics who have never felt themselves vile criminals. No one ever makes a good hearer who has not stood in God's great dock, and been constrained to plead guilty. It is a poor thing to speculate over truth, and not to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Convictions that do not issue in consecration will end in eternal confusion. All hearing is worse than useless that does not lead to practice. How much did Christ insist on this point. Matt. vii. 24; xii. 49, 50; Luke vi. 47; John xiv. 21. Plainly and clearly He taught His hearers that where there was no *doing* of His will, there would be sure to be a terrible disappointment. Does any one start up alarmed and say, but are we to be saved by our doings? Certainly not, this is an utter impossibility. But it is again asked, are we not saved by our Substitute's doings? There is no other possible way of being saved; and those who are one with Him by faith, and who become one with His people in love, will surely be saved. But remember there are two ways in which self-deception works as regards this point.

One is, when people ignorant of God's righteousness go about to establish their own, and so reject the doctrine of salvation by substitution; and the other is, when persons take up the doctrine of imputed righteousness, and disregard all that God says about personal and practical righteousness, as the result of being justified in the righteousness of another. God's plan of substitution is a saving thing, but man's plan of substitution is a damning thing. To substitute a knowledge of imputed righteousness for believing with the heart unto righteousness, and then being righteous, even as He is righteous (1 John iii. 7), is indeed a fatal delusion.

Such hearing, such professing, is naught. If any man be a hearer of the word and not a doer, his religion is vain. Religious excitement without soul profit; the clearest knowledge without loving practice will be a profession without heaven at the close of it. *No love, no life;* no service, no reward; no doing, no approbation. If any will have religion with levity, pride, self-will, and worldliness, it must be religion *without heaven.*

Yet this deceitful drama, this mere *playing at religion*, has been acted out in all ages, and is still going on. But mark the words before us. See what a *dreadful demonstration* follows after this deceitful drama. 'And when this cometh to pass (lo, it will come), then shall they know that a prophet has been among them.' The threatening referred to by the word 'this,' is found in 27–29 verses, and has long since been terribly fulfilled in Israel, God's professing people, as their history shows. But what of us who are dispensationably grafted into the good olive? What for hearers under the Gospel, who are the counterpart of Ezekiel's hearers? A dreaful demonstration is coming, which will overwhelm all triflers with confusion. 'When *this* cometh to pass.' Ah, to how many fearful words of threatening does the word '*this*' point. 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' What shall the end be of those that obey not the Gospel of God. The Lord will come in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Ah, think of the late knockers! Luke xiii. 25, 'of the foolish virgins;' Matt. xxv. 10, of the sandy ground builders, who heard and did not. Think, oh think of these, and think of the awful word 'depart from me;' think of the confusion, the disappointment, the everlasting loss; and beware of being 'HEARERS ONLY.' The day is coming when men will indeed learn to see the difference between God's messenger and a mere musician, between a prophet of truth, and a player on an instrument. Learn then to treat truth as a *reality* now. 'Hear and your soul shall *live.*' That is the hearing wanted. To sit and hear will not do; you must *know* it, and walk in it; if you would get safe to God's holy heaven, you must get the Gospel into your heart by the power of the Holy Spirit, and then give yourself, and all you have to God, in loving consecration. To sit, to hear, to show much love with the mouth; is to imitate those who have done the very things that are branded by God. What is the use of it. What is the use of knowledge, profession, excitement, if the heart goeth after its covetousness; as a servant at the beck or nod of his master. 'Certainly, his servants ye are whom ye obey.' Assuredly, if the *heart's* chief treasure be on earth, wherever the head may be, or whatever it may be stored with, all must be wrong for eternity. The covetous man cannot be saved any more than a drunkard or fornicator can be saved. He goes down to destruction by a clean road, but he is going there as sure as God's word is true, unless God change his heart, which will be a miracle indeed.

Solemn awful thought. Whether licentious professor, or self-righteous Pharisee, or world-loving, gospel-patronizing hearer; all who are such are going down to destruction to the sound of Gospel music.

Who that has ever heard '*the dead march in Saul*' played by a good military band at a soldier's funeral, cannot very well forget it. The solemn strain and the measured tread are very affecting. Now, let us suppose that instead of the corpse of the deceased soldier being encased in a coffin, it was openly exhibited as part of the sad pageant. Let us further suppose that, arrayed in his dress for the grave, the corpse, stark and ghastly, could move along with its stiff arm, cadaverous face, and sightless eyes to the sound of the music on to the grave. How terrible would such a sight be. One shudders to think of it.

But what would this be to what, there is reason to fear, is constantly going on wherever the Gospel is preached. How many are hearing, approving, subscribing, and sometimes, like the wayside and stony ground hearers, even rejoicing, but who are not *doing* what God calls for. There must be life before there can be action; and there must be righteousness in order to life, and there must be the Holy Spirit to convince 'of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.' All are provided. The Lord Jesus Christ has wrought out, and the Gospel exhibits an everlasting righteousness, it is brought near, the Spirit whispers, 'submit to it, put it on by faith. Oh, heed His whisper now, if you would not hear God's thunder-tones another day. Bow to the sceptre of grace, if you would not

be crushed by the rod of iron. The joyful sound is not only melody to the living, but it can give life to the dead. It is 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, for therein is the righteousness of God revealed.' Jehovah says, 'hear and your souls shall live.' Hear as for eternity, hear and trust, hear and pray; hear, and part with all which God condemns; hear, and aim at all which God requires. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come unto condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.' John v. 24.

The Autumn Sacrifice.

STILL bent the grain above the fields;
Still blushed the trees amid the sheaves,
As if o'errun with vines that dropped
Their crimson blossoms 'mid the leaves.

And over trees, and over grain,
Each hooded stalk a shaft of flame,
Still bent that soft, sweet autumn sky,
In whose white clouds we traced God's name.

Beneath that quiet sky, the sea
Had stilled its sad and stern unrest.
We seemed to hear the 'Peace be still!'
A 'sea of glass' from east to west!

My sacrifice; and every tree
I thought with sprinkled blood was red;
Those fields of grain, one mass of flame
By sacrificial altars fed.

Yet, Isaac-like, I saw no fire
To claim the heart's submitted all.
'Twas in the stillness of my soul
I heard the Mount-Moriah call

Strange sense, to feel that day by day
The soul ascends some altar's stain;
Strange strength, to know and yet pass up,
Our only staff our trusting prayers.

. . . . . .

Oh Peace, that sweetly followed Pain!
Oh Christ, that blessed, that offered all
For I the benediction heard,
Who heard the mountain's altar-call.

I little thought that day by day
My soul had climed a Pisgah's side.
I caught the flash of golden gates
Across a waveless Jordan-tide.

Why will we weep and moan aloud
When ashy clouds above are seen?
Blow not the flowers after rain?
Wears not the earth its summer-green?

How often have we found a cross,
Whose heavy frame we scarcely bore;
When passed beneath and lifted up,
To be the frame of Heaven's Door?

E. A. R.

Bible Class Notes.

BY THE LATE A. ANDERSON.

No. V.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

(LUKE XV. 11–19).

WHO was the certain man? God, the Father of all. Whom was the elder son designed to represent? The Pharisees; self-righteous, offended at the humbling level of the Gospel. They took offence at Him (Christ) receiving publicans and sinners; and would not themselves believe on that account. Whom is the younger son designed to represent? The publicans and sinners; whether Jew or Gentile, who had wandered from God.

What scene or picture does a father and his sons present to our view? A family. And what does the idea of a family suggest to us? A home. Does the idea of a home awaken any particular emotions in the mind? Can even the aged man forget his home? He may forget things more recent, but not his home. Who can forget his home? Not even the wanderer. Barzillai, 2 Sam. xix. 37. Jacob, Gen. xxviii. 21. Not even the prodigal. See here the wisdom displayed in the teaching of Christ when he introduces such a scene. What kind of appeals are best fitted to win the sympathies of our nature? Those which attract and subdue our feelings. Where is the seat of earth's strongest attachment? Home. Where are man's tenderest ties bound up? Home. Christ employs this idea here. For what purpose? To attract and win the heart. The man who can melt at the remembrance of home may yet think of heaven.

When man was created, where was his home? Eden. Paradise. What was the character of that home? Happiness. Holiness. Happy in what? In God. Did our first parents grow weary of this home? Did they wish to be independent of God? Whom did they wish to be their god? Themselves 'Ye shall be as gods.' Gen. iii. 5. They wished the ordering of their life to be in whose hands? Their own. Where did they suppose they could find happiness? In themselves.

What does the younger son say to his father here? Is this opposed to the teaching of Christ? What did He teach us to say to the Lord in heaven? Our Father. The younger son did not say *my* Father. This would be the language of endearment. With what kind of tone does he speak to his father? Authority. He is bold in sin. 'Honour thy father,' etc. Is there filial reverence then? What does this demand show? That he was weary of restraint; that the disposition of the natural man is selfish. In what season of life are we most liable to become tired of restraint and discipline? Youth. But when is it most necessary? What do our own inclinations promise to us? Happiness, in the shape of pleasure. But what secures happiness to us? Duty, in the shape of self-denial. What does inclination ever whisper to us, in order that we may get happiness? *A change of circumstances.* But duty insists on what? *A change of self.*

Man is the subject of a twofold influence; Satanic and Divine. What is Satan's object? To draw us away. What is God's object? To draw us back. 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself' (2 Cor. v. 19). He pities us; He shows the way to regain paradise. To which of these influences did the prodigal submit? To what influence are we yielding? What is our choice? Are we allowing the pleasures and gratifications of this life the chief place in our affections? God has given us a will, and sometimes He grants our desires, although hurtful to us. Is it a terrible mistake to make wealth our portion? 1 Tim. vi. 9. Not only riches, but every thing that excludes God. Will these be of any value on a dying pillow? Will sin, or gold, or pleasure bring peace at last? Will gold purchase admission to heaven? What does the lover of pleasure delude himself with? That to-morrow shall be as this day is. Ah! but death may come. 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Mark x. 23. 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' Luke xii. 15. What should be our choice? The Christian's portion, with the Christian's faith. A satisfactory everlasting portion.

When did the younger son gather all his goods together? Where did he go? What did he waste? How did he waste it? What object had he in view? Enjoyment. What barrier was in his way to this? The good order and discipline of home. To remain there was imprisonment. He felt that he must be free. What does the sinner gather together in order to get pleasure? All his energies, faculties, powers.

What did the prodigal take to the far country? His journey. Sin moves on with a quick step, each step less difficult. A stone running down a hill. Sinners go from bad to

worse. Eve listened, looked, coveted, put out her hand, plucked, ate, gave her husband. Seven stages. Cain; suspicion, jealousy, hatred, murder. Judas; covetousness, hypocrisy, conspiracy, treason. The prodigal; dissatisfaction, pride, apostacy, riotous living. The journey of the sinner is something progressive. What is the first step? Turning the back upon God. What urges the sinner on his journey? Inclination to sin, gratification of self, promises of Satan and the world. By degrees he journeys on farther from God. Sin is then a departure from God. The prodigal took the earliest opportunity of doing so; he went on heedlessly; he disregarded future consequences.

Where did his journey end? What is the far country? A world where God is not. Are we all represented as being far off? Are we far from death or ruin? What then. We are far from God and salvation; far from safety, happiness, and heaven. And who leads man captive thus; blinds the understanding, perverts the will, captivates the inclinations? A deceiver.

What did he waste? Time, strength, property, mental powers. With what? Riotous living. Like the rich man, he would say to his soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thou ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' Luke xii. 19. He allowed his lusts and inclinations full scope. His heart went after idols. Like Solomon, he went his round of dissipation, withheld not his heart from any joy, gave himself to wine. His motto would be, eat, drink, and be merry. Living for self; not for God. Riotous living a wasting process; will reduce to want. The temptations that overcame the prodigal are common to men. Many alluring voices calling us into the far country. To think and act for ourselves and none to control. The world has its attraction, but what are the pleasures of sin only for? A season.

What arose in the land? When? What was the consequence? What does a life of recklessness and sin generally bring on? Bodily want and misery. What effect has it on the mind? It destroys and lulls to sleep. On the heart? It hardens it. What do we learn from the expression, He spent all? That riches and sinful pleasures are transitory and unsatisfying. When they are gone, what do they leave? Want. They are only for a season. He had nothing now. What is the sinner destitute of? Comfort, righteousness, happiness, peace. Why is this? Because he is far from God; in a land of strangers. What is his condition? Wretched. Can the world satisfy the wants of the soul. No. What is the best provision the far country can afford? A few carnal delights and worldly pleasures, which perish with the using. What comes when these are gone? Famine. Of what? Of all the fruits of spiritual communion with God; love to Christ; joy in the Holy Ghost; hungering and thirsting after righteousness. A famine of all whereby the soul of man lives. Has the far country any health in it? No. What reigns there? Disease. Death. Having sown to the wind, what does he begin to reap? The whirlwind. What is it that always goes hand in hand with sin? Suffering. What always follows transgression? Penalty. He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption. Gal. vi. 8. What kind of streams flow from a bitter fountain? James iii. 2. What does Job say? A sinner's bones are full of the sin of his youth. Does the sinner often in this life feel it an evil and a bitter thing to sin against God? Jer. ii. 19. Does this famine often sit at the tables of the rich? It may be in kings' palaces an unbidden guest. It is possible to be in such places, and yet perish with hunger. What did the prodigal begin to be in? Want. Learn that the sinner has here only a foretaste of coming woe. See the rich man in hell. Luke xvi. 23. Was his proud heart subdued now? Not quite yet. Though God send judgments they do not always tame. Isa. ix. 10; Jer. v. 3; Amos iv. 6.

To whom did the prodigal join himself? Where was he sent? What was his employment? Considered to be deep degradation. Sin brings men to this. What did luxury give place to now? Pining hunger. When afflictions do not reclaim the sinner, what do they render him? More degraded and wretched. He that will not return and be a servant to God, what must he continue to be? A slave. Learn that the sinner often applies to the wrong source for comfort. What ought he to have done? Gone home at once. So the sinner ought who sees his sins, go to God. He continues to wander, tries new objects, seeks new pleasures, new friends.

Whom might the citizen represent? Those settled down in malice and wickedness. Was the prodigal a citizen? A stranger. Had the famine touched the citizen? Was he even more miserable than the prodigal, although he knew it not? His case almost hopeless. The prodigal not so hopeless; he felt himself an alien in the land of sin. When he felt his want, how can we account for him joining this citizen? His heart was not broken yet. Satan was still his master. He entangled himself more deeply in the world. Did his new master seem inclined to help him? Where were all his friends? But now that he was in want what was his condition? 'He would fain have filled his belly with the husks.' Will the husks of the world satisfy the soul? What only will satisfy? The bread of life which cometh from the Father. Who gave to him? No man. So long as we have money, what will the world do? Crowd around us. Admire and praise us. But let poverty succeed to riches, what will they do? Desert us; profess no acquaintance with us. The Levite passed by on the other side. Luke x. 32. 'All thy lovers have forgotten thee.' Jer. xxx. 14. Have we any instance of this in the Bible, even among Christians? Peter denying Christ: 'I know not the man.' Matt. xxvi. 74.

Would the prodigal's condition now appear to be pitiful? He who would not be a son must now be a slave. He who would not be

ruled by God, must now be ruled by the devil. He who would not dwell among brethren, must now do so among brutes. He who would not feed on the bread of angels, feeds with swine. What a picture of man serving divers lusts and pleasures. Sinful gratifications could not stay his hunger. Must sin ever end in misery, however gratifying for a time? Our first parents. Gen. iii. 17. Achan. Josh. vii. Solomon withheld not his heart from any joy, and what did he find it at last? 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Eccl. xii. 8. Judas. Covetousness. Hanged himself. Matt. xxvii. 5. Herod. His love of honour. 'It is the voice of a god.' Was eaten up of worms. Acts xii. 23.

The prodigal was in want. How different from David's language. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' Ps. xxiii. Learn here how we should do with convictions. Who tries to stifle convictions? Satan. What should conviction lead to? Repentance. The world can give no rest, no peace. Noah's dove. Gen. viii. 9. God alone is the portion of the soul.

Of whose house did he begin to think? When did he begin to think of this? What can we gather from the expression, 'when he came to himself?' That man is by nature deranged, physically, mentally, spiritually.

Physically. Hence all the ills that flesh is heir to. Did God design this when He created us? Go to an hospital, and then conclude whether God designed all the pain and suffering there. It is the effect of sin.

Mentally. Reason is often cast from its throne. The will, the inclinations, often bring to this. Go to a lunatic asylum, and conclude, whether that is God's handiwork? What does Solomon say is in the hearts of sinners? Madness. A sinner without grace, without God, is a madman. For what does he exchange heavenly things? 'That which satisfieth not.' What does he trample under foot? The crown of glory. Eternal life. He strives with all his power to acquire some fancied good, which is perishing. He is indifferent to the unsearchable riches of Christ. He labours to make himself miserable through eternity. Is not this madness? What is the cause of all this? Sin. How terrible a burden.

Spiritually. When did man's spiritual derangement begin? When he left his Father's house. He sold his birthright as a son, for what? Husks. In seeking to become his own master, what did he become? A slave. In the worship of self he lost himself. Who more has he lost than himself? God. God is not in all his thoughts. Jesus came to seek and to save the lost. Without God as a light; man's soul is dark. Without God, the law of the soul; it is lawless. Without God as the guide of the soul; it wanders. Without God as the portion of the soul; it starves. Without God; without hope, a lost soul.

Sin is a sickness; 'the whole head sick;' a leprosy; from the sole of the foot; a plague, 1 Kings viii. 38. A serpent, bites like; a sting, like an adder; a poison, under their lips; under it the whole creation groaneth. What does all suffering spring from? Sin. What is it that ruins a man's life? Sin. What digs his grave? Sin. What steals his virtue and happiness? Sin. What often blights the sweet blossoms of youth? Sin. What brings many grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Sin.

Was the prodigal now convinced of his condition? What does conviction prepare the way for? Conversion. Here, then, is mercy in judgment. God makes sin bitter, for what purpose? That we may forsake it. He allows the world to be hard bondage to us, that we may desire liberty. God's dealings with Israel. 'I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall, that she shall not find her paths.' Hosea ii. 6. In coming to himself the sinner comes also to God. When a person repents and believes, what kind of a mind has he come to? His right mind. How does he think of God, heaven and eternity? Rightly. Where does he resolve to seek happiness? In Jesus. Afflictions are often blessings to the wicked in leading them to this; early religious education and habits are also blessings. They may lie long hid, but in times of distress may call to the sinner's mind the good he has left, and suggest a return to his father's house.

What did the prodigal say when he came to himself? When the sinner returns what does he become sensible of? 1. The danger of perishing; I perish, etc. 2. That God is willing and able to save. How many hired servants have bread enough. 3. He hopes forgiveness is his, and feels it to be all that is needful. 4. He resolves to go to God. 5. He comes willing to confess all. What is God waiting to be? Gracious. All things are ready. Full provision through Christ. Yet a vacant place in the Father's house. To every returning prodigal what words of encouragement are given? Yet there is room. Bread enough and to spare. What does God call after his wandering children? Return unto me and I will return unto you. Let the famine drive us home. A deep sense of poverty is the best proof we can have that the Spirit is at work. Where is the soul's home? Heaven.

Every believer will follow the Forerunner to His mansion in the skies. We may even now have our affections there—in thought, faith, prayer, love, aspiration; we may even now ascend and dwell with our Saviour. What is the earnest or sure pledge of heaven? The heavenly character. When will the new creation be complete? When we get home. The new man perfect then. Each step brings us nearer home. Each day—a day's march nearer home.

HOW TO CATCH A BUTTERFLY.

MY dear Nephews and Nieces,—I know that I have a story this time that will delight you greatly. Every night, after the tea things are put away, I read half-an-hour to Frankie; and, lately, I have been reading the '*Twilight Stories*,' which were written expressly for mothers to tell their little ones. I really believe that I enjoy those stories quite as much as Frankie, who always says, 'Read me more, mother.'

The story to-night was, '*How to catch a butterfly*;' and the instruction contained was so good, I felt as though I ought to write out part of it for you. These are all English stories, but American boys and girls can catch butterflies this way, just as well as Reginald's mother did.

You see her little boy became very hot running after a butterfly, and when he opened his little sweaty hand, the golden dust from the butterfly's wings was sticking to it, so that the gaudy insect did not look half so pretty as when free, flitting from flower to flower. So mamma tells him that she must catch some butterflies, so as not to spoil their beauty.

One day as they were walking out together, they came to a quantity of stinging nettles growing by the road side, and Reginald's mamma gathered a stem of them, at the top of which was a cluster of forty or fifty dingy looking, browny-black, spiny caterpillars.

'Look at this, Reginald,' said she; 'do you admire these little creatures?'

'No, mamma, I do not. I think they are ugly!'

'Do not call them ugly. I do not like to hear children call any living creature ugly. There is beauty of some sort in everything that God has made. I think some day that you will see beauty in these.'

She then put some of the caterpillars into a box she had brought with her for the purpose.

Presently they found hundreds of little black caterpillars, and his mamma said they were just the kind she wanted, so she put six of them into the box. On reaching home, she removed them to a large box, and told her little boy to feed them with fresh clover twice a-day, and by and by they would turn into beautiful butterflies.

A few days afterwards his mamma gave him a very fine large caterpillar, of a pretty dark buff colour, with twelve velvet-looking black bands round it. Reginald admired it very much, and thought this would turn into a very beautiful butterfly.

By and by another caterpillar was found on a pear-tree, which had stripes of blue and buff, and red, and black and white, from the head to the tail. This one Reginald also admired, and was sure it would turn into a much handsome butterfly than those ugly black ones.

One day he came to his mamma, and told her that something was the matter with the black caterpillars, for they were moving up and down very strangely. She told him they were going to shed their skins, and he might watch them. Presently he saw the head part of one of the caterpillars come out of its old skin, and the skin slipped toward its tail; it helped itself with its legs, and in a few moments it had quite thrown off the old skin, and looked as much handsomer as a new one can make anything look. Then his mamma told him that they would all shed their skins two or three times before they were full grown.

Reginald was equally astonished when, on opening the box where he kept his two favourite caterpillars, he was puzzled to find his beautiful striped one. But in a corner of the box he found a sort of bag, something the shape of a little bird's egg, made of a silky-looking stuff mixed with a few short hairs, and sprinkled over with a yellow dust. Then he said to his mamma, 'I really am afraid you have made a mistake; for my coloured, striped caterpillar has turned to something, but it is not a butterfly.'

'Do not be afraid, Reginald, I have made no mistake; this something is called a chrysalis, and it is out of this the moth will come by and by. Remember, I did not promise you that this would be a butterfly.'

'Then mamma, will all the caterpillars turn to such things before they are butterflies?'

'Not exactly like this. When one of the black ones has turned, you will see what is called a chrysalis, and it will not have a case over it. There is a sort of caterpillar which, perhaps, we may find some day, that makes a little house of wood for itself, and when it is going to turn to a chrysalis, it goes into the little house, and shuts the door after it, and remains there until it comes out a perfect moth. It joins the bits of wood together with a silken web, and, leaving a little opening to get in at, it drags a bit of wood after it, with which to shut itself in tight.'

In a few days Reginald's other large caterpillar had formed a cocoon, which had the appearance of rough brown paper, and turned into a chrysalis inside of it: and all of his other eating caterpillars had turned into chrysalises which hung themselves up by a point to the lid of the box. Those that had been black had a beautiful bronze-like appearance, and those that had been quite black, green and gold. It rather puzzled Reginald that his most beautiful caterpillars should look so much less handsome than the others, and quite likely that, if he could have chosen them, he would have had it otherwise.

—*Advent Her*

GOD'S LAST MESSAGE TO THE WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Continued from p.* 514.)

THIS leads us to our *fourth* remark, regarding the conditions (if we may use that term) upon which the gift is offered—'freely.' Not merely are you told that you may have it freely, if you can make out a case of poverty, and show that you are not able to purchase it, but you are told that you must take it freely or you cannot have it at all. Nothing can be accepted as a price from you; for, in the *first* place, it has already been purchased for you, and cannot, therefore, be bought over again by you. And, *secondly*, all the price you could afford to give for it would be but a mockery of the gift, and an insult to the Giver. And when God has thus put it within your reach, by making it free, will you put it hopelessly beyond your reach by attempting to purchase it? Had God sent us a restricted fettered Gospel, burdened with certain preparations and performances, what an outcry would have been raised about it, as if He had sent it but to mock us. Yet, now when it comes free we are the first to encumber it with restrictions, which not merely make it less free, but which subvert it altogether. Not only is it not to be bought by the wealth of the rich, or the power of the mighty, or the penances of the self-righteous, or the alms of the charitable; but it is not to be bought by our faith or our repentance, as many seem to think. In this way we would be making a saviour of our faith, which is as dangerous and more subtle a delusion than making a saviour of our works.

'But, what! do not my faith and and repentance give me a *title* to the Gospel?' No; for then the Gospel would not be free. You would be buying it by your faith and repentance. 'But are not good frames and feelings required before I am at liberty to lay hold on the Saviour?' No. Your liberty to do so is the free gift of Christ in the Gospel, which was the same before you had any frames or feelings at all. 'But I am not at least to *wait* till I find some such feelings as that wrought in me?' No. That would be buying it by your waiting. 'But is it not necessary that I should remain some time (perhaps a long time) in darkness and depression before I am warranted to take the gift?' No. That would be buying it by your sufferings, and the Gospel is as free to you this moment as it can be after months or years of waiting and sorrowing. There is no necessity for waiting, nay, there is guilt in every moment's delay. 'But is not the preparatory process a long one? How long was it in the case of the three thousand converted by Peter's sermon? No. It is just 'believe and live; come and take; stoop down and drink.'

Listen, then, O sinner, to the voice of Him who from heaven thus so lovingly addresses you. Hear the words of Him who, in such solemn circumstances, in such a moment of awful suspense, such a crisis of unutterable interest, proclaims to the last of earth's rebellious children the latest words of grace uttered from the mercy-seat before He leaves it for ever, to ascend that throne from which issues, not the voice of mercy, but the words of righteous judgment, not the voice of compassion, but the sentence of final doom. Listen to it as the announcement of God's best and richest gift, to you the thirsty weary sons of earth; as the free unrestricted presentation of it to the weariest, thirstiest, most wretched of all!

'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' Without delay, or doubting, or lingering, Come! You are a wanderer in a wasteful desert. Above you the scorching sun; beneath you the burning sand; around, the dreary wilderness. No pleasant verdure, no refreshing palm-tree, no sheltering covert, no shadow of a great rock in all this weary land! You have sought water, and there is none, and your tongue faileth for thirst. Whither shall you turn? You have gone to the desert-fountains and found them dry, or filled with the salt and bitter water, which only increased your thirst. Oh, turn in hither and see this great sight, a fountain opened in the desert,—opened for *you*. Go no longer from one broken cistern to another. Draw near this living fountain which flows for you. Drink, yea, drink abundantly of this full, this free, this freshly flowing fountain! It is truly a refreshing fountain, from which the weary spirit drinks and thirsts no more. It is a living, life-giving fountain, and wherever its immortal waters flow, they send through the fainting dying spirit their stream of immortality. It is a pure river, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and he that drinks of it is at once transformed into its own transparent purity.

Oh! then, poor sinner, for what are you lingering? Why should you tarry one moment? Not for invitation, nor for liberty, for there is no exclusion, no unwillingness, yea, all gladness to receive you, and the invitation is proclaimed most freely to you, to all. Not for entreaty, for now are you entreated, as often before you have been, to come and take the water of life freely. Do you wait till you can bring some-

thing along with you to purchase the offered blessing? I tell you again, it is without money and without price,—most absolutely free! Are you waiting till you are thirsty enough? I tell you that you are thirsty enough already, and that no one could be otherwise who has lived a single day in a parched land like this. And besides, if you think that your thirst is to qualify you for receiving Christ, you are miserably deluded. It makes you feel your need of Him, but that is all. It cannot qualify you for receiving Him. Nothing in you can do that. Do you wait till you have wrought some improvement upon yourself? If you tarry till you have made yourself better, you will tarry for ever, you will never come at all. Would the sick man think of making himself better before he came to the physician? You say, had I not been so guilty, I might be received; that is to say, you suppose there is a certain amount of guilt which might be forgiven, but every addition to it casts the balance against you; and you are to be condemned, not so much because you have not believed on Christ, but because you have committed a few sins more than another, and that other is forgiven, not so much because he has believed on Christ, as because he has committed a few sins less than you. You say again, were I innocent, I would feel no hesitation in hastening to the Saviour. Were you innocent, you would not need a Saviour to hasten to, you could do without Him. In short, were you really to have, before coming to Christ, the preparation which you are seeking, when you came to Him you would find Him to be no Saviour at all for you, for He came to call not the righteous but sinners to repentance.

The Gospel not merely presents itself to you, but it comes to you. It does not ask you to meet it half-way. It meets you all the way. It is not a voice which speaks to you from afar, but one which comes to your very ear and heart. All that it asks of you is just that you be willing to take freely what is so freely given. Poor burdened sinner, hear this and be of good cheer! You would fain have the gift, the precious, the immortal gift, which is more to you than the wealth of worlds. Well, here is the Gospel, which announces the gift. It tells you that that gift is not more precious than it is *free*, free in itself, and free to *you;* free to you as *you are*, not as you hope to be after some weeks' or months' preparation; free to you this very moment, all impenitent, all unbelieving, all ungodly as you are; free to you as a sinner, not merely *although* you are a sinner, but just *because* you are a sinner!

'But my heart, my hard, my impenitent, my unbelieving heart, surely I must have it softened and subdued a little before I can venture to go to Christ.' And who then, we ask, is to do this for you? Can you do it yourself? 'No; not myself.' Can any created being do it for you? 'No; not any created being.' Who, then, can do it? 'Lord, to whom can I go but to thee? THOU hast the words of eternal life.' It is plain, then, that the *first*, the very first thing you have to do, is just to go to that Saviour who thus invites you, that He may deliver you from all that hardness of heart, from all that unbelief over which you mourn. The existence of these within you is the strongest of all reasons for going strait to Him without delay, that all which you lament may be taken away.

Thus writes one who had learned in the school of deep experience, and who speaks what he had thus been taught of God:—"'I came not to call the righteous but *sinners to repentance*." Here is the first ray of hope,—they are not to repent in order to be haters of sin and lovers of God—in order to be called freely by the Gospel; but they are to obey the free call of the Gospel in order to become such. But I daresay you admit all this. Well, then, here is the weight of the objection which causes your disquietude—If Christ be able and willing to save, and I be able and willing to come to Him, where is the obstacle? Nowhere, if such indeed be the case. But take heed; is it not laying a condition on the Gospel to say 'I am ready to accept the offers of the Gospel, *if* I found myself *willing*,' or I must have a more sincere willingness before I can believe that Christ will save me! Is not our reluctance the worst feature in our malady? And yet you think it is because you do not yourself remove that, that Christ will not remove the rest of it? Do you feel it to be no comfort to believe that Christ is willing, nay, waiting, to receive you at the moment the offer is made? If you do not, then you do not believe the Gospel to be free. What effect ought a consciousness of your coldness and insecurity to have upon you? Why, to cling closer to Jesus, to cast a greater burden upon Him. The more you lay upon Him, the more confidence do you show, and the more do you honour Him. You groan under a hardness of heart,—then cast yourself on your knees, and whilst you pray to be delivered from it, oh! forget not also to pour forth gratitude to God that He hath thus made you to groan under it, made you to feel it, and arrested you in your former levity of indifference. Alas! in our concern for more, we too often forget what we *have* received. I am no stranger to that most miserable of feelings, deadness in prayer; and who can in words describe the sensation of a soul anxiously struggling with an unseen God, to fulfil His promises of mercy, and yet bitterly feeling that it cannot come to him—sinking under despondency that all is in vain—that you are addressing one deaf to your voice—that it is needless to persist, for at the very moment the heart is overpowered with vain and wandering thoughts, and you do not sincerely desire what you pray for? This is indeed a feeling most miserable, but oh! how needful! Is not this praying indeed in sincerity, from the very consciousness of sin and misery? Is not the cry of a man struggling with the billows more sincere and earnest than of a man on the bank? Look, look at the Deliverer himself! the Rock of Ages, with His hand stretched to you! grasp it, cling to it! What does He say?—'I, even I, am He that blotteth out your

transgressions, *for mine own sake*, and will not remember your sins.' Is it for *thine own sake?* Oh! then, I need not fear my sins and pollutions will prove an obstacle. I am grieved for them, and desire to be a thousandfold more so; but glorify thine own self. 'Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee.' We are ever forgetting that our sins are the very reason why we need a Saviour, and ought not to be *discouraged* by them as proving any obstacle to His grace, when we are enabled to resign ourselves to Him; but we ought to be *deeply humbled* for them, and it is *them* that God giveth grace. . . . You ask me, What do you consider the properties of acceptable prayer? Now, perhaps it may surprise you when I say, that even if I could answer this in clear terms, I would not do it, in the *present* state of your mind; because, if I may judge from my own experience, this is the query of a harassed but *legal* spirit, and the direct answering of it would, in my opinion, be at least unprofitable. I shall explain myself. You have a firm speculative belief that you are a guilty, undone, and perfectly helpless sinner; by the instrumentality of certain circumstances in Divine providence (it matters not what they were), you are led at length anxiously to labour for the salvation of your soul; you have also a clear speculative knowledge of the way by which you can attain to this; in one word, by *faith*. Granted. Your first work, then, was endeavouring to put this knowledge in practice. But how? Instead of turning your view immediately to objects presented in the Gospel to excite your faith, and dwelling upon them as your only hope, you first looked whether you had this faith as a *preliminary* step, and intended then, if you found it, immediately to direct it to those objects which, in fact, must excite it. Could you, in fact, have faith, until you brought your mind to contemplate and rest upon the gracious promises and free invitations of the Gospel, which are addressed to you as a sinner, in the first place, without faith, or anything else that is necessary? Must not your faith, including, your firm persuasion of the truth of what God declares, and your thorough reliance on it for yourself, proceed from an immediate contemplation of that unconditional freeness and unlimited fulness, *unfettered by one specialty*, upon which the sinner should at once come and rest his burden, without a fear of non-acceptance? Was not your course, like mine, the reverse of this?—You sought for faith when it could not possibly exist, before you turned to what could excite it. You feel, then, that want of those things, in your opinion necessary to the formation of faith—a *sense* of guilt, pollution, helplessness, etc.—to compel you to have recourse to the Gospel, and a belief and confidence in the mercy of God to enable you to receive it. You have recourse to prayer—you plead for those things to be given you—you plead under a deep consciousness of wanting them; and so you should; but then, your mind ought not to be resting on the mere consciousness of your harassing needs, but on the willingness of Him whom you are addressing to remove them. Does not the very act of prayer presuppose your belief of this? And are you then honouring Him in this act, when your mind is filled with a distressing consciousness of your own miseries in it, and in no degree suffered, even for a moment, to rest on the truth that He is most willing, nay, waiting to remove them? But you say, "I cannot help it—I feel that I am not sincere, earnest, disinterested, in my supplications—that I am guilty of a solemn mockery," and that my prayers, therefore cannot be accepted? So, then, you have found out this insincerity, indifference, selfishness of motives, etc., are not a part of that sinfulness which you want to be delivered from—no, no; they are quite a distinct thing, and a man must of himself be able to remove these first, and then he can have confidence that his prayer will be accepted and graciously answered! Do you really suppose so? Ah, no! here is the sunk rock of legalism. Off with these to Jesus at once. These are the very consciousness of guilt, the stings of conscience, the dismal unbelief which you were seeking as preliminaries; plead them with Him—tell Him these are sin, and the worse because they lie as obstructions in the very way to himself, and that "He came to destroy the works of the devil," and there they are.'*

Now, then come! Come with nothing in your hands but your sins. Come freely, come fearlessly; come thirsty and weary, that your thirst may be satisfied and your weariness refreshed. Whilst yet the fountain is flowing, and the access unchallenged, drink and thirst no more! Thus with joy shall you draw water out of the wells of salvation, drinking not merely the water of life, but the wine of heaven. Thus shall Jehovah-Jesus give you to drink of the river of His pleasures. He shall give you the upper as well as the nether springs,—the very fulness of that living stream of which you have here but the earnest in the droppings of the sanctuary, 'for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed you, and shall lead you unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.'

* Life of J. M'Donald of Calcutta.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts xiii. 38, 39.

THE apostle had been relating a piece of history, simple in itself, but of vast importance as to results—certain *facts* in the history of David and of David's Son. On these facts he grounds his proclamation of good news—good news to Israel, good news to the sons of men.

I. *There is a message.* It is a special one, a true one, a divine one, sent by God himself. 'Be it known unto you.' Take this as a matter absolutely certain, and which you ought to know, and which therefore I now tell you. It is like 'Behold, and hear.' God has a message for us—glad tidings of great joy!

II. *This message is concerning forgiveness.* This is the first thing which a sinner needs, and it is the first which God presents him with. God knows that we are under condemnation, under wrath, under the curse, and that till these are removed nothing can be done. So He begins His dealings with the sinner, by presenting him with a pardon. He comes proposing to reverse the condemnation, to cancel the curse, to lift off the wrath. It is this that the apostle brings out so fully in connection with the blood and the covenant, when he says, 'Now, where remission of these is there is no more offering for sin.' To a condemned world this message comes. Be it known to you, O condemned man, that there is forgiveness for thee. Forgiveness to every one who *needs* it, this is our message. To us as condemned, as accursed, as lost, as worthless, as helpless, the tidings came, tidings of God's forgiving love, and of the forgiveness which that love presents to us.

III. *This forgiveness is through the Man Christ Jesus.* Only in connection with 'this man' can forgiveness reach us. In any other way it is one of the impossibilities of the universe. It is impossible with God, with angels, with men. Apart from 'this man,' there is only condemnation and doom to the sinner!

(1.) '*This man*' *was sent to provide it.* It was a possible thing, but only in one way, and through one channel. It must come in righteousness; it must not only be gracious, but righteous, and lawful, and safe for us, and honourable for God. This Man came to make it so, to reconcile the righteousness with the grace, to present us with a holy pardon.

(2.) '*This man*' *has provided it.* It is now done. That which was possible before has become righteous now. Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, has done the work, by bearing our sins in His own body on the tree. The wrath and curse have been borne; pardon and righteousness are now one.

(3.) '*This man*' *has it for us.* It is in his hands. He is the vessel of pardon. Its fulness is in Him. He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give it. 'Come unto me,' He says to the condemned and the weary. We now know where, and how, and when, pardon is to be had by the sinner.

(4.) *In preaching* '*this man*' *we preach forgiveness.* We have much to say concerning 'this man,' much to make known respecting His person and work; and all that are here to tell brings out the fulness deposited in Him, and the completeness of the forgiveness which God presents to the sinner, to the ungodly, through Him, and through Him alone; for 'when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.' In all that we say of Christ we make known God's free pardon; for there is not one single particle of the divine testimony concerning Him that does not, more or less directly, reveal the forgiveness that there is with God.

IV. *This forgiveness comes to us in believing.* Concerning 'this man' God has given a testimony, and to that testimony He has annexed a promise, to the effect that every one, whoever he be, that believes the testimony, gets the pardon. It is not a mere testimony, without a promise, that would simply relieve the burdened sinner, to the extent of showing him that pardon was possible. It is a testimony, followed up by a promise of salvation, to the man who credits the testimony; and this is the true 'appropriation'—the accepting of the promise along with the crediting of the testimony. This testimony and promise must go together. He that takes the one without the other is not only shutting himself out from blessing, but he is separating what God has united together. He that says, I believe the testimony concerning Jesus, but I am not sure of being a pardoned man, is taking the testimony, but rejecting the promise; or at least saying, that it is not true *to him* until he is conscious of having undergone certain spiritual changes, and experienced certain religious feelings. Thus we are pardoned, and thus we *know* that we are pardoned, not by reflecting on or being satisfied with the quality of our faith, but with *the certainty of the promise.*

The promise goes beyond 'pardon,' and proclaims 'justification' as the portion of every man who believes. For while pardon delivers a criminal from his sentence, it does not necessarily restore him to favour, or present him with a complete standing before his sovereign and his fellow-men. But when 'justified' as well as 'pardoned,' we are taken up to the level of the unfallen and sinless, nay, we are treated according to the character and deservings of Him through whom the justification comes. We are made to stand where He stands, and to receive the righteous favour which He receives. Yes; we are *justified from all things.* Our whole man is justified, our whole person is accepted, and every thing, great or small, that was against us, is taken out of the way.

THE INTERVIEW WITH JESUS:

THE SINNER'S TURNING POINT.

BY THE EDITOR.

ACTS IX. 27.

THIS is Barnabas' account of Saul's conversion. The event was no common one; never has such a peculiar miracle been heard of before or since; it was a thing much to be remembered by the Church of God; it was brought about in a very marvellous way; yet the relation of it here is singularly brief and simple,—'He had seen the Lord in the way, and he had spoken unto him.'

Had some of us moderns narrated the wonderful event, we should have entered largely into descriptions of many points connected with it; the setting out from Jerusalem, the journey, the scenery and adventures by the way, the hills and plains of Palestine, the magnificence of the mountain-gorges of Lebanon, the noble plain of Syria, in the centre of which Damascus sparkles like a gem; specially the spot of the striking down, the glory, the terror, the voices: but Barnabas passes all these by, and draws our notice to one single point, which to him, and to the Holy Spirit by whom he spake, was the one important thing in the scene, the meeting between Saul and Jesus; between the persecutor and the object of his persecution; between the sinner and the Lord.

It was a strange meeting this: of two as different as are light and darkness; two opposing hosts, Christ and antichrist. Which is to prevail? and what shall be the issue? Life or death? Shall man or God be the conqueror? Once before there had been a meeting of this kind between man and God—on the cross of Christ. The issue of that meeting was the death of the Son of God. Man conquered. Earth and hell prevailed. But here the issue is reversed. Man is conquered; God prevails. Yet the result of the victory is the life, not the death, of the conquered one. The vanquished one does not die, but lives. God has triumphed; yet man has triumphed too. For the battle and the victory were not like man's, the battle and victory of hatred, but the battle and victory of love. It was love overcoming hatred, not hatred overcoming love. In such a case, what but life could be the issue?

The details of the conversion are not given us in these words, only the means by which it was accomplished. What the process was, we are left to learn from the means employed: 'he had seen the Lord in the way, and he had spoken to him.' He had set out from Jerusalem an enemy to Christ, and he reached Damascus a friend. What had produced the change? He had seen the Lord in the way. He left the one city an unbeliever in the Gospel, he came to the other a believer in it. How was this? He had seen the Lord in the way. This is the history of his conversion; the secret of his change; this accounts for it all; we do not wonder at it now.

(1.) He had seen the Lord. (2.) The Lord had spoken to him.

I. *He had seen the Lord.* Not every one that saw the Lord was converted. Judas saw Him, Pilate saw Him, the thief saw Him, yet they remained unconverted. Still, when conversion does take place, this is its cause. What did Saul see? He saw the glory which, as a Jew, he knew to be the Shekinah or glory of Jehovah, and he saw the human form of the Son of Man; he saw Him as Jehovah and as Jesus. To Jesus of Nazareth belonged that heavenly glory which he knew to be the glory of the Lord God of Israel. True, he was blinded by this glory; but not the less did he see it. As the Lord showed himself to Thomas to be truly man, so did He show himself to Saul to be truly God. Yes; the Lord showed himself to Saul, and that sight was irresistible. Flesh and blood had nothing to do with it. The vision was divine, and the power accompanying it was almighty. Who could resist it? It bore down hatred, unbelief, self-will, self-righteousness; all these fell down before it like the walls of Jericho before the trumpets of Israel.

II. *The Lord had spoken to him.* The substance of His words was, 'I am Jesus;' but that contained much. It must have utterly confounded him; for it tore up by the root every part of his former self, showing him, by

a word, himself as one of the worst of criminals, the persecutor of the Son of God. It told him that all was wrong with him, his creed, his religion, his faith, his hope, his life,—all was wrong. It said, thou art a sinner; thou art an unbeliever; thou art a persecutor of the saints of God, a murderer of the Son of God. His blood is upon thee, and the blood of His saints. And proud as thou art in thy self-righteousness, thinking thyself a great one, armed with power to slay and to destroy, thou art a poor helpless worm, fighting against God, kicking against the pricks. But I am Jesus; I am the Saviour. Thus the Lord spoke to Saul, and what He said was an entire reversal of every idea that was in Saul's mind regarding Jesus and regarding himself. A minute before none was so excellent or righteous in his own eyes as this Saul, this pharisee, this Hebrew of the Hebrews, this keeper of the law; none so contemptible as Jesus of Nazareth. Now all is reversed. Saul has decreased, and Jesus has increased. Saul is cast down to the ground, and Jesus of Nazareth set on high. Could any change be more entire? Could any transformation be more simple? Yet what does it amount to? Each has been set in his own place, and has got his proper value and honour assigned to him. That is all. Saul is Saul, and Jesus is Jesus. Man is man, and God is God. The sinner is the sinner, and the Saviour is the Saviour. This is the *rationale*, the explanation of the whole process. This is the key to the change, the secret of the conversion.

This is in substance the history of every conversion. Only let a sinner see Jesus, and all is changed. All the varieties of experience may be reduced to this; and all the biographies of saints, common or wonderful, resolve themselves into this: 'They saw the Lord in the way, and he spoke to them.' They are not all so sudden or so direct, but they all tell the same story. They do not all see Him in the same way, nor hear the same words, but they 'see and hear;' and of that which they see and hear, Christ is the Alpha and the Omega. In spurious conversions there is something faulty here; something perhaps is seen or heard, but it is not that which Saul of Tarsus saw and heard. It is about feelings, or doctrines, or visions, but not about Jesus of Nazareth.

This is all that a sinner can say about his conversion. No doubt he can tell of many subordinate things, many details, but the sum is this, 'he saw the Lord in the way.' Remember some of the New Testament conversions. Andrew and Simon leave Capernaum one morning in their boat to fish, careless Jews, like the other fishermen of the lake. They return changed. What has befallen them in the course of the day? Ask them the secret of their change. They will tell it at once: 'they saw the Lord in the way.' So with Matthew at the receipt of custom. So with Zaccheus on his sycamore. So with blind Bartimeus; and so with all the rest. Ask any, ask all of them, how their change took place. In substance they will return the same answer, 'they saw the Lord in the way.' There might be some differences as to what they saw and heard, but it all bore on these two points,—who and what Jesus is; who and what we are ourselves.

Our first meeting with Jesus will not be our last. It will be daily true of us, 'they have seen the Lord in the way.' We go out burdened, we come in unburdened. How is this? We have seen the Lord in the way. We awake, perhaps, weary and troubled, and set out on the day's duties with a sigh: we have not gone far when all weariness departs, and trouble is exchanged for gladness. How was this? We met the Lord in the way. We lie down, perhaps, oppressed and fretted; we awake with a light and merry heart. How was this? The Lord met us in the night-watches. We begin some Sabbath under the pressure of sin; we are weak and tempted; fightings without and fears within: but ere this evening has fallen around us, we are singing—'Who is he that condemneth; thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory.' How is this? We saw the Lord in the way. It may be that, as in the days of His flesh, we came across His path, or He ours. It matters not; in either case we meet Him; He speaks, and all is well. Sometimes we recognise Him at once; sometimes the relief comes so naturally, that, like Mary, 'we knew not that it was Jesus;' but that matters little, seen or unseen, He has effected the cure.

Ah! this is the cure for all sickness; this is the secret of all strength; this is deliverance from all perplexity; this is consolation under all sorrow. Nothing else will do. This will. And He is always to be met with. He is never far off.

Sinner, have you seen the Lord? He proposes a meeting; a meeting that will settle everything between you and Him; a meeting at which He will turn a Saul into a Paul; opening your eyes, and bringing you out of darkness into marvellous light. Grant Him this meeting, and all is well.

Life.

A SWAYING reed, I stand,
Close at the marge of Time's deep, rapid tide;—
Far sweeping o'er the land
Comes many a gale, o'erladen, scattering wide
What should but reach my hand.

Vainly I strive to gain
Those wasted treasures from the truant air;
Floating beyond, the main,
The distant, silent sea receives my share,
Nor yields it back again.

Pass down Time's rapid stream,
Gay barks, and argosies of joy and pride;
Their gorgeous banners gleam
In conscious power; alas! the treacherous tide
Proves all their pomp a dream.

But from their wreck is cast
Close at my feet, upon the trembling strand,
A waif, whose splendour past
The waves destructive spare to grace my hand,—
This, *this* is mine at last.

And thus I stand;—the storm
That desolates the land, and sinks the fleet,
Thrills with a new life, warm,
My blooming rod,—for fiercer woes more meet
Maketh my fragile form.

Seldom hath hope her own;
Not the lark's music 'mid the morning dews
Is life's most frequent tone,
Nor from sweet gardens of all beauteous hues
Cometh her breath alone;—

Hers is the silent night,
The storm destructive and the tempest wild;—
O, may I read aright
Her darkest page, and, like a little child,
Wait for the morning light!

Bowing before the blast,
With stronger faith and hope of purer aim
Aside all murmurings cast,
Then, upward look, a higher joy to claim
When the last woe is past!

—*Anon.*

'FATHER, I FEEL SO HAPPY!'

THE writer has but one child, and he has gone to be with Jesus. Of his many sweet sayings, which will ever live in grateful memory, coming home to the heart with that tender and soothing influence which can be borrowed only from the spirit land, one of the sweetest is that which we have quoted above.

Such was the state of this little boy's health, during the latter part of his brief and happy life, that many of his Sabbaths were spent with his mother at home. On those days, a double portion of the Spirit's influences seemed to be imparted to him. They descended gently upon him like the dew of heaven; and, like the light of heaven, they seemed to penetrate and pervade every avenue of his soul. They irradiated his countenance; they tranquillized his spirit; they filled him with a holy joy in conversing on the things of Christ, in listening to 'that

sweet story of old,' and in singing with subdued voice, the praises of Him, who said, 'Let the little ones come unto me.'

On one of these peaceful Sabbaths, which afforded so delightful a foretaste of the eternal rest into which he was about to enter, his thoughts dwelt long and anxiously on those perplexing questions which, sooner or later, agitate almost every thoughtful mind, relating to the freedom of man and the sovereignty of God, and especially, to the possible influence of prayer on an Infinite Being, who is 'of one mind,' and whom none 'can turn.' Nearly the entire interval of Divine service was spent in attempting to remove his difficulties, and to present these great themes in such a light as would, at least, relieve his feelings, if not solve the mystery in which those questions will ever be involved. Gradually, the light seemed to dawn more fully upon him; the clouds lifted and rolled back; faith enabled him to accept what he could not fully comprehend; and an unwonted peace pervaded his believing and loving heart. At length, compelled to interrupt this hallowed interview, by the summons which bade us speak to more than one, of the things which belong to their everlasting peace, we were about to hasten away, when, looking up with a composure and joy of countenance which will never be effaced from our memory, and speaking with an earnestness and sweetness of voice which seems still to fall upon our ears like the words of 'herald angels,' he said, 'Father, I feel happy!'

We do not suppose that this dear boy, then, for the first time, experienced the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit; but we do believe that he then drank deeper at the fountain of living water than ever before. From that time he evidently dwelt in a serener atmosphere than is ever breathed far from the gates of the celestial city. From that time the Gospels, which he had long loved, were increasingly precious to him; prayer, which had for years been his delight became his 'vital breath;' and songs of praise, which he had warbled from infancy, were breathed from his lips, with unwonted melody and rapture.

WHAT DO YE MORE THAN OTHERS?

THIS question, propounded by the Saviour, is applicable to professing Christians of the present day. According to the original Greek, the question is, 'What abundant, or *singular* thing, do ye?' Thus understood, the question would seem to imply that Christians are *singular* beings, and ought to perform *singular* actions. As the disciples *are* more than others, so they ought *to do* more than others. A hypocrite may go beyond a heathen, but a Christian should go beyond them both. Cicero complained of Homer 'that he taught the gods to live like men;' but grace teaches men to live like gods. Grace not only makes a man more *of* a man, but it also makes him more *than* a man. A true Christian not only does more than others *will* do, but he also does more than others *can* do. There are some who pretend to *believe*, but work not. There are others who work, but believe not; but a saint does both. He so obeys the law as if there was no Gospel to be believed, and so believes the Gospel as though there was no law to be obeyed.

Why should Christians do more than others?

1. Because more is done for them than is done for others.

2. Because they stand in a nearer relation to God than others.

3. Because they profess more than others.

4. Because they have experienced an inward change which others have not.

5. Because they are looked upon more than others.

6. Because if they do no more than others, it will appear that they are no more than others.

7. Because they expect more than others.

What do real, honest, living Christians do more than others?

1. They do much good and make but little noise.

2. They prefer the duty they owe to God, to the danger they fear from men.

3. They seek the public good of others above their own private good.

4. They choose the worst of sorrows before they will commit the least of sins.

5. They mourn most before God for those sins which appear least before men.

6. They keep their hearts the lowest when God raises their estate the highest.

7. They are more concerned about their inward condition than their outward appearance.

8. They are more concerned about the distresses of the Church than they are about their own happiness.

9. They render the greatest good for the greatest evil.

10. They take those reproofs best which they need most.

11. They seek their contentment in God's appointment.

12. They are more in love with the employment of holiness than with the enjoyment of happiness.

13. They are more busy in searching their own hearts than in censuring other men's faults.

14. They take all the shame of their sins to themselves, and give all the glory of their services unto Christ.

15. They value an heavenly home more than any earthly possession.

'ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.'

'COME this way, Mary,' said Minnie to her friend. 'I hear children in the garden. Papa is calling them. Let us take our stand at the side door, and observe their movements.

'There, Harry has heard the signal and has given notice that grandpapa is picking grapes. And now see how quickly they leave their play, and come scampering down the garden steps! Augusta and Clara have thrown away the flowers they have been gathering, and Harry has left his hoop, and is already climbing the ladder in answer to the call, Who wants some grapes? I, sir, and I, and I, echo the girls, as they stretch out their hands to receive the promised treasure.

'This scene is often repeated. Whenever papa can gather a group of children around him, it is his delight to fill their hands with large bunches of grapes. I often think it gives him more pleasure than it does the noisy little urchins themselves, as he is thus robbing his vines of the choicest fruit. They never seem to have their mouths so full, but they can find room for more, and those who are most importunate seem to get the largest clusters of grapes.'

'Let us be encouraged to imitate the simple faith of these children, when we listen to the invitation of our heavenly Father! '*Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.*' '*Ask and ye shall receive.*' Does He not mean exactly what He says when He promises to fill us with the gifts of His Holy Spirit? He says that He is more ready to do it than our earthly parents are to give us good things.'

'I think, dearest,' said Minnie, 'that this is a very sweet lesson for us. See how your father encourages the children to put out their eager little hands and importune him for grapes. But where is Bessie?'

'Look yonder in the arbor; she is still playing with her doll. It amuses her to see the children running so eagerly to papa. She loves to hear their merry shouts, but she does not join them, because she does not love grapes as well as her companions do. When they join her in the garden she will eat a few, but she would not leave her play to ask for them.'

'And when our Saviour is calling "Come unto me," how often, dear Mary, the toys of earth have power to detain us. And when we do come we often ask and receive not, because we ask amiss.'

—*Sunday-School Times.*

'While the Days are going by.'

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
O! the good we all may do
While the days are going by.

There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by;
Let our face be like the morning
While the days are going by.
O! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes.
Help your fallen brother to rise
While the days are going by.

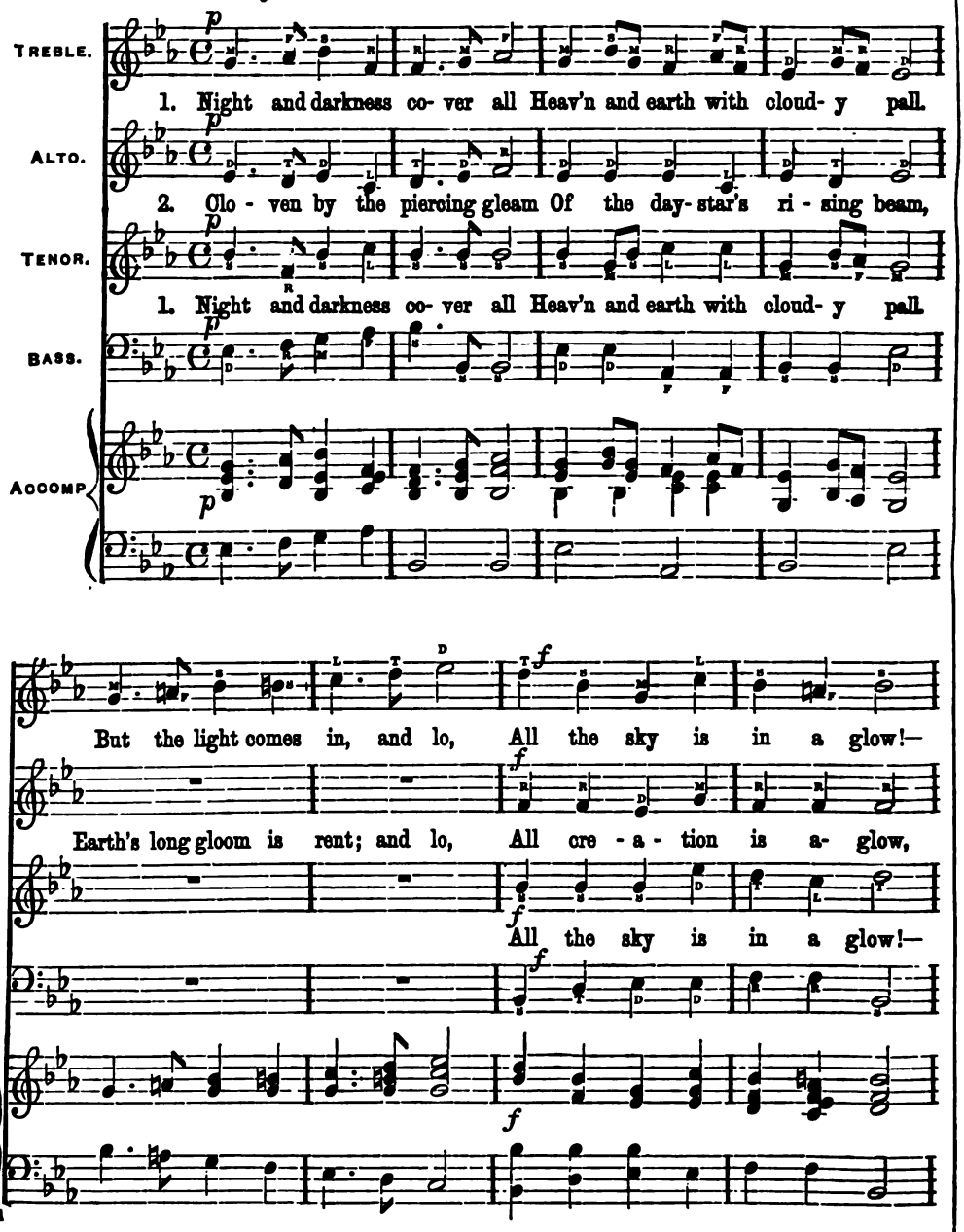
All the loving links that binds us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

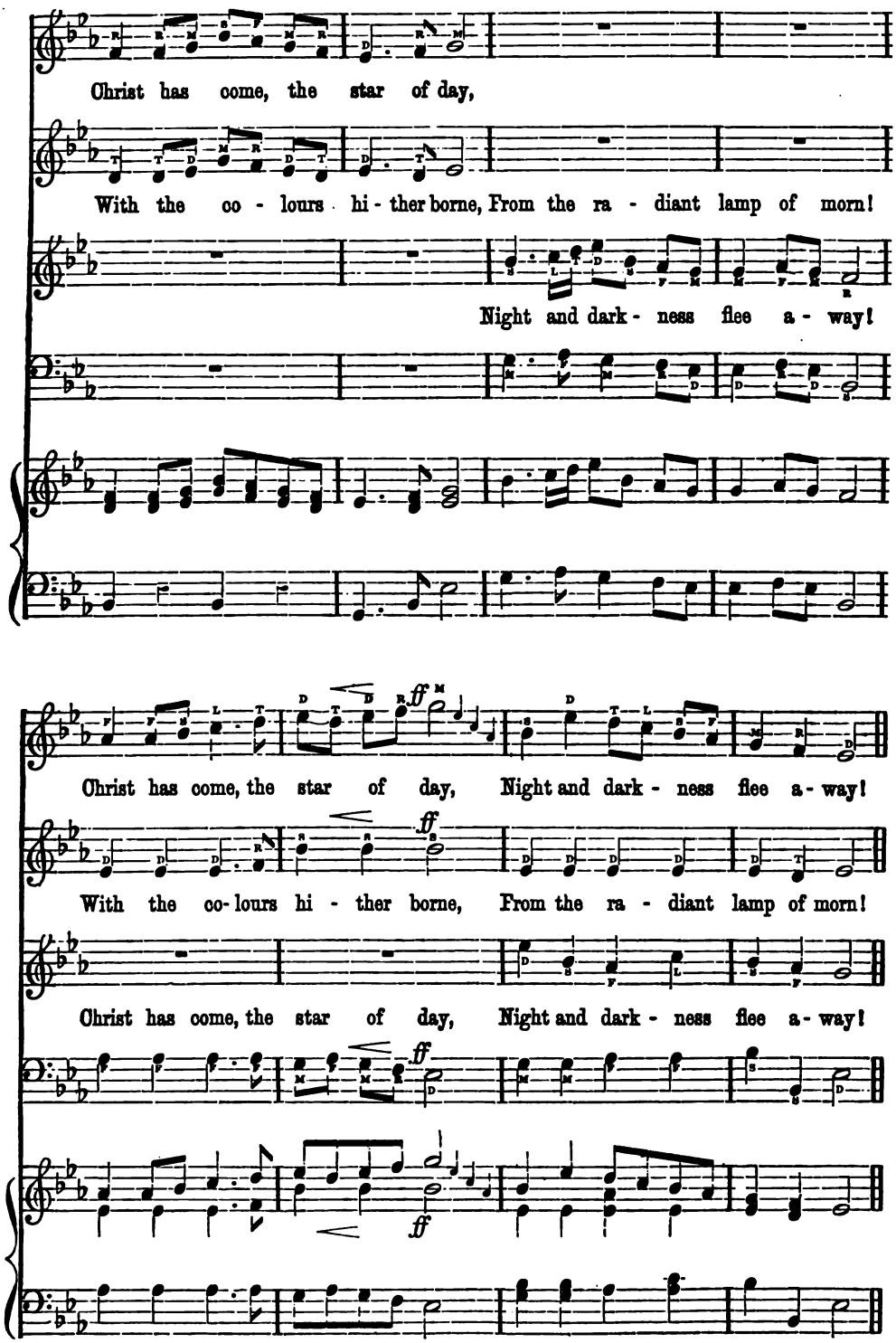
—*George Cooper.*

THE TREASURY HYMNAL.

Hymn of Night.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Music from MOZART.

Met. 80 = ♩

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMP.
1. Night and darkness co- ver all Heav'n and earth with cloud- y pall.
2. Clo - ven by the piercing gleam Of the day-star's ri - sing beam,
1. Night and darkness co- ver all Heav'n and earth with cloud- y pall.
But the light comes in, and lo, All the sky is in a glow!—
Earth's long gloom is rent; and lo, All cre - a - tion is a- glow,
All the sky is in a glow!—

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

Christ has come, the star of day,
With the co - lours hi - ther borne, From the ra - diant lamp of morn!
Night and dark - ness flee a - way!
Christ has come, the star of day, Night and dark - ness flee a - way!
With the co- lours hi - ther borne, From the ra - diant lamp of morn!
Christ has come, the star of day, Night and dark - ness flee a - way!
ff
ff
ff

Jessie M'Kinnon.

BY E. E. C.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLOUD ROLLS OFF.

AFTER Mr and Mrs Lauriston were dressed next morning, and before going down stairs, they rang the bell for Jessie.

'Has Lydia come home?' asked Mrs Lauriston, as Jessie came into the room.

'Yes, ma'am, she came this morning.'

'I think I need not ask the question; but did you know, last night, Jessie, that Lydia had gone out?'

'No indeed, ma'am, I didn't even hear her get up.'

'Can you tell me if she ever did the same thing before?'

Jessie looked a little confused, and gave no answer.

'It is your duty to answer me, Jessie: no one can hate tell-tales more than I do, but you ought to answer this question: it is a dreadful thing to think of our house being exposed in that way during the night, not to speak of the disgrace of any young woman going out by stealth at such an hour.'

So Jessie told her master and mistress of the night she had wakened up and found Lydia all dressed; but she also said how Lydia's explanation in the morning about being up had satisfied her. Mr Lauriston said he thought there was no use saying any more about it to Jessie, so she left the room.

'Now, my dear, I shall go down stairs immediately, ring for Lydia, and tell her she must leave my house to-day. You must not ask me to overlook it,' said Mr Lauriston; 'it is evidently not her first offence, and we could have no confidence in a woman like that.'

'Indeed we could not—I should not wish to keep her.'

So Mr Lauriston went down to the parlour and rang the bell, which was answered by old Jean. 'Will you send Lydia up to speak to me, if you please, Jean?'

Lydia soon appeared, trying to look as if nothing had happened.

'Here are your wages, Lydia. I expect you to leave my house to-day. I need not enter into any reasons; you know them already.'

Lydia stood too much in awe of her master to make any reply, so taking what he handed to her, she left the room without saying a word.

When Jessie had finished her morning's work, she went as usual to her room to change her frock before going out with Marjory and the children, and there she found Lydia sitting on a chair, leaning her head against the bed, sobbing violently. Poor Jessie did not know what to do; she was afraid to offer any sympathy, as it was more than likely Lydia would receive it ungraciously or angrily, and yet she could not bear to see such distress without saying a word; so, summoning up courage, she went and put her hand gently on Lydia's shoulder. Lydia did not make a movement, but went on sobbing violently as before.

'Lydia,' said the child, 'do not cry so; I am very sorry for you; drink a little water, it will do you good.'

To Jessie's surprise Lydia raised herself and took the water which she offered; it seemed to soothe her, for she soon ceased crying, and went about the room collecting the rest of her things.

Jessie did not like to offer any help, in case Lydia would look upon it as a wish to hasten her departure; but her tender little heart felt grieved to see any one in sorrow, even though it was one who had never treated her kindly, and she showed her sympathy in a great many other little ways, which would have touched even a harder heart than Lydia's.

When everything was packed, and the box locked, Lydia fixed her eyes on Jessie and said, 'Well, you are a good, kind little thing, I will confess, I'll do you a good turn yet.'

Jessie was by this time also ready, so when Lydia had put on her bonnet and shawl, they went together to the nursery, as Lydia wished to say goodbye to Marjory. She had quite recovered her spirits, and wore that 'don't care' expression, which is so disagreeable.

'Goodbye, Marjory,' she said, as she went into the night nursery, where Marjory was alone putting on her bonnet.

'Are you going already?' asked Marjory; 'well, I only hope you have got a good lesson at last, Lydia—it would have been better for you if you had taken my advice long ago, and maybe you wouldn't have been going away to-day.'

'I want none o' your preaching,' answered Lydia, sulkily; 'that's not what I came for.'

'Now, you needn't be so snappish, Lydia, no one's wanting to preach to you. Are you going over to your aunt's to-day?'

'Yes, I'll go there for a few days at any rate, and then I'll go home.'

'You're not going to walk all that way, are you?'

'Its not more than four miles from here. Jem will call for my box to-morrow evening as he drives home from market;' and as she spoke Lydia was moving towards the door, but she suddenly turned round—'That child,' she

said, pointing to the day nursery, where Jessie was amusing little Frankie till Marjory was ready, 'has been real kind to-day. I told her I would do her a good turn yet, and I always keep my word; so I just want to tell you, before I go, that she did not take Mrs Wilmot's ring, for it was I that took it. You needn't look so shocked,' she continued—for Marjory was staring at her in utter amazement—'I didn't mean to steal it; no one can say I'm a thief, whatever else they may think of me; but I wanted it to be found with Jessie. I was determined to take the prudishness and impudence out of her in some way, for many's the time she's prevented me doing what I wished by those sharp eyes of hers, so I just thought I would like to pay her off a little, though I didn't succeed very well, for I don't believe the mistress ever thought I took it.'

'No, she didn't,' said Marjory, pulling herself up, and looking much displeased, 'but I did, and I've been as disagreeable to that girl for the last week as I could be. I think it was a cruel, spiteful thing for you to do, Lydia—its a disgrace.' But Marjory's words of indignation were lost on Lydia, who, on having said her say, bounced out of the room, and indeed out of the house, for she said 'goodbye' to no one else.

Now Marjory was a really good, honest woman, and was not ashamed to own herself in the wrong; so going at once to Jessie, she asked her to forgive her unjust suspicions, and the unkind way in which she had treated her.

Jessie looked up with eager surprise, and when she heard of Lydia's confession, felt so thankful to be at last so unexpectedly cleared, that she could not prevent a few tears; nor need Marjory have been ashamed of the dimness which came over her own eyes, as she witnessed poor Jessie's evident relief, and thought of the unhappiness she must have undergone while she was so cruelly suspected.

'I'll just go down stairs this minute,' she said, patting Jessie on the shoulder, 'and tell the mistress; for though she never thought you took the ring, still she'll be glad to have it made plain who did take it;—and Marjory left the nursery.

Mr and Mrs Lauriston were sitting writing in the parlour, and Mrs Wilmot was working beside them. When the door opened, and Marjory entered the room in a great bustle, Mrs Lauriston looked up rather surprised, for Marjory was generally so very quiet in her movements.

'You were right, ma'am, and I was wrong,' said Marjory, going at once into the subject; 'Jessie did not take Mrs Wilmot's pearl ring.'

'What has made you change your opinion, Marjory?' asked Mrs Lauriston.

'Because I know now who did take it; it was Lydia.' 'Lydia!' said Mrs Lauriston, in amasement; 'how do you know?'

'She told me herself, ma'am, not ten minutes ago;' and Marjory forthwith gave a full account of everything that had passed.

'What made Lydia dislike Jessie so much?' asked Mr Lauriston, who was much shocked at the idea of anyone's dislike going so far as to induce them to do such a cruel thing.

'Well, the fact is, sir, that when Lydia did anything not quite right, Jessie used to take notice, and say she ought not to do it, and that used to anger Lydia terribly. I knew quite well she had no fancy for Jessie, but I little thought she would go that length.'

'It is very sad, and very disgraceful,' said Mrs Lauriston; 'but I feel glad the mystery is solved. Jessie will be very happy, poor child; I must go and speak to her;' and Mrs Lauriston left the room, followed by Marjory.

When they entered the nursery, Jessie was seated with Frankie on her knee, repeating some of his favourite rhymes to him; but when she saw Mrs Lauriston she got up, her face beaming all over.

'Well, Jessie, I have come up to tell you, how happy I am that you are now so perfectly cleared from all suspicion, though you know I never thought you guilty, my child.'

'I thank you so much, ma'am, for having believed me.' 'I'm sure,' said Marjory, 'I'm as sorry as can be for having been so unpleasant to you.'

'Well, I am sure Jessie quite forgives it all,' said Mrs Lauriston. 'She knows herself that her confused manner gave cause to doubt her; but we must not talk of it any more just now; the children are already late for their walk—you have only an hour before dinner;' so Jessie ran to the garden for George and Lilly, who were playing about; and they all went off, a happy party, for a nice ramble in the woods.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

It was on a lovely summer evening, but a few months after the events related in our last chapter, that the Edinburgh coach, heavily laden with passengers and luggage, drove up to the village inn.

Let me call your attention to a most respectably dressed man, who, amongst others, descended from the top of the coach. He seemed to have no luggage, but a little bag which he carried in his hand; for he walked immediately away at a quick pace, which he did not slacken till he came to the small bookseller's shop, which was also the post-office. A woman was engaged at the counter, tying up a parcel, when the stranger entered, and asked her if she could tell him where a Mrs M'Kinnon lived.

'Mrs M'Kinnon,' said the woman, meditatively; 'there was a widow of that name, with one little girl.'

'That's the person,' interrupted the man.

'Oh, sir, she's been dead this year and more.'

'Dead!' exclaimed the man; and his changed expression showed what a severe and unexpected blow this was to him.

'Yes, indeed, sir; I don't think she was more than two months here when she died. I hope she wasn't a near relation of yours, sir.'

'She was my sister,' he answered sadly: 'I have been abroad for some years, and have come home to find not one of my family remaining; my father, two brothers, and a sister, are gone since then. And the child,' he asked eagerly; 'she is alive?'

'Yes, sir, and she does not live far from here, just up at Roseland Hall; the family that lives there is called Lauriston; they are real nice gentle folks. The lady took Jessie just a few days after her mother's death, and she has been there ever since; I think she helps in the nursery; at least I often see her out with the nurse and children.'

'I would be much obliged if you could direct me there,' said the man;—'I should like to go at once.'

'Oh, it's quite easily found,' said the woman, as she came from behind the counter, and stood beside him at the open door; 'you can either go by the high road, or across the fields, which is shorter. Just go in by that gate, and at the other end of the field there's a stile you'll have to get over; after that there is a path all the way through three or four fields, and then you get on to the high road, when you turn to the right; and it's the first large gate you come to.'

After thanking the woman for her civility, he set off at a brisk walk, which he kept up till he reached the house.

It was with mingled feelings of sorrow and expectation, that he inquired of the little page, who opened the door, if he could see Jessie M'Kinnon, whom he believed to be at present in Mrs Lauriston's service.

'Jessie has just gone a message to the village, but will be back in a few minutes; if you'll come in and take a seat.

'If it is not inconvenient,' he answered, at the same time stepping into the hall, 'I should very much like to speak with Mrs Lauriston; I shall not detain her many minutes.'

'I'll tell her,' said the boy; and he went to the drawing-room to give the message. Mrs Lauriston came immediately; and on seeing such a respectable man standing at the door, she asked him to come into the parlour, and speak to her there.

The stranger bowed, and followed her.

'I must beg you to excuse the liberty I have taken in asking for you,' he immediately began, in a voice which might have belonged to the most polished gentleman; 'but you have so kindly taken an interest in my little niece Jessie, that I thought it would be better to explain first to you who I am, as, I daresay, if she remembers having heard me spoken of at all, it would only be as of one many years dead.

'Are you an uncle of Jessie M'Kinnon's?' asked Mrs Lauriston, with some surprise; 'I did not know she had any relation alive.'

'I am her mother's brother, ma'am; I have been in Australia for the last twenty years, and owing to some misunderstanding with my father, for which I was entirely to blame, a which I shall never cease to regret, our cor spondence was entirely given up, and fr what I have learned since coming home, friends seem to have received false intelligen of my death. Abroad I was very prosperou and have now returned, and have taken a lar shop in Dundee; but it has nevertheless be a sad return for me; consumption deprived of a beloved mother before I left home, a has since carried off my two brothers. I kn not what was the cause of my sister Jessi death.'

'It was also consumption, I believe.'

'More than probable, ma'am. She mad a very unhappy marriage, you will ha heard?' he said, looking inquiringly at M Lauriston.

'I never knew Mrs M'Kinnon,' she a swered, 'but from what Jessie tells me, a from what I have heard, she must have led miserable life.'

'Poor thing! poor thing!' he said, sadly 'well it must have been a dreadful change her from her own home.'

Mrs Lauriston then told him how she ha first met with Jessie, and what cause he had be proud of such a niece.

'Well, ma'am, I am glad I have found h out, and I now come to offer her a home wit me; my wife will, I am sure, be as a moth to her, and I have one girl of my own—the will be loving companions.'

'I shall be very sorry to lose her,' said M Lauriston; 'I was selfishly hoping to ha kept her always with me till she went to home of her own; but,' she added, rising, 'am sure you are anxious to see her, so I sha send her down—she must, I think, have returne from the village.'

Mrs Lauriston went up to the nursery whe Jessie was, and told her of the unexpecte arrival of her uncle. The child was much ex cited at the prospect of seeing a brother of he dear mother's, and it was with a beating hea that she went down to the parlour.

With what an earnest gaze did he loo down into the dark eyes, as he held her befor him, trying to trace a resemblance to his sister and though he found it not, yet how pleased h was with what he saw there; such gentlenes and goodness marked, as it were, on ever feature of the little face.

'Well, Jessie, I suppose you don't remem ber ever having heard of uncle George?'

'Oh yes, I have often heard my moth speak of you, but she thought you were dead and Jessie told him many things about h mother which it interested him much to hea after which she spoke with kindling enthusias of the great kindness she had received fro Mrs Lauriston, and said how very happy s was at Roseland Hall. Then it was that h uncle told her how he wished to offer her home with himself, and that she might sha all advantages with his own girl, who w about the same age; 'but I shall not hur you in giving an answer,' he added, kindl

'I sleep to-night at the inn, and shall come up and see you to-morrow before the coach starts, when I hope to hear that you will come and be as a little daughter to me, and a sister to my Maggie. I need not tell you, dear, how you will be welcomed by us all.'

Immediately after her uncle left, Jessie went to Mrs Lauriston and told her all he had said.

'He told me himself, my child, of his wish to take you home with him; he seems a kind, good man, and I think you cannot fail to be happy with him; but it is a great grief to me to lose you, Jessie.'

'Oh, ma'am,' said the child, with tears in her eyes, 'if you would only let me stay, I would so much rather be here with you.' Long and earnestly did they talk over the subject. Mrs Lauriston pointed out the many advantages of being with her uncle, but Jessie cared not for any in comparison to remaining with her kind friend, and all Mrs Lauriston could say (for she pressed the acceptance of her uncle's offer all the more strongly because of the great desire she felt to keep Jessie), did not change the girl's wish to remain.

Mrs Lauriston was quite touched by the affection shown by Jessie in such a decision, and, next morning, when her uncle came and heard how she had decided, he had to go away satisfied with the promise from Mrs Lauriston that his niece should spend a few weeks with him every year. When it was all settled, and Jessie saw that her uncle had not taken it amiss, but had said good-bye affectionately to her, she was quite happy, and strove more and more to give satisfaction to her kind mistress.

And now I think we must bid farewell to our young friend, leaving her at Roseland Hall, where she remained several years, until she was taken to a home of her own by a sensible well-to-do young farmer, who showed his sense most of all in his choice of such a wife. Often during the course of her married life Jessie had cause to rejoice that she had spent so many years under Mrs Lauriston's care, and had been taught so much that was useful, and which tended so greatly to make a home comfortable and cheerful; and never could she look back on the great trial she had gone through, when suspicion overshadowed her like a gloomy cloud, without a feeling of great thankfulness that she had, whilst still a child, been taught those lessons of endurance and patience which grown-up people find so hard to learn.

'SPEAK A GOOD WORD FOR THE MASTER.'

THE winter wind was blowing in its might, and I was hastening home from a little pilgrimage to a friend who was ill.

As I passed a house by the road-side, two men came from it. The door closed after them, and the click of the latch was scarcely heard before the door opened again, and the voice of a woman was calling, 'Jamie, you'll speak a good word for the master, Jamie.'

'Indeed, and I will,' heartily responded the man, and the two went on their way, while I lingered a moment thinking of the words of the woman. I had heard of the occupants of the house as honest and nobly poor, and yielding to the impulse of the instant, I stepped to the door and knocked.

Before it was opened I heard these words: 'You know, Jessie, we must never hide anything, and when we have got a kindness from any one we ought to tell of it.'

The wild winter wind followed me on through the cracks and crevices, but within I met cheering warmth and brightness. The first words of welcome that the woman gave me were, 'Come in; see how warm we can make you by the coals the master sent on Christmas night.'

'And who is the master?' I asked.

'Mr Church of the mill. You see, the men are uneasy, and somebody is putting 'em up to strike for more wages; and to-night the men are to have a meeting, and I've sent my Jamie to tell how good the master is when we are sick or the work stops. I thought that, may be if he spoke a good word for him it would stop the strike.

On my way homeward the words of the woman, spoken in such simple verity, were echoing in my mind.

Why should we not *speak a good word for our Master?* Because He is our Master; because He has taken us into His vineyard and given to us so royally for our labour; and because that by so doing we might win others to join the same service.

They who come now and then, and lean upon the wall and look in upon the labourers, fain would join the number, but are kept back because it *seems so hard*. Let us then, by word and action, 'speak a good word for our Master.' Let us turn our bright face to the world, glowing with the light which cometh from above sun or sky.

Is it not a sin to take His joy into our souls, and so conceal it that no one can know of it except ourselves, who hold the key to it, and perhaps are prone to exlude from it every human being?

Christian, you and I know that the velvet of God's love is so thick and enduring that not one of this world's thorns can pierce it; that there is not one care given to mortals which the mantle of His love does not encompass; that we never have had one sorrow that was not more than half joy? Then let us 'speak a good word for the Master.' Wherever we go let our lips and lives tell of His goodness and His love. —S. J. P.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts iv. 27.

THERE are two special points here calling for our notice:

I. *Man's rejection of the Christ of God.* The accusation which our passage brings against man refers specially to the cross. It was there the awful rejection-scene took place. All life through Jesus was suffering rejection; but it was on the cross that this was consummated. Herod and Pilate, Israel and the Gentiles, with one voice refused Him; and, by crucifying Him, declared what they thought of Him and His claims. Not this man, but Barabbas! Release for the robber, crucifixion for Jesus of Nazareth! The cross is man's declaration of his mind toward Christ. For the crucifixion-scene is a continuous thing. Jesus is 'evidently set forth crucified among us' (Gal. iii. 1). He has been held up to view throughout the ages; and *universal refusal* (save among the few called ones) has been the result. Man,—not the man of this age or the other, but of all ages,—'Will have none of him.' The cry is, 'We will not have this man to reign over us.'

(1.) *Man rejects Him as prophet.* He was truly a teacher come from God; never man spake like this man; He was the 'Word of God; the truth of God; the 'wisdom of God;' in Him were 'hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.' He was the prophet 'like unto Moses;' nay, He was that prophet who gathered together and embodied in himself all the prophets of the past, from Enoch downward. Man heard as though he heard not; he refused His words, he refused himself; he preferred other wisdom and other prophets. Israel did so, preferring the teaching of their scribes and rabbins to His. Greece did so, preferring the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato, nay counting Christ's doctrine foolishness, and himself a foolish unintellectual teacher, in comparison with its philosophers. This rejection of Christ the prophet, has led in all ages to the introduction of all errors; man in all ages seeking to be his own teacher; and specially in these last days, worshipping his own intellect, and listening to his own intuitions, or learning, or eloquence, or philosophy. Christ, the world's one prophet, has been, and is, rejected by the world. Man will be his own prophet; he will be 'as God' (Gen. iii.), delighting in his own visions, and fancies, and ideas of progress, not dreading error as poison and as sin, nor prizing truth as life and health, nor rejoicing in *authoritative truth* (sent from God), as that which can alone deliver him from all uncertainty, and darkness, and bondage. He repudiates the thought that authoritative (revealed) truth is freedom and blessedness, and unauthoritative (or uncertain) truth is bondage and sorrow.

(2.) *Man rejects Him as priest.* The special crime of Christendom hitherto, as represented by Popery, has been the denial of Christ's priesthood, and the preference of a human, an ecclesiastical, a self-made priesthood. But modern infidelity is, in another way, doing the same thing. It speaks simply of the priesthood of intellect or the priesthood of humanity—a human, self-constituted priesthood. It denies the Great High Priest, it denies His sacrifice; it repudiates the altar and the blood. The efforts of modern philosophy, and of a large school of theology, are directed against sacrificial, or representative, or mediatorial priesthood. Christ's priesthood is thus a thing of scorn.

(3.) *Man rejects Him as king.* Christ is God's king; He is the world's king. He holds the reins of earth, and wields its sceptre. He claims earth's homage and submission; He demands that all its goodly and glorious things should be laid at His feet, as king of nations; that *kings rule as He would rule were He visibly on the throne;* by the same laws, maxims, principles. But this the world cannot tolerate. Kings say let us break His bands, and then say we will not have this man to reign over us. Earth rejects Christ's kingship and kingdom. It will have none of Him. It will not own Him as earth's real sovereign; it hates the idea of a holy king, administering holy laws, wielding a holy sceptre, carrying out a holy legislation, making everything subservient to the glory of Christ.

II. *Man's conspiracy against Christ.* It is not passive non-acknowledgment of Christ that the world is chargeable with; it is active denial; nay, it is confederacy,—combination,—against Him and His authority. It is treason,—rebellion,—organized resistance to His claims,—to *all* His rights as prophet, priest, and king,—specially the last. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together; the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing (Ps. ii. 1). The united cry is, 'We will not have this man to reign over us;' or, 'This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours.' The professing Church, no less than the world, will form part of this universal conspiracy; a conspiracy against Jehovah, and against His anointed Son. No king but Cæsar! Not this man, but Barabbas!

The root of all this is man's hatred of Christ; man's rebelliousness against divine authority and Messianic rule; man's lawlessness and self-will; his rejection of any will beyond what is human. In Christ we have the embodiment of God's will, and this man rejects; in anti-Christ the embodiment of man's will, and this the world accepts; for to be independent of the superhuman and supernatural,—to be a god to himself,—is man's ambition.

THE SALVATION OF OUR FELLOW-MEN.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MILNE.

1 THESS. I. 4–7.

DOES not the thought sometimes occur, how little we usually know of one another's spiritual state? Look round the circle of your acquaintance, and do you not feel that there are many in it of whom you do not know, perhaps scarce care to know, whether they are saved or lost? You meet them in the business and intercourse of life, in the house of God; you exchange sentiments on many subjects, and have frequent transactions together; you, perhaps, know not a little in reference to their worldly condition, and feel some interest about it; but the state of their soul you do not know, and, perhaps, care not about it. You are aware that they are on the brink of another world, that there is just a step between them and death; yet you know not whither they are going, or what will be their condition through an endless eternity.

Ours is a solitary life, body meets body, we exchange a few conversational phrases, a few common every-day thoughts are uttered; but heart does not meet with heart, man does not really come into contact with man. We are alone in the midst of a crowd, strangers, though in constant intercourse. Don't you sometimes think of this with a kind of resentment? You say, 'none really knows me, none really understands me; I am a mystery to them, and they are a mystery to me. We are going the same way, but none asketh me, whither goest thou?'

You will perhaps say there is something more needful than inquiring about the state of our friends and neighbours, we have to examine and ascertain our own. That is true; it is a paramount and much neglected duty to see to our own souls; but the other is also a duty, and the two are closely connected together. The man who is neglecting the one, is in all probability neglecting the other; and he who cares not about his neighbour's soul, very likely cares not about his own. You live with your fellowmen, enjoying and benefitting by their society, and yet you are careless whether they are living under the wrath of God, and preparing for endless woe.

What a strange state of heart is implied in this contented ignorance and want of interest. There is no need for such ignorance. Paul could say of some, 'they were in Christ before me;' and of others, 'whose names are in the book of life.'

Sometimes it presses upon your conscience, that you should think of the souls of others. The thought breaks in upon you, that you should speak to some one, but you put it away; you think it would never do to attempt it, and then it may be you hear—'*he is gone*'—'*dead*'—'*died this morning.*'

You fancy the whole subject is inscrutable, that a veil hangs over it, which you cannot lift. But not so. See here.

The salvation of our fellow-men may be known.

The way in which it may be known.

The benefits of knowing it.

It may be known. Many question this. They think even our own salvation cannot, in this world, be ascertained. They fancy this must be left in uncertainty till we reach the other world. Nothing could be more pleasing to the devil than this. It robs of comfort, it weakens the feeling of obligation, it is contrary to Scripture, which commands us 'to make our calling and election sure.' Surely, if we really believed in the coming wrath of God, we could not rest till we knew that we had been delivered from it. Indifference on the point shows deep unbelief. Our own salvation may and ought to be known, and also that of others, 'Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God.' You say, Paul was an apostle. True, but he does not say this from direct inspiration, but infers it, from facts cognizable by all. He inferred and was assured of their election, and therefore of the certainty of their salvation.

The way of knowing it. When God elects, He also appoints the means of carrying the election into execution. When the word is attended with power, it produces conviction and persuasion; when they who minister it commend themselves to the consciences of the hearers, as honest and in earnest, when the people leave sin, and worldliness, and walk in

the ways of God, when they are tried and yet endure joyfully, when they grow in grace and become noticeable for consistency, devotedness, and usefulness. Then we infer, God is here, casting the net, lighting the candle, building up Zion. Are there many here of whom, on such grounds, we can say, 'Knowing your election of God?'

The benefits of knowing it. If we love our fellow-men should we not desire their salvation? Paul says, he had continual grief because he knew that his brethren were not saved. If we love God, should we not desire for Him many servants? If we love the cause of Christ, should we not desire, for His sake, that it may prosper? Seeking the good of others, would re-act on ourselves. They are saved, am I? are my family? my friends? If we knew they were saved, we should have more confidence in them, more affection for them. It would stir us up to thankfulness, vers. 2, 4. Suppose that others are not saved, or that they are not in a thriving state, then what new duties would ensue? We must warn them, help them, pray for them.

Happy Paul, to be able to look round and say, 'knowing brethren beloved your election of God.' What blessed subjects of intercourse would they have together. What new ties, interests, hopes. Can I speak thus? Can you? Have you many of whom you can say, 'If I reach heaven, I am sure I shall find them there?' What friendships are those which death will not terminate.

Beyond the Sunset.

SHADOWS o'er the vale are creeping,
And the sun sinks to his rest;
Twilight draws her curtains softly,
Golden clouds hang in the west.
Hushed the noise of busy labour,
Toil has sought its wonted rest;
Whispering trees and murmuring streamlets
Sweetly soothe each troubled breast.

Time is fleeting, and I'm drawing
Near the sunset of my life;
Soon will end my weary journey,
Soon will cease all toil and strife.
Shadows o'er my path are falling,
Earthly visions fade away;
Voices, soft and sweet, are telling
Of an endless, orient day.

O'er the misty mountains hastens
One I've waited long to see;
Soft as night-dew falls on meadows,
His kind bidding, 'Come to me.'
Lo! the purple light of evening,
Stealing gently up the sky,
Bears me on its wings to meet Him.
Is this death? 'Tis sweet to die!

Jesus calls me, and I'm going
Where the shadows never come;
Now the desert lies behind me,
And I hasten to my home—
To my home beyond the sunset,
Far beyond the day's decline,
Where the glory is unfading,
Where the golden portals shine.

—*Nearing Home.*

THE CROWN OF THORNS AND THORNY CROWNS.

E there is but one 'Crown of
ns,' there are many thorny
s. That crown, which,
by cruel hands, pierced
w of the ever blessed
ı of glory for His follow-
t thereon budding with
a flower immortal.
ary, and behold the
ded hands, the pierced
nat by these He bore our
ried our sorrows; that there the
ent of our peace was upon Him, that
e He bore our iniquities; and yet, with strange ingratitude, we too often turn away from our one 'sacrifice,' and, Papist like, afflict our souls for these very sins and sorrows. We place a thorny crown upon our own temples, and then lament its weight and pain! Why will not the ransomed believe the dying words of Jesus—'It is finished;' and, leaving all their woes at the foot of the cross, go about His work joyfully, rather than in a spirit of bondage? Thorns and thistles must grow, 'for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' They are part of the curse which man's sin brought upon the earth in the morning of creation. But it makes a great difference how we deal with them. He who sows them as a crop, nurtures their growth, allows them to scatter their seeds, and then harvests them in his barn, will surely have a larger share of the curse, than he who plucks up by the root each noxious intruder as soon as it appears on the soil. And thus, too, is it with the thorns which pierce the heart and brow; cherish them, brood over them, water them with tears, and they will spread until their name is 'legion,' overrunning and crushing out all the sweet flowers with which a loving hand has graced our life paths. But nip them in the bud, when possible, and turn their points away when not, and still the flowers will bloom among and above them.

One gentlewoman we well remember, who, although the daughter of a king, almost denied her royal birth. With her own hands she placed upon her head a crown of sharpest thorns, instead of the diadem it was her right to wear. To other eyes, only blossoms lay in her path, and she was looked upon as one of 'the blessed;' but O, that unseen crown! It pressed heavily and pierced cruelly the pale, fair, matronly brow, and left its impress there.

And what think you were these thorns, which so robbed this Christian woman of peace and joy? They were what in other crowns are gems:—her love of Zion, her children, and her riches! Because she loved so much she suffered an overweening care to mar her happiness. The Church of her love was dear as the apple of her eye; and she could not but weep and tremble, when she saw it encompassed by foes, and entered, perchance, by traitors. She looked upon the children God had given her, and whom she had striven to lay trustingly on His altar, and shrank from the dangers which lay before them. They were in a world of sin and temptation; how could she trust them out of her sight? How die, and leave them motherless? God had given her wealth, and she desired to consecrate it to Him, and with it to bless the needy. But her Bible assured her that 'riches take to themselves wings;' therefore she was ever anxious lest her family might come to want, or that she might some day be unable with her bounty to make the widow's heart to sing for joy, or to send the word of life to the benighted.

Thus did imaginary cares turn the sweetness of life into gall, and injure the Christian influence of a truly pious woman.

So conscientious was our poor friend, and so dear was the cause of Christ to her heart, that no treasures on earth could have tempted her to deny her Lord, nor yet to say that she doubted for one moment His faithfulness. And yet the worldly looked on her care-lined brow, heard her deep sighs, and said, 'Here is one whose life is that of a true Christian; and yet religion has no power to make her happy, even in prosperity!' And thus was Jesus wounded in the house of His friends.

Among all the fears of this mournful soul, the greatest was sin; and yet there was one sin against which she forgot to watch,—the crime of worrying and of doubting.

The Scripture classes together as kindred sins, 'surfeiting and drunkenness, and the cares of this life.' These are the very words of the Redeemer, when warning His hearers to watch for the coming of the Son of Man, lest the day might come upon them unawares; and yet how do we shrink from being fellow transgressors with the glutton and the drunkard!

We are commanded to 'Be careful for nothing;' and told that 'He also who receiveth the seed among thorns is he that heareth the word, and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful.' How plaintive the rebuke of Jesus to the anxious sister of Bethany: 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful.' How tenderly does Jesus show His unceasing interest in His children! 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God. But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered; fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.' 'Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them. How much more are ye better than they! Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you that Solomon, in all his

the ways of God, when they are tried and yet endure joyfully, when they grow in grace and become noticeable for consistency, devotedness, and usefulness. Then we infer, God is here, casting the net, lighting the candle, building up Zion. Are there many here of whom, on such grounds, we can say, 'Knowing your election of God?'

The benefits of knowing it. If we love our fellow-men should we not desire their salvation? Paul says, he had continual grief because he knew that his brethren were not saved. If we love God, should we not desire for Him many servants? If we love the cause of Christ, should we not desire, for His sake, that it may prosper? Seeking the good of others, would re-act on ourselves. They are saved, am I? are my family? my friends? If we knew they were saved, we should have more confidence in them, more affection for them. It would stir us up to thankfulness, vers. 2, 4. Suppose that others are not saved, or that they are not in a thriving state, then what new duties would ensue? We must warn them, help them, pray for them.

Happy Paul, to be able to look round and say, 'knowing brethren beloved your election of God.' What blessed subjects of intercourse would they have together. What new ties, interests, hopes. Can I speak thus? Can you? Have you many of whom you can say, 'If I reach heaven, I am sure I shall find them there?' What friendships are those which death will not terminate.

Beyond the Sunset.

SHADOWS o'er the vale are creeping,
And the sun sinks to his rest;
Twilight draws her curtains softly,
Golden clouds hang in the west.
Hushed the noise of busy labour,
Toil has sought its wonted rest;
Whispering trees and murmuring streamlets
Sweetly soothe each troubled breast.

Time is fleeting, and I'm drawing
Near the sunset of my life;
Soon will end my weary journey,
Soon will cease all toil and strife.
Shadows o'er my path are falling,
Earthly visions fade away;
Voices, soft and sweet, are telling
Of an endless, orient day.

O'er the misty mountains hastens
One I've waited long to see;
Soft as night-dew falls on meadows,
His kind bidding, 'Come to me.'
Lo! the purple light of evening,
Stealing gently up the sky,
Bears me on its wings to meet Him.
Is this death? 'Tis sweet to die!

Jesus calls me, and I'm going
Where the shadows never come;
Now the desert lies behind me,
And I hasten to my home—
To my home beyond the sunset,
Far beyond the day's decline,
Where the glory is unfading,
Where the golden portals shine.

—*Nearing Home.*

THE CROWN OF THORNS AND THORNY CROWNS.

WHILE there is but one 'Crown of thorns,' there are many thorny crowns. That crown, which, platted by cruel hands, pierced the brow of the ever blessed Christ, became a diadem of glory for His followers; every poisoned point thereon budding with hope, and expanding into a flower immortal.

We look back to Calvary, and behold the bowed head, the wounded hands, the pierced side; and know that by these He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows; that there the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, that there He bore our iniquities; and yet, with strange ingratitude, we too often turn away from our one 'sacrifice,' and, Papist like, afflict our souls for these very sins and sorrows. We place a thorny crown upon our own temples, and then lament its weight and pain! Why will not the ransomed believe the dying words of Jesus—'It is finished;' and, leaving all their woes at the foot of the cross, go about His work joyfully, rather than in a spirit of bondage? Thorns and thistles must grow, 'for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' They are part of the curse which man's sin brought upon the earth in the morning of creation. But it makes a great difference how we deal with them. He who sows them as a crop, nurtures their growth, allows them to scatter their seeds, and then harvests them in his barn, will surely have a larger share of the curse, than he who plucks up by the root each noxious intruder as soon as it appears on the soil. And thus, too, is it with the thorns which pierce the heart and brow; cherish them, brood over them, water them with tears, and they will spread until their name is 'legion,' overrunning and crushing out all the sweet flowers with which a loving hand has graced our life paths. But nip them in the bud, when possible, and turn their points away when not, and still the flowers will bloom among and above them.

One gentlewoman we well remember, who, although the daughter of a king, almost denied her royal birth. With her own hands she placed upon her head a crown of sharpest thorns, instead of the diadem it was her right to wear. To other eyes, only blossoms lay in her path, and she was looked upon as one of 'the blessed;' but O, that unseen crown! It pressed heavily and pierced cruelly the pale, fair, matronly brow, and left its impress there.

And what think you were these thorns, which so robbed this Christian woman of peace and joy? They were what in other crowns are gems:—her love of Zion, her children, and her riches! Because she loved so much she suffered an overweening care to mar her happiness. The Church of her love was dear as the apple of her eye; and she could not but weep and tremble, when she saw it encompassed by foes, and entered, perchance, by traitors. She looked upon the children God had given her, and whom she had striven to lay trustingly on His altar, and shrank from the dangers which lay before them. They were in a world of sin and temptation; how could she trust them out of her sight? How die, and leave them motherless? God had given her wealth, and she desired to consecrate it to Him, and with it to bless the needy. But her Bible assured her that 'riches take to themselves wings;' therefore she was ever anxious lest her family might come to want, or that she might some day be unable with her bounty to make the widow's heart to sing for joy, or to send the word of life to the benighted.

Thus did imaginary cares turn the sweetness of life into gall, and injure the Christian influence of a truly pious woman.

So conscientious was our poor friend, and so dear was the cause of Christ to her heart, that no treasures on earth could have tempted her to deny her Lord, nor yet to say that she doubted for one moment His faithfulness. And yet the worldly looked on her care-lined brow, heard her deep sighs, and said, 'Here is one whose life is that of a true Christian; and yet religion has no power to make her happy, even in prosperity!' And thus was Jesus wounded in the house of His friends.

Among all the fears of this mournful soul, the greatest was sin; and yet there was one sin against which she forgot to watch,—the crime of worrying and of doubting.

The Scripture classes together as kindred sins, 'surfeiting and drunkenness, and the cares of this life.' These are the very words of the Redeemer, when warning His hearers to watch for the coming of the Son of Man, lest the day might come upon them unawares; and yet how do we shrink from being fellow transgressors with the glutton and the drunkard!

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glory, was not arrayed like one of these. If God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith!'

Had this fearful soul, of whom we write, looked more on the condition of others, her thorns might have budded into flowers. She must have seen the brightness of her own spiritual lot,—even though Zion were not always robed in light—when she looked on Christians deprived of Gospel privileges, who dwell 'like the pelican of the wilderness and the owl of the desert;' who 'watch, and are as a sparrow alone upon the house top.' She might have folded her young sons joyfully to her bosom, when she beheld that mother clothed in weeds, whom God had written 'childless;' or heard another's wail of anguish over a ruined son. She must have cast away her borrowed fears of poverty for the beloved, when she looked upon that woman who, not knowing where to seek the morrow's bread for her fatherless little ones, gathers them around her, saying fervently, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Ah, this is the way to dispel the vision of imaginary thorns, and to take the points from real ones!

And what has all this anxiety availed o friend? The Church over whose fancied des lation she wept, has ever been watched over b that Eye which grows never dim, and has lo ago put on her beautiful garments, and becon a praise in all the region. The beautiful son for whose future so many tears were shed, a all three safe in heaven! Our beloved on may have to struggle long with sin and sorro but hers—never! 'The blessing of the Lor which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow wit it,' rests still upon her basket and her store and from her pitiful heart the poor are sti supplied. And thus all her tears and sighs an sorrows were without cause. She deprive herself of much pleasure, and pierced her bro with many a thorn of her own pointing; an also wounded, by arousing distrust of H power, the Saviour she loved; and, not ti grey hairs encircled her brow, did she learn t leave her cares where Jesus nailed them, and t put on her crown of rejoicing.

To-day, a widow, aged and childless, bu trusting, hopeful, and reconciled, she is happie than when in vigour she leaned on a stron arm, with her children about her. Is it no madness thus to throw away joy, and take in stead a heritage of mourning?

ANCIENT TELEGRAPHING.

The communication of intelligence by the electric telegraph, now come into use at the East, recalls an interesting circumstance of ancient history. Compare it with the mode employed lately in sending news to Constantinople from Ephesus, that the railway was completed to the latter place from Smyrna. The ancient message was despatched over the same route.

'When Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, was prosecuting her pious researches in Jerusalem, she caused a series of towers to be built along the sea-coast from Tyre to Constantinople, and when she had effected what she and the Christians of the fourth century regarded as her great discovery, the uncovering of the beams of wood in the pit near Calvary, which she believed, for some reason which we may well doubt, to be the wood of the cross of Christ, she "telegraphed" the account of the discovery to her son in Byzantium. A fire blazing on the hill of Acra sent the intelligence to the hill at Ramah, the city of Samuel, and thence it flew to the hill of Samaria, where the city of Omri was then splendid in its Roman decorations. They saw it from far-off Carmel, and lit their fires to tell the news to those who watched on the spur of Lebanon that goes down to the sea of Tyre, and so it flashed along the shore by Berytus and Tripoli, and Laodicea c Syria, and the strange story was dropped fro the line at Antioch, then the most lordly an magnificent city in the world. It crossed th battle plain of Issus; it blazed along the Tarsu It crossed the hills above Philadelphia, it leape the mountain passes about Colosse, it lit wit starlike radiance the waters of the Archipelag as it went from hill to hill by Thyatira an Pergamos, and over Ida, 'many fountained Ida and the plains of Troy. From the summit c high Olympus (Olympus in Asia) the inhab tants of the new city of Constantine saw th flash of the expected message, and their shou and hymns of thanksgiving in the mid-stree answered the enthusiastic rejoicings of th people in Jerusalem.' The towers of Hele stand in mournful ruin all along the route c that despatch. It would not be surprising the wires of Morse's invention are some tim affixed to the walls of those very towers. The would be singular fitness in this, and the mir would be irresistibly directed by the coincidenc to the message which Professor Morse himse caused to be the first sent over the first wi established (that between Baltimore and Wash ington), giving to God the glory of the grai achievement of modern times.

THE DEW.

If clouds are necessary to produce rain, sunshine is an essential to the formation of dew. A dewy morning only follows a day whose sun has well warmed up the earth. It is necessary that the heat should readily radiate into the surrounding atmosphere by night. When the surface of the earth thus cools down more rapidly than the incumbent air about it, and when the air is saturated with moisture, then, by the contact of temperatures, the air becomes unable to retain its moisture, and yields its sprays and vapours to be shaped by a natural law, the same which rounded the world out of chaos and orbed the universe; and then what was invisible becomes visible in drops of settling dew. So, whenever dew is seen to fall, there must first have been a flowing down of sunshine in the day, and then a responsive current of warmth uprising in the night toward the region whence it came. The earth receives and yet returns the heat the heavens gave, and as if to reward such gratitude, the dew descends to refresh and gladden its beseeching and thankful breast.

So, when people's hearts are hard, and dry, and desolate, it may be because they lack responsiveness to heaven's gifts—for want of gratitude for the light and privilege which have shone upon them all their days. Teachers, if they would see their classes bright and happy, and parents, if they would have glowing summer in their homes, and have young hearts themselves, should be open-souled and thankful, and teach the children how to be grateful for daily blessings. Then would sun-warmth from the better world be taken in through the gauze of form, and task, and habit, and fashion; then, because each heart would be flower instead of flint, grass instead of granite, fruit instead of fossil; then would the pearly dew-drops of glory glitter all over a school and all through a family, like an immortal morning.

—*Rev. A. Clark.*

The After-glow.

SO heavy my eyes with weeping,
They cannot look up to the light,
By my dead a sore watch keeping,
O, this sunlight is far too bright.

Too bright, too bright, it hurts my heart,
As it filters thro' the clos'd blind;
Hurts me sore as I sit apart,
For I've lost: shall I ever find?
. . . . . .
The sunlight has rolled from the skies,
And painted in the west down low,
Gules, or, azure flash in my eyes,
Heaven's heraldry flung on pink snow.

Light's alike fair at ebb and flow,
And O, I've forgot to thank God
For the beautiful after-glow,
That shines tho' I kneel on the sod.

He is gone—and I must be sad,
As I sit alone in the room;
But to muse on the joy I've had,
Flings soft brightness over the gloom.

O, he cheered me for sunny hours,
Yes, all thro' a long summer day;
O, together we gathered flowers,
Till this after-glow of our day.

Yes, thank God for the after-glow,
He sends when our daylight is dead;
Soft brightness when hearts overflow,
And dim eyes with weeping are red.

When the broad full light no longer
Floods us with blessing at noon-tide;
In after-glow we grow stronger,
To set sail for the sunny side.

M. A. M.

BUYING SALVATION.

A TRUE DREAM.

LIKE many 'good moral living people,' as they are called, who have a form of godliness, but are denying its power, I vainly imagined that God '*sold*' salvation.

In order to make God my debtor I became a Sabbath school teacher—a regular attendant at religious meetings, both during the week and on the Sabbath. I went further, I joined the Church, in order to make a more respectable character.

I was thus religiously despising Christ, when, in the riches of His grace, God by His Holy Spirit, awakened me.

Conviction entered my soul at a prayer-meeting. A meeting of the 'Sabbath-School Teacher's Union.' Mr ———, a superintendent of one of the schools, while praying, pleaded 'that the Lord might be merciful to any teacher who professed to be leading others to Christ, whereas it might be they themselves knew nothing of the power and preciousness of His blood for the removal of sin.' These words came home to me with power. My conscience plainly condemned me; and like a flash of lightning these words entered my soul. 'By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.'

For some time after I was in great soul trouble. I tried to banish the disquieting thoughts, but the very efforts seemed only to make them appear to me more vivid. Words fail me fully to describe the condition in which I felt myself. In my extremity I cast myself before the Lord, pleading that He would 'set me in the right way of finding peace.' He heard my cry, and was pleased to enlighten me by means of the following dream.

In my dream I resolved to set out on a journey, my object being to go to my father, whom I knew to be dead. The knowledge that he was dead did not interfere with my resolution. At break of day I began my journey on a very rough road, such as I had never before travelled on. This road led through a dreary wilderness, how dreary! no living thing to be seen on all its waste.

After travelling nearly all day I came in sight of a beautiful country,—a perfect contrast to the wilderness I was travelling through. It was a beautiful green plain studded here and there with plantations, which appeared to be enclosed.

There was a river dividing the two countries at which I arrived. From its still appearance I judged it to be deep. Looking along the river, I observed that the side on which I stood was very wild, being composed of rugged rocks, which at some parts overhung the river. The other bank of the river was a beautiful green embankment.

Having looked at the river and its sides, I thought of the bridge; and I gazed first in one direction, and then in another, but could see no bridge. I set off a considerable distance alongside of the river in search of a bridge, but could find none. By this time the day was far spent, and darkness beginning to set in. This was a cause of great perplexity to me, for I was a stranger in the place, and there was no one to tell how to get across. A further search which I made, also proved fruitless. I had almost despaired of getting across.

As a last resource I resolved to leap across, and went in search of the narrowest part of the river, but each place I came to seemed more difficult than another. This quenched my last hope. For I was convinced that if I did make the attempt, it would be a failure, and if I failed, falling in the river would be death. I knew not what to do. To lie out all night,—perhaps to perish; thoughts like these added very much to my distress. Overwhelmed, I sat down and wept.

While in this position I looked to the other side and saw two men coming towards me. They had white garments on, and were walking on the opposite bank of the river. They walked slowly, and their bearing was very solemn.

At sight of them I was greatly cheered, but my grief had so prostrated me, that when they came opposite I could not tell them my circumstances. However, one of them addressed me, saying, in a slow solemn manner, 'Friend, what troubles thee?' Whereupon the other, who was with him, immediately vanished out of my sight. In reply to his question I said, 'I had come a long journey and was anxious to get across the river; that I was much troubled, for I could find no bridge by which to get across, and as the day was now far spent, I was afraid of perishing in the night.' Continuing to address him, I said, 'I will feel glad if you will show me the bridge, that I may cross the river.'

He asked, 'Have you come here to cross in your own strength?

I replied, 'I had not thought of anything else.'

He. 'Are you anxious and really desirous of being across?'

I. 'I must be across. O do show me the bridge?'

He. 'I am the Bridge.' I wondered at his words, and asked 'How did you get across?'

He replied. 'I have travelled the same road you have travelled, and have crossed this river through many sorrows and difficulties. I can sympathise with others who have to travel the same journey. Now I wait by the river side to take others across who may be anxious to come.' He continued, 'Do you believe I am able to take you across?'

I replied, 'I cannot doubt of your ability from what you have said to me.'

When I had given this answer, he immediately stepped down on the water, and walked across as if on dry land, and came up the face of the rock on which I stood, as if on an easy path. When he was nearing the top I got

down on my knees, and stretched out my hand, to render him assistance in coming up. Noticing my action, he said, 'I require no assistance, for I am well acquainted with the road, and perfectly able to accomplish the most difficult part.'

Coming alongside of me he took me in his arms, walked across the river, and set me safely on the other side. Desiring to express my thanks for his goodness, I said, 'I am very grateful to you, and if ever you come my way, you must come and stay with me.'

He said in reply, 'My presence shall go with you;' bidding me also 'God speed' on my journey.

I went on with a very light heart, and was singing with joy. The darkness which perplexed me on the other side of the river seemed gone—the sun shining brighter than it had done all day before. But I had not proceeded far, when my attention was arrested by three wild looking animals coming from one of the *plantations* towards me. One of them was much larger than either of the other two. On nearing me they began to cry out very loudly, and seemed as if ready to devour me.

The largest beast (in appearance like a boar, and with great flashing tusks) was coming right on towards me, the other two staying behind. I became greatly affrighted, for I felt how very unable I was to defend myself from the beast should he attack me. Turning round, I cried to the Friend who had taken me across the river, telling him of my danger and imploring his help. He came to me and gave me a weapon, a strange looking weapon (it was about 32 inches long and shaped like a cross), saying, 'Go forward with that and fight your own battles.' He stood by me.

When I received the weapon and heard his words, new strength seemed imparted to me. I had now a desire to fight with the beast, the former fears having left me. I then met the beast. He stood before me, and opening his jaws (as if at once to devour me), sprang at me. I dealt him a blow with the cross, which drove him back. Immediately he resumed his attack, by making another spring at me, which I repelled by another blow with my weapon. He repeated his attacks several times, but was kept off by blows from the weapon. Thus baffled, he became very fierce, and began to roar loudly. He now tried to seize me in various cunning ways, but did not manage it.

The fight had lasted for some time, when I found the strength of my arm beginning to fail. Anew I called to my Friend. O sir, won't you help me, my strength is giving way, and this beast will destroy me?' He answered, 'I will pray for you;' and he began to pray. Immediately I felt my strength renewed, and my blows began to tell on the beast. He seemed to be getting much weaker, and was making his attacks on me less frequent. At his last attack I dealt him a heavy blow which knocked out one of his eyes. Following this advantage up, I dealt him another heavy blow, which made him fall as dead at my feet. On seeing this, my Friend clapped his hands, shouting—'Victory! Victory!' Looking at me, he said 'The battle is over, go in peace.'

Anew I pursued my journey, singing loudly. The scene of the fight was not left far behind when I saw my father coming to meet me. He too was singing. We were mutually advancing, and about to salute each other when I awoke, and found it was a dream.

The dream often recurred to my thoughts the day following, and while thinking on it, I thought I saw something in it which suited my condition. I saw I had been trying to cross the bridge of salvation in my own strength, instead of looking to 'Jesus only,' as being able to take me across. I began to think of 'salvation through Christ,' and could see enough in His precious atonement for me. But I could not feel sure that I was accepted, because I had not enough comfortable 'frames and feelings' to assure me.

A Christian friend who knew my condition, and this special difficulty, gave me an appropriate tract. After reading it, I at once saw my error. I wanted to *feel* instead of to know.

Years have gone past since the dream. 'Kept by the power of God,' I have since been resting under the sweet sense of a Father's forgiveness, my only plea being the blood of Jesus Christ.

TELL THE GOOD NEWS.

It is the duty of every one who knows *the good news* of salvation through Christ to *tell* the good news, as he has opportunity and ability, to his companion who does not know it, that he too may be saved. It is the duty of *every Christian who can*, to tell the good news to a Sabbath-school class of children, or of young men, or of adults, or to a meeting for prayer and conference, or to any other appropriate meeting, where it will promote the glory of God and the good of men, and to exhort men to come to Jesus. These duties are done daily by earnest, working Christians. They are done in accordance with the divine injunction, '*Let him that heareth say, Come.*' They are done in accordance with New Testament usage. When the persecution arose about Stephen, the members of the Church at Jerusalem were all scattered abroad *except the apostles*, and '*they that were scattered abroad* went every where preaching the Word,' telling the good news. 'They laboured as evangelists wherever they came, without any official obligation or any express authority. They were moved by the inward power of that faith which cannot but speak of the truth of which the heart is full; they were influenced by the Spirit, with whom they had been anointed; they were controlled by their love of the Saviour, to whom they owed the remission of their sins and all their blessed hopes. They held no office, but were invested with the general priesthood of believers.'—*A Pastor.*

A PILGRIM.

THE air struck chill, for the day was dying, as I stood on the platform of the little railway station of Willeberge, in Germany. Men, women, and children, warm fur cloaks wrapped around them, were running hither and thither, looking after their various belongings. And as I watched this wave of life tossing to and fro, I seemed to be standing on the shore and looking on the sea. Amidst all the noise and confusion, my eye at last rested on a quiet figure, seated on a wooden bench at the farther end of the station. Ah! I thought, here is one who has found it is good to be still. As I came near, something in her appearance told me she was English; nor was I mistaken. As she made room for me to seat myself by her, she addressed a few courteous words to me in our own language. It is full pleasant to hear one's mother-tongue in a foreign land. And the voice that now spoke the familiar accents was clear-toned and sweet; and the brown eyes that met mine, were peaceful and content. And as I looked on the quiet face turned to me, my heart went out to this wanderer. 'Perhaps,' I said, 'if, like mine, your face is set towards home, we may be fellow-travellers for the rest of the journey?' 'No,' she replied, 'that may not be, for I have no home, as we on earth count home.' My heart saddened. Home! it lies deep in the heart of wanderers, and sends its fireside gleam to lighten the dark and lonely road of the weary traveller. And this wanderer; this English woman, with the quiet eyes, had no such gleaming home to cheer her distant way.

I suppose my companion read these sad thoughts, for she said, in her gentle voice, 'You are sorry I have no home. And I daresay you may think it strange that I have no such sorrow for myself. Yet I once had a dear English home; but I loved it too well, and God saw it was best to break it up. He took my husband and my little children from me, and I was thus left without a home.

'True, the four walls of the house were there, to shelter me from the sun and shower; but a house is not home. To the little child home is where mother is; and as we pass from childhood, it is still the same. Home is where our dearest dwell. Thus, when God took each best-beloved to himself, heaven seemed more —ah! far more than ever, like home. And it seemed to me as though God himself said to me, Look on the earth as the house of your pilgrimage, and the men and women in it as your next of kin.'

As she thus told me a portion of her history, tears often dimmed her eyes and mine too, as I listened. 'If I may ask,' said I, 'Where are you going now?' 'To Berlin,' was the reply. 'A few weeks ago I was in Jerusalem, one of the nurses in the new ward that has lately been opened in the hospital there for the relief of those poor outcasts of men,—the lepers; and now I am sent to Berlin to secure the services of a medical man to take charge of the ward for a time, and teach a class of juvenile students.

'Yes, God is ever opening doors of usefulness for me, and soon He will open the last door of all, and take me home.' Just then the bell rang, telling me the train that was to bear me far from my pilgrim friend was close at hand. Now it is here. Again the station becomes a tossing sea. Warmly we clasp hands, and say Good-bye! Yes, for the first and the last time, we two had spoken the solemn parting word of blessing and of prayer,—God be with you.

Musingly I watched the first faint streaks of day in the eastern sky. Soon the sun-light struggled through chilling morning mists into strength and beauty, until the earth was flooded with blessing at noon-tide. And it seemed to me as though the inner light of the quiet pilgrim of Willeberge had also struggled through chilling mists, and was 'shining more and more unto the perfect day.' It is long since I regained my home; but I oftentimes muse on the pilgrim I met that midnight of a bygone time. Is she still wandering on the earth, distilling blessed influences where she goes? Or, has the Father, in His infinite mercy, called her home?

M. A. M.

YE WILL NOT COME TO ME.

THERE is something of sadness as well as reproach and expostulation in these words of the Divine Saviour. They were addressed to a crowd of His bitter enemies—the self-righteous, bigoted, and hardened Jews —by whom all His gracious offers of salvation were despised, all His claims to be the Son of God were ridiculed as those of an impostor, and by whom with deeper guilt all His wonderful works in attesting those claims were ascribed to the promptings and assistance of the Devil. Still their obstinacy in choosing death rather than life grieved His righteous soul; and as He looked with an omniscient eye into the future, and saw the gloomy picture of what they were to endure for their sin of rejecting Him, we may well suppose that there is an expression of sadness in these words, 'And ye will not come to me,' etc. But besides this, there is *deserved reproach*. As if our Saviour had said, You of all others I would have expected, from your

peculiar privileges, to have come to Me; you, who have had such a pious ancestry; you, among whom Jehovah dwelt so long between the cherubim; you, to whom pertaineth 'the adoption and the glory, and the covenants and the giving of the law, and the service of God and the promises; and from whom as concerning the flesh I came'—it is your reproach and condemnation, that ye will not come to Me. But there is also *expostulation*, as if Jesus had said, 'and ye *will* not come?' questioning in His compassion for their souls, whether they were sincere in their unwillingness. As if He had said, 'Why will ye not come? Is not salvation worth securing? Is not Divine mercy worth receiving? Has not Divine love made a sufficient sacrifice in sending His only begotten Son into the world—Have I not shown that I am both able and willing to save?' Perhaps we may be ready to suppose that the Jews must have been stupidly blind and awfully ungrateful to resist the force of such argument and entreaty from the lips of the Saviour himself. But before we condemn them, let us reflect whether if Jesus were again standing upon the earth, and mingling with the inhabitants of the most favoured and most enlightened Christian nation of the present time, such language as this might not be just as full of meaning and just as fully applicable to liberal minded Christians as to bigoted Jews. Who is there that can say it would not? More reject the Saviour now, than ever rejected Him while travelling upon the earth 'a man of sorrows.' If there were thousands of unconverted Jews, who would *not* come to Christ, there are millions of unconverted Christians to whom this same language of mingled sadness, and reproach, and expostulation is most pertinently addressed. Human nature has not changed since the advent of the Saviour. It is just as depraved as ever; and one of the strongest proofs of that depravity is its unwillingness to come to Christ for salvation. A thousand reasons may be given by the ungodly to explain and excuse their remaining in sin, but the Bible, with its usual directness, gives the true one in these searching words —'*Ye will not come* to me that ye might have life.'

Who shall Deliver Me?

GOD strengthen me to bear myself:
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care.

All others are outside myself,
I lock my door and bar them out,
The turmoil, tedium, gad-about.

I lock my door upon myself,
And bar them out; but who shall wall
Self from myself, most loathed of all.

If I could once lay down myself,
And start self-purged upon the race
That all must run! Death runs apace.

If I could set aside myself,
And start with lightened heart upon
The road by all men overgone!

God harden me against myself,
This coward, with pathetic voice
Who craves for ease, and rest, and joys:

Myself, arch-traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog, whatever road I go.

Yet One there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

A RELIGION OF FOUR LETTERS.

'THERE is a wide difference between your religion and mine,' said a Christian lady, to one in whose spiritual condition she had long been interested.

'Indeed,' said he, 'how is that?'

'Your religion,' she replied, 'has only *two* letters in it, and mine has *four*.'

It seems that this gentleman was one of that numerous class who are seeking to get to heaven by their doings, by attention to ordinances and ceremonies, by what the apostle, in the ninth of Hebrews, terms 'dead works.' But he did not understand about the 'two letters' and the 'four.' His friend had often spoken to him, and on the occasion to which our anecdote refers, she had called to take her leave of him for some time, as she was about to go from home.

'What do you mean,' said he, 'by two letters and four?'

'Why your religion,' said the lady,' is d-o, do; whereas mine is d-o-n-e, done.'

This was all that passed. The lady took her leave; but her words remained and did their work in the soul of her friend—a revolutionary work, verily. The entire current of his thoughts were changed. *Do* is one thing; *done* is quite another. The former is legalism; the latter is Christianity. It was a novel and very original mode of putting the Gospel; but it was just the mode for a legalist, and the Spirit of God used it in the conversion of this gentleman. When next he met his friend, he said to her, 'Well, I can now say, with you, that my religion is d-o-n-e, done.' He had learnt to fling aside his deadly doings, and rest in the finished work of Christ. He was led to see that it was no longer a question of what he could *do* for God, but of what God had *done* for him.

This settled every thing. The four golden letters shone under the gaze of his emancipated soul. Precious letters! Precious word! Who can tell the relief to a burdened heart when it discovers that all is *done*? What joy to know that what I have been toiling for, it may be many a long year, was all done, over eighteen hundred years ago, on the cross! Christ has done all. He has put away sin—magnified the law, and made it honourable—satisfied the claims of Divine justice—vanquished Satan—taken the sting from death and the victory from the grave—glorified God in the very scene in which He had been dishonoured—brought in everlasting righteousness. All his work is wrapped up in these four golden letters, 'd-o-n-e.' Oh! who would not give up the two for the four? Who would not exchange 'do' for 'done.'

Reader, what say you to this? What of your religion? Does it consist of two letters or four? Is it still 'do' with you? Or have you found your happy portion and rest in 'done?'

Do think of it, dear friend; think deeply, think seriously, and may God's Spirit lead you this moment to cease from your own doings, and to rest in what Christ has already 'done.'

HIDDEN DEWDROPS.

CARL'S father gave him a plot of garden-ground. The little boy took care of his plants, and did not forget to water them at sundown. But in the midsummer holidays he went from home for a few days, and neglected to leave directions as to the tending of his flowers. His first act on his return was to pay a visit to his garden. Alas! pretty buds and blossoms were drooping and dying; one little rose alone, in the midst of the desolation, bloomed fresh and fair on its stem. Surprised and pleased, Carl knelt down to discover the secret of the rose, and he found a dewdrop had rolled into its very heart, and lay there a fountain of refreshing in the sultry day.

The boy grew to manhood, and as he went up through this weary world of drooping hearts, he oft-times recalled this memory of his youth-time: for many fainted and failed in the burden and heat of life's day; whilst the steady footsteps and restful eyes and voices of others told of a hidden dewdrop, nay, a fountain in the heart to uphold by the way. Pondering what such things meant in this garden of souls, he knelt, as in the day of his childhood, to discover the secret of the unfading heart—and now as then, as he knelt, the mystery was solved, not this time by the mortal eye, but by a still small voice, that stole into his soul like soft music laden with a message,—even that, the hidden fountain sent by God to make His people joyful in the house of their pilgrimage, is the blessed resignation that teaches to say—*always*, in sunshine and shower—

'Father, not my will but thine be done.'

—*From the German.*

Miscellaneous.

Riflemen without Rests.—Bishop Mead of Virginia, at the commencement of his preaching, used no notes in the pulpit; but subsequently he wrote all his sermons, and was much confined to his manuscripts. It is related of him than when he was preparing a book on the old preachers and families of Virginia, he asked Mr Andrew Hunter, of Jefferson County, Virginia, to give him some anecdotes for the work. Mr Hunter said, 'Well, Bishop, I have only one, and that is about yourself.' 'Let us have it, then,' said the prelate. Mr Hunter thus told the following:—'Many years ago, when this valley of Virginia was a much wilder country than now, you preached here, in Jefferson county. You used no notes on that occasion. A certain hunter, distinguished for his skill with the rifle, and who had a supreme contempt for a man who required "a rest" from which to shoot, was in the congregation and listened attentively to you. You wore your clerical robes, and he was struck with the strange dress, as he had not heard many Episcopal preachers. After the sermon, some one asked him how he liked the preacher. "He's a right down good preacher,' said the hunter; "and by the way, he's the only one of them petticoat preachers that I ever heard *that could preach without a rest.*"'

A Word about Dancing.—A young lawyer of Bangor, when Mr Loomis was preaching there as a candidate, called on him to know what his views were about dancing, this being a favourite amusement with him, and he being an influential member of the congregation. The young minister calmly replied to his inquiry—'Mr M——, I think that all things are not equally important, and that some have prior and urgent claims upon our attention. Now, it seems to me that the most important thing for you is to become a true Christian. I would advise you to attend to that immediately, and afterwards you can dance as much as you think proper.' The lawyer took the advice, and soon became a worthy member of the Church, and of course *gave up dancing.*

Christ and His People.—The world is not a vessel which is suffered to drift about, without a pilot, mast, or sail; but one in which an Almighty hand guides the helm. The human race is not an unbridled, ungoverned mass—but an immense flock, fed by an all-satisfying Shepherd. History is not a web of human will and blind chaos—but a work of art, for which He, who orders all things, twists the thread of all human doings and undertakings. And if it does not everywhere manifest itself as such a work of art, we must bear in mind that it is still only a fragment; and that our eyes are obscured, with regard to the ways of God. Wait till the Lord Almighty reaches the end of His great designs, and till eternity removes every veil, and sharpens the eye and the understanding. O, how shall we then sink down in adoring astonishment before the feet of the Eternal, when we perceive how everything, even that which was the most opposed and inimical to His holy will, was obliged to submit,—become subservient to and even promote, under His all-powerful hand, the exalted plans of His rule and government! How rich the consolation which already springs forth from the consciousness that high above the tumults here below, the throne of the Ruler of the universe rests in eternal glory; and that all that takes place on the earth is guided, as by leading-strings, the ends of which run together into His all-powerful hands. How genial and tranquillizing the star which beams upon us from this heart-cheering truth! How boldly may we steer whilst fixing our eyes upon it, into the obscurity of another year, since all its events are already foreseen by providential wisdom! That which has lately occurred in neighbouring countries, will as surely be compelled to serve the fulfilment of the Divine purposes, however far its consequences may extend, as it has been already most minutely weighed and proportioned. Whether peace still continue to favour us, or the torch of war be kindled; whether blessing pour down upon our country, or the scourge of deserved judgment smite us,—all is already decided in the council of 'the watchers.' Nothing will occur to us in the course of the coming year by mere chance.—*Krummacher.*

The Bible and Heathen Scriptures.—There is one fact which distinguishes our Bible from all the sacred Scripture of the heathen. They, all of them, when examined by modern science are found full of such errors in matters of science as purely human compositions would be likely to imbibe from the current views of an unlearned age. In regard to our Bible, the marvel, and one of the strong points in our proofs of its divine inspiration, is, that though written, much of it, in the childhood of the race, and embracing so great a variety of themes, and proceeding from the pens of so many collaborators, it has, somehow, been preserved free from just that sort of errors into which its writers were most likely to fall. We do not believe that Moses was inspired to teach geology; but we believe that an objective and real inspiration preserved him from teaching any thing which geology can brand as error in his account of the creation. Thus far, the Bible has stood all the scientific tests to which hostile criticism has subjected it. Researches in history and archæology, discoveries in astronomy and geology, so far as these proved to be discoveries rather than guesses, have silently and uniformly arrayed themselves on the side of the Bible.—*Boston Recorder.*

Colporteur Scheer, in his rounds through Berlin, gives us a glimpse of the way in which he is often compelled to carry on his work, and of the success with which it is attended. 'Entering a confectioner's shop, the mistress, a tall person, became furious, ordering me to be off in an instant: in her house not a soul cared for such trash. I did not lose courage, but, stealing my way quickly into the yard, I spoke to the man-servant, who bought a Bible for fifteen silver groschen, and said he was quite delighted. Trembling lest I should be caught by the mistress, but determined to fulfil my mission, I went on a little further, and came to the kitchen, where a large placard said there was "No entrance." I knocked, the door opened, and a number of persons busily engaged became visible. My appearance gave much merriment; but, after all, one person bought a Bible and several took New Testaments. Plucking up courage once more, I walked back into the shop, hoping to find some customers amongst the shop-girls, if perchance the lady were absent; but, to my great dismay, she pounced down upon me the moment I opened the door. My only safety was in a hasty retreat; but I went on my way rejoicing. What though I had been abused; my labour had not been in vain.'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ACTS xiii. 48.

IT was Pisidian Antioch that heard Paul's wondrous sermon recorded here, and saw the strange scenes so briefly narrated. To the Jew the message came first, but being rejected, it passed on to the Gentile. 'It was necessary that the word of God should *first* have been spoken to *you;* but seeing you put it from you and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life,* lo, we turn to the Gentiles' (ver. 46). It was on Gentiles and Gentile lands that the true light was now rising. Their light was come, and the people long sitting in darkness were now to see this glorious light. Two things was Messiah prophesied to be: (1) a light of the Gentiles; (2) salvation to the ends of the earth,—the farthest off among the Gentiles,—'look unto me and be saved all the ends of the earth.'

This prophetic Gospel at once awoke the Gentles of Antioch. It was strange news, but good news, to them; and they found it all *true*, confirmed by surest evidence, 'infallible proofs.'

I. *They listened.* They did not close their ears as Israel was doing. They had ears and they used them. HEAR, was God's frequent message to Israel; but they heard not. 'Hear, and your souls shall live,' but they regarded not. But at the first sound of this divine 'hear,' the Gentile roused himself. To him 'faith came by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' So we speak in these last days, 'he that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.' LISTEN! is God's message still. Man perishes because he will not listen to God.

II. *They were glad.* The words contained that which was fitted to make them glad; and it was out of what they heard (not from their way of hearing) that they drew their joy. The news were good; and they were as true as they were good. Each thing spoken concerning this Messiah suited them. They had never heard such things before; but now, when they did hear, they found 'glad tidings of great joy' in all that the apostles spoke concerning Israel's Messiah; what He was, what He had said, what He had done, these gave them joy; a new joy, unknown and unimagined before.

III. *They glorified the word of the Lord.* They praised and extolled it as the most glorious word they had ever heard. It was the word of the Lord in two senses: (1) it came from the Lord, the Lord Jesus; (2) it was all about the Lord. That word contained the waters of gladness, which had now begun to gush into their thirsty souls. What a word! they said. How rich, how full, how precious. What word is like it. Thus they glorified it, not because of its eloquence, or poetry, or learning, or philosophy, but because it contained heavenly gladness. And is it not for gladness that man's wide soul is made? And when he finds that gladness, can he refrain from magnifying that word which has brought it?

IV. *They believed.* The music itself was gladness; but when they came to know and believe the words to which it was set, their joy overflowed. Each note was joy, still more each word. They believed! This was their terminus, their resting-place. It is all true! It is divinely true. 'Now we believe, for we have heard Him ourselves and *know* that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world' (John iv. 42). Thus faith came by hearing. They listened and believed. How simple and how blessed. How am I to believe, does any one say? Listen to God! How am I to get a stronger faith? Listen more simply and undividedly to God. How am I to get quit of unbelief? Listen to God! This is the divine cure for man's darkness and distrust. What God says is true. What God says about His Son is joyful. Listen and live! Listen and be glad. In listening to the happy words, joy pours itself in upon us,—from the voice, nay, from the very heart of God. For God is love; and the Gospel which He speaks to man contains goodness about this great love of His to man. Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.'

But they did not *all* believe. Some believed and some believed not. It is added, 'as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.'* They might all have believed unto eternal life. There was no hindrance without. The message was one of truth and gladness, equally to all who heard it. God's ambassadors pressed it upon them honestly and truly in the name of that God, from whom they came. Yet only some believed,—they who were ordained. The *non-ordination* was not the barrier to the others; but still the *ordination* was that which led to faith in them who believed.

These few words concerning divine ordination are very striking. In them we see, as it were, the Good Shepherd laying hold of those whom the Father had given Him, and lifting them to His shoulders, in order to carry them to the fold. We find the sheep hearing His voice and following Him, as He goes before. And this ordination is no hard or cruel thing. It is man's only hope; unless he is able to save himself. It is love, not hatred; it is kindness, not cruelty; it is the expression of God's determination, that some at least, in spite of all their desperate resistance and unbelief, shall be saved. It is God saying: 'all shall not be lost, though all, if let alone, would destroy themselves and refuse to be saved.'

* 'Unworthy of,' or unmeet for; that is, those who *did not* need life, and whom it did not suit. Thus the *Jew is* represented as saying, 'that life is not the *the thing* for us; nor are we the persons for it.'

* Or 'as many as were ordained believed unto eternal life.' The words admit of either order, yet with the same meaning.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE POOR AND RICH.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX.

IT has been repeatedly asserted, and we fear it is but too true, that in this country the few rich are getting richer, and the many poor are getting poorer. This is also the case in the United States of America. Thus, in those portions of the world where the Bible is best known, and from whence it is widely spread, its letter and its spirit are greatly violated. In many cases, no doubt, carelessness is the cause of poverty; and covetousness has been crowned with increase of wealth. In many other cases persons have become poor, by circumstances which they could not control; while some of the opposite class are rich by inheritance, or else their riches have come with little apparent effort on their part.

But we enter not into the *causes* of either: here are the *facts;* let us deal with them as such, or rather let us listen to what God says in His word, both to the poor and to the rich. Our remarks will mainly apply to those who profess the religion of that Saviour, who so solemnly warned all of covetousness, who never flattered the rich, and who dealt so lovingly and faithfully with the poor.

Some professed Christians of this day are very rich, and numbers are very poor. It may be that both parties have too much overlooked what is said in God's Word about riches and poverty. 'Who will hearken and hear for the time to come?' Listen first to some words which refer to the poor:—'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet, for your sakes, he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich' (2 Cor. viii. 9). 'As poor, yet making many rich' (2 Cor. vi. 10). 'Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him' (James ii. 5).

The persons spoken of in the two last texts quoted are the literal poor. The word is not used as a figure, but describes those who possess little or nothing of this world's wealth. The first text tells us that Christ himself was in this condition. 'He was rich,' He became poor; He did this for the sake of others, in order that He might enrich them through His poverty. What precious truth, what rich grace, do these words unfold. Every one who has read the history of Jesus, knows how poor He was. From Bethlehem to Calvary He was emphatically 'the *poor* man.' Every one who has realized the love of Jesus knows how true it is that He can, and does, make all those rich who believe on Him who took the sinner's place. However poor such may be in this world, as believers they are rich. They are one with Him in whom all fulness dwells. He has paid their debts. He puts His righteousness to their account, and gives them His riches to make use of; and so they who have nothing, possess all things (1 Cor. iii. 21–23).

Besides these present riches they are 'heirs of a kingdom,' even a kingdom which is glorious and eternal. The more faith they have, the richer will they become in enjoyment; and the more they love God, who first loved and chose them, the more lively will their hopes of the kingdom be.

Then another thing will follow. Being thus enriched they will help to enrich others. They will be used by Christ as His channels, His instruments and almoners, 'poor, yet making many rich,' will describe them. The prophets and apostles, who have so enriched others, were nearly all poor—some *very poor*—suffering 'hunger and nakedness, having no certain dwelling-place, wandering in deserts and caves of the earth.' Since they finished their course, thousands have shared their sorrows, and imitated their zeal. They possessed nothing in this world, but have handed down rich legacies to all ages. In our own smooth times, as regards outward persecution, there have been numbers who lived and died poor, who made many rich. They have been God's instruments in converting sinners, in comforting the sorrowful, and in training the young in wisdom's ways. How much better is this than to live among heaps of money not really wanted, and to leave thousands behind for others, it may be, to ruin themselves with, both in body and soul. Better—ten thousand times better—be the author of a tract used by the Holy Spirit to save a soul; or of a hymn which, like an ever-gushing spring, helps to cheer weary pilgrims; or be a loving teacher of a little class, or an earnest preacher to a village audience, or a gentle visitor in a sick-room, than live and die as rich as Rothschild. Ah! what will things be

worth to us when placed on our coffin lid! What shall we think of our life's doings, and of our chief aims, *one hour after death!* Ah, what! These are questions worth pondering now.

Two other passages addressed to the rich shall next be adduced. 'But they that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.' (1 Tim. ii. 9, 10.) These words are preceded by the exhortation—'having food and raiment, let us therewith be content; teaching us that to be rich, is to accumulate, to have treasures laid up on earth *beyond what is really needed.* Covetousness, in the New Testament sense, is not getting money dishonestly, but it is a desire to accumulate more and more; it is what the apostle terms, '*will be rich*,' and '*the love of money*,' that is, loving it for its own sake, 'minding earthly things,' so as to delight to think, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years.' Loving it for what it enables its possessor to procure and to become in man's estimation. This love is evidenced in diligent grasping after it, and then closely griping it. How many who have done this have experienced and evidenced the truth of the solemn passage before us. What a cluster of awful words are here—'temptation,' 'snare,' 'foolish and hurtful lusts, destructions, perdition, drowned in both; the faith left, the soul pierced with many sorrows,' and all for 'yellow earth.'

Paul says that all this had been verified among the professed followers of Christ, even in His day; and who can tell the number to whom this description applies in our own? *The danger is terrible, and the doom terrific.* But how difficult it is to alarm those who are in this sad case. It seems almost hopeless to say any thing to such. Whoever scarcely saw a covetour professor alarmed at his dangerous position. Drunkards have forsaken their cups, and thieves becoming honest, have made restitution; but seldom, very seldom, has a money-getting professor turned from the evil of his way. Those who have been *really* converted to the service of mammon, after they have *professed* to be converted to Christ, have generally died in firm allegiance to the King of the 'Change' and 'Mart.' With what earnestness did Paul shout out, even to Timothy: 'But thou, O man of God, *flee* these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness (1 Tim. vi. 11).

A little further down, in the same chapter, he tells Timothy how to deal with these rich professors; whether they will hear or forbear, the truth must be told. 'Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life' (1 Tim. vi. 17–19).

The caution, not to be 'high-minded,' shows that the natural tendency of riches is to make the professor proud. 'The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and a high wall in his own conceit.' 'As naturally as the boat rises with the wave, so does man's heart rise with his worldly substance.' It is very difficult to have riches, and not to trust in them; and the Lord Jesus plainly shows the fearful consequences of this trust. If such persons would not have the ship sink, let them lighten it. Let them do what Christ bids. 'GIVE,' give at once, *adequately* and *cheerfully;* not delude themselves by giving shillings instead of pounds, or pounds instead of hundreds. Let the giving be as in God's sight, and for His glory. Take care lest, in giving, a monument is not erected to self, on which God shall write, '*Ye did it to be seen of men, ye have your reward.*' Let 'the time to come' be considered, let the necessities of the case be pondered, let the claims of redeeming love be much thought upon, and act accordingly. Think of the words, 'do good,' 'be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate,' and think also of eternal redemption behind, eternal life before, and of an all-seeing eye looking down. Think that God calls covetousness 'idolatry,' and associates the decent professing money-lover, with the drunkard and the thief, as all fellow-travellers in the broad way. Think on these things, and then breathe the prayer, 'Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.'

Having placed two passages before the poor and two before the rich, we would now ask *both* to look at another passage: 'There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, who was laid at his gate, full of sores. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table, moreover the dogs came and licked his sores,' Luke xvi. 19–21.

We firmly believe that this awful description is intended to teach what will take place immediately after death.

'*Then* comes the bliss which never ends,
Then comes the woe no hope attends.'

It may be that the Lord, as in some other of His parables, knew of two persons to whom this description of wealth and poverty, of splendour and misery, applied. But however this may be, we consider that this rich man and abject beggar are *representative* persons. How many are there now, who are living in stately mansions and richly furnished houses, in the embellishment of which hundreds, or even thousands, have been expended, while all around them, and perhaps within a few hundred yards of their dwellings, are masses of poor, living in utter want, and amongst them some whose destiny is Abraham's bosom; and these rich ones, as compared with what they lay out on themselves, and lay up for the future, only dole out '*crumbs from their table.*' It is a solemn and affecting thought, that most of the descriptions of future misery which are found in the word of God, refer to those who abused to covetous and selfish purposes, the riches which God entrusted to them. Luke xvi. 23; xii. 20; Acts i. 21; Job xxi. 13–20; Ps. xlix. 6, 14; lxxiii. 7–19; Luke xvi. 14; with Matt. xxiii. 29, 33. On the other hand, 'though the saints, whose histories are recorded in the Bible, committed various sins, and some sad ones, for which they deeply grieved and obtained pardon; *never were any marked by the sin of covetousness.*' '*Minding* earthly things' proves a person to be 'after the flesh.'

In closing, let us listen to Jesus, as He sits upon the Mount of Olives, and discourses of that day when He will sit upon the throne of His glory. The words we are about to quote were the last words the Great Teacher spake before He entered into that upper room, from whence He emerged to go to Gethsemane and Calvary. 'I was hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and ye visited me.' 'Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom.' And then to another party the same words are addressed, with a small, but most significant addition,—'NO,' 'NOT.' But what an amazing difference do these two little words make: '*Ye* gave me *no* meat; ye visited me *not*.' 'Depart, ye cursed.' 'And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal.' What a solemn close of His searching ministry is this! Surely the Lord would have us study His words in the light of that coming glory, which shall never decay; and in the sight of that woe which shall ever last. And He would have us also study all we are and have, all we hope to escape from, and enjoy, in connection with His grace, which led Him to stoop to a life of poverty, to be made a curse, to endure wrath, that we might be saved from hell, 'delivered from this present evil world,' entitled to heaven; and that our services, in themselves so very imperfect, might be accepted and rewarded.

Let not the poor then despair of God's help, nor doubt His power and willingness to use them for His glory. If you, through changing circumstances, have lost the riches of earth, think more of the 'true riches,' which endure for ever. It is a difficult attainment, no doubt, but not an impossible one, which is marked out by the Apostle, 'Let the rich rejoice in that he is made low;' for the Lord 'hath respect unto the lowly.' Doubtless, many now in heaven will bless God for the day when poverty came upon them as an armed man, and drew them from false refuges to God, as their portion and rest; while many in hell will curse the day, when, as they said, 'Fortune first smiled upon them.'

Let not the rich despise these words of warning and counsel that have been cited; and there are many like words. It is, if God's word be true, a very dangerous thing to be rich; dangerous because of the dazzling delusions which accompany earthly possessions; but grace can save a rich man, and not only save him, but use him; yea, and use his riches also; so that, while in eternity, the far greater number of the saved will bless God for sanctified poverty and trial; some (perhaps only a few) will bless God for the marvellous grace which enabled them to glorify Him, by devoting themselves, and all they had, to His service. But, ah! how clear through the still air of truth do the words of incarnate truth ring out. 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. FOR WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS THERE WILL YOUR HEART BE ALSO.' Matt. vi. 19–21.

To the rich professor we again say:

'Yet pause—one moment's solemn pause;
Is thy whole heart sincere?
And art thou subject to HIS LAWS,
Whose coming draws so near?'

THE CHILD LIFE OF JESUS.

BY REV. JUSTIN D. FULTON.

THE manger of Bethlehem supplied the universe with a cradle memory. It is known

'Where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run,'

that the Lord Christ was born in David's town, in accordance with ancient prophecy. That event, the centre of the concentric circle of human history, has a meaning. The song that broke upon the shepherds was but a repetition of the acclaim of joy which filled heaven with the Christmas carol. How the angels sang 'Glory to God in the highest!' How they beat the air with their wings as they declared, 'Unto you,' not unto us, but 'unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.' Notice the fact. For you Christ turned His back on heaven when He turned His face earthward. Heaven was impoverished that earth might be enriched.

It is said that the father of Sesostris, the mightiest conqueror of the olden time and the most celebrated of Egyptian kings, having determined that his son should become lord of the whole earth, formed the design of adopting all the children born throughout Egypt on the same day with his son, to be educated with him, and caused them to be trained alike in the same rigid discipline of the public schools, that they might compose a band of companions attached to his person and qualified to fill the first civil and military departments of the State.

It is easy to imagine what must have been the influence exerted upon their minds and hearts. They were about to become the associates of a king. They studied the same books, looked forward to the same work, and were stimulated by the same hopes. Is it not possible that the Infinite Father has furnished us with this child life of Jesus, with the record of His birth, His growth, His education, that parents and teachers in every age of the world may grow their children with the child Jesus, and fit them as best they can, to be His companions in toil here and in glory hereafter? The influence of this life is familiar to all. We recall the pleasure experienced when we learned that Jesus came as a child, and permitted the tendrils of our love to entwine about Him as the child Jesus led us forth from the cradle, as the man Christ Jesus conducted us to the cross. How the mind loves to brood in fancy over the influences of our child life, which never die! They come back to us in court and camp, in the whirl of business and in the solitudes of life, now like some forgotten strain of music, which has for days been haunting the chambers of the soul, and now like the songs of angels trooping down the sky.

The aged, as they descend into the valley, think of the scenes and pleasures of the morning, when the sky was all aglow with hope. They think of the faces that loved them, of the forms that bent over them, of the eyes that brightened at their coming and in the parting grew sad, of the hands that rested upon their heads, now covered with the mould of the tomb. These memories come to all. If irradiated by love light, if they take us to Jesus, to the society of Christians, to the homes of virtue, they are a perpetual joy; if to scenes of dissipation and to the paths of sin, they are a source of sorrow.

There are those who ignore child life and the responsibilities linked therewith. They care not for a child's happiness, and never deny themselves to enrich a child's memory with a deed of love. They deem it of no practical importance how children live, what they read, or with whom they associate. Such are ruled by mistaken views. Success is not the result of chance, but the ripened fruit of early sowing. 'The child is father of the man.' 'As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined.' These proverbs are no more old than true. It is noticeable that trees which never bear fruit lift their branches proudly upward, while fruit-bearing trees bend their boughs earthward. So it is with great and noble natures, loved by the world, and honoured by the race. They have bent lovingly to childhood. Those who scorn the delights of home and are glad to seem indifferent to children, may have forms of beauty, but they will lack that enriching grace which will cause children to pronounce their names with pleasure, or induce the young to minister unto them when old age becomes a burden, and the path lies amid the snows of winter, far away from the flowers of spring. Confucius, Plato, and Socrates, are enthroned in the memories of mankind because they opened their hearts to children and devoted their lives to the instruction of youth. It is the infinite tenderness of God towards children that makes us all debtors to the grace which places the child life of Jesus before us. The significance of the truth is best understood when the bright sunny locks are brushed back from the brow, and the eye, with a wondrous expectancy, looks into yours as the lips exclaim, 'Please tell me another story about the baby Jesus.' How every part of this story fits, like the cogs of a wheel, into the grooves of childish imaginings. Bethlehem means 'the house of bread.' Jesus, born there, is called 'the bread of life.' Every child can understand how the body needs bread, and so he can perceive how the soul needs Jesus.

Jesus is called the Lamb of God. Every child understands the sweet innocence and sportiveness of lamb life. The very fact that Christ was an infant helps us to appreciate the three kinds of infancy; physical, mental, and spiritual. As infancy physical needs food, so does infancy mental require study or thought,

and infancy spiritual demands an acquaintance with Christ. The three states can grow together. Hence a child can become a Christian. As Jesus was God before His birth, and was born a child to reach us, so, though we are sinners before birth, we are born again to reach God, and come forth into the sunlight of His love with this pure child nature, which characterized the child life of Jesus. As Christ came to this world a child so that Divinity might with shaded eye first look on sin, so we came as children into the spiritual world to look with shaded eye on the glories which can only be dimly foreshadowed to the natural eye. The child life of Jesus is the contribution of heaven to earth. How it has blessed the race we may not be able fully to describe, but intimations may be given which will uncover the hidden truth, and give to its voice a trumpet tone.

Jesus came not in winter storm and sleet, but in that soft season of the year when Eastern shepherds lodge in the fields all night. Imagine a party of these humble peasants on Judean hills, sitting around their watch-fires, listening to the wolf's long howl creeping up from the dark valley. Suddenly a light flames about them, mysterious and strange. Daylight is round them, and a shining form before them. They were terrified, for they knew not that it was an angel. But he said, 'Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men."' O, it was exquisite, that burst of seraphic melody! and as it 'lapped the listeners round and round, it seemed to sever them from all sin; it brought God so near, and filled the spirit with such peace, that the soul could easily have been beguiled out of the body; and as its liquid whisper brought them back and laid them on the earth again, they held their breath in hope that the chorus might once more burst forth. But the guard of honour was going home.' The light, the music gathered up itself, and as the pearly portals closed the air fell dark and dead. God had spoken. Heaven had declared itself concerning the child.

The influence was not lost upon the shepherds. 'Let us go to Bethlehem,' say they, 'and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us.' And they came with haste. See their eager look. Listen to the footfall of their hurried steps as they pass along Bethlehem's quiet streets, guided by the star hanging over the stable in which Christ was born. To Joseph and Mary they present themselves, impatient to see the child. And the babe was lying in the manger. And that was Christ the Lord. That infant is the Saviour,—Heaven's gift and costly benediction. Imagine them telling Joseph and Mary what brought them here, and describing the heavenly splendour, the angelic song, and the uttered speech. All was for this child. Mary drank in their words. Prophecy was fulfilled, and she pondered all these things in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them, and so from that time Christ's birth-day has been a day of song.

Look again. There are some venerable-looking men, with long robes and white beards, and turbans on their heads and parcels in their hands. The innkeeper thinks there is room for such as they, but they look not in that direction. They pass towards the stable, and when they saw the babe they worshipped Him, and made presents of gold, and silver, and frankincense, and myrrh. Then and there was planted the seedling of the Christmas tree, whose branches cast their blessed shadow upon all lands, and whose fruits make millions of hearts joyous and glad.

The child proved to be a blessing to them, for the gold given to Mary for His sake defrayed their expenses into Egypt when the king of Judea conspired to seek the life of the young child to destroy Him.

THE MISSION OF THE CHILD LIFE OF JESUS.

There are no accidents with God. The infancy of Christ has a mission unfulfilled, and yet fulfilling more and more as the ages run on. It has borne abundant fruit, but gives promise of still greater harvests. An acquaintance with the history of the world, and with the views cherished by the majority of mankind regarding children when Christ was born, impresses upon the mind the conviction that Christ Jesus as a child had a mission as specific and as distinct as was the mission of the man Christ Jesus. The child life of Jesus consecrates the child life of humanity. Regarded as a revelation of the Divine purpose concerning our duties to the young, the lessons inculcated deserve to be pondered, and the pictures framed and hung up in the Gospels, so unique, so beautiful, are calculated to awaken profound interest.

Hitherto a child had been regarded as a bundle of possibilities. Jesus was a fact. The shepherds beheld glory to God and peace to the world calmly sleeping in that cradle. It was not what Jesus was to be, it was what He was that thrilled the heart of Simeon and Anna. 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.' By making them pure in heart, God fitted them for seeing Christ, for the same Holy Spirit who awakened in them the longing for Christ's day told them that Christ was come. All this was revealed to the meek faith and penetrating eye of these heaven-taught worthies, and however long or short they tarried after this, Simeon and Anna trod the streets of Jerusalem with a consciousness which its proudest citizen might envy. They had seen the great salvation. They had seen the Christ of God. The child had come. His name is Immanuel, God with us, and Simeon, holding the child in his arms, is ready to depart.

Ponder this lesson. Something is meant by it. *The child born was God.* The youngest can understand it. Said a little girl upon whose sweet face the sunlight of three summers had played, 'I don't know God—He is so great I can't know Him—but I know Jesus Christ, 'cause He was a baby—a little baby born in a manger; so I love Jesus Christ.'

When the rumour went abroad that Christ was born, and when the wise men from the East came to gaze upon the wonder, and beheld His condition, the Persic version declares 'they stuck at it'—they could not credit their senses, or believe the testimony. To the Greeks it was foolishness, to the Jews a stumbling-block, but to babes and sucklings it is the power of God. From the fact that infancy is a mystery, that a child is the most helpless product of the animal creation, we are not surprised at the wise men.

Involuntarily we speak of a young child as of a thing, and call the thing *it*. Helpless as are infants in general, Christ left to Mary's care, and the angels gone back to heaven, seems most helpless of the infantile world. His mother was among strangers, and filled with a vague fear, and knew not what way to look for protection and support. The babe is threatened with death. The mother flies to distant Egypt. Every thing about the child seems inexplicable when you think that this is the King Eternal come to establish His kingdom; and yet, from this story, as read and repeated in nursery and in cabin, in school-room and in sanctuary, there is an influence streaming forth which changes the heart of the race, binds to itself the confidences of childhood, stirs up our brooding fancies, and calls forth such expressions of love and gratitude as were never before known. Now if a babe could be God, then a child can be a Christian. A child with Christ within is just as much a Christian as is a man. And though wise men may 'stick at it,' we are to accept it as a truth.

A practical question arises here. Do we not ignore this fresh experience of Christian childhood, or of the child life of Jesus in the soul, more than we should? Surely the hearts of God's own children are impressed by nothing so much as by these sweet and innocent expressions, this lisping forth of praises, this warbling of childhood.

A little child claimed to have found Jesus. She was very small and very young. She stood among the aged deacons as Samuel rested at the knee of Eli. 'Let us know your evidence, child.' 'What makes you think that you are a Christian?' ''Cause,' said this birdling of Jesus, 'before my conversion I found something in my heart always saying, 'Don't mind Jesus, don't mind mother, don't be good to sister;' but since Jesus washed my sins away, something bids me do what Jesus says, and I love to make all happy at home.' When asked why she wished to be immersed, she replied. 'Because Jesus set the example, and tells me to follow on to fulfil all righteousness.' Every heart was touched, and every head bowed before the little teacher. A little child shall stand forth as a fulfilled prophecy from God, sang Isaiah. 'And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord, and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord.'

That prophecy has been fulfilled in many a redeemed child. God takes possession of a child's soul, and is wisdom, and power, and might within him.

It becomes us to recognize this truth, and employ it for the glory of God and the good of men. A little encouragement in this direction secures important results. A boy of some eleven years of age came to his pastor one day and said. 'Pastor, I want to do something for Jesus.' 'What do you wish to do, my son?' 'To speak to a man, and tell him to give his heart to God.' 'Do it,' was the injunction. That evening, as this man was going out of Church, the lad touched his hand. Pausing and looking into the face of the child, he saw depicted in the full eye and tremulous lip a world of interest, and listening, caught the words, 'Will you not stop and give your heart to Jesus?' The arrow, shot at a venture, pierced the joints of the harness of the King's enemy, wherefore, at the urgent invitation, he came forward, saying, 'I am wounded.' The man who had withstood the appeal of the preacher and of conscience bent before the touch, and melted at the tender look of a little boy. 'O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth; who has set Thy glory above the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and avenger.'

It is like the great and infinite God to use children to carry forward His work. Samuel voiced his rebuke to Eli. David slew the giant that defied all Israel. Daniel, as a boy, glorified God by abstinence, by faith and prayer won a proud place in Babylonish history. Jesus recognised the truth, that much was hidden from the so-called wise and prudent, and was revealed unto babes. It is not the instrument that is great, but He who wields it to accomplish great purposes. Children should take heart, and believe that as the Great Jehovah once took the form of a little child, so a little child may represent Him now in the services of love and worship.

Let them also remember, that as flowers blooming among trees, and lambs skipping among the flocks whitening the hill side, so children are beautiful in the Church of God. They fill the sanctuary with a home look. Teach them to sing and to pray that the thought may blossom into blessed experience.

'The Lord is my shepherd. He makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

He strengthens my spirit, He shows me the path
Where the arms of His love shall enfold me,
And when I walk through the dark valley of death
His rod and His staff will uphold me.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE ELDER'S DEATH.

THE scene of our story is laid among the Grampian mountains; in that part of the hills where the old language of the Caledonians and the Scotch is slowly giving way before the adopted English. Here, in the quiet village of Strath-righ, lived an old elder and his daughter. Once he had been one of the 'prettiest' men that crossed the hills, or went to market, or appeared at Church on Sunday, in all the strath; but now age and sickness had come upon him; he was bowed with age; his strength was gone; and he was only waiting the final summons that was to call him away, from the toils and trials of earth, to the felicity of the eternal kingdom. Often when sore tossed with pain, his daughter used to repeat, in the mellifluous Gaelic, parts of the Psalms to which he had listened in the language of his childhood. On these occasions she generally chose the twenty-third psalm; that utterance so dear to all dwellers in pastoral districts, so appropriate and apt in a hilly and mountainous region, so beloved by all the Church—

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

These, or such like verses, his daughter used to repeat to still his moaning; and she would say, when done, in the Gaelic, 'O you are better now, father, are you?'

It was in spring, on a stormy night, that his spirit was called away. The minister had been in the evening; he had prayed by the bedside, commending the soul of his humble co-presbyter to the guardianship of God, and repeating some of the promises of God's word. 'When thou walkest through the waters, they shall not come nigh thee; and through the floods they shall not overflow thee.' As the evening wore on, it became evident to the neighbours, some of whom, with the true kindness of Christians, had come in to sit up with him. And about the turn of the night, in one of the pauses of the storm, his spirit fled to appear before the Judge of the quick and dead, whom for seventy-eight winters and summers he had sought to serve with all his heart. As I walked away from the house of mourning that night, by the swollen waters of a stream that ran near the village, and looked round on the mountains, and the moon walking in brightness, I thought on the words of sacred Scripture—'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.'

Only One.

WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side.

ACCORDING TO THAT HE HATH.

HOW many excuses does Satan suggest to retain his captives, and how readily do they adopt and use them, when urged to shake off his yoke, and submit themselves to Jesus as their Lord. Some say, when thus appealed to, 'I see so many faults in those who profess to be Christians.' Others, 'I am not, as yet, good enough to begin to follow Christ.' Others, 'I am not satisfied that I need any thing more than good resolutions and moral conduct to fit me for heaven.' Others, 'I must wait the Lord's time; when He sees fit, He will call me into His kingdom.' Others, 'I am not sure that, with my temptations and position in the world, I can become pious at all.' And still others will reply, 'I am not ready yet; there is a time for all things, and after I have enjoyed the world a little more, I may be brought to a religious life.'

Sometimes some such excuse becomes so plausible, that he who employs it thinks it to be a sufficient reason why he should remain impenitent. And often those who have become in some degree penitent, thus obtain what seem satisfactory arguments for absenting themselves from the helpful ordinances to which real believers are invited.

The experience of F———, a most exemplary and punctual attendant upon the public means of grace, may illustrate these hints.

He is a man considerably past middle life, moral and upright in his relations to his fellowmen.

A Christian friend, calling upon him, asks:—'And why, Mr. F———, are you not found among the professed followers of Jesus?'

'I wish—yes, I may say that I have long wished—that I might be with them. Above all things, I should like to be a sincere, happy, useful Christian.'

'Then you have been for some time interested in the things of religion?'

'Yes, indeed; even from my youth I have had an interest in them, and have felt the importance of true piety; and as I have been for years accustomed to hear the preaching of God's word, I have time and time again been impressed by its power, and been led to say it is the truth.'

'I am glad that you do not shrink from a conversation upon religious topics.'

'I thank you for bringing them to my notice, for often, when I have seen my minister coming to the house, I have dropped every thing, even when I have been hurried by my work, and have run into the house on purpose to hear him talk about Christ and the way of salvation.'

'Do you think that you see your need of Christ, so as willingly to receive Him as your only Saviour?'

'I trust so; at any rate I have been made conscious of my great sinfulness, and I wish to apply to Him to take it from me.'

'And do you pray daily?'

'I try to pray, and with an earnest desire to be heard, I hope.'

'But is not this to begin to be a Christian? When with deep abhorrence of sin, one turns to the Lord Jesus as his only and all-sufficient Saviour, and seeks by prayer to obtain His help in obeying His commands, what is this but to take the first steps in the Christian life? I hope you are going shortly to take other essential steps in the same right direction. You should at once confess Christ, and acknowledge your hope in Him before others.'

'I suppose that this is the duty of such as have really become His disciples; but I have one great hindrance that I fear must keep me back from being publicly known as a Christian, even though the Saviour should be willing to own me as one of His followers.'

'Why so? What is your difficulty, lying thus as an obstacle in your path? Perhaps you are unwilling to tell it to me.'

'By no means. It seems to be this. I have so little to offer Christ. I would make, I am afraid, a most useless Christian. My early advantages were very poor, and, in fact, I have never had an opportunity to learn much. And even my natural talent is but little, and I'm quite sure that if I should try to be a Christian, I should not be of any service in the Church or any where else as a Christian.'

'But is there not something of pride in this objection? Are you not, perhaps, holding back from duty because you think that you will not gain much credit in performing it?'

'It may be so, but I hope not. I've thought that if I should become a professed Christian, I'd be asked to pray in public, and I'm sure I never could do it so as to benefit any one.'

'This, my friend, you can tell nothing about. I was once at a prayer-meeting when a newly converted man was called upon to lead in prayer. He rose, and in a most humble and earnest manner stammered out a few broken sentences, and then sat down. But the sincere prayer was not in vain, for a friend present was brought to Christ in answer to the imperfectly uttered petitions that came from his full and longing heart. Besides, remember that you have not yet been asked to lead in prayer, or to perform any other public service. Do not anticipate these difficulties so long before you come to them. It does not become the duty of every Christian to pray in public. Should it be yours, God will give you the requisite preparation for it, and grant you His aid. You see I am meeting you upon your own ground. And suppose that your gifts are so humble, that your talents and abilities are so small that you can do little or nothing for Christ, what then?'

'Ah, my dear friend, this is just my trouble; I can do nothing, I am sure, for Him.'

'Well, but what do the Scriptures say about

this matter; does God's word represent Him as so hard and severe as to demand of us what He has not given to us the ability to perform? Will Jesus Christ expect of you, or require from you more than you have got?'

'Why, I don't know that I have thought of the matter before in this light. I cannot suppose that He will.'

'No, be assured He will not. When the poor widow at the treasury cast in her two mites—her all—Jesus commended her gift, and pronounced it more valuable than the gifts which other bystanders may have estimated much higher. So if Satan tempts us to suppose that our dear Saviour will require of us more than we have to offer, let us silence him as that Saviour did, by an "It is written."'

'Can any words be more adapted to relieve all your anxiety and diffidence than those of the beloved Paul:—"For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." "Go forward with all your weakness, but in the strength of Him unto whom all power is committed, and you will become His happy and successful follower."'

The friendly word of counsel was not spoken in vain. At the next communion season, among others who received the ordinance of baptism was F———. And as he now enjoys all the privileges of Christ's people, he often wonders that he should have been so long hindered from his duty by the fear that his Saviour would expect or ask of him more than he has to give.

What frivolous objections often keep us from performing well understood duty. The great adversary of our souls continually suggests them, and our native unwillingness to yield obedience to Christ makes them welcome. Let us remember from whence these 'fiery darts' come upon us. Let us learn how to quench them with 'the shield of faith.'

Our dear Saviour demands from us nothing unreasonable. He will never ask of us more than we have got. If we give to him all that we possess, He will accept the gift, and bestow upon us in return all that He holds and enjoys. If we obey Him, and depending only upon His strength, humbly go forth to His service, we shall have His all-sufficient help. He will be better to us than our fears, better than our hopes. *American Presbyterian.*

PREACHING WHILE ASLEEP.

A RESPECTABLE old gentleman, of the name of V—, who, though a layman, had spent the greater part of his life in proclaiming the Gospel to a perishing world, and whose character for piety and good works was acknowledged by all classes of the community in which he lived,—had fallen into the habit of singing praises to God in the dead hour of the night, while he himself, as well as all around him, was wrapt in the most profound slumber. He would sit up in bed, turn over the leaves of an imaginary hymn-book, give out the verses, pitch the tune, and go through the whole piece as accurately as if he were awake, and perfectly conscious of what he was doing.

Toward the latter period of his life, he not only sang hymns during those nocturnal exercises, but would go through the entire service of the sanctuary, reading and singing alternately, making extemporaneous prayer, reading a chapter in the Bible, and even selecting a text, and preaching a sermon therefrom, in the most connected and impressive manner, referring to corresponding portions of Scripture with an accuracy truly astonishing to all who witnessed it. His daughter and son-in-law, now residing not many hours' ride from this city, persons of intelligence and undoubted veracity, have assured the writer of this article, that they often stood by the bed-side of their venerable parent, and followed him in his references to Scripture texts and contexts, and never knew him to fail in making a quotation.

There was one occasion in particular, in which they undertook to sit up all night, and watch him in those extraordinary exercises, in order to satisfy their curiosity as to how he acted, as well before as after the singular performance. It proved to be one of the most complete exhibitions of the phenomenon that they had ever witnessed in him; and such was the awe and solemnity, the almost supernatural aspect of the whole proceeding, that they were painfully affected by it for some time after. The clock had just struck twelve, when the venerable man, still fast asleep, began to show some signs of restlessness. He turned over in the bed two or three times, cleared his voice as if about to speak, took off his night-cap, and laid it aside upon the pillow, and finally sat upright. He then adjusted the bed-clothes as he would have done a pulpit-cushion, settled his imaginary book before him, turned down the leaves for the appointed lesson, and so on, and then when all was in due order, and in strict accordance with his usual form and practice when actually in the pulpit, he commenced the service by giving out the hymn, naming the identical page on which it was to be found, and sang it through without a flaw or falter. He next proceeded with the prayer, which was one of the most powerful they had ever heard him make. The confession of sins—the intercession—the thanksgiving—the supplication in behalf of sinners of his own and every other congregation then assembled, surpassed anything they had ever heard. During the prayer the old man wept freely, using a handkerchief for his tears, which his daughter had quietly placed beside him.

Next came the sermon. The text was taken from one of the four Gospels, the writer forgets which, but it was on experimental religion. And such a discourse! The old man's lips seemed touched with living fire, while he dis-

closed the workings of the human heart, and showed the operations of the Holy Spirit on the inner man. It was a season of heart searching and self-condemnation even to the worthy and virtuous pair who formed the only congregation on that solemn night—a cold starlight winter's night, by the way, with no sound stirring, save an occasional flap of the shutters by the passing wind.

The sermon concluded, there was then a hymn, and finally the benediction, pronounced with outstretched arms, and with all the fervour of a fond parent over his departing children.

On another occasion, such was his v mence in prayer, that, fearing the ruptu a blood vessel, his friends awoke him, bu interruption affected him so much that h came alarmingly ill for some days, and o learning the probable cause of his sickne implored them never to awaken him under such circumstances, for that his ex ences both of mind and body had been scribably painful ever since.

These phenomena occurred statedly t close of his life, which was prolonged t advanced period of over fourscore years.

Robin Music.

'TWAS early morn, and I was dreaming
Pleasant dreams—just half asleep—
When a little white-robed creature
Did across my pillow creep;
Kissed he first my lips and forehead,
With the sweetest fond caress,
Then a tiny thumb and finger
On my eyes he gently pressed;
Bending lower then to rouse me,
Open wide he pulled the lid,
'Wake up, mamma; hear the birdies!'—
That's what Charlie said and did.

And I woke to look and listen—
Listen, just at break of day,
To a bird that sang the sweetest,
Wildest, clearest roundelay!
Sang it, too, though chill and piercing
Blew the north wind all around,
And the snow, in fleecy patches,
Dotted o'er the frozen ground.
Not a speck of blue above him,
Not a ray of warmth had he,
Perched upon the leafless branches
Of the fallen maple tree!

'Tell me, mamma, what he's singing;
What does robin-redbreast say?'
But I listened till the songster
Left his perch and flew away:
Then I told the white-robed darling
Which above my pillow bent,
'That's a piece of music, Charlie,
Which the robins call "Content."
Though his notes he will not lend you,
Still, if you'll attentive hear,
From the sweet musician, Charlie,
You can catch the song by ear.

'Robin has no shoes and stockings,
Has no cap upon his head—
Nothing but his coat of feathers,
And his little waistcoat red.
Has no cosy bed or blankets,
Yet you hear him early raise,
Only for his life and freedom,
That sweet song of grateful praise.
And since you have *every* blessing,
By a loving Father sent,
Wont you learn this piece of music—
Robin's song of sweet "Content?"

—*Anon (American).*

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SONS OF MEN.

God's free Love.—'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us.'—1 John iv. 10.

The gift of free love.—'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'—John iii. 16.

The object of this gift.—'To give knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins; through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to guide our feet into the way of peace.'—Luke i. 78–80.

The sending of this gift.—'Unto us a child is born; unto us a Son is given.'—Isa. ix. 6.

The effect of this gift.—'Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will towards men.'—Luke ii. 14.

The way in which the gift is to be received.—'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.'—2 Cor. ix. 15.

The report concerning the gift.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'—1 Tim. i. 15.

Life through the gift.—'This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.'—1 John v. 11.

The Just for the unjust.—'Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.'—1 Pet. iii. 18.

The Bearer of sin.—'Who, His own self, bare our sins in His own body on the tree.'—1 Pet. ii. 24.

The Bearer of the curse.—'Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.'—Gal. iii. 13.

The shed blood.—'This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins.'—Matt. xxvi. 28.

The death.—'Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures.'—1 Cor. xv. 4.

The resurrection.—'Who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.'—Rom. iv. 25.

Righteousness by faith.—'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.'—Rom. x. 4.

From whom faith comes.—'By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.'—Eph. ii. 8.

How faith comes.—'Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.'—Rom. x. 17.

Present life in believing.—'He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.'—John v. 24.

Death in not believing.—'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.'—John iii. 36. 'He that believeth not shall be damned.'—Matt. xvi. 16.

The command.—'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'—Acts xvi. 31.

The free love and the free blessing.—'I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.'—Rev. xxi. 6.

The all-prevailing argument.—'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not, with Him, also freely give us all things?'—Rom. viii. 32.

The sinner's ground of perfect confidence in going to God.—'Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus; by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, His flesh; and having an High Priest over the house of God; let us draw near, with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.'—Heb. x. 19–22.

THESE THINGS WRITE WE UNTO YOU THAT YOUR JOY MAY BE FULL.

ROMANISM.

'HERE are the Roman Catholics. They are the successors of the apostles: but I think, if Peter and Paul were to come and see their successors, they would think there was a mighty difference between them. By way of parable, suppose the Virgin Mary, Peter, and Paul, should come down some Sunday, and go to a Cathedral. Well, when they enter, the Virgin hears them singing something to her honour, and praise, and glory: she says to Peter: "What are these people after? They are worshipping me. My Son said to me, Woman, what have I to do with thee? He never worshipped me; let us leave this place." They stopped a little longer, and heard a priest say that the Apostle Peter was the head of the Church; and his successor, the Pope, was therefore the head.'

'Peter jogged the Virgin Mary, and said: —"What a lie that is; I was never at the head of the Church at all. Did I not fall into sin? I head of the Church—a pretty head I was!" Soon afterwards, Paul heard them preaching justification by works. "Come out," said he, "there is no gospel here. I preached justification by faith without works, and they are preaching justification by works." And so, upon that, all three of them went out. By and by, they came to a place where they heard them singing "Glory, honour, praise and power be unto the Lamb that sitteth on the throne;' and they heard them speak of those who were kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. "Ah," said Peter, "this is the place for me, here I will stay." Those are the successors of the Apostles who are like the Apostles.'

—*Spurgeon.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ACTS XIV. 3.

THE first five verses of this chapter give us a brief sketch of the apostles' life and ministry at Iconium. Paul and Barnabas fleeing from Antioch, come to Iconium. They go into the Jewish synagogue. A great number believe, both Jews and Greeks, as they listen to the apostolic gospel. The unbelieving Jews stir up the city against the apostles, but these continue there in spite of opposition, and speak boldly in the Lord; or more exactly, 'grew bold over the Lord,' the Lord being the theme or subject *over which* they took their stand, and in reference to which they showed their boldness.

In the latter part of the verse we have these three things: (1) the grace; (2) the word concerning it; (3) the divine testimony given to this word. It is on the first two points that we would meditate. The third, or the testimony, may be briefly noticed at the outset. That testimony was given by miracles, by 'signs and wonders.' The Lord went along with His apostles; He stood by their side in preaching, and He set His seal to the truth of their message by some notable work of heavenly power, so that the hearers were made to feel that the word spoken was a *true* word, and that it was a word *from heaven*, directly from the lips of God. The miracle was to establish their faith (and ours also in these last days) in the divine origin of the message, so that their faith should not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God.

I. *The grace.* This word is often used as the same with the Spirit's work in man, as that which the Spirit produces in us when He renews and transforms. This is not the primary nor the usual meaning of the word. It simply means favour, or free love to sinners as such, such free love as the Lord manifested when He was here on earth, in dealing with sinners such as the woman of Sychar, or Zaccheus, or the thief on the cross. They are representatives of sinners to whom this free love came, whom it welcomed, and whom it rescued.

This free love is essential to God, as essential as His power or holiness. I might as well deny, or limit, or qualify His power and holiness, as deny, or limit, or qualify His love. It belongs to Him as God; for God is love. He cannot but be righteous and powerful, so He cannot but be love. Nay, we might as well deny His being as His love. We might as well say there is no God, as say God is not love.

This free love was not produced or purchased by Christ's death. That love existed before in all its largeness and freeness. Christ's death did not increase that love: it was wide as the heart of God, and could not be increased. Christ's death did not make the sinner a more suitable object for that love. The sinner was loved before; and it was love to the sinr that made the Father send the Son: 'God loved the world that he gave his only begott Son.' That love rested on the sinner befor his circumstances as a sinner, so far fr quenching God's love to him as a creature, creased it; for they added all the amount misery and gloom, and exposure to eter ruin, which called up that profound and u utterable compassion which a father feels wards a prodigal child that has ruined hims Nothing in us, nothing in the world, nothi in heaven or earth, nothing in man or ang produced the love of God. It was uncreat unbought, undeserved, and unfathomable. G loved the sinner because He was God, a because the sinner was a sinner. That is t end of the matter.

What folly then, nay, what blasphemy, any sinner to think to create, or to intensify, to enlarge this love, by qualifying himself i it, by making himself less unworthy to loved. God loves man, the sinner; let us content to know this. The Lord's grace free favour is not a thing to be added to taken from. Man must just take it as it i and as he is, or go without it. Man's attemp to propitiate God, or to fit himself for bei loved, whether by works, or connections, repentance, or feelings, or prayers, or cer monies, or goodness, are mockery in the ey of Him with whom we have to do. We a welcome to the whole free love of God. L us take it at once; not trying to drive a ba gain about it, or to buy it in any sense or wa but simply and at once to take it as the begg takes the alms, as the prodigal took his fathe love, when he fell upon his neck and kissed hi

II. *The word concerning it.* For 'the wo of his grace' means not simply His gracio word, but the word concerning His grace, t message that announced His free love. W have then a *word* concerning this—a word on spoken, now written; a word of truth and ce tainty; a word as to which there is no amb guity and no mistake; a sure and simple word a word such as the following: 'Hereby pe ceive we the love of God, that he laid down hi life for us.'

It is this word which constitutes our Gospel God's sure word as to His own free love. Thi word and that love change not; He whos word and love they are changes not. Nor i there any *counter word* to neutralise its powe and meaning. Sometimes our own dark ex perience overshadows it; sometimes God' sharp dealings with us seem to say, 'God i not love.' But over against all this we hav ever to set the gift of the beloved Son, th great demonstration and pledge of divine lov to which we ought ever to recur when doubt arise. What are all the evils of this presen evil world to compare with the unspeakabl gift of God. That gift infinitely more tha outweighs them all.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

BY THE REV. J. J. BONAR, GREENOCK.

PHILIPPIANS IV. 19.

THERE is a great promise, which must feed our souls, if we rub the corn-ears well. But ere we look at the promise, let us for an instant advert to Him who brings it. For at the beginning of our text, Paul describes God as '*my* God:' and it is *this* which, as it gives him authority in speaking, should awaken our interest when we hearken.

Had Paul sought to endear or magnify a God, whom he had only heard of, but whom he did not know; or whom he knew, but had no intimacy with; or whom he was conversant with, but who stood in no special relation to him, we might listen to his testimony with respectful attention, but it is not likely that it would leave a very deep impression.

It is, however, no abstract or indefinite God; no doctrinal or shadowy God; no unknown or unfelt God, whom he introduces. It is one whom, without irreverence, presumption, or challenge, he can designate as '*my God*.' One with whom he is on the best terms, and to whom he is united by the closest ties. Had the Apostle said no more than, '*God*' will not overlook you; '*God*' will be kind to you, and then left us to make out for ourselves what there might be in God to establish our faith on, how cold would we have deemed his language, and how meagre his assurance! But Paul knows God: he has often proved Him; he has received from Him innumerable mercies: And when he bears witness to Him—when he would commend Him to others—it is simply on the ground of his experience. It is not *God* he sings of—it is '*my* God.' '*Because he believes, therefore he speaks.*' Yea, '*He has tasted that the Lord is gracious,*' and he only declares with his pen what his heart is full of.

Beloved, trust this witness—and climb also to his level! It is refreshing to come upon *any* promise of holy writ, for it smells as a vineyard, with its grapes ready for the winepress. But how is its value enhanced, when some one hands it to me, saying, 'take that grape, for I have eaten off the same bunch, and the fruit is sweet indeed!'

Nay; but rest not until you can make the Apostle's form of expression your own. '*My God,*' that was the style of Paul; but not of Paul alone. 'He is *my God*,' said Moses, 'and my fathers' God.' David said to Solomon, 'The Lord God, even *my God*, will be with thee.' 'Think upon me, *my God*,' cried Nehemiah. 'Will ye weary *my God* also,' exclaimed Isaiah. '*My God*,' witnessed Daniel, 'shut the lions' mouths.' 'I will wait for *my God*,' was the resolution of Micah. Thomas said, 'My Lord and *my God*.' And Jesus told His disciples, 'I ascend to *my God*.' And shall we not speak as these saints spoke, seeing that we believe as they believed—and are glad with their gladness?

There is something sublime in the thought, '*God mine!*' my friend, my possession, my inheritance! '*God mine*' in all His attributes, in His providence, in His grace, in His covenant, in all that He is! But is not *this* too bold a claim? an ambition rather to be checked than cherished? No, for it is written, *if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ;*' and if we only abide conscious of our standing, our acceptance, our adoption in Jesus Christ, never shall we look on God without being able, ready, eager, to cry out, '*My God!*'

Let us advance, however, to the consideration of *the promise* given in our text; and which is at once vouched to us by the inspiration, and commended to us by the experience of Paul. '*My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus.*'

I. Observe first *The Need.* 'Your need.'

'*Need*,' is a word not exactly equivalent to want or craving; for it rather denotes what I have use for, and can put to use, but am without. It means here, therefore, just whatsoever we can require as creatures, and as believers, for maintaining life, for fulfilling duty, and for enjoying happiness. It embraces our common wants, and not less our spiritual necessities. It covers a wide area, and stretches on without limit, bearing reference alike to time, with its various changes, and to eternity, with its momentous issues.

As *a man*, do I not 'need' food, and raiment, and sleep, and health, and talents, and friends,

and kindness? As *a sinner*, do I not 'need' forgiveness and reconciliation—conviction and a sense of guilt—faith and the sprinkling of blood? Then—as *a believer*, do I not 'need' all these things and much more, even continued peace, and advancing holiness, a heart alienated from the world, and a hope that soars within the veil, communion with God, much prayer, eminent spirituality, devoted zeal, and patient meekness?

You may think that Acceptance should have terminated all 'need,' with the children of God. But you cannot read the sermon on the Mount, 'blessed are the *poor*,' 'blessed are they that *mourn*,' 'blessed are they which do *hunger* and *thirst*,' 'blessed are they which are *persecuted*,' 'blessed are ye when men shall *revile* you,' without seeing how poor and empty we shall be in this valley of Achor, where we have to wade deep, yet travel on.

No doubt it is chiefly *spiritual wants* we suffer, and spiritual blessings we long for. But what 'need' is to be compared to spiritual 'need,' centred in the very depths of the soul, and embracing my entire nature? and ever recurring? When I fled to Christ, assuredly all these needs were met. I was satisfied; my indigence was forgotten, and my weeping ceased. I was as one who had eaten and drank and could lie down at ease.

But '*my need*,' though gone to-day, returns to-morrow, and I am as 'needy' as before; it returns with every new duty and every new temptation; it returns with every change of circumstances, and every movement of the soul! I am pardoned, but I 'need' daily pardon to remove daily sin. I am saved, but I 'need' constant salvation to keep me saved. I have received grace, but I 'need' universal grace to reign over all my powers; I possess God, but I 'need' that God should every moment 'lift upon me the light of his countenance,' and with beam after beam chase away all darkness! I am filling but I am not filled! I am sanctifying but I am not sanctified. I have shot many and sharp arrows abroad, but I do think my enemies are more numerous than ever. Often have I been at the well, but my lip is again parched with burning thirst.

Who then is '*needier*' than the child of God in the desert? He is 'needy' as *a man*—full of sensibilities, and encompassed with evils. He is 'needy' as *a sinner*, ever tempted and often falling. He is 'needy' as *a believer*, who is done with earth, and presses on to heaven. In a word, the child of God is *all* '*need!*'

And he must *think* of this. He must believe it firmly, and realize it vividly, and ponder it much. Some of you take it for granted, and do not live under the persuasion of it; whilst others are afraid to inquire into it lest it turn out worse than they fancy. But these two things, believer, you must know, if you are to prosper. You must know, *first*, that you are 'needy;' and *then* you must know what your 'need' is. It may make you shrink, for the moment, to look *in* and see what a void there is to fill; to look *around* and see what difficulties we must pass through ere our feet reach an even place. Nevertheless, *think* of your need, believer, for if there be '*need*' with us, there is '*supply*' with God. '*He will supply every need of yours*,' is the assurance given in our text by the Apostle, as based upon what he himself had found.

II. Observe then, *The Supply*—'My God shall supply.' God had watched over His servant lovingly; He had taken strict cognisance of whatever might promote his welfare, He had fully entered into all the specialities of his case He understood his difficulties, and had weighed his burdens, He had considered his prayers, and his sighs had come up into His ear; He had prepared him for duty, and crowned his labour with success; He had stood near him in his trials, and was ever his shield and helmet. All *this*, says Paul, '*my God*' has been to me, and has done for me. God had scanned the Apostle's *every* '*need*,' and just as it occurred He *supplied* it too! His God *had* thus acted towards Paul; His God *was* acting thus; and his God would *continue* thus to act. God's care of this believer included *every* thing, and it never slept, it never winked.

But to *all* believers God shows himself to be the same God; and what He did for one, He will do for each. '*My God shall supply every need of yours*.' Our '*need*' is multifarious, but every '*need*' of ours shall be seen to. '*The need*' of each believer is peculiar, but it is '*your*' need your own individual case, which is provided for. Present help soon fades, but as if to make the assurance embrace all that lies before us, it is said, 'God *shall* supply' to the end, as at the beginning. The void within—not the void created by sin only, but the void of our great capacity—is deep, and our wants are ever crying out; but these wants shall be '*supplied*' until the void is *filled up*—filled even to the brim—as a pitcher let down into the stream!

Beloved, *that* is the promise, and what more could be promised? It is not said that we are to escape '*need*,' but it *is* said that our every need shall be '*supplied*.' It is not said that our every '*need*' shall be mitigated, but of our 'every need,' that it shall be '*replenished*'—the vessel no sooner having discharged one cargo than it loads with another.

O! surely our reproach is now turned into honour; our weakness, has it not become

strength? And do we not feel, as if to be '*needy*' were a blessed thing? O! how '*my need*' is forgotten in '*my God!*'

Does any imagine that he is *not to work* nor pray because he is told that '*God shall supply?*' It is an error! for both Scripture and Providence testify that it is only when we toil with sweat for our bread; and only when we wrestle day by day for grace, that we may rest confident we shall get what we want. You think that the manna cannot fail; that there will always be oil in the cruse, seeing it is declared, '*God shall supply?*' But you are wrong, my friend. '*God shall supply:*' nevertheless, to check our frowardness, to rebuke our sins, to awake us out of sleep, to sink us in our own esteem, to polish us as corner-stones in the coming temple, God may *empty* us first, He may strip us of our children, as He did Rachel, He may strip us of our health, as He did Hezekiah, He may strip us of our freedom, as He did Paul! Yes, God may empty, deeply, severely, empty. It is only, however, to fill; and never will He forget His covenant-word—'*I shall supply.*'

Bear *this* truth, believer, ever in mind, and be not unsettled when, for a moment, you feel as if both root and leaf were dead. Look *in*, if you choose, at times and bewail '*my need!*' '*my need!*' But look *up* too; and as one who sees the divine fulness laid over against the human emptiness, exult more loudly, '*my God!*' '*my God!*'

There are some here as '*needy*' and empty as when they were born; and you think it harsh for them who are full to speak as we do. It seems as if we were glad to have got among the stores of Egypt ourselves, and that we had no pity for such as are perishing in the famine of Canaan.

Ah! brother do not mistake us. With true bowels of compassion we do yearn over you, and we gladly send you our waggons to bring you down to the land where there is plenty. As yet you are seeking, we know, 'the living among the dead.' You are hoping to stay your hunger on the husks of swine; you are fain to slake your thirst with wormwood. It is the world you appeal to; it is money, and pleasure, and influence, and comfort, and whatsoever the flesh craves, that you pursue. And *what* has the world done for you? what ear of wheat have you found over its stubble fields? what pearls have you raked out of its ashes? How can you expect to get water from wells which the Philistine has choked up with rubbish?

O! my brother, tear off the bandage which is on thine eyes, and see at last where lies the path of happiness! It lies *here*, and no where else, '*my God shall supply all your need.*' The whole world in your heart could not extinguish a single want; but '*my God*' will supply your every need,' 'the need' of all your lifetime, 'the need' of all your being.

III. Observe next, *The Riches*—'According to his riches.'

'*The riches*' of God are all that He has, and all that He can give. They include His everlasting life, His boundless wisdom, His almighty power, His creative skill, His providential arrangements, His shining hosts, His infinite empire, His glorious perfections.

But, brethren, as '*the riches*' of God are, so is His *promise;* and if He undertakes to 'supply our need,' it will therefore be in a princely style, and in transcendent fulness. O! nothing shows how '*needy*' we are—even though redeemed—more than this, that not only must we have '*God* to supply our need,' but God '*in his riches;*' and if the source of our blessing lies in God *himself*, the standard and meaure of it are the divine *fulness* in all its wealth! 'My God shall supply every need of yours, *according to his riches!*' We need much, and for this we strive and wrestle much. But beyond all labour and prayer of ours, will be our satisfaction; for we are to receive '*according to the riches of God!*'

Ah! God is rich in grace, and '*the riches*' of His grace will be poured into our soul. God is rich in truth, and *the riches* of His truth will sweetly illuminate us. God is rich in consolation, and He will replenish us with all *the riches* of His abounding consolation.

At every step of our way we need mercy; but in *the riches* of the divine covenant we have the mercy we need. We need the Spirit more and more the longer we live; but in *the riches* of the divine nature we have that spirit whom we need. We need strength every hour, to assist us against enemies without and within; but in *the riches* of the Divine omnipotence, we have the strength we need. We need assurance to cheer us amid wind and rain; but in *the riches* of the divine purpose we have the assurance that we need.

Truly, brethren, '*the supply for our need*' is marvellous! We are poor: so poor, that in ourselves we cannot be poorer. And God comes to us in our miserable strait, and lays '*His riches*' at our feet. We may be destitute, but let us abide in God, and we shall get all we are in want of out of His *riches*. We are insolvent, but let us repair to God, and our liabilities will be met by His *riches*. If He strip us of every comfort, still let us hang by God, and His *riches* will yield us an overflowing recompense. He may deprive us of friends, but God is *rich*, and will give us *the riches* of His own fellowship. He may refuse us the world, but God is *rich*, and He will give us *the riches* of heaven in the end. God may make

desolate every field of time, but He is *rich*, and will give us our paradise in *the riches* of immortality.

Believing friends, *that* is the promise in its Munificence. And now, let me ask, What have you and I been doing with it since it became ours by faith? Have we been feeling as those who have 'supply for every need' in God, and who never forgot that their 'need' required all '*the riches* of a rich *God*?' Beloved, are we holy, and strong, and hopeful, and blessed, as those who have free access to God, and who can draw upon all the resources of God?

Alas! it is not with us as it should have been; but we have, let it be confessed, lived miserably *under* our privileges. We have lived on earth, when we might have been living in the heavens! We have leant upon the creature, instead of rejoicing in the Creator alone! We were offered '*riches*,' but we chose poverty. We were offered *fulness*, but we preferred '*need*.'

Often, lamentably often, has this been the case with us, even since we knew God! But once more let us cry, '*all my well-springs are in Thee!*' and seek no other portion. 'Hitherto we have asked *nothing*;' nothing at least that would do honour to *the riches of God*; and as the sad result, hitherto we have done nothing, enjoyed nothing, acquired nothing, worthy of the Divine riches. At length, however, let us 'draw liberally from a liberal God,' and walk as rich men. No more let us linger, and crawl, and pant, when running our holy race. But amid weakness, and change, and opposition, let us acquit ourselves as those who *can* claim, and *do* claim, '*the riches of God*' as all their own.

IV. Observe lastly, *the glory*.—'In glory by Christ Jesus.

God became a God to the believer by '*Christ Jesus*;' and it was simply through His merit that we, 'who were afar off, were brought nigh.' It was '*Christ Jesus*' who forgave us, who reconciled us, and by faith in whom, our alienation was closed in love,—our anxiety passed into rest.

But He who was the channel of grace at the commencement, is the channel to the end; and '*the riches of God*' are floated down to us from Calvary on the blood of '*Jesus Christ*.' Of a truth, the whole price of our salvation was rendered by Him who died for us; and even himself could add nothing to the finished ransom. But the price must be eternally quoted: the ransom must never fall out of view. The blood must be always in the eye of God; and though Jesus has ceased to suffer, He continues to expiate. It is 'for us' He has gone behind the veil: it is 'for us' He 'stands' in the presence of God; and not one gift in all His Father's stores can reach us, save through the hands of our wise 'interpreter' and meritorious 'daysman,' '*Christ Jesus*.'

If, however, our 'supplies' pass along *this* channel, does it not invest them with a most attractive lustre; and as our text says, covers them '*with glory*?' '*Supply* for my need! that is cheering. 'Supply for my need *from God!*' that is amazing. 'Supply for my need from God, *according to His riches*,' that is magnificent: but 'supply for my need from God, according to His riches, '*through Christ Jesus*,' is that not 'glorious?' Yes, it is blessedness to be supplied *from* God; but it is 'glory' to be supplied *through* Christ. And if '*the riches of God*' impart fulness to all our blessings as their noble fountain, '*Christ Jesus*' as their medium, crowns them with a halo which envelopes both Him who bestows, and them who receive '*in glory*.'

O! then, beloved, be never afraid to take much from the 'the riches of grace;' but remember that the more you draw from 'the *riches of God*,' the more you reflect '*the glory of Christ*.' You love to speak of God as infinite, as full. Use that infinitude of God use that fulness of God, and learn the blessed art of applying all divine *riches* to all human *need*; for no lighted sun so glorifies God as a satisfied soul. Make free with all the wealth of heaven; claim the wide charter of the covenant; enjoy all that you can find in the promises, without reserve, for each blessing Jesus gives us, is a new ray of '*glory*' that lights up the scheme of redemption, and which spreads a bright effulgence over the character of God. In the cross of Christ all '*the glory*' of God shineth in its splendour; and when we go to the cross, therefore, for everything—when we link every mercy with the cross, all our '*supplies*' are radiant with its '*glory*;' and we '*glorify*' Christ by being '*enriched*' of God.

As to them who set no value on *the riches of God*, but who are trying to find their '*supplies*' elsewhere than in Him, let me say, in one word, that your day of Poverty is coming: and *what then?*

The springs of earth—shallow and brackish as they are—may be enough when it is the day of life—the summer of prosperity. But the winter hastens; when there will be no more summer: the night is at hand, when the sun is gone down. And I ask—I ask round and round—I ask each one alone—I ask solemnly—I ask as standing between the living and the dead—*what then?*

What, my brother, will earth, with all its gold, or esteem, or authority; my sister, what will earth, with all its gaieties, or amusements, or admiration, do for you at such a time? What will all present comforts do for you when

sickness enters your frame? What will all carnal 'supplies' do for you when those who were dear to you fall at your side? What will human favour do for you in that lone hour, when you pass into the valley of death without a friend? What will thoughtless pleasures do for you when you stand before the judgment seat? O! what will the vanities of time do for you amid the agonies of an eternal hell?

Men and brethren, be wise at last, and do not perish! Lay to heart the questions I have now urged, so long as there is time to exchange the cistern for the fountain, the world for heaven, the creature for God!

Very soon everything will be fixed regarding you, and ere another hour is past you may be in that place where there is not a solitary spring, not a single drop of water, but where the entire soul is one parched waste—one bottomless void—one insatiable thirst. Hear, then, the warning, and perish not.

Sure I am God has been at pains with you to get your eyes opened, and your steps guided aright; but as yet it has been all in vain. He took already the idol round whom your heart was twined, but soon your affections were as much given to another. He scattered the substance you had been heaping up so long, but, again, it is money—money—you are absorbed in. He drove you from your pleasant haunts, but in a little while you planted another gourd, and, amid friends, and children, and comforts, you thought only of earth. O! yes; from vessel to vessel God has emptied you, but your heart is in the world still, and salvation is very far off from you.

Man! trifle no longer, lest it go ill with you for ever. On that spot yield to the Holy Ghost, and let Him lead you out of darkness. Return not home until you have felt the awful '*need*' of your soul, and received God, in all His riches, as your blest inheritance! Verily, all below is uncertain and unsatisfying. It cannot last for ever; neither can it satiate thy spirit.

But *here* is a promise from the lips of God: '*I shall supply all need of yours, according to my riches in glory, by Christ Jesus.*' Cast your soul on that promise, and you shall have affluence for need, and light for darkness, and peace for disquietude and sorrow! Heaven and earth may pass away; but lie down upon the assurance of our text, and all is well. A whole world cannot assuage one single *want;* but God, in Christ, will expel your whole 'need' for ever.

Jesus be Merciful.

'Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me and mine acquaintance into darkness.'

JESUS, be merciful; watch me, I pray—
Strengthen, encourage my desolate way;
Dark seas of trouble encompass me round,
Dread fills my soul at the wild water's sound;
I shrink from the conflict, am longing for peace—
Send me, my Saviour, oh, send me release!

Weak is my spirit, and weary and worn,
Helpless I struggle, by sin overborne;
Hope after hope of my young life I yield;
Lost is my anchor and broken my shield;
Dead is my lover, afar is my friend—
Help me, my Saviour on *Thee* to depend.

Love is a bubble that bursts in my hand;
Friendship a jewel as false as 'tis grand;
Fame but a phantom eluding my grasp;
Hope a chimera too futile to clasp—
Even my faith in my Saviour is weak;
Lo! at Thy mercy seat, courage I seek.

Father, not my will but Thine must be done;
Help me to wait till the victory's won;
Help me to strive with this sorrow that kills,
Bear me away from its manifold ills;
Fold as a vesture Thy strong arms about,
It will protect me from fainting and doubt.

—*Ayon.*

A Cheque for Fifty Pounds.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER I.

'DON'T fret about it, dear mother; it *must* be sold, you know,' said May Ferrington.

The widow and her daughter stood side by side before a picture, which was supported in the arms of a sturdy boy of thirteen. May had just finished dusting the canvas and washing the frame, and she was regarding the painting with a look of regretful love, which belied the firm decision of her words. The aspect of this little group was strangely out of keeping with their surroundings. The quiet, care-worn lady, and the graceful, pale-faced girl, both dressed in faded black, had evidently known a different home to this shabby little parlour in the cheap lodging-house; and the boy had a wistful look in his dark eyes, that told plainly of sorrows hard to be borne at his age.

The picture, too, was quite out of place here, and bore no sort of resemblance to the gaudily-framed shepherd with the crimson-lake countenance, who stared blankly from the opposite wall. It was the work of a famous Italian artist, whose hands had ceased from their labours long ago; and it represented a striking scene in the most wonderful history that the world has ever known. Three women stood together at the entrance of a cave or tomb hollowed out of the solid rock; one, a little in advance of the others, was bending slightly forwards, her long bright hair partially concealing her face; while the other two were clinging to each other, yet more in awe than fear. Within the gloom of the sepulchre sat a white luminous figure, with shadowy fingers pointing upwards. The soft, dim morning light, the general air of stillness and quietude, the dark foliage of a cypress bough, visible in the foreground—all were exquisitely rendered, and worked out by a master's touch. Years ago this picture had hung upon the wall of an old Roman palace, in company with others of like value and beauty. And Mr Ferrington had brought it from the 'Eternal City,' with more treasures of art, which had lately been consigned to other owners; for this was the sole relic of past days that Mrs Ferrington had retained; and now this too must be parted with.

For many weeks the widow had been seriously ill; and although May worked hard as a teacher of drawing, she could not earn enough to defray all the expenses which her mother's sickness had entailed. Then, too, there was Arthur to be fed, and clothed, and educated; and it was no marvel that, with such narrow means, they found it impossible to make both ends meet. They were already in debt to the landlady, and the butcher and baker were beginning to dun them; money must be had, and had immediately, and the only way to obtain it was to sell the cherished picture.

There were few lovers of art in the bustling sea-port town in which they lived, and they were at first at a loss where to find a purchaser. In this, however, they were assisted by the broker of whom the landlady was in the habit of buying second-hand furniture. He told them that a wealthy man, with a decided taste for art, had come to reside in the neighbouring city of Silverbury, and strongly advised them to offer the painting to him. Accordingly, they had despatched a letter to Richard Bardley, Esq., The Cedars, Silverbury, and received a polite reply, stating that the gentleman wished to be favoured with a sight of the picture. And now May and Arthur were on the point of setting off with their treasure.

Half-an-hour's ride by train would bring them to Silverbury, and they had decided to start at once. May kissed her mother, whispering to her to try and look on the bright side of things, and then quitted the room to prepare for her journey, calling to Arthur to come and brush his hair and put on his best clothes, for there was no time to lose.

Left alone with the picture, poor Mrs Ferrington continued to gaze on it until a mist of tears hid it from her sight. Its very subject made it doubly dear to her; for often, when her heart was aching with the memory of her great loss, she had lifted her eyes to the Saviour's empty tomb, and remembered how He had 'overcome the sharpness of death,' and 'opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.' And her thoughts had been guided onward to the time when 'the dead in Christ shall rise,' and the dear familiar face should be restored to her, never to be hidden again.

Just then May returned, and, coming to the back of her mother's chair, stood looking over her shoulder.

'This is a hard trial for you, mamma,' she said, tenderly; 'I know it must cost you a great deal to part with it.'

'Yes, May,' replied the widow, sadly; 'but it must be done, and I shall grow accustomed to the loss in time.'

'Will this help you to bear it better, mamma?' said the young girl, suddenly placing on the table a duplicate of the precious picture.

Mrs Ferrington uttered a cry of astonish-

ment. 'My dear child,' she exclaimed, 'Did you really do this?'

'Yes, mother dear, I worked at it while you were lying ill upstairs: I thought that perhaps a time might come when we should have to sell our dear picture, and I believed that this humble copy might comfort you in its absence.'

'But, May, it is wonderfully good; it almost equals the original.'

'Oh no, no, mamma! I don't like to see my poor copy side by side with the great master's work. The contrast humiliates me! Just look at this marvellous softness of colouring—these outlines, clear, without being hard,—and compare them with mine.'

'You are a young painter yet,' said the mother, 'but I have always believed that with time and opportunity you might do great things.'

May shook her head, and, taking up the original, placed it carefully in a wrapper of green baize, and put it into Arthur's arms.

'It's well for us that it isn't larger,' said she, 'or we must have hired a man to carry it to the railway station.'

'It's quite heavy enough,' observed Arthur, ruefully.

'Never mind, old boy, you haven't far to walk,' said his sister, cheerfully. 'And how proud I should be if I had such strong arms.'

They set off together down the narrow street, and the widow watched them from the window. It was early in March, and poor Arthur had to battle with a strong north wind, but he bore up bravely, never complaining, although the picture made his arms ache. Then they reached the station, and he laid down his burden with a sigh of relief, standing guard over it while May took the tickets.

They reached Silverbury at eleven o'clock, and made their way up the quiet high street of the ancient city—May's artist-eyes resting with delight upon the quaint old market-cross,—the most beautiful in the kingdom of its kind; she marked all its intricacies of decoration, all its marvels of light and shade—its varied hues of black, and grey, and white, until she could keep silence about it no longer.

'Look at that splendid old cross, Arthur,' she exclaimed; 'it's a great treat to see anything so venerable and picturesque, isn't it? Bishop Storey erected it in 1478, when he left the see of Silverbury for that of Carlisle; it was he who founded the grammar school, you know. Ah, there's the cathedral spire; how white it looks against this grey sky! Don't you recollect reading how Bishop Ralph built a cathedral here, which was burnt down before it was finally completed; and how, instead of being disheartened, he began to build another, and Henry the First helped him? And here it stands, to show us what patience and resolution can accomplish!'

'I wish we were at the Cedars,' said Arthur, who did not share his sister's enthusiasm in these matters.

May stopped, and asked a passer-by to show them the nearest way to Mr Bardley's residence. It was not far off; they had only to cross the cathedral square before they came in sight of the white gates, and caught a glimpse of the house standing below a wide lawn, shadowed by the magnificent trees from which it derived its name.

'What a fine place,' said Arthur; 'I'm sure Mr Bardley must be very rich; he will certainly give us a good price for the picture.'

The door was opened by a respectable man-servant, and they found themselves in a spacious hall, adorned with pictures and statues. Then they were shown into a handsome room fitted up as a library, its walls almost concealed by well-stocked book-shelves, and here they remained until the master of the house made his appearance.

He did not keep them waiting long; and both May and her brother were favourably impressed by the pleasant genial manner in which he received them. He was a tall portly man of forty, or thereabouts, broad-chested and deep-voiced, and as he assisted Arthur to uncover the picture, the brilliant flash of a diamond ring called the boy's attention to his white hands.

'This is very good, very good indeed,' he said, drawing back the rich damask curtain, that the light might fall directly upon the painting. That he really appreciated the beauty of the work of art before him there could be no doubt, and May's hopes rose accordingly.

'What is the price of it?' he asked.

'We would take less than it's real value, if we could have the money at once,' said May, simply. 'We will sell it for fifty pounds.'

Mr Bardley contemplated the picture, with his head on one side.

'I wish I'd seen it sooner,' he said, 'I bought a Murillo the other day, and gave a good round sum for it. It's difficult,' he continued, 'to decide on the value of a thing of this kind, unless one has had vast experience in such matters. It appears to be genuine, but I can hardly venture to trust my own judgment.'

'Papa brought it from Rome,' remarked May.

'Yes, but there are excellent copyists in Rome,' rejoined Mr Bardley, smiling affably. 'However, I really do believe in the picture, and I'm very much inclined to purchase it.'

'I wish you would, sir,' broke out Arthur, who did not want to carry his burden back again.

The gentleman looked at him good-naturedly. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said, 'I'll call in a friend of mine, an artist, and get his opinion. If he says that it's genuine, I'll buy it. You won't mind leaving it here for a few days?'

'Oh, no,' replied May, handing him a card with her address written upon it. 'Will you be good enough to let us know your decision as soon as you can? I am sorry to be troublesome,' she added; 'but we really are in much need of money.'

'I will write to you directly my friend has given his opinion,' he answered readily. 'And now sit down a little longer, and take a glass of wine; it's a cold day, and you must need some refreshment.'

May consented more for Arthur's sake than her own. The respectable man-servant brought them biscuits and choice Madeira, and Mr Bardley chatted pleasantly until they rose to depart. They took leave of the master of the Cedars, and walked back to the station in excellent spirits.

Mrs Ferrington was anxiously awaiting their return, and her own face brightened as they presented themselves, smiling and hopeful; and gave her an account of the morning's events, dwelling much upon Mr Bardley's politeness and hospitality.

A week passed away, but no letter arrived from The Cedars. Creditors became more pressing in their claims, and poor Mrs Ferrington grew anxious.

'Hadn't we better write to Mr Bardley?' she suggested.

'Wait a few days longer, mamma,' said her daughter. 'Perhaps his artist friend wasn't at hand when he wanted him; we shall hear from him soon.'

They waited another week, and then May herself deemed it expedient to despatch a respectful letter to Silverbury, begging to know if Mr Bardley had made up his mind about the painting. Still another week elapsed, and no reply came.

'This is getting serious,' said the widow. 'I hope he is an honest man, May!'

'Dear mamma, there's no doubt of that; he's quite a gentleman! But it *is* strange that we don't get an answer. I think I'd better go to Silverbury again and see him.'

'Take me with you,' said Arthur, longing for a repetition of Madeira and biscuits.

'No, no,' replied his sister, 'we must save every sixpence, and it costs money to travel even that short distance. I'll go out and give the drawing-lesson at Mrs Clarkson's school, and then I shall have the afternoon before me.'

At one o'clock May was once more in the train speeding towards Silverbury. It was a dull day, cold and cheerless; the sky wore a leaden hue, without one bright rift to break the dreary uniformity of tint, and the whole landscape was utterly devoid of warm colouring; the flat dead green of the water-meadows, through which the dark steely streams wound their way; the bare branches of the pollard willows, as they swayed and bent beneath the wind's rough usage; the scattered farms, with leafless orchards behind them; all needed the touch of sunshine to bring out their hidden beauties, and the young girl's buoyant spirit began to grow gloomy and depressed. She was glad when the short journey came to an end, and she found herself again in the high street, bending her steps towards The Cedars. Entering at the white gate, and walking up the carriage drive as she had done before, she became aware of a change in the aspect of the house, and saw, to her surprise, that the curtains had been taken down from the windows.

Her ring was answered this time, not by the respectable man-servant, but by rather an untidy housemaid, whose sleeves were rolled back from arms that were not too clean.

'You can't see him,' she answered shortly, in reply to May's inquiry for Mr Bardley.

'I must see him,' said May, with desperate resolution; and pushing past the girl, she entered the hall. In the same moment she came face to face with Mr Bardley, who was descending the staircase. He stopped, and she fancied he changed colour.

'Good day,' he said, pleasantly. 'You find the house in confusion; I'm making some alterations. You are come about the picture?'

'Yes,' she answered, somewhat reassured by his manner. 'Did you not receive my letter?'

'I owe you a thousand apologies,' rejoined Mr Bardley. 'I have been away from home, and have had important family affairs to settle. The picture, well, yes, I have decided to take it.'

'Thank you,' said May, with a sigh of intense relief.

'Come this way if you please,' said he, leading the way to the library. 'Pray sit down,' and he cleared a chair from a pile of volumes, for the room was in strange disorder. 'Fifty pounds I think, you said?'

May replied in the affirmative.

He opened a drawer and took from it a cheque-book; then he leaned over the table, dipped a pen into the silver-topped ink-bottle, and leisurely wrote his name on a cheque, which he tore out and presented to her.

She received it gratefully, and left the house with a lighter heart than she had brought into it. The weather too, was brightening, the cutting wind had gradually sunk to rest, and here and there a gleam of sunshine had broken up the masses of grey cloud. Suddenly a happy thought flashed into May's mind;—what if she were to get the cheque cashed at once, and take the money home to her mother in crisp rustling bank notes? She had a feminine preference for gold as being more indestructible, but the notes could be carried without difficulty.

Thinking of the delight with which Mrs Ferrington would hail her return, May pushed open the door of the bank in the high street. A gentlemanly young clerk appeared on the other side of the mahogany counter, and to him she handed her cheque.

'Will you cash that, please?' she said confidently.

He bowed, glanced at the strip of paper, and subjected it to a close scrutiny. Then he cast a quick look of surprise at May.

'We can't do it,' he replied; 'this gentleman has not a shilling in the bank.'

May's pale face grew several shades whiter.

'I don't understand,' she said, in a trembling voice; 'he gave me this check only a

quarter of an hour ago; its Mr Bardley of The Cedars, don't you know him?'

'All Silverbury know him to their cost,' answered the clerk, shaking his head. 'I'm very sorry for you,' he added kindly, 'but this cheque is really quite useless.'

'Are you quite sure?' faltered May.

'Positive;' and, stepping back, he opened the door of the bank parlour, and an elderly grey-headed man came out. The clerk put the cheque into his hand.

'I fear you have been grossly deceived,' said the principal, when he had heard May's statement. 'This Mr Bardley made his appearance in Silverbury a twelvemonth ago, assuming all the airs of a man of fortune. He deposited five hundred pounds here, intimating that he intended placing a larger sum in our hands. He then took The Cedars, which was already partly furnished, and began to order pictures, plate, china, and various other things. For some of these articles he paid ready money, and this gave the tradespeople confidence in him; he kept several servants, set up a carriage, and very soon came to the end of his five hundred pounds. Then he came to me with plausible stories, and wanted to overdraw his account; but I had my suspicions, and declined. Well, the landlord at last puts in a distress for rent, and the other creditors are furious; the fellow is a thorough scoundrel!'

'And our picture?' asked poor May.

'I am afraid it is lost to you. The landlord can lay legal claim to it, and there are several other persons in a like predicament.'

May turned away, looking haggard and hopeless. The piteous expression of her face touched the manager. 'If you like,' he said, kindly, 'I will speak to the landlord on your behalf, but I fear he won't feel disposed to listen to your claim.'

'Oh, thank you very much, sir; I don't know what to do; I must go home to my mother,' she replied, scarcely knowing what she was saying.

'Poor girl, poor girl,' said the manager, as the door closed behind her. He had daughters of his own, and he thought of them, happy and contented in their luxurious home, while this young creature was struggling with poverty.

May went at once to the railway station, and found that she could not leave Silverbury until twenty minutes to five. The delay added much to her misery; she longed to pour out her sad story to her mother and Arthur. 'Although,' she added, mentally, 'I would willingly spare them the bitter knowledge if I could.'

Leaving the station—for in her present state she could not have endured to sit patiently in the waiting-room—she wandered back into the high street, and found herself at length standing under the broad shadow of the cathedral. The grey walls, touched here and there by the afternoon sunshine, seemed to convey the idea of strength and peace, and some vague desire for rest and shelter led May through the iron gates, and on into the deep shade of the cloisters. The afternoon service had already commenced, and a sweet, faint echo of music drew her nearer to the interior of the building. Then she gently pushed the door open, and entered.

The choir were singing the anthem, and the words, chanted by the clear, boyish voices, fell softly upon her poor wounded heart.

'Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.'

Here was a sure resting-place for the troubled soul—the name of Him in whom there is everlasting strength? How often in her cares she had failed to remember that name—losing sight altogether at times of that great refuge. And as the silvery voices rose and fell, repeating the words again and again, now softly, now breaking into exultant melody,—May dropped her head upon her hands and wept. They were quiet healing tears, mingled with earnest prayers, and they relieved her.

She lingered there for some time after the last notes of the anthem had died away. No one noticed her; the massive pillars of the side-chapel screened her from view, and she stood in the shadows. Directly opposite to her the burning colours of a stained glass window shone out of the soft grey gloom—there was no other light near. Then she left the place as quietly as she had entered it, and returned to the station.

'We will remember the name of the Lord our God.' During that half-hour's journey home in the train the words rang in her ears. She looked back upon the old city, all bathed now in a soft golden light, for the day was lovely in its close, and thought of another city 'whose builder and maker is God.' After all, it was only for a very little while, this striving and fretting—this weary labouring for the 'bread which perisheth.' It would soon be over, and then how blessed should those be who had remembered His name! All the sweet Bible promises, lost sight of in the hurry of life, came back to her now. 'They that love thy name shall put their trust in thee.' 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe.' And again—'But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing on his wings.'

Later in the evening the widow and her children sat by the dying fire, talking over their blighted prospects. It was a great blow, but after its first crushing weight had been felt, they rose again and resolved to go forward bravely. Little Arthur must be removed from school—that step must be decided upon at once. May would make strenuous efforts to obtain more pupils, and Mrs Ferrington determined to dispose of the few articles of jewellery which still remained to her. And then May told them of the text that had sounded so sweetly in her ears—the 'word spoken in season'—the ray of heavenly light flashing into her soul when it was sinking into depths of darkness. And somehow the future did not

look so gloomy after that. God would not forget them, they felt assured; and thinking thus, they resolved to seek Him often, and 'comfort one another' with such words as these.

'We must acknowledge Him in all our ways if we would have Him direct our steps,' said Mrs Ferrington. 'It is better to talk of Him *more*, and of our troubles *less*. One of His holy prophets has said, 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.'

(*To be continued.*)

OVER THE LINE.

NO snare is so subtle, constant and perilous to the follower of Christ, as conformity to the world. Nothing sooner saps his spirituality; nothing hinders a revival in the Church more effectually. Conformity implies resemblance. And when a professed Christian begins to look like a worldling, and live like a worldling, how dwelleth the love of Christ in him? For there is a complete and irreconcilable *antagonism* between what the Bible calls the 'world' and the service of Christ.

The chief end of a Christian's life is to glorify God. Is this the chief end of life with the people of the world? Ask any one of them; and he will answer, No! I live to enjoy myself, in promoting my interests, in gratifying my tastes, and in taking my comfort. The worldling commonly delights most in what a consistent Christian finds to be forbidden ground. That forbidden fruit is *poison* to the Christian.

Bear in mind that every *pure* pleasure which an unconverted heart can enjoy, such as the joys of home and of friendship, the love of letters or art, the sight of beauty, or the delight of relieving sorrow, all these the Christian can have and enjoy likewise. They are not sinful, and the child of God can partake of them with a clear conscience. But just where a Bible conscience tells him to *stop*, the licence of the world begins. The Word of God draws a dividing line. *Over that line*, lies the path of self-indulgence. Over that line lies self-pampering, frivolity, slavery to fashion. Over that line, God is ignored and often defied! Christ is wounded there and crucified afresh. Over that line the follower of Jesus has no business to go.

Over that line which separates pure piety from the world, the Christian, if he goes at all, must go as a participant in the pleasure of the world, or as a protestant against them. If he goes to partake, he offends Christ; if he goes to protest, he offends his ill-chosen associates. Christian! if you ever attend a convivial party, a ball-room assembly, a theatre, or a gaming company, do you go as a partaker in the sport, or to make your protest against such amusements? If you go for the first object, you offend your Lord: if for the second, you offend your company. They do not want you there. We are quite sure that no bevy of merry-makers would be the happier over their cups, or their cards, or their cotillons, if all the elders and deacons of our Church were to come in suddenly among them. Brethren! the 'world' don't want you in their giddy and godless pleasures, unless you are willing to go all lengths with them. And if you walk *one mile* with them over the line, they will 'compel you to go with them' *twain*.

Where does the dividing line run between true religion and the world? We answer that it runs just where God's Word puts it, and a conscience enlightened by the Word and by prayer does not commonly fail to discover it. Where Christ would be likely to go if He were on earth, is the right side; but where a Christian would be ashamed to have his Master find him, there he ought never to find himself. Wherever a Christian can go, and conscientiously ask God's blessing on what he is doing, there let the Christian go. He is not likely to wander over the line. And when a church-member can enter a play-house, or into a dancing-frolic, and honestly ask God's blessing on the amusements, and come away a better Christian for it, then let him go; *but not before*.

But should not every good man be a 'friend of the world?' Was not the divine Jesus a friend of the world when He so loved it that He gave himself for its redemption? Did not Paul love the world when he entered hardship, humiliations, and martyrdom to lead sinners to the cross? Ah! yes—very true; but what the Redeemer and His apostles were after was not sinners' *sins*, but sinners' *souls*. And they sought to save the world not by conformity to it, but by transforming it to a higher and holier ideal of life.

Nor is it by going over to the world that we can save the worldling. If we are to impress the world, we must live above the world; if we would save sinners, we must, in the same sense that Jesus was, be 'separate from' sinners. The moment we go *over the line* to 'curry favour' with the votaries of sin, we never reach them: and only run the risk of ruining ourselves. Would to God that in trying to draw the world into conformity to Christ, we did not allow the world to drag us down into conformity with itself!

—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

THE BRIGHT LIGHT.*

PUT the light under a bushel? Nay, verily, no man would be so foolish; for if the light is to be hid, why not leave the candle unlighted.

And yet we have known people, who have a bright light shining in their own hearts, who are so careful to hide it from others, that it never cheers any one but themselves. I wonder why they do so? when there are so many in the world who are in darkness, and it may be, longing to see light. I wish every one who has got that light, would take off the bushel, and let it shine out brightly; if they continue to hide it long, I am afraid they will find it go out, and they themselves be left in darkness. Now I am going to ask if you have got this light; which, as you well know, only the love of Jesus can kindle, and if you have, are you letting it shine, so that all that are in the house with you see it? Do you let it shine out quietly, but brightly, in attention to the wishes of your parents, in obliging actions to your brothers and sisters, in obedience to your teachers, in thoughtfulness for those dependent on you, so that all these can easily see the light, and glorify not you, but Him who kindled it? If you do so—then the light will glow brighter, and increase in usefulness, till not only those in the house, but *all who enter* it, shall see it, and, it may be, become induced to seek it for themselves.

Don't say your light is too feeble to do any good: 'the Lord uses small lights sometimes to dispel great darkness.' If your light be a true one, it will always shine brightest in your own homes; but don't leave it there, carry it abroad with you, and take it sometimes into the houses of poor sorrowing ones; when they look up, cheered almost in spite of themselves, by the brightness, tell them of Him who gave it and keeps it burning, who hath said of himself, 'I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall see the light of life.'

'I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him, my star my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.'

PLEASANT WORDS.*

'PLEASANT words,' oh how much good they can do; how many a weary burdened heart have they comforted, how many an over worked, irritable temper, has been soothed by them!

Miss Martin had spent a long weary day in the school-room; and evening come, she sat there still, depressed, and sad, memories of other and happier days filling her heart.

The door opened, and her eldest pupil entered. 'Dear Miss Martin,' she said, 'how tired you look; can I do anything for you? do let me correct Minnie's exercise, I can easily do it, and I am sure you would like to rest.' How pleased Miss Martin looked; it was not merely the saving of trouble that relieved her; but far more her pupil's 'pleasant words.'

Dear young friends, have you ever tried the effect of such words? If not, begin to-day. Try them in the school-room, in the play-ground, in the drawing-room, in the nursery, and then when night comes, count how many hearts have brightened up under the influence of your 'pleasant words.' Think how many pleasant loving words Jesus spoke when He tarried on earth; how with them He soothed the troubles and allayed the doubts of His disciples; how He comforted the sorrowing, and quieted the forebodings of those around Him, and even His rebukes were spoken 'in love.' Surely those who have ranged themselves under His banner, and have taken Him as their leader and example, should strive to follow Him in this, as in other things.

The tongue, says an apostle, is a little member, and it boasteth great things.

See to it then, that you make use of yours, to utter 'pleasant words as an honey comb, *sweet to the* soul.'

'What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all,
Thy life, and death, of woe:
For ever on Thy burdened heart,
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle murmuring word,
Escaped Thy silent tongue.'

* From a New Volume, 'Quiet Talks with my Young Friends.' By M. H., Author of the Story of a Red Velvet Bible. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts iii. 25, 26.

'TO the Jew *first*;' 'beginning at Jerusalem.' This was God's order; and it is so still. The Jew has not been displaced from his blessed position of being entitled to have the first presentation or proclamation of Christ. This was not merely at Pentecost, to prove them, and see whether they would receive Him; and if they rejected Him they might henceforth have no such first place in the preaching of the Gospel. It was so at all times, and in all places, to which the apostles went. The Jews' rejection of Jesus, their crucifixion of the Lord of glory, their persecution of His disciples, did not annul their privileges; showing that the New Testament, or 'Gentile' dispensation, was in one sense a simple prolongation of the old or Abrahamic economy; all the spiritual privileges and gifts unfolded and dispensed at Pentecost being first presented to the Jew, as his especial birth-right. Not only pardon and righteousness, but sonship, heirship, membership of the one body, the one Church, the one family, were first placed within his offer, as a son of Abraham, with whom the one covenant was established. The Christian Church was now a new thing in the earth; it was the continuation of the one body, which began to be formed when first the seed of the woman was announced, and was afterwards more fully developed under the Abrahamic promise; and yet more fully developed when the ascended Christ shed down His Spirit, first on Abraham's sons, and then on the face of the Gentiles.

They are still beloved for their fathers' sakes. God's gifts and calling are without repentance; for 'God is not a man that He should lie, nor the son of man that He should repent.' 'I am the Lord, I change not.' It is not merely that they were the chief of sinners, and that 'Jerusalem sinners' bring most glory to Christ; but God forgets not Abraham and his seed; they are the nation whom He delighteth to honour; and when Gentiles come into the Church, they are accounted as Abraham's seed; for 'they that be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham.' They are the wild branches graffed into the good old olive tree, which has never been uprooted nor cast away. The New Testament Church gets its sap, its vitality, from this connection; and New Testament saints are what they are by reason of their being made 'partakers of the root and fatness of the olive tree.' These are memorable words, never to be forgotten by those who would unduly elevate the saints of the New Testament—'If the root be holy, so are the branches.' We Gentiles are but after all branches of the old tree, inserted in room of those broken off; and we derive our holiness from the holiness of the root. Are the branches better than the root and stem? Shall the New Testament branches (whose day of cutting off is coming, Rom. xi. 21, 22) boast against the olive tree, to which they owe every thing? Shall they say, Ah, we are a new thing in the earth; we possess a standing far above Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. 'Boast not against the branches; but if thou boast (remember), that thou bearest not the root, but the root thee.' It is this pride and boasting against the branches that we see in some of the heresies of modern times.

The designations of honour and the intimations of privilege, as still possessed by the sons of Abraham (as given in these two verses), are worthy of notice.

I. *They are the children of the prophets.* The prophets are those referred to in the previous verse—'these prophets' who have, age after age, prophesied of blessing to Israel. The whole nation here gets the singular name, a name of peculiar honour—sons of prophets! as if every son of Abraham were connected with that great prophetical peerage or nobility which God raised up in Israel. That link with prophets remains unbroken. It is still their name.

II. *They are the children of the covenant.* To them belonged 'the adoption (the Sonship in its widest sense, the Abba Father privilege now, and the resurrection-glory hereafter), and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises.' (Rom ix. 4.) The covenant with Abraham, so dwelt upon by the apostle in his epistle to the Galatians, was specially theirs—that covenant which comprised within its vast limits and mighty fulness all blessing—all blessing for themselves and for the world; for Abraham was 'heir of the world.' (Rom. iv. 13.) This world-wide, this everlasting covenant, was theirs; and it is on *their* covenant we enter when we believe; 'for in thy seed shall all kindreds of the earth be blessed.'

III. *They are they to whom God first sends His risen Son.* Christ's resurrection is first of all for them, His kinsmen according to the flesh—the children of the Covenant. Pentecost was first of all for them. The first-fruits of the New Testament Church were taken from among them. It was in Jerusalem that the great ingathering began. God sent His risen Son to Israel first, that He might bless them, that He might turn every one of them from their iniquities. Could any thing more distinctly mark the continuity of that great election of all ages, called the Church, than this—that election which David so often sung of, as the 'congregation of the saints,' a 'Church of the holy ones;' that body which Solomon celebrated as the Bride, all fair and without spot—to which the Psalmist pointed, in his 'Song of loves,' (Ps. xlv.) as the queen, the daughter, the glorious one, whose name is to be remembered for ever and ever.

GOD'S PEOPLE.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MILNE, PERTH.

PSALM CXLVIII. 14.

THIS is spoken of Israel, and is in many ways true of them. God chose them, took them to himself with a strong hand, acknowledged them as His people, dwelt among them, instructed them, and in many ways honoured and blessed them. True, they are no longer, to outward appearance, a people near unto Him. He came to them in the fulness of time, but they received Him not, and so they have been divorced and put away for a season. They are scattered all over the world, and for eighteen hundred years they have been wanderers on the face of the earth, often oppressed and persecuted, and crushed. But there is a marvellous vitality about them. They are still a people, united to one another by some strange tie which nothing can break. They are still beloved for the Father's sake, and the days are coming when they will again be brought near, and openly acknowledged by the Lord as His peculiar treasure. But in all this, Israel is only the type of a larger and older people. Is He the God of the Jews only? nay, of the Gentiles also. He had a people in the world before Israel came into existence, and now, when they for a time are put away, He has a people still, and He is gathering them from north and south, and east and west, and bringing them near unto Him.

Let us consider the text in this wider aspect. 'A people near unto him.' This nearness begins on God's part, before it begins on man's. We might speak of God's people as near by election, by covenant engagements, by incarnation, by redemption acts, by the offers and dealings of grace, by conversion and new obedience at death and in glory.

Election. God and sinful men are by nature far off from one another. He is in heaven, and they on earth; He the Creator, they the creatures; He the Holy One, they sinful; He righteous, they guilty. Can they come together? Yes! they may be a people near unto Him, and this nearness begins on God's side. He sets His heart upon them, chooses them; 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you,' 'Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate,' 'Elect according to the foreknowledge of God,' 'Loved with an everlasting love.' These are ancient things, but they come home to the hearts of all God's people. They say, If He had not chosen me, begun with me, I never should have been His. I pity those who find fault with these things, and think they require to be explained, excused, or vindicated. Enough for me the prayer, 'Remember me with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people.' Enough for me the grateful reflection, 'How precious are thy thoughts unto me.'

Covenant engagements. This was God's pledging himself to bring them near, and to make all needful arrangements for it. We should love and study the covenant. It is divine love manifesting itself. It is love combining with wisdom and power, to meet the difficulties and exigencies of the case, and sparing no cost in accomplishing His gracious purposes. They were already near in the eye of Him who sees the end from the beginning, and calls the things that are not as though they were. But in the covenant, He declares the way in which this object would be righteously and honourably accomplished. 'I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.' 'I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts.' Study the covenant, feed upon it daily; it is the charter of our peace. In virtue of it, though as yet unratified, the Old Testament saints drew near to God. They looked to Him and were lightened; they cried to Him, and were delivered; they said, 'It is good for me to draw near unto God.'

Incarnation. This was a mighty step. It was a new thing in the universe, a new thing in the ways of God. He passed by angels, He drew nigh to us. He became our near kinsman, our God. He took our nature, only free from sin, for that is an unnatural thing, and did not belong to it at the beginning. 'Oh,' cried the saints of old, 'Oh that he were a man like myself, whose terror would not make me afraid, then would I draw near, and plead my cause face to face.' 'Oh,' says another, 'That he were as my brother, the son of my mother,

then I would be familiar with him.' Well, this has been granted. He has become our brother. We can touch Him, handle Him, look on Him. He knows our frame, He had experience of our trials, He can sympathise with our infirmities. 'Being in the form of God, he thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men.' This was no sudden act. He looked forward to it from the beginning. Before the world was, His 'delights were with the sons of men.' 'Great, without controversy, is the mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh.' Possibly it has great ends to serve in the future, and large bearings upon the universe and the whole government of God, but this is not fully revealed, and I doubt if we should speculate about it. Some look up to the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the sun and moon which He has ordained, and ask the question, 'What is man that thou art mindful of him?' not like David, in the spirit of adoring wonder, but in a spirit of doubt, as if this great God would not think of such weak and sinful creatures as ourselves. Just so, there are some who, when they look at the manger, the garden, and the cross, are ready to say, 'Can all this be for us?' But God has said it: 'He so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son,' etc.; 'He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all.' Let us rest in this, and adore and wonder. 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.'

Redemption acts.—Adam was near at first; but he was not infallibly so, he was only on trial. Will he keep the law under which he is made? If he does, he will be confirmed for ever. Unfulfilled law stood between him and everlasting nearness. We are in a worse condition than he was. He had power and disposition to keep the law. We are destitute of both; or rather, we have disability and disinclination. We have, moreover, incurred its curse, for we have broken it in many ways. See what hindrances stand in the way of our being brought near to God. But God has removed all by Jesus Christ, who has fulfilled the law, and endured the curse. God is in Christ, reconciling, or bringing near the world to himself. You, who were some time far off, hath He made nigh by the blood of Christ. He hath made us accepted in the Beloved. He says, mine anger is turned away, I am pacified. There is no bar on God's door, no flaming sword between us and Him. Christ has suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.

Offers and dealings of grace.—Oh! how near God comes in His promises, invitations, remonstrances, warnings. 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters.' 'How long will ye spend money for that which is not bread?' 'How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?' God comes near in providences. That sickness is God taking you apart to speak with you in quiet. That desolate dwelling is God seeking to show you that this is not your rest. That hour of impending danger is God, showing you your weakness, and stirring you up to apply to Him.

He sends His servants to tell you of the table He has spread, and invite you to it. He sends His ambassadors to offer you immediate everlasting peace, and to exhort, beseech, and entreat you to accept it. His own Son comes to your door, and stands knocking for admittance. His Spirit enters into your heart, and seeks to awaken and quicken you, and teach you of sin, and righteousness, and judgment. Oh! man, look, and be saved. Hear, and live. Call, and be delivered. Just let in the belief of God's love in Christ, and you are saved. The point of departure from God was a false, injected, but received suspicion that He was not a true friend. The first step towards return and everlasting mercies, is a renewed confidence in His love and good will. How much He has done, and is doing, to bring this about.

But to proceed. *Conversion and new obedience.*—Thus far drawing near has been all on God's side, now it begins on man's. Think of conversion and new obedience. Sinful man is in darkness, but the light breaks in; he is asleep, but he awakes, it is a new creation. The earth was without form and void, darkness covered it, but light broke in, the chaos was revealed, and the restitution of all began. So God sends forth His light and His truth. The sinner awakes. He thought all was well with him; or, if some things were not as they should be, he could easily, and at any time, rectify them. But how different now; all is wrong, sin is everywhere, and in every thing. Where am I? What have I been doing? 'Against thee, thee only, have I sinned.' I am perishing. 'Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke.' 'I have perverted that which was right.' 'I will arise and go to my Father.' 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' I come to thee for peace, for rest. I take up Thy yoke and lean on Thee; I hear Thy voice and follow Thee; I choose Thee; I count all loss that I may win and be found in Thee; I give up all to Thee, and desire to go up through the wilderness leaning on Thee. 'Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee.' Such are the experiences of a converted soul. This is communion, this is fellowship. The soul now seeks

the Lord when absent, enjoys and delights in Him when present. Life away from Him is empty, unsatisfying, unreal. Even in the midst of the greatest abundance, if the sun of God's favour is wanting, there is a void which the world cannot fill. The soul now seeks to please Him, and to avoid all that would grieve Him away. It walks in the light, as He is in the light; it acquaints itself with Him; it seeks to become like Him, in sentiment, in judgment, affection, and way; to think as He thinks; to love as He loves; to do as He does. All that is God's is dear to its heart; His work is its work; His interests, its interests; His glory, its glory; His friends, its friends. It seeks to live for Him, work for Him, witness for Him. Such souls feel themselves constrained by the mercies of God to present themselves to Him as living sacrifices. Their lives become a thank-offering, a halleluiah unto God. It is a free will, joyful service, it is perfect freedom. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee?' 'My soul follows hard after thee.' 'I will bless God at all times.' 'I am persuaded that neither death nor life shall be able to separate me from the love of God.'

All this is man drawing near or approaching to the Lord; and don't you think that it again is met by a corresponding approach and drawing near on the part of God? Yes, it is. He has said, 'I will dwell in thee, and walk in thee; wherefore come out and be separate, and I will be a Father unto thee.' And when they have obeyed the call, and come out, He is indeed a Father unto them. He seals them; sets His mark upon them; tells them they are His, and He is theirs; that they are His heirs, and that all that He has is for them. He calls them His jewels, His peculiar treasure. He delights in them, joys over them with singing, glories, and makes His boast of them. 'Hast thou considered my servant Job?' He says; 'none like him in the earth.' He visits them, feeds them, comforts them, encamps around them, calls them His flock, His household, His garden of pleasant plants. He looks to them for His revenue of worship and service from this world which He has made and redeemed. They are the priests of the Lord, the ministers of our God. He puts His character, His glory, His work into their hands. He divides His talents among them. He says, 'Be my representatives, occupy till I come.' Though absent from them in body, He is ever present in spirit. He manifests himself to them. They are able to say, 'Whom not having seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' He is willing to come and make His abode with them. There is no measure of His love which they may not enjoy. He loves them all, but He has those who are the objects of a special affection. So it was while He was on earth. He loved all His people. But He loved Peter, James, and John more than the rest, and He loved John most of all. The beloved disciple, who lay in His bosom, saw deepest into His divine nature, and was made the depositary and communication of the great things which are yet to come. And so it is still. He loves all His people whom He has redeemed and drawn to himself. But there are those who are the objects of a special affection, who enjoy a more intimate, constant, and conscious nearness. They are often in trouble; they are usually poor and afflicted; they are little in their own eyes, and unknown by the world; but the Lord is ever with them. He dwells in their broken and contrite hearts; He raises and revives their lowly spirits; He watches and trims their furnace fires. He says, I see thy works and thy patience, and thy meekness and faith, and thy love; behold thou art fair, all fair, there is no spot in thee! Oh! happy souls who have always a first love, a love of espousals, a Caleb-like spirit, who follow the Lamb unhesitatingly, unquestioningly, whithersoever He goeth. They follow Him through the wilderness; they follow Him through the depths; they look up with a smile, and say, 'Yea, though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' They know and are conscious of this gracious nearness. Said one lately, who had, through much tribulation, entered into this inner chamber of divine love, 'He is ever near me, nearer than any of you; His arms around me; when I turn my head He is still there; and when you all leave me, He comes and speaks with me.' Seek this best of earthly preferments; none are excluded from this race; and there are first that are last, and last that are first. Oh thou, whom the world hast cast off, disappointed, scorned, turn to Him, He will welcome you, take you in, bind up your wounds, and tenderly comfort you, as one whom his mother comforteth. Beloved friends, seek this nearness to Him to-day. Let Him bring you into His banquetting house. Come and sit down under His shadow.

At death He says, 'I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again and receive you unto myself.' And so He does. His people believe and expect it. Some of you have heard your dear ones saying, 'I am waiting for Him. He will come.' Others have heard them saying, 'He is come. He is with me. He is saying to me, "Rise up and come away." I have no fear. The river may be high or low, but I cannot fear, for He is saying, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."' Have we not seen them living for a little at heaven's

open gate, and irradiated by its coming glory, like some bright cloud at the west at close of day? Have we not seen their faces resplendent with an unearthly joy, as if they had met and were welcomed by a heavenly friend whom we could not see? Absent from the body, present with the Lord. This is a nearness of another sort than any we know of here. Mortality still cleaves to us, the lattices are between. But now all that is past, and we see face to face, and know as we are known. He is near, very near, in death. Take the thought with you, it may be of use to you some day. Look at the gallant man letting himself down hand over hand in the Hartley pit mouth, and amid the falling wreck, and dashing flood, and stifling vapour, helping his dying companions to depart in peace. Or, as I read the other day of a godly railway guard, as he lay crushed and within a few moments of death, he was heard saying to his equally mangled and dying companion, 'It is late, it is very late, but it is not too late—the blood of Christ can bring you through yet.'

In glory. 'I will come again and receive you unto myself.' That has a double meaning. He comes for the departing soul, but He will come in glory for the body which has been left behind, dust in dust. 'Their bodies which corrupted fell, shall incorrupted rise.' Then He and His people will sing, 'Oh! death, where is now thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy victory?'

'Together to their Father's house,
With joyful hearts they'll go,
And dwell together with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.'

What the mansions there will be I cannot tell. The veil hangs over them, but may you and I know in their blessed and everlasting fulness.

Such is our subject. Near by election, covenant engagements, incarnation, redemption acts, by the offers and dealings of grace, by conversion and new obedience at death and in glory. If you know these things may I not say, in the closing words of the text, 'Praise the Lord;' or, as it is in Hebrew, Halleluiah? Should not your life be a Halleluiah, praise the Lord? You have not thought of Him in the past as much as you ought; you have not spoken of Him so much or so well as He deserved at your hands. But let that be past. Praise Him henceforth. Praise Him for what He is; praise Him for what He has done for you, is doing now, and will yet, you are sure, do for you. Praise Him for His wondrous works. Praise Him. Do all things, bear all things without murmurings; yea, rather be thankful in all things. Praise the Lord. Take the crown off your head, and cast it at His feet. Take the crown off the heads of your fellow-sinners, where you so often idolatrously put it, and cast it at His feet. You praise the Newtons, the Galileos, the Herschels, who have searched and measured the starry heavens; but the Lord made the heavens and all their glory. Praise Him. You praise the Columbuses, the Bruces, the Livingstones, who have crossed pathless seas and untravelled deserts, to discover new habitations for the multiplying race of man: but the Lord made the earth and the islands of the sea,—Praise Him. You praise the James Watts, the Stephensons, the Franklins, whose inventions of railway and telegraph have a kind of abolished distance and time: but the Lord made the coal which burns, the water which boils, the lightning which flashes on its way,—Praise Him. We grudge not earthly benefactors their meed of praise; but should we not think and speak often of Him, by whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things.—Praise ye the Lord. Your circumstances and condition in life are very different. Young and old, strong and feeble, in abundance and in straits; but the harp has many strings, and they are all different from one another. The gamut of heaven's thanksgivings has many notes; there is room for you all. Praise ye the Lord. When you meet me, say Halleluiah; I shall know what you mean. When I meet you let me say Halleluiah; you will know what I mean. Praise! oh, for ever praise the Lord, ye people that are near unto Him.

Broken Threads.

I.

AS the shuttle swiftly flies
Back and forth before our eyes,
Blending with its fingers light
Warp and woof till they unite
In a fabric good and strong,
Let us hear the weaver's song.

II.

Weaving ever, day by day,
As the shuttles briskly play,
Broken threads how oft annoy
And our precious time employ;
Warning us, by sharp reproof,
We must watch the warp and woof!

III.

Weaving in life's busy loom—
Mingling sunshine with the gloom—
Warp and woof of deeds we blend
Till life's fabric has an end;
Broken threads how oft we find
Burdening the noble mind!

IV.

Broken threads in life abound,
In each station they are found:
May Faith's kind and friendly hand
Help us to adjust the strand,
That when life's last tide shall ebb
There shall be a perfect web.

—*Anon.*

WHAT ELDERS CAN DO.

'ELDERS can do many things that the pastor cannot do. They can promote peace, unity and good understanding among the members of the Church. They can allay jealousies and alienations, and prevent the springing up of any 'root of bitterness,' to disturb the harmony of the flock. They can be active and foremost in showing courtesies to strangers, and in winning the careless and the indifferent to the house of God. They can keep the standard of Christian fidelity high in the Church, by causing it to be seen and said that they are always in their place at every service, and every call of duty is sure to be answered promptly and cheerfully by them. When the pastor calls for labourers in any new field; when he would rouse the Church to greater spiritual activity; when he wishes to enlarge the benefactions of the congregation, and secure for them the 'greater blessedness' of giving; they can supply him with the best arguments and illustrations, by responding to the call with promptness and cheerfulness. It is hardly possible that any pastor can fail to carry his Church with him in any good work, if he has earnest, devout, highly-esteemed, honourable men in the eldership to enter into his plan, and sustain it before the congregation.

'Elders can visit the sick, the poor, the afflicted, the dying. They can carry the blessing of peace and consolation to the house of mourning. They can go, as Jesus went, in meekness and lowliness, to the careless and wandering, and win them back to the fold by words of gentleness and love. They can direct the anxious inquirer to the 'Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.' They can make themselves acquainted with the children and the young people, so as to call them by name, and give them a word of cordiality and good feeling whenever they meet them. They can meet together to pray, and to devise measures for the increase and upbuilding of the Church. They can carry themselves with such sacred and thoughtful propriety, when acting officially in the ordinances of the Church, that all observers shall be made to feel the purity, the selectness, the sanctity of the Lord's house. They can infuse into the whole body of the Church a spirit of devotion, of liberality, of self-denial, of self-consecration. They can do much to make the whole Church known and characterized by a pure, earnest, strong, spiritual life.'

—*American Presbyterian.*

THE CHILD LIFE OF JESUS.

(*Continued from page 571.*)

FAITH MUST BE REPOSED IN CHILDHOOD.

IN the faith reposed in this child Jesus we discover another lesson. Rome lifts Mary into prominence, and the child becomes an incident. The Gospel lifts the child into notice, and Mary and Joseph stand aside and fall into the background of the picture. The fact deserves a moment's consideration. Simeon was an old man, living in Jerusalem, and constantly affirming, 'God has told me that I shall see the Lord's Christ before I die.' Years had come and gone. One day he saunters into the temple as Joseph and Mary with the child climb Mount Moriah. They enter the temple. Simeon beholds the child. The Spirit whispers, 'That is the Lord's Christ.' If for a moment Simeon expected an imperial presence, a crowned head and a sceptred hand, his agile faith was not taken aback, and he betrayed no disappointment at the lovely babe, but took Him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' It was a wonderful moment in human history. Simeon believed in the boy, and so declared to Mary, saying, 'Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against.' And there was Anna, a prophetess, a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers, night and day. And she, coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spoke of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.

How dear must Simeon and Anna have been to the angels and to God. That child was the loveliest object in the universe of God. The lamb lay in the arms of Simeon whose blood was for the healing of the nations. We know what it is to have a friend to love our child, or praise the babe whose presence fills the house. These had done more than praised Jesus. They had recognized His parentage, His mission and His work. They had welcomed the Lord's Christ, and worshipped Him.

There is but a thin veil intervening between the what is and the what might have been. It is an action or the lack of it that makes or unmakes us all. God never tells us what it is, no more than He whispered in some Bethlehemitish ear, 'The mother of Jesus is at the door,' but He bids us watch, and commands us to improve every opportunity for usefulness offered, with the assurance that failure is then impossible. What an opportunity for fame was thrown away in Bethlehem! We know not who was in the inn. We know there was no place for the tired Mary. Ah, had some one welcomed her, as we should have thought they gladly would, how the benefactor's name would have lived, linked to the memory of Christ! Such occasions for lasting remembrance come to all of us. Duties discharged for God's humble ones bind us to God, for whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to a tired disciple may feel that he recognizes in the thirsty one the Lord's Christ.

Neglect is perilous. Bethlehem neglected Mary and was neglected. No angel appeared to them, and they heard not the song that broke over the distant hills where shepherds bivouacked. Simeon's confession of Christ and Anna's recognition of her Lord in the child made their names immortal, for whosoever confesseth Christ shall be remembered.

Let us not loose the incidental lesson taught by this simple story. Faith in childhood is a duty and it is a power. Each of us remembers some one who, in our tender years, whispered, 'I believe in you,' or who expressed faith in our future. This faith is a potential force when exercised by a parent or a teacher. Men there are who have grown great and rich who yet find their chiefest joy in ministering to the comfort of those who believed in them when life was just commencing. Churches have been built, institutions of learning endowed and legacies left because of the recollections and the influences of child life upon the subsequent life of the individual.

The child life of Jesus underlies the literature, the worship, and the purposes of the Church, as subterraneous rivers flowing beneath the sands of India underlie the fertility of her pasture fields. It is this which fills the air of the sanctuary and of home, with warblings of our Christmas carol. The kingly and the Divine nature of Christ shone forth in nothing more than in His fidelity as a child when a child, and in His remembrance of and love for children after He had revealed himself to the world as 'God manifest in the flesh.' The boy that used Joseph's tools, and read the Scriptures at Mary's feet, when He became the *Wonderful* and *Counsellor* took little children in His arms and blessed them. Let that spirit irradiate our hearts and bless our lives. The roots of life are in the heart, the fruits are the actions. The child life of Jesus contains the garnered seed with which God desires to sow the hearts of children. Let us not thrust it aside for wordy fictions or fables of man's devising, but believing that these thoughts, and words, and deeds of Christ, if welcomed to the soul, will reappear as pictures on the walls of those mansions our Master has gone to prepare, let us give them welcome, assured that the washed and forgiven here will gather with God's little ones there, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

ELIJAH VINDICATED.

NO character in Old Testament history stands higher than that of Elijah the Tishbite. The sacred page charges Moses, Aaron, Abraham, David, and other Old Testament saints with faults and failings; but the sacred record does not at all impugn the character of Elijah. He appears without spot or blemish, and yet, strange to say, commentators and divines have charged him with folly, almost as much as any other of the Old Testament worthies. He has been characterized as a coward and a runaway from duty; as being weary of doing God's work in God's way; as imagining himself to be the best man on earth, and yet that when he discovered he was not better than other people, as being so chagrined as to presumptuously ask for death, and almost ready to commit suicide in order to hide his mortified pride. I once heard a sermon founded on Elijah's prayer under the juniper-tree, the object of which was to rebuke the spirit of petulance and impatience manifested by the prophet on that occasion.

All these charges, in my opinion, are shameful slanders on the character of one of the most faithful and unflinching servants of the most high God.

But it is asked, Did he not flee before the wrath of Jezebel when she threatened to kill him, after the slaughter of the prophets of Baal? and was he not afraid of death? and did he not thereby prove himself a coward? I answer: He did flee to the wilderness of Beersheba; but it is highly probable he was bid to do so by the Spirit of God, having a mission to Mount Sinai, as I shall shortly show. After his noble daring at the sacrifice with the prophets of Baal at Carmel, and after girding up his loins and outstripping Ahab's fleetest steeds on the journey from Carmel to Jezreel, it seems impossible that he should flee before Jezebel, impelled only by a motive of fear or cowardice. Besides, when he reached the wilderness of Beersheba, did he not pray that God would take away his life? Why such a prayer if he feared death? That he desired death is plain, for he prayed for it; but to suppose he feared while he desired it, is absurd. But if he wished death contrary to God's will, he had only to have stood his ground and he would soon have met it at the hand of Jezebel; but he was in all things desirous of doing the will of God, and therefore he went for his life, as he was doubtless instructed to do. On reaching the wilderness of Beersheba he first commended himself to God, and then lay down calmly to sleep under the juniper tree. And I ask, Is it likely that one afraid of death would lie down calmly and go to sleep under a tree? Such a course of conduct indicates anything but fear; it is rather indicative of confidence and a feeling of security.

But let us consider the prophet's prayer: 'It is enough now, O Lord! I beseech thee, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers were.' What does the prophet mean by urging his petition by the reason that he was not better than his fathers were! It is quite probable God had made known to him how He intended to honour him; and the prophet, tired of the persecution that hunted him as a partridge on the mountains, and longing to be in heaven, deprecates the honour of translation: 'I am no better than my fathers were;' why should I go to heaven in a different way to what they did? Open to me the gates of death, and let me pass through and rest in the bosom of my Father and my God. Does this show petulance and impatience? *I trow not;* but rather the opposite—profound humility and a fervent longing after God.

But sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer, steps in to soothe the prophet; and what follows? Why, an angel touches him, and says, 'Elijah, arise and eat?' There is no reproof connected with the ministry of this angel. Elijah obeys, and having refreshed himself with the cake baked on the coals, and the cruse of water placed miraculously at his head, he calmly lies down and sleeps again; and again the angel arouses him and bids him eat the second time, and urges as a reason that the journey is too great for his strength; so then it appears the prophet had a mission to Mount Sinai. Now, I ask, does God usually send angels to minister heavenly food and drink to runaways from the discharge of duty? Certainly not.

It follows, then, that he was divinely commissioned in his journey to Sinai, and having been refreshed with heaven-sent bread and beverage, he journeys in the strength of it forty days and forty nights, till he comes to Horeb and lodges in a cave, where he is visited by the word of the Lord (the Shekinah of the Old Testament and the Redeemer of the New), who addresses him familiarly, saying, 'Elijah, what doest thou here?' Elijah, erect in his integrity, at once replies, 'I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away.' Surely this is not the language of a runaway from duty; it is very bold, but there is no reproof. He is simply bid to come and stand on the Mount before the Lord and witness the great sight which he had come to Mount Sinai to view. The Lord passes by, and a great and strong wind rends the mountain and breaks in pieces the rocks, then an earthquake shakes the mountain to its base, then a fire flashes and flames and burns; but at all this terrible exhibition this cowardly runaway (as he has been called) flinches not. Is this the conduct of a guilty man? Surely not.

But hark! A still small voice (the Shekinah of the Old Testament and the Redeemer of the New Testament) again asks, 'Elijah, what

doest thou here?' At this the prophet wraps his face in his mantle, in token of worship and homage, and goes into the mouth of the cave, and replies in the same bold words as before, 'I have been very jealous,' etc. How strange it is, if he a runaway and a rebel that he is not rebuked, but instead of this he is bid to return by the wilderness of Damascus (not to go back in the teeth of Jezebel); and as he went he was directed to anoint Hazael to be king of Assyria, Jehu to be king of Israel, and Elisha to be prophet in his room. Why this last direction? It is plain the prophet knew he was to be translated, and to comfort the prophet he is told that the idolaters of whom he complains shall be visited. 'Him that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay; and him that escapeth the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay.' And still further, the prophet is comforted by being assured that he is not alone, as he supposes, for seven thousand in Israel yet remain who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

But there is no reproof to the prophet, no intimation that he had offended his God, or run counter to His will. Doubtless the prophet's visit to this cave, and the exibition vouchsafed, was to prepare him for his visit to Mount Tabor under the Gospel dispensation, when the august Being with whom he now conversed, should appear as the Redeemer transfigured, and when Elijah and Moses should talk with Him of the decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem. How remarkable that Moses fasted forty days and forty nights before God favoured him with an exhibiting of His goodness in Mount Sinai; that Jesus fasted forty days and forty nights before He was transfigured; that Elijah fasted forty days and forty nights before he was favoured with the interview which I have described; and then how singular that all should meet on Tabor at the transfiguration.

Where now are the charges against Elijah What commentator or divine dare charge him with cowardice, or the neglect of duty, or being weary of doing God's work in God's way. Would that the ministers of God in the present day were as fearless and courageous as was the prophet Elijah! Blessed old man, thou didst honour thy God, and signally did He honour thee. It was meet that the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof should escort thee when thou wentest from earth to heaven.

—*Rev. R. Ibbitson.*

GOD AND MAN.

It is said that when the Westminster Assembly were making the Shorter Catechism and came to the question, What is God? it was proposed that prayer should be offered for direction. One was called on to pray, and the first words of his prayer were adopted as the answer to the question: 'God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth.' There is a wonderful fulness in this answer. The one who has it fixed in his memory can but have exalted conceptions of the nature, character and perfections of God.

God is known by His works. They speak of Him, they declare His greatness, His wisdom, love and power. But it is in His word that God makes himself known most clearly to men. His word is a revelation of himself to men, and without it they would be in comparative darkness, because sin has blinded their minds. But while the book of nature is dark because of sin, the written word speaks so clearly that even the blind may see and the deaf hear. God's word is God himself speaking to us in our own tongue, not by inference, but by revelation of himself. God is a Spirit; God is love; God is light; He is infinite; He is eternal; the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that he will by no means clear the guilty.' (Ex. xxxiv. 6, 7.) He is incomprehensible. 'Who by searching can find out God?' Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection? Compared with Him all His works are as nothing, and man is less than nothing. 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?' (Ps. viii. 3, 4.)

We need to have right views of God that we may have right views of ourselves. We are prone to be lifted up with pride; we forget what we are. When we lose sight of God we lose sight of ourselves. We should always feel that the eye of God is upon us, and say in our hearts, Thou God seest me. This will show us the folly and the guilt of sin, and teach us how unreasonable and how wicked it is to refuse to return unto God from whom we have wandered and against whom we have sinned. Nothing can be more unreasonable nor more ungrateful than to sin against God; and what then shall be said of us when we refuse to forsake our sins and return unto Him? How shall we measure our guilt? how estimate the punishment we deserve? Where is reason when we sin against God? By what excuse can we cover our guilt when we refuse to repent and return unto Him? Consider His greatness, our relations to Him and our obligations, and let us now seek His face and implore His forgiveness.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE BRAZEN KINGDOM.*

DANIEL II. 32, 39.

IT is written in verse 32, that the 'belly and thighs of the image were of brass;' and in verse 39 it is said that a 'third kingdom of brass shall arise, which shall bear rule over all the earth.'

There are three circumstances to be attentively remarked:

The brass came immediately after the silver, without any space between them. At hird kingdom, a third people, a third language were to become quickly famous, and take the place of the Persian kingdom and language in ruling the world and the people of God.

Brass is less brilliant than silver, and silver is less so than gold. This third kingdom was, then, to be not so rich or sumptuous as that of Persia, although it was to rule over all the world then known to the people of God.

Not only the belly of the image was of brass, but the thighs were also of the same metal. The third kingdom, therefore, after having formed one single and all powerful kingdom, was to be afterwards divided into two states.

The Greeks, who conquered and succeeded the Persians, were inferior to them in wealth. Brass is much less valuable than silver. The Greek soldiers used so much brass on their armour that they were called in Europe *brazen soldiers.*

Let us not forget that this third kingdom of brass was to bear rule over all the earth. This was not said of the silver Medo-Persian monarchy. It was Alexander the Great, who, at the head of the brazen soldiers, in the language of history and prophecy, *conquered the world.*

This third kingdom is also mentioned in the eighth chapter of Daniel, in which the prophet calls it by its name. He does not merely describe it under the figure of a *he-goat*, he plainly tells us its name. 'The rough goat,' he writes, 'is the king of Grecia.' He even does more, for he very clearly explains to us in the eighth and ninth chapters what is also to be understood by the two thighs of brass situated under the brass body of the image: 'The third kingdom,' he tells us, 'which is the Grecian,' was to be divided into four kingdoms, and two of the four (the only two with which the people of God were to have anything to do) were afterwards to become more considerable than the other two, so that one of them was to be called the *king of the north* (Syria), and the other the *king of the south* (Egypt).

In chapter viii. 21, 22, it is said:

'And the rough goat is the king of Grecia; and the great horn that is between his eyes is the first king.'

Alexander the Great.

'Now, that being broken, whereas four stood up for it, four kingdoms shall stand up out of the nation, but not in his power.'

And in chapter xi. 2, 3, 4, 5:

'And now will I show thee the truth, behold, there shall stand up yet three kings in Persia'—

1. Artaxerxes or Cambyses.

2. One of the Magi who pretended he was Smerdis, and usurped the throne.

3. Darius Hystaspes.

'And the fourth shall be far richer than they all, and by his strength through his riches he shall stir up all against the realm of Grecia,'—

Xerxes.

'And a mighty king shall stand up,'—

Alexander the Great,—

'That shall rule with great dominion, and do according to his will. And when he shall stand up, his kingdom shall be broken, and shall be divided towards the four winds of heaven; and not to his posterity, nor according to his dominion which he ruled: for his kingdom shall be plucked up, even for others beside those.'

It is impossible that anything could be clearer than this. If you were to open the pages of history, what would you find in them? A faithful account of what you have just read in the above wonderful passages in the Book of Daniel.

Two hundred and forty-nine years after Daniel had revealed to the king of Babylon what was to come to pass in future times, there was born, 356 years B.C., in the small kingdom of Macedon, a child that was afterwards to be called Alexander the Great, and was destined, as prophesied, to conquer the then known world, from the kingdom of Greece, which was then considered as the western extremity, to the eastern extremity, the distant banks of the Indus and Hydaspes. He was placed by his father under the care of the philosopher Aristotle, to be educated, a duty which was faithfully fulfilled.

After the murder of Philip his father, Alexander was, while yet only twenty years of age, called to the throne. In consequence of his great skill as a general, he had in his one-and-twentieth year the honour of succeeding his father as commander-in-chief of the Grecian States. He now carried out a plan, which had been formed by Philip his father, to conquer Persia and other countries in Asia. In the spring of 334 B.C., he crossed over to the Asiatic coast with an army of 30,000 foot soldiers, and 5000 horsemen. He conquered all that fought against him. He marched, or rether swept

* From a New Volume, 'The King's Dream,' translated from the French of the late Professor Gaussen, by Mrs CAMPBELL OVEREND. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.

along, like a tempest; the strongest cities fell into his hands: the most formidable armies were destroyed in a day: the mighty Tyre was burnt: Gaza was demolished; Egypt was conquered in a few weeks; Babylon opened its gates; the unfortunate king of Persia, Darius Codomannus, opposed Alexander's progress, but, after having been defeated in two battles, lost his life. All the kingdom of Persia, as well as Judea, fell into the power of the Greeks, thus fulfilling what had been prophesied in Daniel's time concerning the kingdom of Grecia.

Thus, after five years of warfare, full of victories such as until then had never been heard of, this young king, scarcely twenty-six years of age, mounted the throne of Nebuchadnezzar and of Cyrus, and beheld himself the monarch of the world, and caused himself to be named '*The master of the land and of the sea.*'

This ambitious young conquerer, who 'wept for other world's to conquer,' thus describes his deeds of arms to his own soldiers:—

'Conducting you from Macedon, whose boundaries seemed unworthy to confine you, we safely crossed the Hellespont, though the Persians then commanded the sea. By one victory we gained Ionia, Æolia, both Phrygias, and Lydia. By your courage and activity, the provinces of Cilicia and Syria, the strength of Palestine, the antiquity of Egypt, and the renown of Persia, were added to your empire. Yours, now, are Bactria and Asia, the productions of India, the fertility of Assyria, the wealth of Susa, and the wonders of Babylon. You are generals, princes, satraps.'

If you turn to the Book of Ezekiel you will find the overthrow of the city of Tyre foretold. Nebuchadnezzar had taken Tyre; but its inhabitants built a new city on an island a short distance from the heap of ruins of the old town. The utter destruction of Tyre was the work of Alexander the Great (Ezek. xxvi.).

In the siege of Tyre by Alexander the Great, a mound was formed from the mainland to the island, half a mile off, on which the New Tyre was built, and surrounded by a wall one hundred and fifty feet in height. This mound was made, and the ruins of old Tyre afforded ready materials for the purpose. The soil and rubbish were gathered and heaped, and the mighty conqueror, who afterwards failed in raising again any of the ruins of Babylon, cast those of Tyre into the sea, and *scraped* her very dust from off her.

It was declared by the prophet more than two thousand three hundred years since:—'It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.' Should the desolation be as complete as that of Babylon, who shall carry their nets there to dry them? 'The whole village of Tyre,' said Volney in his 'Ruins,' 'contains forty or fifty poor families only, who live on the produce of their little ground, and a *trifling fishery;*' and Bruce describes Tyre as 'a rock whereon fishers dry their nets.'

Far different has been the fate of Persia, the kingdom of silver. Persia, notwithstanding its overthrow, still remains a kingly power to the present day: and may not this be caused by the Persians having been, in the reign of Cyrus, the restorers of the Jews to their own land? The Lord is the rewarder of those who have been employed as His instruments, and knew His will, and did it.

Though Alexander the Great was so terrible a scourge to many nations, that his victories were like an army flying through a land more than taking forcible possession of it; yet, by the overruling providence of God, he treated the Jews with remarkable kindness, though they were much injured by the armies that marched in the course of the war through Judea, and caused great inconvenience and destruction of property.

An account of the miraculous preservation of Jerusalem from the anger of Alexander is given by Josephus, the Jewish historian. As the Jews had refused to assist Alexander in the siege of Tyre, he marched against Jerusalem with the intention of punishing them. Jaddua, the Jewish high-priest, being directed by God in a night vision, went out of the city in his priestly robes, with the other priests attending him in proper habits, and all the people in white garments. They met the young conqueror, who, being struck with this sight, saluated the high priest with a religious veneration, embraced him, entered Jerusalem in a friendly manner, and offered sacrifices to God in the Temple for his recent victories. Alexander said that he had seen in Macedonia this very same person, thus clad, in a night vision. The figure had encouraged him to go on with the war against the Persians, and had promised him success.

Jaddua the high priest took advantage of this opportunity to show Alexander the prophecies of Daniel, particularly chap. viii. verse 21, in which the he-goat is interpreted to be the king of Grecia, who should conquer the Medes and Persians; and chap. xi. 3.

Alexander told the Jews to ask what they should like to have granted to them; and, according to their request, he gave them the privilege of being governed by their own laws, and a freedom from tribute or taxes every seventh year, during which, in obedience to the law of Moses, they neither sowed nor reaped. He also gave any of the Jews permission to go with him to Egypt and settle in the new city of Alexandria, which he built and peopled with persons from various nations, after he had conquered Egypt. The trade of Tyre, which he had destroyed, was taken to Alexandria, and many Jews went to live there, where, under the Ptolemys of Egypt and the Romans, the Jews continued to possess all the privileges granted to them by Alexander, and enjoyed the same rights as the Greeks and Egyptians.

Alexander went to live at Babylon, fully determined to make the city as great and as splendid as ever by having it as the capital of his empire. He employed many thousands of men in clearing the course of the river, and in removing away the rubbish that lay around the

temple of Belus. Vain hope! The Lord had said that it should be desolate. The young conquerer, after his return from India, had only lived in the city for a few months, when he was attacked by a burning fever, and in a few days was carried to the grave.

In vain were victims put to death as sacrifices to the gods, in the temple of Babylon, in vain was everything done that the art of medicine could do to save the life of this conqueror of the world, who had 'wept for other worlds to conquer.' He had to give up his soul to the God who gave it, and to leave his palaces and his armies at the age of thirty-six. In a few moments death silenced the voice that had uttered commands which made the universe tremble, and he for whom, on the night before, the world seemed too small, was put into a tomb of porphyr-stone, which was, some years ago, discovered by the English in Egypt, and is now placed in a museum in London.

In fifteen years after his death his wife, his brothers, his sisters, and his children had all perished, and his generals engaged in murderous contests with one another for his vast kingdom. After thirty years of warfare they divided it 'toward the *four winds of heaven*' in four parts, two of which soon became much more powerful than the other two, and were those only with which the people of God had any dealings.

These were, Syria and the northern and eastern provinces of Asia, under Seleucus, and Egypt and Palestine, under Ptolemy.

Seleucus and Ptolemy had been generals under Alexander the Great, and their successors, who are named in Daniel *the king of the North and the king of the South*, reigned until the coming of the Romans, and ruled, first one and then the other, over the people of God. These two kingdoms are shown by the thighs of brass. The division of Alexander's possession into four parts is mentioned in Daniel viii. 22 and xi. 5. The four horns of the he-goat, it is said, grew up after the breaking of the first horn.

The Jews formed a part of the Egyptian kingdom under Ptolemy and his successors.

'During this period,' observes an author, 'many thousands of the Jews were carried into Egypt, and their Scriptures were translated into the Greek language. After this, the Jews were subject to the Syrian monarchy. During this period they were so violently persecuted by Antiochus Epiphanes (B.C. 168), as to be altogether deprived, for three years and a-half, of their civil and religious liberties.

When Antiochus took Jerusalem, he murdered about forty thousand of its inhabitants, sold as many more to be slaves, and ordered that whoever should be found with the Book of God should be put to death. He went so far as to dedicate the Temple of Jehovah to Jupiter Olympus, erecting his statue on the altar of burnt-offering, and punishing with death all that could be found acting contrary to his decree.

'This rousing the Jews to resistance, they were resorted to liberty by the piety and bravery of the family of the Maccabees. These princes continued to flourish with undimished splendour until the time of the Roman power in Palestine.

'The period of four hundred years from the close of the Old Testament, to the coming of our blessed Lord, presents the same scene of human wickedness, in a different shape, as the former history of the Jews did. A striking effect of the Babylonish captivity was to destroy in them all inclination to idolatry, to which, before this event, they had always been so ready to turn; but it presented their wickedness under a new appearance, that of zeal for the form of religion, while they denied its power. Multiplying human traditions, and teaching for doctrines the commandments of men, they made the word of God of none effect: and neglecting the only standard of truth, they were divided into numberless sects, and were filled with contempt of each other, and of the world around them. Their teachers are described by our Lord as full of iniquity; and their doctrines such as made those who embraced them twofold more the children of hell than before (Matt. xxiii).

'These errors struck at the foundation of all true religion. We may see from what Christ has said, at what an important time in the state of the world its Redeemer appeared. Who, then, can doubt the necessity for His coming, or fail to admire the providence by which the time of it was determined? Nor let us forget the purpose for which He came; and let us ever bear in mind, that the great event for which we should be preparing, is His second coming to judge the earth.'

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts xx. 24.

1. WHAT IS A MINISTER? He is a *witness*, as Paul here declares himself to be. See also Acts xxvi. 16, 'A minister and a witness.' Not a *priest* offering sacrifice, and communicating between the sinner and God. Not a *ruler* issuing commands. Not a *judge* or *lawgiver*, publishing laws and exacting penalties. Not a *schoolmaster*, with the rod in his hand and austerity in his face. But a witness, coming from God to tell us of certain things which he knows to be assuredly true. He has good reason for knowing them to be true,—the light of his eyes and the hearing of his ears; and he is sent of God to relate to us what he has seen and heard. It was this that the Lord meant when He said, 'Ye are witnesses of these things' (Luke xxiv. 48). It is to this that the Apostle John so strikingly refers, 'That which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled; . . . . that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you' (1 John i. 1, 3). The first apostles were witnesses of what they themselves had seen and heard; and we are witnesses of what they saw and heard, and have left on record for us. It is this that lays the foundation for faith.

2. *What is the nature of his testimony?* It is gospel or good news. It is not law nor command, nor threatening, nor terror, but simply good news. These other things come in as arguments or warnings in connection with the reception or rejection of this Gospel. But they are not the main thing, nor are they the proper and higher subjects of ministry. The minister of Christ is the bearer of glad tidings. This is his first office, his primary business. All the rest is subordinate to this. He is to be what the angel was to Mary and to the shepherds of Bethlehem—the teller of good news. He does not come from Sinai; he comes from Zion, he comes from Bethlehem.

3. *What is this Gospel of which he testifies?* It is the Gospel of the grace of God; the good news of God's free love to sinners. This is his message—'God is love;' 'God so loved the world;' God is 'rich in mercy;' 'the grace of our God is exceeding abundant; 'the Lord our God is merciful and gracious, long-suffering, slow to wrath, abundant in goodness and truth.' He comes from God to bear testimony to God. He comes to sinners to announce 'grace,' the grace of God, the free love of Him whose wrath we had so terribly provoked. Gospel of grace sums itself up in these poi

(1.) *What God is.* God is love. F not in Him: He is the God of all grace nature and His name is love. This lo like himself, infinite, so that where si abounded, grace has much more abounde

(2.) *What God has given.* He has give Son. This is the pledge and measure o love. It is an unspeakable gift, the fre of free love to sinners. It is not *promise given*. It is not held out for sale at a but presented by God, to be received without condition, or price, or merit. S the grace of God.

(3.) *What God has done.* He has not *given* His Son, but delivered Him up for u It pleased the Lord to bruise Him. The 'hath laid on him the iniquities of us 'This is the Lord's doing, and wonderou our eyes.' The Son of God, sent of the Fa has come, lived, died, been buried, risen. is complete. Such is the grace of God.

(4.) *What God has provided.* Fulne every needed blessing is in Christ for us. giveness, life, righteousness, reconcilia peace, joy, wisdom, holiness, all in Ch Such is the provision for sinners made by love.

And now we come to ask, How are made sharers of this free love and its blessi

(1.) *Not by buying them.* They are price and they are free. They would not be g and this grace would not be free love, i were not absolutely and unconditionally f if in any part of the great transaction t was anything approaching to buying or sel

(2.) *Not by deserving them.* If it were grace were no more grace. Desert is as im sible and as incongruous as purchase.

(3.) *Not by becoming fit for them.* Our fitness is our need, and that every sinner already, in the bare fact that he is a si His fitness for pardon is that he is condem for life that he is dead; for grace that under wrath.

(4.) *Not by waiting for them.* To spe waiting is to speak of putting them away us at present, to say that they are not at and that God is not willing to give them moment.

How then do we get them? By si receiving them. And how do we receive t By receiving the testimony concerning the news—that is all. Be receivers, not rej of our testimony, and all things are yours let it be *now*. No more excuses, or dela hesitations. Not to-morrow, but to-day. your danger is great, and the Judge sta before the door.

WATER FROM DESERTED WELLS.*

GROPING THE WAY TO THE KINGDOM.

IT was not with me as in other troubles: for, through grace, I was helped to make some head against Satan; I despaired not at all, nor did by any act of positive judgment conclude I would be lost; but only I saw hell and sin, and the wrath of God; and the apprehension was terrible. Yea, there would be great attempts of faith sticking more close to God than ever, so that I never so strongly and sensibly believed; yea, I thought, as matters stood sometimes, it was impossible I should be cast off: and many times was my heart fixed, so that I was like a rock against whom all the billows in hell would dash, yet did my bow stand strong, and I never had such assurance of faith. I had a deep impression of the things of God: a natural condition and sin appeared, and I felt it worse than hell itself; the world and vanities thereof terrible, and exceeding dangerous; it was fearful then to have ado with it, or to be rich; I saw its day coming: Scripture-expressions were weighty; a Saviour was a big thing in my eyes; Christ's agonies were then earnest with me, and I thought that all my days I was in a dream till now, or like a child in jest, and I thought the world was sleeping. O but I thought Shepherd and Rutherfoord spoke and wrote feelingly! Shame, trouble and affliction, want and poverty were sweet and secure. Yet was I wearied of my life, and preferred strangling before it; my life was bitterness to me, and sorrow did consume me, so as there was a sensible influence on my body, and I looked like a man come from the grave; yet did none know my trouble. There was a great work to be wrought in me, and it was death to me to think to endure the power and working of God that should produce this effect, although I were little more than passive in it. Duties of prayer and reading, only before I yoked with them, were a terror, and to go in private with this dead heart seemed hell itself; though, when I was engaged, they were sweet. The night was sweet, because I had some rest; but the morning was as the shadow of death, because I was to conflict: I would even have been content to have lyen still perpetually, my spirits were so overfoughten. The devil rested not in the mean time violently and unseasonably to press some strict duties, seeking to undo body and spirit at once, driving furiously as Jehu did.

The manner how the Lord supported me, and did me good, and at last delivered me out of this, was by these means: By making me considerate; for at the first assault, the end of which was to persuade me I was unconverted, this assertion was so strongly and violently threaped upon me, that ere I knew I was dung on my back, and my soul burden'd and oppress'd, ere I knew how or why: when therefore I found these weights, and my spirit overwhelmed, and the clouds up, I remembered David's words, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? So said I, What is this? and why is it thus with me? shall I continually live in an implicite faith, or on mine own apprehensions? and shall I be condemned and live miserably, and never know why? Let us think and consider on this matter; there may some mystery ly at the bottom. Come therefore, my soul, let us see what is it that ails thee: well, I see thou art troubled, and spiritually troubled, and for a spiritual cause; now, what is this spiritual cause? Because I found it was a suspicion that I was yet in a natural condition, and a stranger to Christ. Now, what grounds have we for this? And let us see what is to be done, and hear patiently all assertions and threaps; let this rain fall to the ground, and then fall thou to exercise. Hereupon my spirit became composed and considerate; and, having the use and exercise of my reason, it did much advantage to me, and made me that I was not like a child driven hither and thither: I was therefore content to ding the bottom out of this, and to examine it to the full. I thought it expedient for settling of myself, and keeping my ground unshaken by the batteries of tentations, to lay down some practical conclusions, to which I would ever stick, and always follow, whatever came; which did me much good, and I did draw them from Christ's agonies: To continue praying still, and looking up to God, and never to give over duties; obey still, come what will. Never despair, but always trust and depend, and keep up an interest in God. Be humble

* From the 'Life of the Rev. JAMES FRASER of Brea. Edinburgh: 1738.

and submissive; 'Not my will, but thine be done.' Resign yourself to God in this exercise; take not the tutory of thyself in this hazardous sea upon you; let him quicken, deaden, wound and comfort, as he pleases. I cannot express what advantage I found by this. Means was, by being kept by the power of God in the use of all means, of praying, and reading the Scriptures, and meditating, whatever tentations I had to the contrary: and though at first I saw little comfort in these duties, but said, as these Israelites of Saul, Will these duties save me from my spiritual enemies? yet by practising I ever found strength and comfort by them, especially Scripture in which I found an unusual weight and sweetness. The Lord would suggest some seasonable and calming word unto my soul, such as this, 'Tis good for a man to hope, and quietly to wait for the salvation of God. Then it is not good to be discouraged nor casten down. I was made to understand that the spirit of bondage in itself was not good, from these words: 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' This I knew not before, and therefore I ever desired a law-work, and durst never meddle with consolations till I had found the law-work; and now, if my terrors and tentations had ceased, I would grieve for that intermission, as though I had lost some precious thing: and this made me more submissive to the Lord's way of guiding me in my exercises, as likewise more freely to use consolations, and to seek recovery out of my present bondage; yea, I found that these terrors and fears did me evil in their own nature, though the Lord, I found, did accidentally bring good out of them. The Lord made me one day understand, Satan had a great hand in my trouble, especially in labouring to create evil thoughts of God in my soul, in tempting me to despair and give over, and discouraging me, and making me think I should never be better; in a violent unseasonable pressing of duties: and hence I reasoned, If these fears proceed from Satan, why should I entertain them? Can any truth or good proceed from him? This made me suspect all was suggested to me tending to fear, and more rationally to ponder what was represented. I fell seriously and diligently to examine this whole matter: I considered the nature of my exercise and trouble, the grounds of it, and the weight of objections; as likewise, I fell upon examination of my state, I laid down my conclusions and rules, I set down my objections against my sincerity, I pondered them by the line of Scripture, and answered them; I did likewise according to Scripture judge of the marks I had of my own sincerity, and examined what might be said: I compared my state with the rule, and with saints; and in the conclusion I found a marvellous light of God's Spirit, through the word, shining on my soul; and I found that according to the Scripture I was converted, and that the names, qualities, practices and exercises of saints did agree with me; yea, I found something in me wherein I went beyond any hypocrite, though I was the least of saints. I did utterly cast aside all marks that I had read in practical books, and did examine them by Scripture; and I found the most part of them unsound and not well cautioned, and some not altogether false, but inconsiderately expressed, and the reader very apt to mistake: as likewise, there was discovered, through this examination, many of mine own mistakes in the nature of sanctification. Oh what need is there of wisdom, and light from above, in giving of marks! and what a great sin is it, either to write or speak marks at random? 'Tis true, what shepherd faith, we have need of a special spirit here. This cost me many weeks exercise, and some years before this too; but the most sensible and effectual discovery of myself was now. O the benefit of consideration and a deliberate judgment! God by a strong hand humbled me, and made me submissive, from a sense and sight of the Lord's sovereignty, wisdom, and eternal holiness, and from a sense of my own wildness (good is the will of the Lord), so as I was made silent before God; which silence did much abate the boisterousness of this storm, so that my heart was kept calm, and made to comply with dispensations; so as I said from my heart, my will is evil, and God is good, and better He have His will than I that am sinful; He cannot do ill or wrong. And for this cause I will draw up some considerations to submission, which then were sensibly prevalent with me, and by considering of which I would usually allay the risings of my heart when they would appear. I did likewise consider on some comfortable consolations and considerations tending to hope and encouragement, which I drew up, and would usually comfort my soul with them in my dark hours and dumpish fits, and did find my labour ordinarily not in vain; though sometimes nothing would do but the immediate hand of God, that I might know man liveth not by bread, 'but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' As likewise, in respect I found great indispositions and unwillingness to duties, and discouragements thereto, I drew up several considerations and motives to stir me up thereto, which in my fits of sloth I would use to awaken my soul, and would usually find them effectual. In examining that difficult duty of reproving, and considering it seriously, the Lord showed much light and comfort, both in

the nature of the duty, and how to go about it; wherein Satan had a hand in pressing it, and that my unwillingness thereto did proceed not from infirmity, and that my omission was not in the substance of the duty, but in the manner and degree of freedom, boldness, and compassion, and did proceed from ignorance and unbelief. I found likewise much mercy, good-will, tenderness, and care of Christ towards me in this present exercise; and much good did it to me, so that the storm was now much over. But that which did me most good was, a more full discovery of the covenant of grace, meditations of the Gospel, of Christ's gentle nature, as likewise some particular promises that were by the operation of the Spirit very clearly applied; among which these were the chief: 1 Tim. i. 15, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation.' O what of life and sweetness was discovered in that one word one evening after supper. John iii. 17, 'God sent not his Son to condemn the world!' And that word, Ps. lxv. 5, 'God is the confidence of all the ends of the earth,' and He 'justifies the ungodly.' 'They that know thee will put their trust in thee.' 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness.' And that Scripture, 1 Cor. i. 30, 'God hath made Christ wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' And that in John xv. 16, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you.' From which these truths were made clear to me:—That nothing in man is the first ground of hope or despair. That the whole ground of our hopes is in Christ alone. That sinners have right to absolute promises; or the first ground of faith is an absolute promise: Christ is not a person with whom they have nothing a-do, but is their hope and salvation; and these promises are sayings, though absolute, to lay hold on for acceptation. That Christ's relation is to men as sinners, and not as to whole or righteous: 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' 'Tis with sinners Christ hath ado, and not to condemn them, but to give them life; and when they cannot come to Him for life, to seek them. The fathers must lay up for the children, and not they for the parents. Such is the nature of Christ, that He only came to show mercy, hath no wrath or law, came not to condemn; fury is not in Me. And that it is as unreasonable to expect condemnation from Christ, as to expect cold water from fire; and, therefore, whosoever knows Him cannot but believe in Him; and that there is nothing in Christ but what is matter of joy and comfort. All salvation depends on Christ's good will only, and everything relating thereto, all which is made ours. That God himself is the drawer up of the sinner's security for heaven and blessedness: 'Christ is made of God, wisdom, righteousness,' etc. 'I have given him for a covenant to the people.' That the Lord bestows this right freely and absolutely; which free promise is the ground of faith, and not the purchase of faith. That nothing damns but unbelief, in not pressing the Lord with these promises, all which are comprehended in that one word, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ came to save sinners.' Here now was I fixed on a Rock that was able to bide all storms. Is Christ then the ground of all my hopes? and do my hopes depend wholly on Him? and have I a promise that all will be well? and is this promise that to which I must take myself? and is this promise given freely of God? Surely then, though I see nothing in myself but what is matter of grief, sorrow, and despair, yet here is matter of hope. I cannot misbelief unless I reflect on Christ. Shall I misdoubt Him, who is all mercy and no wrath, who came not at all to damn, whose offices and relations are all good? These and the like did quiet me, knowing that all my happiness was freely secured in Christ Jesus alone, in whom I was complete; yea, I found the great end of this storm was, to draw me off myself, to live in, and to depend wholly on Christ for strength, justification, and comfort. My natural melancholy was cured by divertisements, for I had a call to go elsewhere, where employment and godly company did me much good as to the refreshing of my spirit. And thus by these means was the storm gradually allayed; the best trial for me I ever endured.

The ends of which dispensations were to try, exercise, and strengthen my faith, which was never so lively exercised, nor did ever endure such a conflict, nor ever had such sure footing. For by considering the Gospel, though it were granted, I was never converted; yet sure I am, I ought to come to Christ, and look up to Him, and expect from Him, and be of good cheer, seeing God is the confidence of all the ends of the earth. And my consolation must be as solid and strong as the ground thereof, so that with this shield I abide all darts, this answereth all objections, this is the Rock higher than I. To make me a little more serious, and to have a deeper and weightier apprehension of the things of God; for the truth is, till this time I looked on myself, and the most part of professors, to be but in jest with their religion; and I bless the Lord some of these impressions remain still, to discover to me the evil of the world, of the pleasures, profit, and honour thereof, and to bring my

soul to a compliance with the cross of Christ, as that whereon most security and quietness is to be found: 'He that loseth his life shall find it.' The world is an evil, and only evil, the great bar that hinders from Christ; 'tis loaded with sin, full of danger, and an enmity to God; 'tis Christ's competitor, rival, and enemy. And this was not only discovered in me, but the aversion and fear of the world was in some measure wrought in me,—to acquaint me with Satan's devices, whereby he hinders the work of salvation, the many sophisms and mistakes of my own heart in the nature of sanctification. It made me search more narrowly into many things than ever I did, to make me esteem the Scriptures, and walk more closely by them in all my ways; for they only speak aright of God, of dispensations; they are the foundation of hope and faith, and we must judge of things according as they are represented in Scripture, and not by reason or fancy: to stir me up to be more profitable to others, which was a great challenge now, and the neglect of it a heavy burden; and the duty itself was much pressed at this time, to live off myself and sense, on the Lord Jesus alone, and not on Him as felt, but on Him as given in His word and promise; and not on anything of Him to be given here, but what we are to receive in heaven. The conclusion was this, 'My grace is sufficient; when I am weak, then am I strong; and here is rest and life.' And by this storm, and the conclusions I then laid, I became more settled, and less shaken with temptations, and this did much establish me in faith, patience, humility, and duty.

I will conclude with a few observations. Soul trouble hath sometimes a sweetness in it; for considering this was the hand of God, I laid myself flat under it. Now, Lord, let me never out of this furnace until my dross go away. I found soul trouble not good in itself, but evil, and that it produces much weakness and aversion from duty. When God is angry, everything is terrible: duties, meat, drink, and company, had a hell stamped upon them; and a little loss, having wrath stamped on it, is a world of evil. The world is a dangerous thing and a great evil, and the comforts of it a hell. 'Tis good to be continually afflicted here: 'In the world ye shall have tribulation. Most of my exercise did drive at this. Whatever our exercise or temptations be, it is profitable to pray, and continue in the means. It is good to be considerate, and not to be rash in closing with apprehensions and suggestions. It is a sad affliction to an exercised soul to want good company; and evil carnal company is a hell itself. Soul trouble hath its time; it is not always alike violent, but I find sometimes a calm, and at other times it comes in stounds and fits—the evil hour. We should not murmur that the Lord doth not lead us according to our minds; but in exercises especially, we should let the Lord guide us as best seems Him, and a patient surrender of ourselves doth much good. There may be many sweet hours and little deliverances in a soul exercise ere all be done. I was many times caught up to heaven, but anon plunged to hell. The best mean of settlement is to live by faith in Jesus Christ alone, and to live at a distance from the world. A soul may have many enemies to wrestle within one soul trouble, but he hath not the same one to wrestle always with. Sometimes he hath the wrath of God, sometimes an evil heart; and the soul should continually conflict with one of these at once, according as they invade him. No soul trouble will cure all evils perpectly, they but help in part. The great end of such trials is to exercise faith, and to waken people, and to make them more serious. Many other things might be observed.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

The following remarkable statement is authorized by D'Aubigné and M. de Pressensé:—

A regiment of French soldiers, on their march to the Crimea, halted for some days at Toulon, in the south of France. While there, a colporteur came among them. A young soldier, pretending to be much moved by the good man's exhortations, asked for a copy, which was, of course, given to him. The soldier and his comrades roared with laughter, telling the poor colporteur that it was all a joke; but the soldier refused to return the book, saying 'it would do to light his pipe with.' The colporteur replied, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!'

Fifteen months afterwards, the same colporteur stopped for a night at an inn more than three hundred miles from Toulon. The landlady was in great distress, having just lost her son, of whom she spoke in terms of the most tender affection. He conversed with her for a few moments, when she withdrew, but soon returned, bringing a little book which her deceased son had left to her as his precious legacy.

It was much mutilated, many pages having been torn out. But on the inside of the cover, written in large letters, was the following inscription:—'Received at Toulon, on the ——, 1855. Despised at first, and badly used, but afterwards read, believed, and made the in-

strument of my salvation. J. L., fusileer of the 4th company of the —— regiment of the line.'

From the condition of the little volume, it was plain that the young soldier had made use of the missing leaves to *light his pipe*, as he had boasted he should. But, as he related to his mother, this work of destruction was stopped on the evening before a battle, in which his regiment was to occupy the perilous post of the advanced guard. He stated that at this juncture serious thoughts came into his mind in a very strange manner; and all on a sudden the words of the man whom he had tricked out of the book came to his recollection like a thunderclap—'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!' '*And if I should fall into his hands!*' This thought haunted him, he said, without intermission, the whole of the night; and, in consequence, as soon as it became light in the morning, he took from his knapsack the book which appeared to have become his accuser. The verses which he had read in the dim grey light of that morning had been brought home to his heart by the Holy Spirit. In the battle which ensued he was severely wounded. Old things had passed away, and he now realized the truth of the faithful saying, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.'

After removal from one hospital to another, he was brought back to his home about six weeks before the visit of the colporteur. The mutilated Testament was scarcely ever out of his hand during his waking moments. It was the only one he ever possessed—perhaps the only one in his native village. His mouth was full of tender entreaties that his dear mother and friends might embrace Christ and His salvation. To his very last breath he ceased not to exhort them all to accept God's offered mercy in Jesus, and not to run the risk of falling, in an unconverted state, 'into the hands of the living God.'

Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh.

'UP, awake!' his summons hurried,
The watcher shouts high on the turret,
'Thy Lord, O Zion, comes to thee!'
Through the midnight shadows falling,
Hark! clear and loud the voice is calling,
'Ye prudent virgins, where are ye!
Rejoice, the Bridegroom's near!
Up, let your lamps shine clear,
Hallelujah!
Make no delay,
In fair array
Go forth to meet Him on the way!'

Zion hears the watcher's singing,
And up her heart for joy is springing,
She stands, and looks with watchful eyes.
Lo! He comes from heaven glorious!
In mercy strong, in truth victorious,
The Morning Star breaks through the skies.
'Now come, our joy and crown,
Lord Jesus to thine own
Hosanna!
We enter all
The joyous hall,
And hold with Him the festival.

Glory be to Thee ascending,
From tongues of men and angels blending
From cymbals and the harp's clear tone:
Thy city's pearly gates before us
Stand open, and we join the chorus
Of angels high before Thy throne,
No eye hath seen the throng,
No ear has heard the song.
O the glory!
There we shall be,
And sing to Thee
Praises everlastingly!

—*Translated from the German.*

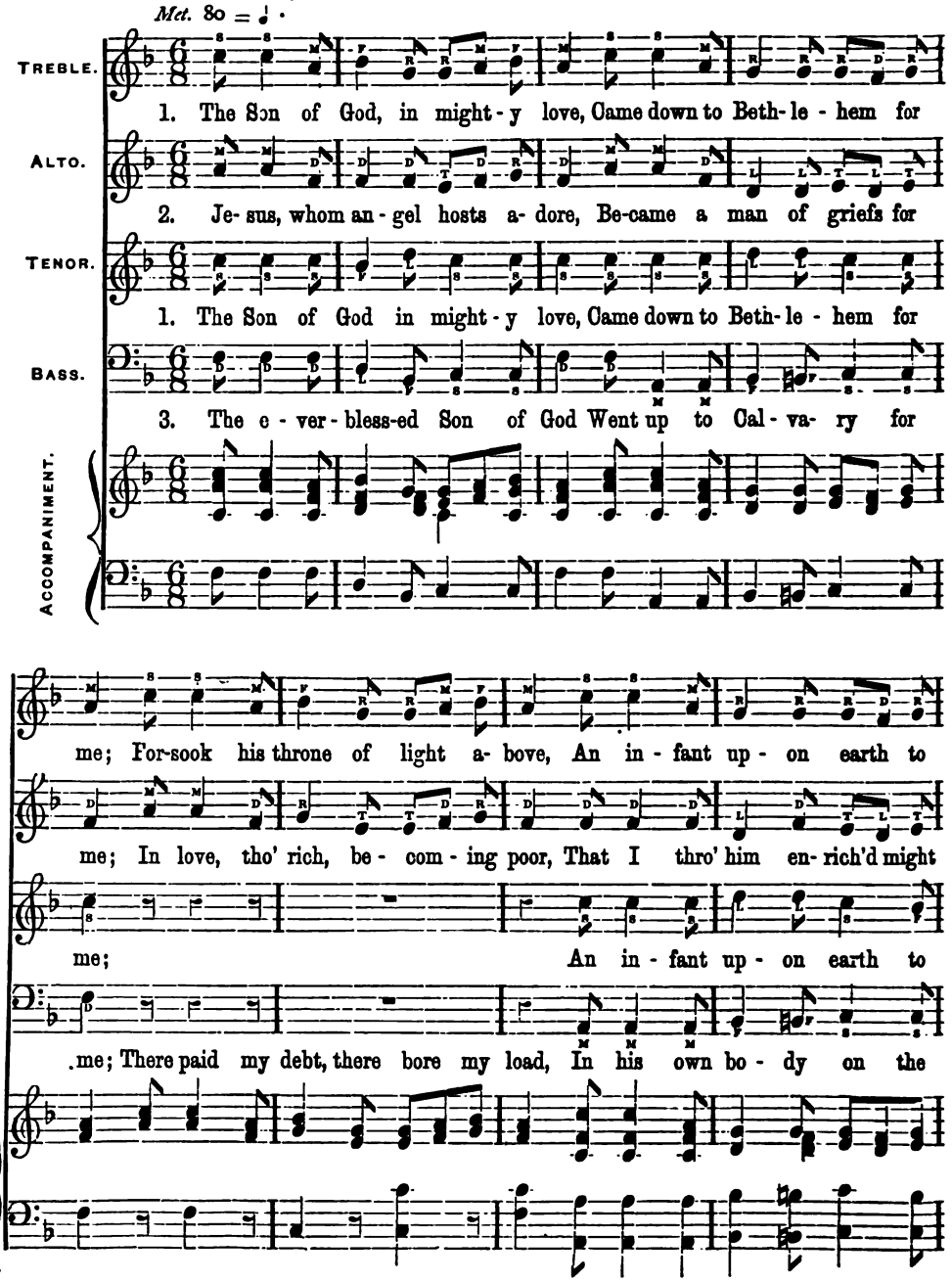
THE TREASURY HYMNAL.

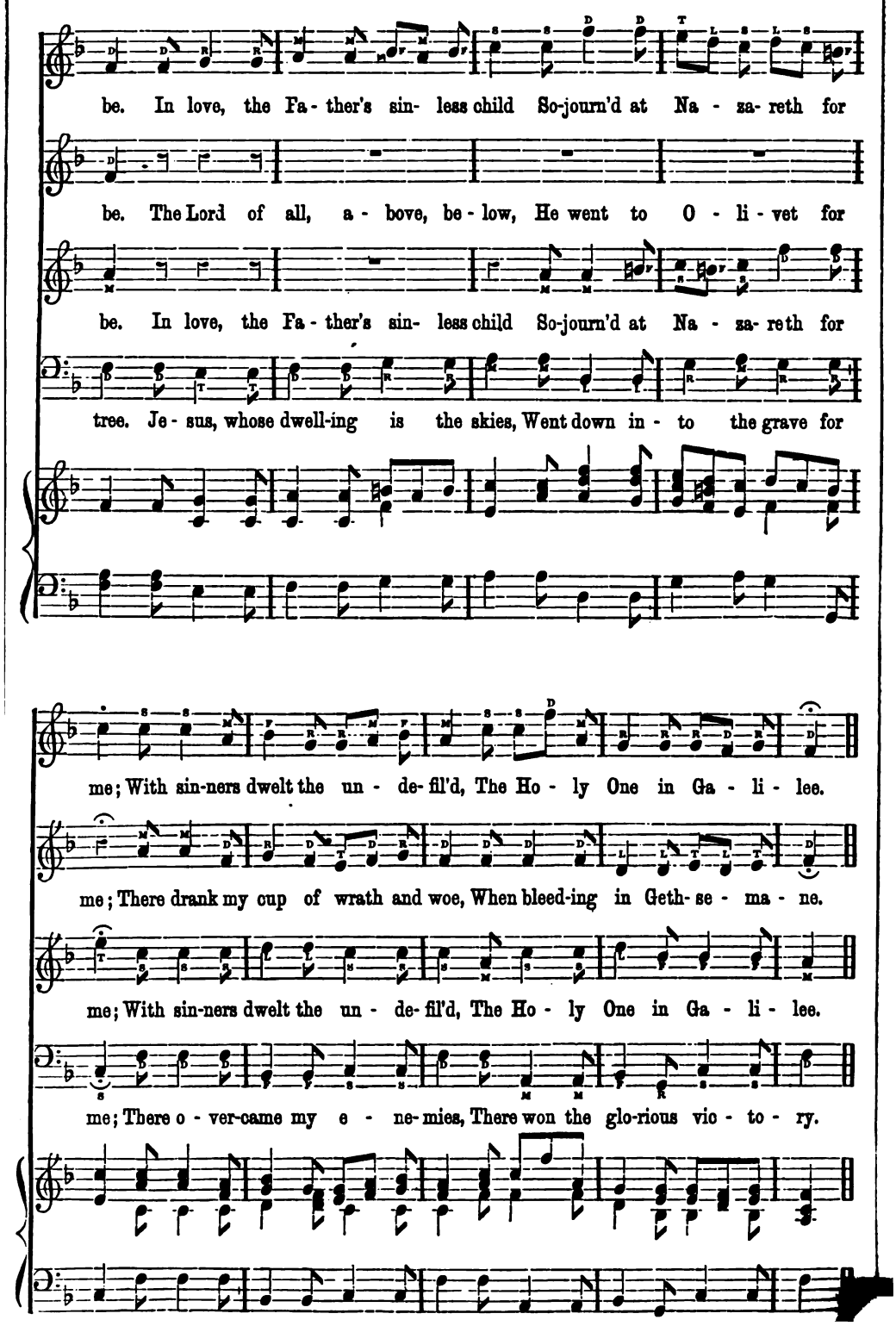
The Word made Flesh.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Words by
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

Music from
MOZART.

Met. 80 = ♩.

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ACCOMPANIMENT.
1. The Son of God, in might - y love, Came down to Beth- le - hem for
2. Je- sus, whom an - gel hosts a- dore, Be-came a man of griefs for
1. The Son of God in might - y love, Came down to Beth- le - hem for
3. The e - ver - bless-ed Son of God Went up to Cal - va- ry for
me; For-sook his throne of light a- bove, An in - fant up - on earth to
me; In love, tho' rich, be - com - ing poor, That I thro' him en- rich'd might
me; An in - fant up - on earth to
me; There paid my debt, there bore my load, In his own bo - dy on the

*** *The letter is placed to the right when the note is sharpened, and to the left when it is flattened.*

be. In love, the Fa - ther's sin- less child So-journ'd at Na - za- reth for
be. The Lord of all, a - bove, be - low, He went to O - li - vet for
be. In love, the Fa - ther's sin- less child So-journ'd at Na - za- reth for
tree. Je - sus, whose dwell-ing is the skies, Went down in - to the grave for
me; With sin-ners dwelt the un - de- fil'd, The Ho - ly One in Ga - li - lee.
me; There drank my cup of wrath and woe, When bleed-ing in Geth- se - ma - ne.
me; With sin-ners dwelt the un - de- fil'd, The Ho - ly One in Ga - li - lee.
me; There o - ver-came my e - ne- mies, There won the glo-rious vic - to - ry.

A Cheque for Fifty Pounds.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER II.

ARTHUR was taken away from school, and a very sore trial it was to him. Mrs Ferrington sold her own watch and that of her late husband, and these, with some other trinkets, brought her money enough to satisfy the most pressing of her creditors. The landlady, who regarded her lodgers with genuine kind feeling, agreed to wait until May should get more employment, before her claims were settled. Nothing more was heard of the picture, and although May obtained the address of Mr Bardley's landlord, and wrote him a pathetic letter, no answer was received.

A fortnight passed away, and one day Arthur was walking moodily down the street, with his hands in his pockets, feeling very much disposed to ask somebody if they didn't want an errand boy? So distasteful had idleness become to him, that he had even had wild notions of going down to the quay and begging the captain of a merchantman to take him on board, and give him something to do. Anything would be better than living at home on his mother's and sister's hard earnings, 'And I eat more than both of them put together,' groaned poor Arthur to himself.

'Well, Arthur, my little man, you look rather gloomy,' said a kind cheery voice, and looking up the boy saw the second master of his school standing before him.

Mr Archdale had always been a favourite with the boys; he was a young man, and he sympathised heartily in all their pleasures, and yet, as they were wont to say, 'Its no use trying to give Archdale an imperfect lesson, he is more strict than the Doctor himself.' Arthur had been almost entirely under the care of this kind master, and it had grieved him sadly to feel that he should have the benefit of that wise teaching and quiet guidance no more. His lip quivered when he attempted to answer Mr Archdale.

'I don't feel very bright, sir,' he replied.

The master laid a hand upon his shoulder. 'Tell me all about it, Arthur,' he said simply, and began to walk with him down the street.

And Arthur did tell him all from beginning to end. Mr Archdale had not counted upon hearing so much; he even doubted if he were doing right in letting the boy speak so freely of family affairs, but it was almost impossible to check the frank confidence, which obviously gave the speaker great relief. When the story was all told, Mr Archdale's first question related to the picture.

'There was a sale of Bardley's effects,' he said, 'I saw it advertised; don't you know who bought that painting?'

Arthur of course knew nothing about it, and Mr Archdale walked on for some minutes in silence.

'Arthur,' said his friend at length, 'It's a great pity that your studies should be stopped; you'd like to go on with them, wouldn't you?

'Oh yes, sir, very much.'

'Well, I've thought of a plan by which we could help each other. It is this: I devote most of my spare time to writing for periodicals, and I should be very glad of some one to copy out my manuscripts, and make them legible for the printer. You write very well, better than most boys of your age, and if you will undertake this work for me, I, in return, will give you lessons regularly every evening. What do you say to this?'

'Oh, sir, I should be so thankful, and so would mamma and May!'

'If you like, I will call upon your mother and explain the matter,' said Mr Archdale.

He did call; and having won Mrs Ferrington's heart by his kindness to her boy, it was easy to win her confidence also. And then he heard the story of the picture and the dishonoured cheque over again; and looked with surprise and admiration upon that copy which May had executed for her mother.

When he turned away from the Ferrington's door, he resolved to do all in his power to help this family in their troubles. He was not a rich man, but he and his sister Gertrude were not solely dependent on the income he derived from his situation, and his literary labours were becoming lucrative. He had few friends and few wants, and Gertrude's tastes and habits were as quiet as his own. Perfect sympathy existed between this brother and sister, and she soon became interested in his account of the Ferringtons.

The next day was Saturday, and having the afternoon at his own disposal, Ralph Archdale started off to Silverbury, to make investigations about the picture. In his first attempt to trace it he was singularly successful; it had been knocked down at the auction to the very broker of whom he made his first inquiries.

'And I sold it, sir, only three days ago, to a gent who came by the door and took a liking to it.'

'Do you know his name?'

'Yes, he was an artist sort of a gent, and his name was Morgan.'

'Did he give you a high price?'

'He gave me five pounds; I sent the picture, directed to him, to the "Dolphin;" he was putting up there.'

Has he left the place?'

'I'm sure I can't say, sir; I haven't seen him since.'

Ralph Archdale took his way to the 'Dolphin' hotel, and learned that Mr Morgan had removed to Sir Henry Vane's country-seat,

about three miles out of Silverbury. The young man set out to walk to Vane Court, with his heart full of hope for his poor friends. This Mr Morgan was an artist of established reputation, one whose pictures were well known and deservedly appreciated. He must have seen at a glance, that the painting he had purchased was worth far more than he had given for it.

It was five o'clock when he reached Vane Court, and saw the turrets of the baronet's old mansion rising above the surrounding trees. He walked through the lodge-gates into the quiet shadows of the park, and came directly opposite the vast grey house, with the arms of the owners sculptured over the massive portico. 'Truly, Mr Morgan has aristocratic friends,' he thought, as he rang the bell.

He followed the tall footman into one of the grand oaken-panelled rooms, and then the man left him to carry the visitor's card to the artist. Here he waited until he began to chafe at the delay, and had already risen to pace up and down the apartment, when the door opened, and Mr Morgan entered.

The light was dim; but Archdale saw before him a tall spare man, with delicate features and full penetrating eyes, that looked at him a little haughtily, he fancied. Ralph went strait into his subject at once; he described the picture briefly, and asked if it were still in Mr Morgan's possession.

'Yes, it is,' answered the artist.

Ralph went on to tell the story of the picture, and of the cruel fraud which Bardley had practised upon the helpless girl. The artist seemed to listen coldly.

'It seems an improbable thing,' he remarked, 'that your friends, knowing the value of the picture, should have entrusted it to a person of whom they knew nothing.'

'It was very incautious, I admit,' replied Archdale, 'but one scarcely expects to find much knowledge of the world in a young girl and a little boy, who have only lately been left fatherless.'

'But what do they expect me to do?' asked the artist.

'They have no legal claim upon you, sir,' answered Ralph, 'but as you have become possessed of what is really theirs, and have given a very small sum for it, I believed that you would do something to compensate them for their loss.'

'And how am I to know that the picture really did belong to them?' said the artist, coolly.

Ralph took up his hat; he was waxing indignant. 'I did not come here to impose upon you, Mr Morgan,' he rejoined haughtily, 'These friends of mine are in bitter need, or I should not have sought you at all. But if you will grant me another interview on Monday, I will bring you indisputable proof that the painting was theirs. Miss Ferrington, who has much talent, made a copy of the picture before parting with it. The manager of the Silverbury bank can prove the truth of what I have stated about the dishonoured cheque.'

'I don't doubt your sincerity in the affair,' said Mr Morgan, more politely. 'I will see you again on Monday, if you like, although my time is precious—very precious.'

They parted, and Ralph Archdale went home thinking hard thoughts of Mr Morgan. He was, however, too severe in his judgment, and could he have looked back upon the artist's earlier days, he would have taken another view of his character. He did not know that Mr Morgan had toiled unsuccessfully for years, that he had been soured and hardened by disappointment and treachery, and that now, when the long hard struggle was ended and genius had won the dearly-bought victory, there were none to share the fruits of his toil. The wife and child whom he had loved so well had passed away, when 'the waves of this troublesome world' were at their roughest, and he was left to sail upon the 'still waters' alone.

Ralph persuaded May to accompany him to Silverbury on the following Monday. He believed that this hard man might be softened by the sight of her pale face and deep mourning; and Mrs Ferrington was of his opinion. Mr Archdale got an assistant to fill his place that afternoon, and he and May, accompanied by Gertrude, went to Silverbury, taking the copy of the picture with them.

It was long since May had enjoyed herself so much. Gertrude Archdale and her brother were so kind and attentive, so anxious to make the little journey a pleasant trip to her, that all her old girlish vivacity returned, and she laughed and talked as she had done before the cares of life had cast their burden upon her spirit. She grew graver, however, when she and Mr Archdale set out on their three-mile walk to Vane Court, leaving Gertrude to see the Cathedral and the other objects of interest in the old city.

Mr Morgan did not delay his coming so long this time, and Ralph fancied that his manner grew more gentle when he addressed May. Fortunately she had preserved Bardley's letter to her, asking for a sight of the painting; and having read it, Mr Morgan expressed his opinion of the man in no measured terms. Then Archdale showed him the copy of the picture.

The artist looked at it in silence long and earnestly, and when he raised his eyes again to May's face, they wore a very different expression. That copy of which she had thought so meanly, had told him many things. He saw that the work had not been merely mechanical, heart and hand had wrought together; she had gone about it reverently; for all true genius is touchingly humble; yet she had thrown her mind into sympathy with the mind which had conceived the picture. Herein lay the mystic power—this spirit-unison with a great master—which lifted May's copy above the level of many pretentious originals.

'This is very good,' said the artist simply. 'Are you a teacher of drawing?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And you find it weary work?' he continued. 'I was a teacher once.'

There was a pause, during which he examined the copy again.

'Would you like to undertake a different kind of employment?' he asked at last. 'Would you be willing to make copies of valuable pictures? If so, I think I can promise you some occupation which will be more lucrative, and less wearisome.'

It is needless to tell how joyfully and thankfully May accepted the offer. And then Mr Morgan drew a cheque from his pocket-book, and proceeded to fill it in. Having done so, he handed it to May with a smile, saying,

'You need not be afraid to take it; no bank in England will refuse that cheque.'

It was for fifty pounds.

Three glad hearts went away from Silverbury that evening, and there was a joyful group afterwards in Mrs Ferrington's little parlour; the good landlady coming in to share the happiness.

My story is nearly ended, for it is easier to depict clouds than sunshine, and from that time the clouds passed away from the widow and her children. Mr Morgan was even better than his word; he not only procured employment for May, but he gave her lessons himself, and her talent grew and flourished beneath his careful culture. Those who had patronised him in his own earlier days now interested themselves in her behalf, and she rose, step by step, up that ladder which it is so difficult for genius to climb without a helping hand. The friendship with the Archdales strengthened, and Ralph continued to instruct little Arthur at home until his sister was able to send him again to school.

Years glided on, and one summer afternoon a lady and gentleman entered the Cathedral at Silverbury, and made their way to one shadowy spot, where the light came dimly through a richly coloured window. 'It was here that I stood, Ralph,' said the lady, 'and I felt as if all hope had died out of my heart until I heard those memorable words.'

'And how God brought light out of darkness, dear May! If it had not been for that returned cheque, you might never have known your kind friend Mr Morgan; you might have lived and died in obscurity instead of being the well-known artist that you are now.'

'God has dealt wonderfully to us both, Ralph! No need for you *now* to toil at school-keeping as in the old days,—the writer, whose books everybody reads and praises, is in a very different position to that occupied by Ralph Archdale when I knew him first.'

'Yes,' said Mr Archdale, reverently, 'and I thank our Father in heaven that He has not suffered us to forget Him in our prosperity. And we know that all the best things this world can give would be unblest if we lost the light of His countenance.'

'I can look back to the past without bitterness,' said May, as they came out of the Cathedral, 'because it was in the time of adversity that I was first led to remember the Lord my God.'

STEER STRAIGHT TO ME, FATHER.

LAST week we attended, at the house of a friend the funeral of a little child, that after suffering for many weeks had taken its departure to the 'better land.' The pastor offered a few words of consolation to the bereaved parents. He referred to the often unexpected dealings of Providence in taking away our innocent prattlers, when we can see no reason for the dispensation. One reason given was, that it is often necessary to remove our most prized treasures to heaven, that our hearts may be turned thither. An illustrative incident he gave was new to us, and left a deep impression.

A fisherman was accustomed to go out in a boat with his family, and spend the day at a distance from the shore. As there were frequent fogs, one of the number was usually left at home, to ring a bell as a signal. On one occasion a little son remained on shore. During the day a thick fog settled down upon the water, and the fishers attempted to reach the land; but the mists grew deeper and darker, and after rowing vainly in all directions, despair had nearly suspended their efforts. Just then a little voice came through the darkness, Father: steer straight to me, father, and you will get home.'

The father renewed his efforts, and by steering straight in the direction of the oft-repeated call, reached the desired haven. Not long after the little lad was taken away by death. The father, a wicked man, having no hope in this life or that which is to come, was filled with despondency. Clouds, mists, and darkness, seemed to close in around him on every side. While thus situated, he seemed to hear from heavenward, 'Father, steer straight to me, father, and you will get home.' He obeyed the admonition, and turned his frail bark, tossed upon life's boisterous billows, towards the haven of eternal rest.

So, said the speaker, it is probable our little ones are often taken away to that higher sphere, whence we may mentally hear their cherub voices calling, 'Father, mother, steer towards me, and you'll get home.'

Miscellaneous.

Saturday Night.

Chafed and worn with worldly care,
Sweetly, Lord, my heart prepare;
Bid this inmost tempest cease;
Jesus, come and whisper peace!
Hush the whirlwind of my will,
With Thyself my Spirit fill;
End in calm this busy week—
Let the Sabbath gently break.

Sever, Lord, these earthly ties—
Fain my soul to Thee would rise;
Disentangle me from time—
Lift me to a purer clime;
Let me cast away my load,
Let me now draw near to God;
Gently, loving Jesus, speak—
End in calm this busy week.— *Anon.*

Church Music.—It is no wonder that singing has died out from the congregation, when the choir is put to recite words that nobody can understand, to music that nobody knows, and the people are left to listen to newly converted opera airs which last week were brought over by a fresh troup of foreign singers! And those sweet melodies that stilted propriety has driven from the churches, but which have gone forth among the people, rung out gloriously in camp-meetings, shaking the forest leaves with the ascending thoughts of a mighty people; or which more gently have filled rural school houses and humble lecture rooms and village churches, as yet uncorrupted by the false pretence of classical music,—those sweet melodies that no one can hear with his ear and not feel his heart beating within his bosom and faster for the sound—are becoming the ridicule and contempt of men who think that God must be praised to the sound of Meyerbeer or Rossini, and not to the sweet and humble melodies of our land.—*Beecher.*

Oriental Allegories.—Among the many chaste and poetical allegories which occur scattered up and down the Eastern literature, is the following—'As this dark mould sends upwards, and out of its very heart, the rare Persian rose, so does hope grow out of evil; and the darker the evil the brighter the hope, as from a richer and fouler soil comes the more vigorous and larger flower.' There is another of this class, which conveys, in a most elegant form, a symbolical embodiment of the refining influences of the pure and the beautiful. 'A traveller, in passing through a country in Persia, chanced to take into his hand a piece of clay which lay by the wayside, and, to his surprise, he found it to exhale the most delightful fragrance. 'Thou art but a poor piece of clay,' said he, 'an unsightly, unattractive, poor piece of clay; yet how fragrant art thou! How refreshing! I admire thee, I love thee; thou shalt be my companion, I will carry thee in my bosom. But whence hast thou this fragrance? The clay replied, 'I have been dwelling with the rose!' In another Persian legend, we are told that Sadi the poet, when a slave, presented to his tyrant master a rose, accompanied with this pathetic appeal: 'Do good to thy servant whilst thou hast the power, for the season of power is often as transient as the duration of this beautiful flower.' This melted the heart of his lord, and the slave obtained his liberty.—*Hibberd's Brambles and Bay Leaves.*

Physical Benefit of the Sabbath.—The Sabbath is God's special present to the working man, and one of his chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigour, which the last six have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and, in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings bank. The frugal man puts away a pound to-day and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pound back again, but a good many pounds besides. And in the conscientious man, who husbands one day of his existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up, the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and, in the length of days, the hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review.*

Pastoral Visiting.—There is a charm in the week-day services of a parish minister which has not been duly estimated either by philanthropists or patriots. His official and recognised character furnishes him with a ready passport to every habitation; and he will soon find that a visit to the house of a parishioner is the surest way of finding access to his heart. Even the hardiest and most hopeless in vice cannot altogether withstand this influence; and at times, in their own domestic history, there are opportunities, whether by sickness, or disaster, or death, which afford a weighty advantage to the Christian kindness that is brought to bear upon them. His week-day attentions and their Sabbath attendance go hand in hand. It is thus that a house-going minister wins for himself a church-going people.—*Dr Chalmers.*

A Very Common Mistake.—Many Christians imagine that, now since they have believed, they must draw their comfort from some other source, or in a different way from what they did at first; they turn their whole attention to themselves, their experiences, and their graces. Forgetting that the true way of nourishing these is by keeping their eye upon the cross, they turn it inward and try to nourish them by some process of their own devising.

Where is heaven?—Plato points to the snowy summits of cold Olympus, and says, *It is there.* Swedenborg beholds spiritual presences in all space, and says, *It's everywhere.* Wordsworth lives again through his youth, and replies, 'Heaven lies above us in our infancy.' Sage, theologian, and poet, I turn from you all and ask the little blind girl, and she replies, *Heaven is where God is.*

A Sure Record.—There was no way for men to discern their names written in the book of life but by reading the work of sanctification in their own hearts. I desire no miraculous voice from heaven, no extraordinary signs, or unscriptural notices and information in this matter. Lord, let me but find my heart obeying Thy calls, my will obediently submitting to Thy commands; sin, my burden, and Christ, my desire; I never crave a fairer or surer evidence of Thy electing love to my soul.

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts iii. 22; vii. 37.

ISRAEL needed a prophet (a prophet in God's sense of the name), and God gave them one—Moses, who is always referred to in Scripture as the greatest of Israel's prophets and teachers. He was the first in point of time; for though, in a sense, Enoch, and Noah, and Job, and Abraham, and Jacob were prophets, yet their prophet-life is so brief as to be hardly recognizable, and their prophet-words so few, as to be contained in a few sentences. But the words of Israel's great prophet occupy a large section of the Bible; five, we might say six, of its longest books, and some of its Psalms. No one, either in Old Testament times or New, not even Paul, has written half so much as Moses. As prophet, poet, teacher, lawgiver, historian, psalmist, he has spoken with a fulness such as belongs to no other. Reckoning the Old Testament by pages, not chapters, we find, say 580 pages in all: of these, Moses has written 170, or nearly a third of the Old Testament—at least considerably more than a fourth. What prophet, among all the prophets of Israel, has there been like unto Moses. Samuel, and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Daniel, are not so great as he. He stands first; and he stands alone. His birth, his education, his life, his death, his burial, are all marvellous, but his career as a prophet is more marvellous still.

The world needs a prophet. (1.) *Perfect*, well-instructed, filled with true wisdom; (2.) *Authoritative*, one who speaks not from conjecture or in virtue of superior talent or position, but from authority, 'as one having authority;' (3.) *Divine*, a teacher sent direct from God—nay, a teacher who is God himself; nothing less than this will do: the world needs *God* for its teacher—it cannot teach itself.

God has given us such an one; not for Israel only but for the world. He has given us the Prophet like unto Moses, but greater than Moses; He has sent His Son, as the world's prophet, the world's teacher, the world's light—perfect, authoritative, divine. He is all that is described in the passage before us.

I. *He is of our brethren.* He is one like ourselves, not an angel—a true man. Yes, man is the prophet of humanity, the teacher of the race. It is from human lips that we learn the words and truths of God. A human voice announces to us the things of God; and through human tears He sees the coming woes of Jerusalem and of the world. He is a *Jew*, but He is a *man*, with a human heart, and conscience, and understanding.

II. *He is raised up by God*—not self-called, nor man-called, nor man-sent; but 'raised up by God,' as Moses was, God's prophet in the highest sense.

III. *He is like unto Moses.* In many respects is He like Moses, and in many ways are these words fulfilled. He is like Moses.

(1.) *Because God speaks with Him face to face.* Num. xii. 8: 'With him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches, and the similitude of the Lord shall be beheld.' Deut. xxxiv. 10: 'There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face.' How true was this of the Son of God, only in a much higher degree of Him than of Moses! the only-begotten Son, in the bosom of the Father.

(2.) *Because he is mediator and intercessor.* As Moses was the mediator between God and Israel, as he pleaded for Israel and prevailed, so with the Son of God, only in a far higher sense and degree. The true Mediator is the Prophet like unto Moses—Jesus, the Word made flesh.

(3.) *He is like unto Moses, because He is Israel's King.* Moses was the only prophet who was also king—'He was king in Jeshurun,'—he was Israel's captain. So with the Son of God. He was a 'leader and commander to the people.' He was more so than Moses; not only prophet and king, but also *priest* as well; Melchizedec, the royal priest, or priestly king. 'The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king.'

(4.) *He is like unto Moses, because He is a worker of miracles.* Of all the miracles wrought, those of Moses were the most stupendous, and are referred to in Scripture as such. The great miracle-worker of the Bible was Moses, though most of his miracles were in connection with *death*, not life; judgment, rather than mercy. The Son of God wrought far greater and more numerous miracles. The mighty works done by Him were not only mightier than those of Moses, but more gracious and benificent.

(5.) *He is like Moses, because He is Israel's great Teacher.* Moses taught Israel much, taught the world much; Christ much more—far more numerous and marvellous words, and that the world could not contain the books that should be written. Never man spake like this man.

(6.) *He is like Moses, because of His meekness.* The man Moses was meek above all others; so was Jesus meek and lowly. Learn of me, says this Prophet like unto Moses, for I am meek and lowly.

(7.) *He is like Moses, because rejected of men.* As Moses was rejected of his brethren (Acts vii. 27), so was Jesus despised and rejected of men. He is the rejected Prophet. The one prophet that can really teach, is he whom men refuse!

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

BY THE REV. H. T. HOWAT, LIVERPOOL.

1 SAMUEL xvii.

THE Old Testament story of David and Goliath may be turned to a profitable account by the consideration of the combatants, their spirit, their weapons, and the final result.

We notice first, *the combatants*. Goliath was distinguished by his great stature, his imposing appearance, and his enormous power. His height was six cubits and a span; or, in English measurement, fully ten feet. The length of his spear was that of 'a weaver's beam,' on which the cloth was rolled, that is, about five feet. The weight of its head or point was 600 shekels, or eighteen lbs. His coat of mail weighed 5000 shekels, or a hundred and fifty-six lbs.: and taking the rest of his armour along with the above, one commentator, Dr Adam Clarke, has reckoned that he carried on his person, or in his hand, a total weight of not less than two hundred and seventy-two lbs. In point of bodily strength and impregnable panoply, therefore, Goliath was worthy of the race of giants for which Gath had acquired a grotesque renown, and who on more than one occasion had come forth from their strongholds to annoy the monarchy of Israel, but always to suffer defeat and death (2 Sam. xxi. 20, 22).

The antagonist of Goliath was a slim shepherd lad, 'but a youth,' says the sacred historian, with nothing in personal appearance to arrest attention except two ruddy cheeks, speaking of the honest bloom of work and health, the sheepfolds from which he had come as the youngest of his home, bearing food for his elder brothers. Have we not here the picture, for the present at least, of the relative positions of the two great antagonists in the warfare between sin and holiness, vice and virtue, evil and good, the ungodly and the people of God: the one bold, bulky, self-asserting, the other frequently small, insignificant, retiring, in obscure stations, apparently feeble, and therefore miscalculated and despised? Religion with the world is a weak, silly, simple thing, called piety, a mere compound of nervousness and credulity, utterly destitute of material force or intellectual power. But the world is always wrong with religion. The world understands 'its own,' but it cannot 'apprehend' Christ. The despised David had slain both the lion and the bear, and he had greater triumphs in store; and so it is 'the foolishness of preaching' and the 'stumbling-stone' of the Gospel, that are yet to 'overcome' the world, in spite of all jeers and opposition.

We notice secondly, the combatants in their *spirit*. Goliath is the insolent bravado, full of strut and swagger, empty boast and Pagan profanity. Every step he takes in that forty days' march before the camp of Israel, is one of defiance: every word he utters is that of lofty disdain. He cannot understand how any can contend with him: and so he vaunts, and parades, and pours out curse and challenge. Remark, on the other hand, the calm simplicity of the shepherd lad, and his holy, humble reliance upon God. Was there ever a finer combination of humility, dignity, and fearlessness, than these brave noble words: 'Thou comest to me with a sword, and a spear, and a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts?' God to David was all in all. We can almost imagine him singing one of his own psalms, a psalm perhaps made among the pastures: 'Because the Lord is on my side, I shall not fear what man can do unto me.' We almost think we hear that 'word of the Lord,' that came in an after age: 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain, and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings.' David's spirit was the true spirit. It is the true spirit for all warfare, especially for moral warfare. True courage springs from confidence in God. Self-complacent boasting is the surest presage of defeat. The 'fall' is preceded by 'the haughty spirit:' and 'pride goeth before destruction.' Nothing will fortify a man so much as the abandonment of self-trust, and taking hold of the Almighty. Hence Paul: 'None of these things move me.' Hence Luther: 'So help me God, I cannot recant.' Hence John Knox: 'I must obey Him who commands me to speak plain.' Hence David: 'This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand.'

We notice, thirdly, the combatants in their *weapons*. Goliath was covered with armour from head to foot. In addition to the sword at his side, the spear in his hand, and the huge coat of mail already mentioned, he had 'a helmet of brass,' 'greaves,' or boots 'of brass,' in one cylindrical plate of metal to suit the limb; 'a target of brass,' in the form of a circular frame between his shoulders, and a shield, on account of its size and weight carried before him, according to eastern usage, by a trusty friend, and behind which both intended to avoid the missiles of the enemy when the conflict began. We imagine Goliath, in fact, so thoroughly panoplied, that there was only one chink in the whole of his armour, and that somewhere about the eyes, where an opening would be left in the helmet to enable him to see; while the minuteness with which piece by piece, both his weapons and armour, are described in the sacred narrative, is worthy of special remark, the more so when taken in connection with the overawed and defenceless condition of the camp of Israel.

Look now at the shepherd lad. He is offered the monarch's armour—the sword, the shield, and the helmet, all of which, no doubt, were of the best material, but all of which are declined. The ruddy boy has with him his shepherd's sling, which he was wont to use to drive away prowlers from the flocks; and armed only with this, and five pebbles from the brook, he stands forth in the name of God to accept the combat. In all the red history of war was ever contest more unequal? This lonely youth, serene in his composure, how shall he bear up against such fearful odds? Shall he not pay the penalty of his rashness? Shall Jesse, the Bethlehemite, not be mourning the pride of his home, his youngest son, his David, the minstrel, the sweet player on the harp, before many moments have gone? To the eye of man it indeed seems a terrible risk; but confidence in God has laid every doubt in the dust, and that stripling, in the centre of these warlike hosts, is the calmest and most self-possessed of all.

There are many lessons here. In the warfare between evil and good, sin and holiness, evil, like Goliath, has many weapons: unsanctified learning and unsanctified wealth, the two extremes of idolatry and scepticism, superstition and unbelief, drunkenness, sensuality, depraved literature, and a hundred more, with all of which it has come forth defying the God of the armies of Israel. And what has Israel wherewith to resist? Nothing but the sling and the stone; 'the weapons of our warfare are not carnal;' nothing but the neglected Gospel, the despised Bible, the forsaken cross. And are these to confront all the might of Goliath? Must we go down to the battle with nothing but these? Shall we not bring the philosopher from his metaphysics, and the man of science from his wanderings among the stars? Shall we not call in the politician and the poet, the statesman and the *savan*, and bidding the Gospel stand aside, say, 'These be thy gods, O Israel?' It may not be; we shall quarrel with none of them when, like 'the men of Israel and Judah,' they 'arise and cheer' the youthful David, and encourage us in our work; but whenever, like Saul, they offer *their armour only*, we shall take up the sling and the stone, and, God speeding the aim, shall send it home. David can do without Saul's armour, but Saul cannot do without David's sling. Christ is greater than Plato, and if the world is ever to be converted, it shall be listening to the Preacher of 'Solomon's porch,' and not by all the 'wisdom' of a world, which, even in its highest 'wisdom,' never 'knew God.'

And now we come to *the final result*. The pebble is hurled at the one vulnerable spot: there is a favouring Providence, but no necessary miracle: and Goliath of Gath is no more, the pride of Philistia and the terror of Judah rolling heavily on the sod, his clashing armour ringing his own knell, and the emptiness of all the boasted glory of man. It is recorded of Massillon, that preaching the funeral sermon of Louis XIV., to whom, by consent of the world, the epithet, 'The Great,' 'The Magnificent,' had been given, he sent an electric shock through his audience by a single glance at the coffin, and then commencing his oration with these four words: 'God only is great.' By the prostrate form of the haughty boaster before us we may repeat, in adoring acknowledgment, the greatness of God alone. 'There is no king saved by the multitude of an host: a mighty man is not delivered by much strength: our soul waiteth for the Lord; he is our help and our shield.'

Two relics long remained of Goliath's overthrow—his head and his sword, preserved in the temple (1 Sam. xvii. 54); while the Septuagint version of the Psalms is closed by an ode, entitled, 'against Goliath,' wherein the minstrel-shepherd celebrates his victory in words like these: 'I was small amongst my brethren, and the youngest in my father's house: I went out to meet the Philistine, and he cursed me by his idols: but I drew his own sword and beheaded him, and took away the reproach from the children of Israel.' The head of Goliath went to Jerusalem, but it was only as a trophy: the shepherd lad went to Jerusalem, but it was on his way to a throne. And so the time is coming when the despised

Gospel shall return like David, from the conquest of the world triumphant, when 'they that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before it,' and when 'its enemies,' like Goliath, 'shall lick the dust.' There is nothing in all the world surer than this. Of no cause among men, however good, can it be affirmed with such certainty, as of the cause of the Gospel, that it shall prevail in the end. Its power and purpose are essentially world-subduing: and in multiplied conversions, the reclamation of the fallen, the bringing in of our lapsed masses to the pale of the Church, and the success of missionary enterprise in heathen lands, we are able to record at the close of each year of effort, new and larger fulfilments of 'the loud voice from heaven:' 'Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ, for the accuser of our brethren is cast down.' Amen.

The Cross.

THERE is a spot serene and pure,
And at that sacred place,
The vilest sinner rests secure,
Of love, and peace, and grace.

No clouds of terror dark its sky,
Nor storms of vengeance beat,
It basks in calm, 'neath mercy's eye,
A still and sure retreat.

From other spots it stands alone
Afar from earthly dross,
And well that safety post is known,
It is the Saviour's Cross.

'Tis reared upon the lofty hill
Of sacred Calvary,
And speaks to trembling sinners still,
Salvation's melody.

And many a guilty soul is seen,
With arms the Cross around,
And stands with holy dauntless mien,
Upon the sacred ground.

For not a foe in earth or hell,
Can wrench that trembling grasp,
That Cross—and Satan knows it well—
Returns a deathless clasp.

And million souls whose feeble arms
Around that Cross were wound,
Now rest secure from sin's alarms,
Upon the heavenly ground.

There will I flee, and ever stand
Beneath the holy shade,
That which by men is deemed a brand,
My glory I have made.

And grasping firm the sacred sign,
I'll smile at death and hell,
For if the Cross of Christ be mine,
All is, and must be, well.

And when upon the heavenly shore,
Set free from earthly dross,
I'll gladly sing for evermore,
The glories of the Cross.

—*Florence.*

Words in Season.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Acts i. 6–14.

THIS is the last glimpse we get of Christ below; it is the end of His course on earth. These are His final words and instructions. They concern not only His disciples but His Church in all ages. They are for us.

I. *The question of the disciples.* It is concerning the kingdom; Israel's dominion, which had for many years been taken away and given to the Gentiles. They were not so carnal in their views as some think; and they take for granted that the Lord recognised their views as scriptural. They ask about (1) a kingdom; (2) a kingdom for Israel; (3) a kingdom that had been lost; (4) a kingdom that was to be restored; (5) a kingdom that was to be restored by Messiah. Their question is as to the *time* of all this? When shall all this? Shall it be *now?*

II. *The reproof.* He refuses to answer the question. He does not reprove them for being carnal in their expectations; or wrong in their prophetic views, or in their longings for the kingdom. But He rebukes their over eagerness to know the *time*. That was to be hidden. It was the Father's own secret. Of that day and hour knoweth no man; not the angels; 'nor the Son' (Mark xiii. 32). We must beware of being too minute in our inquiries as to the *time;* but we may and ought to study what has been revealed concerning the coming kingdom. We ought to desire it greatly.

III. *The promise.* He couples His reproof with a promise. So like himself! He cannot rebuke, but He must add a word of love. (1) The Holy Ghost is to come. (2) They are to receive power. (3) They are to be Christ's witnesses from Jerusalem unto the ends of the earth. There was much to be done and suffered ere the kingdom was restored. Here we get a glimpse of the interval, and of the work to be carried on during it.

IV. *The ascension.* The event is a very marvellous one, but most briefly and simply told, without a word of exclamation or surprise. He was taken up! Or, as the psalm expresses it, 'thou hast ascended on high' (Ps. lxviii. 18). As the resurrection is sometimes ascribed to the Father's power, and somtimes to His own, so with the ascension. A cloud received Him out of their sight. Most likely it was *the* cloud, the Shekinah Cloud which descended to form His chariot ('He maketh the clouds his chariot'); as it was on Olivet that it was last seen (Ezek. xi. 23). And this happened while they beheld, or while they were gazing on Him. They saw Him on the ground, and then they saw Him rise.

V. *The vision of angels.* They are here, as elsewhere, called men, but, as interpreted in other places (Gen. xviii. 1; xix. 1; Luke xxiv. 4; John xx. 12), 'angels.' They were *two*, for they come as witnesses; they are in white apparel, to show what they are. They appeared while the disciples were looking stedfastly toward heaven, gazing up at the spot from which their Lord had disappeared; as if the Lord, when passing upward, saw their longing wistful eyes, and despatched two of His glorious attendants to comfort and to direct.

VI. *The expostulation.* The disciples seem to have remained gazing, as if fixed to the mountain. They could not leave the spot, nor withdraw their eyes. It would almost seem as if even the vision of the angels had not drawn away their gaze; but that they continued gazing up still, till the angels spoke. The angels use the words of recognition, 'men of Galilee.' They speak as knowing the disciples. Why stand ye gazing up unto heaven? It was not for this that your Lord ascended. How often do we stand idly gazing or musing unprofitably! Hear the angels' expostulation.

VII. *The promise.* 'This same Jesus,' etc. He is not gone for ever, nor forsaken the earth finally. He is to come again. He is to come the very same; not a different Christ, but the same. He is to come in the same way as He went; to the same spot too (Zech. xiv.). The consolation here is, not that you shall go to Him, but He shall come to you; not that ye shall follow Him soon, but He shall return to you. Such is the stress which Scripture lays on Christ's second coming. Not death, but His coming, is the Church's consolation.

VIII. *The return home.* They obey the angelic message, and withdraw their wistful eyes. They return to Jerusalem, no doubt, comforting themselves with the thought of His return. How that journey would recall old scenes and words. They go back to the city that had crucified their Master; they go back, not knowing exactly what to do, but content to wait till He should tell them. Henceforth there was a link between them and heaven, such as they had never known before. They could understand—'Set your affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.'

IX. *The Occupation.* They go to the upper room, where they had eaten their last passover and supper with the Lord. They found the other disciples there. What fellowship would theirs be! But still they knew not what to do. Prayer is their only resource. So they pray, they 'continue with one accord in prayer and supplication.' Thus they wait for His commands; thus they gird themselves for their work; thus they get themselves filled; thus they trim their lamps. What an example for us! Let us watch and pray. Gazing up to heaven or Olivet will do nothing for us; but praying in the upper chamber will do everything.

THE END.